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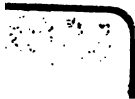
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"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XLI

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLVI.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

1883.

BOSTON:

LITTELL AND CO.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2011.—January 6, 1883.

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EGLANTINE.

How sweetly, after gentle rain,
Comes floating down the grassy lane
The scent of eglantine !
See, wife, the old familiar seat
Bids welcome to a cool retreat,
This summer morning fine.

Sit down, dear heart, there needs no haste
For us to make, we well can waste
The longest of our days,
Our working-time is gone and past,
And we have leisure at the last,
For Nature and her ways.

So sit thee, darling, by my side,
Fond friend and firm, true wife and tried,
Best help in darkest hours.
Across the meads the linnet calls,
The breeze shakes down at intervals
The eglantine's pink flowers.

The eglantine! the eglantine!
Ah, tender, brown-eyed wife of mine,
I see a shadow creep
Across the calmness of thy brow,
The blossom, dropping from the bough,
Wakes sorrow from its sleep.

Nay, dearest, dry the starting tear,
Is she not still our daughter dear?
Our pretty Eglantine?
Is she not yet as much our child,
As when upon her birth we smiled,
Thy little one and mine?

What though she chose, as daughters do,
To merge the old life in the new,
And gave to newer love
The right to take her by the hand,
And lead her from her fatherland,
God keepeth watch above.

What though the sea rolls wide between
That strange wild home where she is queen,
And this calm nook of ours;
What though her southern dwelling-place
Is brightened by no English face,
Nor homely English flowers.

What though our poor hearts surely know
That to her home we cannot go,
However sore we yearn;
Nor, since our darling hath her share
Of mother's bliss, and mother's care,
Can she to us return.

Yet, wife, we shall retrieve our loss;
There is an ocean all must cross;
Thy turn will come, and mine!
And we shall welcome to the bowers
Of Paradise, life's flower of flowers,
Our little Eglantine!

All The Year Round.

DECEMBER.

WE watched the springtime's robe of green,
The summer's wondrous wealth of flowers,
The stain where autumn's touch had been,
The gloom of winter's darkening hours.
A moment now we turn to look
Along the path the year has trod,
Ere yet the angel bears the book
Of good and evil up to God.

The time has vanished. What is won
When we have counted up our gains?
The time has vanished. What is done —
Of all our toil what end remains?
The storm clouds darken over life,
The wheat dies out, the tares take root;
And in our hearts the seeds of strife
Spring up and bear a bitter fruit.

So was it ever. So it must
Be ever till the end draws near.
The spirit, fettered by the dust,
Must ever strive for mastery here.
Well for us that through life's dark loom
A wiser hand the shuttle throws;
Well for us that amid the gloom
A ray of comfort comes — He knows.

He knows, and he can understand.
To weary hearts the thought should be
A fountain in an arid land,
A rainbow o'er the stormy sea.
The year has gone on rapid wing,
The past is dark, the future dim;
We know not yet what life may bring —
He knows — and we can trust to him.
Golden Hours. R. S. W.

Εἰς τὴν κείνην.

SWEET spirit, from that semblance free
Of frail mortality, see how
My widowed heart divorced from love and rest,
Unblessing and unblessed,
Still mourns for thee.
My couch of silence hast thou visited?
There lies the head
That never ached, but hands of thine,
With looks of love and touch divine,
Its pillow spread;
There beats the heart so lonely and unfriended,
That if on joy depended
Its pulse of life, that ministry
With thy last sigh had ceased to be.
In grief's forlorn captivity,
With hope unblended,
That left me none beloved, loved by none,
Now thou art gone,
To pains unshared, unsharing,
Of every good despairing,
Unsoothed, alone!

BY THE LATE CHARLES BADHAM.
Temple Bar.

From The Contemporary Review.
MISS BURNEY'S NOVELS.*

MISS BURNEY lived to be a classic, but in the course of becoming one she married and changed her name. And to this accident is probably to be ascribed the singular fact that the Englishwoman, who in her lifetime enjoyed the most flattering popularity and wrote the most entertaining novels, as well as the fullest and liveliest memoirs, is so imperfectly known forty years after her death, that two or three times during the last month it has happened to the writer of this article to hear it asked in cultivated society what Miss Burney had to do with Madame D'Arblay, and whether the "Diary and Letters" are not better worth reading in the original French. This would hardly have happened had the novels and the memoirs ever been gathered together under one name in a complete library edition. For though even in that case it is more than probable that nine people out of ten would not have read either, still ignorance on the subject must all have gone to one account and been thereby the easier to meet; the confusion as to the very identity of the author would have been avoided. As it is, we find the novels in some houses and the "Diary" in others; but, for the most part, outside the small world where literature means business as well as pleasure, only a vague familiarity with the titles of both surviving a half-forgotten reading of Macaulay's essay. And yet there are few more entertaining books to be found in any library than either the "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay," or the novels of Miss Burney; and no two sets of volumes of which it can be more confidently said, that to have read the one is to have gained a great increase in power of enjoying the other. Not that the interdependence of these books is a relation of perfect equality. Though the reader who already knows "Evelina" and "Cecilia,"

will have more interest in making intimate acquaintance with the author, than one to whom they are unknown, the fascination of the "Diary and Letters" is quite strong enough to hold of itself the attention of any reader who is not hopelessly dull. But in regard to the novels, experience goes the other way. It is certain that at the present day, many persons of intelligence, taste, and humor stick fast in "Evelina" and "Cecilia;" and whether the fact be to the credit of our generation or not, it is at least worthy of as much consideration as the opposite fact, that a hundred years ago these books were greedily devoured by the whole reading public, from Johnson and Burke, and Gibbon and Sheridan, down to obscure and unlettered individuals, who could not even express their admiration in grammatical English. We have had a Jane Austen revival, and more recently Miss Ferrier's novels have come back into vogue; but though Messrs. George Bell and Sons brought out new editions of "Evelina" last year and of "Cecilia" this year, their enterprise has not so far met with the response it deserves. We hear continually of people who have procured the volumes in confident anticipation of amusement, and have been obliged to lay them down in mortified disappointment after a vain effort to struggle through the first few chapters.

The truth is that the very gift that first made Miss Burney's reputation now stands in the way of her popularity. She was so completely mistress of the art of letting her personages reveal their own characters, that she could afford to dispense to an unusual extent with the showman's part. She constructed her personages not from within (as is the modern fashion) but by means of a thousand minute touches showing their conversation and behavior in an infinite variety of such small circumstances as make up the daily round of existence. She positively revelled in descriptive minutiae of this sort. Nothing was too trivial for her, nothing too intricate in the web of petty embarrassments and mortifications and misunderstandings, that make the

* *Evelina; or, the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.* By FRANCES BURNEY. With a Preface and Notes by A. R. Ellis. London: G. Bell & Sons.

Cecilia; or, Memoirs of an Heiress. By the same. 2 vols. London: G. Bell & Sons.

sum of a vast majority of human lives, and a tremendous factor of the remainder. Thanks to unusually buoyant spirits and a never-flagging sense of the ridiculous, she was constantly amused where others are only bored; and according to the infallible rule that, given the necessary powers of expression, authors never bore till they are bored themselves, she was able to make amusing to others the commonplace things that afforded entertainment to herself. Moreover, her success in her own day was quite as much due to the fact that her material was commonplace as to the keen perception of character, and the racy humor she displayed in working it up. Only the chosen few might appreciate her literary skill, but it needed no special gifts of culture to enter into the agitations of Evelina's first ball, or to applaud the horse-play of Captain Mirvan. However, it is necessary to understand a situation or a character before we can be amused by it. And as nothing in life changes so fast as its surface, the author who gives most pains to the finish of this, is also the first to become obsolete. Fashions in manner and dress and speech are proverbially ephemeral, and except for those in whom the antiquarian taste has been somehow developed, they lose charm and even meaning in passing out of date. Heroes and heroines, whose coats and gowns, and curtseys and bows, are all behind the time, of whom the colloquial talk is a forgotten jargon, and the ceremony as strange as the ritual of a foreign religion, stand no chance in competition with the crowd of ladies and gentlemen who are daily turned out by contemporary novelists, wearing costumes and talking a language of which every fold and every phrase makes a claim upon the reader's sympathy, and an item in the general index to the author's meaning. Miss Burney's personages, once so fashionable and so familiar, have grown strange now that a century has passed over their heads; and though underneath the disguise of their old-world costumes they are still fresh and human, this is a secret only to be discovered at the cost of more careful reading than the modern world is apt to

give to novels. This being so, we are sometimes inclined to wish that Miss Burney had described her characters more broadly, and explained the circumstances of their lives in such a running commentary as would put us quickly *au fait* of the social *milieu* of a hundred years ago. But such "posting up," however convenient some of us might find it to-day, must certainly have been tiresome to contemporary readers, and could hardly have failed to lessen the intrinsic literary value of the books. Miss Burney had more talent for dramatic presentation than for narrative, and she is only at her best when she has collected a crowd of personages on her page, and set them all talking and acting at cross-purposes. Her scenes of this description would have lost incalculably by the introduction of explanatory passages that hindered the rapid play of character and blunted the point of the dialogue. And apart from these things, which are supremely good of their kind, it cannot be said that there is any element in Miss Burney's novels that is good enough to live on its own merits. Her plots are ingeniously constructed and coherently carried out. And the solid stuff of her characters is in consistent keeping with their surface humors. All is reasonable and natural in the wise and good personages, so that we can understand them and sympathize with them at every point of their career; but there is nothing exceptionable about them. It is impossible to get up the smallest excitement on their account; and were it not that the comedy scenes are so extraordinarily vivacious that a very quiet background is absolutely necessary to their relief, it would have to be said that the serious scenes are monotonously dull. Taken by themselves they certainly are dull — so dull that most readers attempt to skip them. But this will not do at all. They are not superficial padding, like the dull chapters of so many modern novels, but the bony structure of the plot. To leave out the serious scenes is to lose all chance of understanding the lively ones, and to find nothing but mere confusion in the whole books. The reader who has not enough persistence to read "Eve-

lina" and "Cecilia" steadily, must give them up altogether, or prepare himself for a new effort by some extraneous reading of an introductory kind.

Without a doubt, the best introduction to Miss Burney's novels is the "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay." (And here let me say that I use the phrase, "Miss Burney's novels," to denote only "Evelina" and "Cecilia," gladly profiting by the one little grain of advantage resulting from the double designation of the author: "Camilla" and "The Wanderer" are so much less entertaining than the earlier books, that it is a satisfaction to feel oneself literally correct in ascribing them to a different name.) Though Miss Burney never made the mistake of writing an autobiography in the form of a novel, she put a great deal of herself into *Evelina*, and of her ideal of life into the character and position of *Cecilia*; and we understand her two heroines all the better for being thoroughly acquainted with herself. Then, again, though she had no adventures, either at Streatham or at court, which were exact parallels of the scenes in her novels, there is yet enough of general likeness between the real life described in her diary and the fictitious world of her fancy to familiarize us in advance with the tone, and much of the detail, of the latter. The material is, in fact, precisely the same. Whether Miss Burney is inventing or recording, it is always the same minute detail of character and circumstance that she chooses to describe. The only difference is that, when she writes to near relations and intimate friends, she gives freer rein to her feelings than when she addresses the public. And this vein of subjectivity supplies just what is wanting to make the novels generally attractive.

The novels give an impression of a singularly keen, clever, observant woman, with a sense of the ridiculous too much developed to be a very sympathetic, or even safe, friend. The diary reveals an exceptionally warm heart and a disposition very strangely compounded of good sense and sensitiveness, quick impulse and persistent loyalty, strong powers of judgment coupled with an almost morbid

self-distrust, and tastes so simple and domestic that, in spite of all her friends felt at the time, and critics have written since, about the years she wasted at court, it is difficult to escape the conviction that wherever Frances Burney's lot had fallen, her quick womanly sympathies and active interest in the affairs of life would have hindered her from giving her best time and energy to literary work. She might have found a happier slavery, perhaps, in her father's house or in a home of her own than in the royal household, but a slave to other people's whims and fancies, as well as to their tempers and serious necessities, she would probably have been wherever she had lived, for the simple reason that she was above all things affectionate, and cared more for the good-will of those about her than for any other worldly consideration. She wrote "*Evelina*" because the world amused her, and she was too shy to say in any other way how much it amused her. She wrote "*Cecilia*" because the world told her it was amused by her, and that she could make her fortune by going on amusing it. But even in this second book there were indications that the natural spring was pretty nearly exhausted, while a deterioration of style betrayed the fact that her mastery of the means of literary expression was not sufficient to keep her works up to the mark when the vivacity of the first spontaneous impulse should be spent. She might have overcome this disadvantage by laborious training of her talent; but for this she had no inclination, or at any rate not inclination enough to conquer her fear of the contemporary prejudice against learned women. Even in the house of Mrs. Thrale, she describes herself as hiding a book under a chair-cushion, so as not to be caught in the unfeminine act of reading; and when Johnson began to teach her Latin, she was weak enough to back out of the lessons, fearing that they would win her the reputation of a blue-stocking. Johnson liked her none the less for her timidity, and neither need we. But it is as well to remember these things when apportioning the blame for her falling away from literature. She used her literary talent

first as an outlet for her surplus wit and wisdom, and next as a means of making money; but she had not sufficient love of literature to induce her to sacrifice to it a jot of even conventional esteem. It follows that she is seen to best advantage in the book where she appears as daughter, sister, friend, servant (there is really no other word for the position she held at court), and finally wife and mother. In the "Diary and Letters" we not only learn how largely voluntary were the restrictions she imposed upon her literary work, but how much her private life gained in charm and usefulness and happiness by the subordination of the author's part; and, learning this, we forgive her the more easily for having partially hidden the talent which, well husbanded, might have given us more "Evelinas" and "Cecilias." If, indeed, there be not a sort of hypocrisy about all lamentations over sins of literary omission, and, by consequence, something superfluous in forgiveness of them. Delightful as "Evelina" and "Cecilia" are to those whose taste they suit, it is doubtful whether we should get more enjoyment out of a dozen novels of the same quality than we do out of these two. And, as has been said already, at the present moment these two are more than enough for most people.

It is to be regretted that Miss Ellis, who acts as chaperone to Miss Burney in Messrs. Bell's new editions, has not set to work in a more business-like way to smooth the road to appreciation of her author. She had it in her power to do much, and she has not done it. Instead of furnishing the reader with a concise argument of the plot of each book, and a descriptive catalogue of the *dramatis personæ*, which would have prepared him at the start to understand the general drift of things, and to know with what sort of person he had to deal every time a new name appeared upon the page, she has written a lively *causerie* about the incidents of Miss Burney's life, and repeated much of the criticism of her novels that was current in the literary and court society of her day. Her introductory essays are interesting, but their interest is for those who already know both the novels and the diary. For those who do not know them, they are too discursive to be instructive, and a little too controversial in tone to be altogether attractive. But these faults are just those which it is almost impossible to avoid in dealing with a subject round which so much pleasant gossip has gathered, that there is an

anecdote or a *mot* to be quoted at every point. And if the industry of Miss Ellis has a little exceeded her discretion, it ought to be ground rather of thankfulness than of complaint to one who, gleaning after her, finds this part of the field so well reaped that the straightforward telling of the stories of the books is the only thing yet remaining to be done.

To begin, then, with the plot of "Evelina." The story opens with a correspondence between Lady Howard, of Howard Grove, and the Reverend Arthur Villars, of Berry Hill. This lady and gentleman are old friends one of the other, besides being the two living persons most interested in the welfare of Evelina. Mr. Villars was, first, tutor to her grandfather, then guardian to her mother, and is now her own adoptive father. Lady Howard is bound to her by ties of equal antiquity. She knew her grandfather; her daughter was the intimate friend of the girl's mother; her granddaughter has been the playmate of Evelina herself. In the course of the correspondence between these two venerable persons, the story of Evelina's antecedents is explained. It is this. Half a century ago Mr. Evelyn, a young man of property and position, married (contrary to the advice and entreaties of his friends) "a waiting-maid at a tavern," whose pretty face caught his fancy; and having committed this imprudence, found it expedient "to abandon his native land and fix his abode in France."

Thither [writes Mr. Villars] he was followed by shame and repentance, feelings which his heart was not framed to support; for notwithstanding he had been too weak to resist the allurements of beauty, which Nature, though a niggard to her of every other boon, had with a lavish hand bestowed on his wife; yet he was a young man of excellent character, and till thus unworthily infatuated, of unblemished conduct.

Mr. Evelyn only lived two years after his ill-judged marriage, and on his death bequeathed an infant daughter to the care of his old tutor. Again I must quote Mr. Villars:—

Mr. Evelyn left to me a legacy of a thousand pounds, and the sole guardianship of his daughter's person till her eighteenth year; conjuring me in the most affecting terms to take charge of her education till she was able to act with propriety for herself; but in regard to fortune, he left her wholly dependent on her mother, to whose tenderness he earnestly recommended her. Thus, though he would not

to a woman low-bred and illiberal as Mrs. Evelyn, trust the conduct and morals of his daughter, he nevertheless thought proper to secure to her the respect and duty which from her own child were certainly her due; but, unhappily, it never occurred to him that the mother on her part would fail in affection or justice.

The "low-bred and illiberal" woman in course of time married a Frenchman, and changed her style from Mrs. Evelyn to Madame Duval, under which appellation she plays a large part in the story. Mr. Villars was faithful to his trust, and educated Miss Evelyn carefully up to her eighteenth year — and with the greatest success. He writes to Lady Howard: —

I need not speak to your ladyship of the virtues of that excellent young creature. She loved me as a father; nor was Mrs. Villars less valued by her; while she became so dear, that her loss was little less afflicting than that which I have since sustained in Mrs. Villars herself.

These happy eighteen years ended, Mr. Villars had no further right over the person of his ward, and when Madame Duval asked to have her committed to her own care, he was obliged to comply. Miss Evelyn left her guardian's home for that of her mother and stepfather. Here she was importuned to marry a man whose manners were vulgar. She rebelled; anger, threats, and positive cruelty were used to bring her to obedience, and she took refuge in a secret marriage with Sir John Belmont, "a very profligate man, who had but too successfully used means to insinuate himself into her favor." She soon found that she had exchanged the frying-pan for the fire. Sir John Belmont had expected to secure her fortune as well as herself, and on finding that Madame Duval had power and determination to withhold her daughter's money, he destroyed the certificate of marriage, and abandoned his newly-married wife. The deserted wife fled to her former guardian for protection, and soon after died in giving birth to a daughter, Evelina, the heroine of the book. Mr. Villars caused Madame Duval to be informed of her daughter's unhappy death, and of the birth of the child. On receipt of the intelligence, that lady had a severe fit of illness occasioned (as Mr. Villars heard) by remorse. But beyond this, she gave no sign of interest in her granddaughter, till Evelina reached her sixteenth year. At that point she surprised Lady Howard with a letter, of which the contents were immediately communicated to Mr. Villars.

She tells me that she has for many years past been in continual expectation of making a journey to England, which prevented her writing for information concerning this unhappy subject, by giving her hopes of making personal inquiries, but family occurrences have still detained her in France, which country she now sees no prospect of quitting. She has, therefore lately used her utmost endeavors to obtain a faithful account of whatever related to her ill-advised daughter; the result of which, giving her *some reason* to apprehend that upon her death-bed she bequeathed an infant orphan to the world, she most graciously says, that if you, with whom *she understands* the child is placed, will procure authentic proofs of its relationship to her, you may send it to Paris, where she will properly provide for it. This woman is, undoubtedly, at length self-convicted of her unnatural behavior; it is evident from her writing, that she is still as vulgar and illiterate as when her first husband, Mr. Evelyn, had the weakness to marry her.

Lady Howard expresses a few sentiments on the subject, and then reminds Mr. Villars that a yearly visit from Evelina to Howard Grove has fallen into arrear, and begs that the girl may be sent to her shortly. Mr. Villars is much troubled by the news of Madame Duval's letter, but determined not to part with the girl. It would have been hard to do so in any case, but Madame Duval being what she is he says: "Not only my affection, but my humanity, recoils at the barbarous idea of deserting the sacred trust reposed in me." And he goes on to explain that it is only because he cannot bear the child to be out of sight, that he has intermitted the visits to Howard Grove. The subject is allowed to drop for some months, during which Mr. Villars has a severe illness. On his recovery, Lady Howard writes him a letter of congratulation, and makes a very bold proposal. Mrs. Mirvan is going to spend the spring in London for the sake of her daughter, who is old enough to be introduced to society, and they want Evelina to join the party.

Do not start at this proposal [the good lady writes], it is time Evelina should see something of the world. When young people are too rigidly sequestered from it, their lively and romantic imaginations paint it as a paradise of which they have been beguiled; but when they are shown it properly and in due time, they see it such as it really is, equally shared by pain and pleasure, hope and disappointment.

Mr. Villars admits the truth of these remarks as applied to Miss Mirvan, but

holds that in Evelina's peculiar circumstances, a visit to London can only be fraught with danger, and while consenting to her going to Howard Grove, prays that she may not be taken to town. Ten days later Evelina arrives at Howard Grove, and Lady Howard writes to her guardian a faithful relation of her impressions of her charge:—

She is a little angel! I cannot wonder that you sought to monopolize her. Her face and person answer my most refined ideas of complete beauty; and this though a subject of less importance to you or to me than any other, is yet so striking, it is not possible to pass it unnoticed. Had I not known from whom she received her education, I should, at first sight of so perfect a face, have been in pain for her understanding; since it has been long and justly remarked, that folly has ever sought alliance with beauty. She has the same gentleness in her manners, the same natural graces in her motion that I formerly so much admired in her mother. Her character seems truly ingenuous and simple; and at the same time that nature has blessed her with an excellent understanding, and great quickness of parts, she has a certain air of inexperience and innocence that is extremely interesting.

So far the introduction: at this stage the action of the book begins, and the story is mainly told in the journal letters of Evelina herself. The brightness and vivacity of her style make an agreeable change from the sententiousness of Mr. Villars and Lady Howard; and the reader who has reached this point will have cleared those chapters of the book which it is most pardonable to find dull.

No sooner is Evelina established at Howard Grove, than Mrs. Mirvan learns that her husband (who is an officer in the navy) is suddenly returning home after an absence of seven years, and desires his wife and daughter to meet him in London. The projected visit to town now assumes a new character. Captain Mirvan hates London; therefore they will stay only a week instead of a whole season, and that week will be passed in sight-seeing, such as family parties from the country delight in. Lady Howard writes once more to Mr. Villars to beg permission for Evelina to join the party. Evelina adds a girlish letter of her own to the sententious epistle of her hostess, and the double importunity bears down the old man's prudent resistance. With the arrival of the party in town, Evelina's epistolary journal begins. The first delightful experience she has to describe is going to the play, and seeing Garrick in

the "Suspicious Husband." She is enraptured:—

His action, at once so graceful and so free! his voice, so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones! such animation! every look speaks!

And when he dances, she envies his partner, and declares she almost wished to have jumped on the stage and joined them. She resolves to ask Mrs. Mirvan to take her to the play every night while she is in town. Next she goes shopping:

We have been *a shopping*, as Mrs. Mirvan calls it, all this morning, to buy silks, caps, gauzes, and so forth. The shops are really very entertaining, especially the mercers; there seem to be six or seven men belonging to each shop; and every one took care, by bowing and smirking, to be noticed. We were conducted from one to another, and carried from room to room with so much ceremony, that at first I was almost afraid to go on. At the milliner's the ladies we met were so much dressed, that I should rather have imagined they were making visits than purchases. But what most diverted me was that we were more frequently served by men than by women: and such men! so finical! so affected! they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves; and they recommended caps and ribands with an air of so much importance, that I wished to ask them how long they had left off wearing them.

I have just had my hair dressed. You can't think how oddly my head feels, full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. I believe you would hardly know me, for my face looks quite different to what it did before my hair was dressed. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I can't tell, for my hair is so much entangled, *frizzed* they call it, that I fear it will be difficult. Adieu, my dear sir; pray excuse the wretched stuff I write; perhaps I may improve by being in the town, and then my letters will be less unworthy your reading. Meantime, I am your dutiful and affectionate, though unpolished,

EVELINA.

Poor Miss Mirvan cannot wear one of the caps she made [A description of the making of these caps was written from Howard Grove], because they dressed her hair too large for them.

The whole letter down to the postscript is done to the life. It is just what a girl in Evelina's position would have written, and nobody can read it without pleasure. The next event is a ball, where Evelina has experiences at once terrible and delightful. The description of this ball is one of the best things in the book, and were it only a little shorter, I should like to transcribe it whole. I cannot deny

myself the pleasure of giving some lengthy extracts from it:—

We past a most extraordinary evening. A *private* ball this was called, so I expected to have seen about four or five couples; but lord! my dear sir, I believe I saw half the world!

The gentlemen, as they passed and re-passed, looked as if they thought we were quite at their disposal, and only waiting for the honour of their commands; and they sauntered about in a careless and indolent manner, as if with a view to keep us in suspense. I don't speak of this in regard to Miss Mirvan and myself only, but to the ladies in general; and I thought it so provoking, that I determined in my own mind, that far from humouring such airs, I would rather not dance at all than with any one who should seem to think me ready to accept the first partner who would condescend to take me. Not long after, a young man, who had for some time looked at us with a kind of negligent impertinence, advanced on tiptoe towards me; he had a set smile on his face, and his dress was so foppish, that I really believe he even wished to be stared at, and yet he was very ugly. Bowing almost to the ground with a sort of swing, and waving his hand with the greatest conceit, after a short and silly pause, he said, "Madam, may I presume?"—and stopt, offering to take my hand. I drew it back, but could scarce forbear laughing. "Allow me, madam," continued he, affectedly breaking off every half moment, "the honour and happiness, if I am not so unhappy as to address you too late—to have the honour and happiness——" Again he would have taken my hand, but bowing my head I begged to be excused, and turned to Miss Mirvan, to conceal my laughter. He then desired to know if I had already engaged myself to some more fortunate man? I said no, and that I believed I should not dance at all. He would keep himself, he told me, disengaged, in hopes I should relent; and then, uttering some ridiculous speeches of sorrow and disappointment, though his face still wore the same invariable smile, he retreated.

While the ugly fop is away, a very different man approaches her:—

Very soon after, another gentleman, who seemed about six and twenty years old, gaily but not foppishly dressed, and, indeed, extremely handsome, with an air of mixed politeness and gallantry, desired to know if I was engaged, or would honour him with my hand. So he was pleased to say, though I am sure I know not what honour he could receive from me; but these sort of expressions I find are used as words of course, without any distinction of persons, or study of propriety. Well, I bowed, and I am sure I coloured, for, indeed, I was frightened at the thought of dancing before so many people, all strangers, and which was worse, *with a stranger*; however, that was unavoidable; for though I looked round the room several times, I could

not see one person that I knew. And so he took my hand, and led me to join in the dance. He seemed to be very desirous of entering into conversation with me; but I was seized with such a panic, that I could scarcely speak a word, and nothing but the shame of so soon changing my mind prevented my returning to my seat, and declining to dance at all.

Soon she learns that this delightful and handsome person is Lord Orville, and her terror is increased tenfold by the discovery that she has been dancing with a nobleman. She runs away and hides when he wants her for a second dance, and on being pursued and discovered by him, plunges into a very quagmire of confusion, in which, as it appears to herself, she perpetrates every possible outrage upon good breeding. She can only explain her partner's apparent satisfaction in the ill-mannered girl who has fallen to his lot, by referring it to the superiority of his own breeding:—

These people in high life have too much presence of mind, I believe, to *seem* disconcerted or out of humour, however they may feel; for had I been the person of the most consequence in the room, I could not have met with more attention and respect.

The attentions of Lord Orville bring upon her the persecutions of the ugly fop. It appears to have been the old-fashioned etiquette for a lady either to accept the first partner who offered, or to abstain altogether from dancing; and Evelina discovered that she had broken the law of the ball-room:—

We were sitting [Evelina and Lord Orville], he conversing with all gaiety, I looking down with all foolishness, when that fop, who had first asked me to dance, with a most ridiculous solemnity approached, and, after a profound bow or two, said, "I humbly beg pardon, madam, and of you, too, my lord, for breaking in upon such agreeable conversation, which must doubtless be more delectable than what I have to offer; but . . ." I interrupted him—I blush for my folly—with laughing; yet I could not help it; for, added to the man's foppishness (and he actually took snuff between every three words), when I looked round at Lord Orville, I saw such extreme surprise in his face, the cause of which appeared so absurd, that I could not for my life preserve my gravity. I had not laughed before from the time I had left Miss Mirvan, and I had much better have cried then; Lord Orville actually stared at me; the beau, I know not his name, looked quite enraged.

This unseemly fit of laughter involves Evelina in a series of troubles. The discomfited beau accuses her openly of ill-

manners, and Lord Orville, though he defends her at the time with chivalrous warmth, is afterwards heard expressing his opinion that she is a "poor, weak girl, either ignorant or mischievous." This is said to Sir Clement Willoughby, "a bold, bad man," who is also smitten with Evelina. He takes it as an assurance that Lord Orville does not think of her with serious intentions, and draws therefrom confidence for his own suit. Lord Orville's opinion is repeated to Evelina; under its influence London loses all charm for her, and she writes to her guardian:

I care not how soon we leave town. London soon grows tiresome. I wish the captain would come. Mrs. Mirvan talks of the opera for this evening; however, I am very indifferent to it.

But when she has been to the opera she changes her mind again, and wishes "the opera was every night." Then Captain Mirvan arrives, and she is disappointed in another sense:—

Captain Mirvan has arrived. I have not spirits to give an account of his introduction, for he has really shocked me. I do not like him. He seems to be surly, vulgar, disagreeable. Almost the same moment that Maria [his daughter] was presented to him, he began some rude jests upon the bad shape of her nose, and called her a tall, ill-formed thing. She bore it with the utmost good humor; but that kind and sweet-tempered woman, Mrs. Mirvan, deserved a better lot. I am amazed she would marry him. For my own part I have been so shy that I have hardly spoken to him, or he to me. I cannot imagine why the family was so rejoiced at his return. If he had spent his whole life abroad, I should have supposed they might rather have been thankful than sorrowful. However, I hope they do not think so ill of him as I do. At least I am sure they have too much prudence to make it known.

There follow a succession of plays and operas, and evenings at the Ridotto and Ranelagh, with incidents of the same character as those of the first ball. Evelina is admired by everybody, and especially beset by her three conquests of the first evening, Lord Orville, Sir Clement Willoughby, and the ugly fop with the ridiculous manners. But the great event of the visit to town is an accidental meeting with Madame Duval, who has at last succeeded in getting to London. She attaches herself to the Mirvan party, and her outrageous vulgarity is the occasion of a thousand mortifications to Evelina. In describing this woman and her quarrels with Captain Mirvan, Miss Burney

displays a remarkable talent (and rather too much taste) for broad comedy. The thing is extraordinarily well done, but it is over-done. The elaborate practical joke which ends in the poor lady's being dragged out of her carriage by sham highwaymen, and left sitting in a ditch with her hands and feet tied, is a piece of brutality that is altogether out of place. At all times the besetting temptation of Miss Burney was a disposition to construct too many scenes upon one pattern, and at this point the tendency is recklessly indulged. It is here that the reader is a second time in danger of giving up the book in despair of getting out of a circle of apparently pointless incidents. But Madame Duval's relation to Evelina makes her appearance on the scene an event of real moment. She is eager to get her granddaughter into her own keeping, and in order to delay as long as possible this most undesirable consummation, the Mirvan party do all they can to keep her in good humor. She returns with them to Howard Grove, and persuades Lady Howard to write a letter to Sir John Belmont, detailing all the charms of his daughter, and once more inviting him to acknowledge her. Sir John Belmont sends an enigmatical reply, in which nothing is plain but his determination still to repudiate Evelina. Lady Howard and Mr. Villars exchange sentiments appropriate to the occasion, and Evelina is given up to her grandmother, with whom she returns to London for a visit that is to last one month.

The second visit to London, made under auspices so different from the first, gives occasion for a new series of amusing studies of men and manners. While with the Mirvans, Evelina stayed in Queen Anne Street; with Madame Duval, she lodges over a hosier's shop in Holborn, and visits intimately at the home of the Branghtons, tradespeople living at Snow Hill. Mr. Branghton (*père*) is Madame Duval's nephew, and the daughters call Evelina cousin; the son has pretensions to her hand. The familiarity and vulgarity of their manners are insufferable to her:—

Yesterday morning we received an invitation to dine and spend the day at Mr. Branghton's. Young Branghton received us at the door, and the first words he spoke were "Do you know, sisters ain't dressed yet." Then hurrying us into the house, he said to me, "Come, Miss, you shall go up-stairs and catch 'em—I dare say they're at the glass." He would have taken my hand; but I declined this civility,

and begged to follow Madame Duval. Mr. Branghton then appeared, and led the way himself. We went, as before, up two pair of stairs; but the moment the father opened the door, the daughters both gave a loud scream. We all stopped, and then Miss Branghton called out, "Lord, papa, what do you bring the company up here for? Why Polly and I ain't half dressed." "More shame for you," answered he; "here's your aunt and cousin all waiting, and ne'er a room to take them to." "Who'd have thought of their coming so soon?" said she. "I am sure, for my part, I thought Miss was used to nothing but quality hours." "Why, I shan't be ready this half-hour yet," said Miss Polly; "can't they stay in the shop till we're dressed?" . . . The dinner was ill-served, ill-cooked, and ill-managed. The maid who waited had so often to go down-stairs for something that was forgotten, that the Branghtons were perpetually obliged to rise from table themselves, to get plates, knives and forks, bread or beer. Had they been without *pretensions*, all this would have seemed of no consequence; but they aimed at appearing to advantage, and even fancied they succeeded. However, the most disagreeable part of our fare was that the whole family continually disputed whose turn it was to rise and whose to be allowed to sit still.

The Branghtons make up to Evelina because of her good connections, but they are secretly jealous of her, and "spite" her whenever they can. In their company she goes to a ball, and to various places of public entertainment, and sees a new side of life. Flashy young men "beg the favor of hopping a dance with her," and rally her impertinently when she declines. She finds herself the butt of vulgar facetiousness and the victim of coarse practical jokes. And more than once when she has got into a compromising situation, she has to blush at an encounter with Lord Orville and Sir Clement Willoughby. Both are naturally surprised to find the charming and well-bred Miss Anville in such questionable company, and the difference in the character of the two men is shown in their behavior to her. Lord Orville treats her with perfect courtesy and consideration, though he cannot conceal his surprise at the change in her circumstances; the baronet takes advantage of her position to press his unwelcome gallantries upon her. The Branghtons are dazzled by this connection with a lord and a baronet, and their eagerness to make the most of it brings about the crucial dilemma of the book. The whole party are walking in Kensington Gardens, when Evelina perceives Lord Orville, and does her best to keep out of his sight. But a heavy shower drives

them but of the gardens, and they take shelter in a shop, where they find two footmen, whose livery Evelina recognizes as that of Lord Orville. She whispers to her cousins not to call her by her name, explaining that she does not want to be discovered by these men. But the Branghtons take another view of the situation. The ladies are enchanted with the romance and splendor of it; young Branghton thinks it may be turned to practical profit:—

"Goodness then," cried young Branghton, "if I was Miss, if I would not make free with his Lordship's coach, to take me to town."

The suggestion is taken up by Madame Duval, and after a long altercation, during which his lordship's lackeys are first insolent and then servile, a message is despatched to Lord Orville, asking in Miss Anville's name for the use of the carriage. A finely ceremonious permission is granted, and the family drive to Holborn in a coronetted coach. This distressing affair has a yet more distressing sequel. The Branghtons having set down Madame Duval and Evelina at the hosier's insist that the carriage shall take them on to Snow Hill, and in the course of the further journey, Lord Orville's coach runs into a cart, and suffers serious injuries. And next day young Branghton tells Evelina that he has called on Lord Orville to apologize in her name, and that her friend is most affable and quite satisfied. Evelina, in dismay, writes a letter of humblest apology to Lord Orville; and the letter is intercepted by Sir Clement Willoughby, who replies to it (using Lord Orville's name) in terms of extravagant rapture and impertinent compliment. The description of Evelina's feelings as she reads this letter is one of the best things, not of a purely comic character, the book contains:—

The moment the letter was delivered to me, I retired to my own room to read it: and so eager was my first perusal, that—I am ashamed to own—it gave me no sensation but of delight. Unsuspecting of any impropriety from Lord Orville, I perceived not immediately the impertinence it implied. I only marked the expressions of his own regard; and I was so much surprised that I was unable for some time to compose myself or read it again. I could only walk up and down the room, repeating to myself, "Good God, is it possible?—am I then loved by Lord Orville?" But this dream was soon over, and I awoke to far different feelings. Upon a second reading, I thought every word changed—it did not seem the same letter. I could not find one sentence

that I could look at without blushing; my astonishment was extreme, and it was succeeded by the utmost indignation.

The cup of mortification is now full to overflowing, and, thankful that the term of her visit has expired, Evelina returns to Berry Hill and, bit by bit, tells all her troubles to the good Mr. Villars.

During the visit to Holborn, a new and important thread has been woven into the story. Evelina has become the benefactress of a young Scotchman, calling himself Macartney, who lodged in the same house with her. She found him in despair, brought on by poverty and a disastrous love affair of which he confided the story to her. After growing up in retirement with his mother, who suffered from an incurable melancholy consequent upon the loss of his father shortly before his birth, he had made a visit to Paris at the age of twenty-one, and there fallen in love with an exceedingly beautiful girl, the daughter of an Englishman of distinction. Her father being absent, and her only guardian an old nurse, who regarded him with favor, Macartney was able to pay his suit very happily. But suddenly the father came back, and threatened to turn him out of the house. A violent scene ensued:—

In vain his daughter pleaded—in vain did I, repentant of my anger, retract—his reproaches continued; myself, my country, were loaded with infamy, till, no longer constraining my rage, we fought—and he fell.

Macartney fled from Paris, and made his way home to Scotland, where he told the whole story to his mother, who on hearing the name of the girl's father, and the apparently fatal end of the quarrel, cried, "My son, you have then murdered your father."

Now this father, whose name Macartney does not reveal to Evelina, is no other than Sir John Belmont; the old servant is Evelina's first nurse, Bessie Green, and the young lady is Bessie Green's daughter, who has been palmed off upon Sir John Belmont as his own child, and whom he has carefully trained in atonement for the wrong done to the unhappy Lady Belmont whom he supposes to be her mother. All these things come to light in the course of a visit Evelina pays to a friend at Bath, where the principal actors in the story are gathered together for the *dénouement*. There Lord Orville reappears as a guest—charming as ever—in the same house where Evelina stays. Macartney haunts the garden-

gates with letters of thanks to his benefactress, and gives rise to uncomfortable jealousies on the part of his lordship. And last, but not least, Sir John Belmont arrives to drink the waters, accompanied by Bessie Green's daughter, who is pointed out as Miss Belmont to the astonished Evelina.

There are some scenes of high heroics, with some more character scenes interspersed. Evelina is introduced to Sir John Belmont, who is immediately convinced by her striking likeness to her dead mother. And then all goes easily to the end. The crafty nurse confesses her fraud; Macartney learns that his sweetheart is not his sister after all; Lord Orville knows that his dreaded rival is only a brother of his bride; Sir Clement Willoughby betrays that he wrote the impertinent letter; and Evelina becomes the happiest of women.

Miss Burney's second book is distinguished from her first by all the differences that are natural between the work of a shy girl who doubts her powers and fears publicity even while she seeks it, and that of a woman whose right to publish has been unimpeachably established. "Cecilia" is by far the better book of the two. It has no faults of taste, such as occur here and there in "Evelina," and it has fewer faults of redundancy. It is more ably constructed, and shows a deeper grasp of character, as well as a wider knowledge of life. It has a great many more personages, and the shades of their characters are more subtly graduated and contrasted. Above all, the situation has more of serious human interest. The plot is not, as in "Evelina," a mere maze of circumstances to be threaded by the author's ingenuity, but a natural outcome of the characters acting in the story. On the other hand, Cecilia the heroine is a much less engaging person than Evelina the heroine. She is entirely discreet, well-bred, and virtuous, and we are duly interested in her fate from the first chapter to the last. But she wants the charm of *naïve* girlhood that makes Evelina delightful and lovable. Cecilia is too wise to be very attractive, and she suffers a further disadvantage from the colder position given to her in the book. In writing her second novel, Miss Burney dropped the epistolary form she had used in her first, and presented all her characters objectively. The change gave her greater freedom for treatment of her scenes of active comedy, but it deprived her of

some favorite means of displaying the serious sides of her characters; and naturally her heroine suffered most from this deprivation. The new form also told injuriously upon Miss Burney's writing; another point in which "Cecilia" is less good than "Evelina." It obliged her to trust less to the colloquial vein in which she excelled, and to attempt more ambitious styles that were beyond her strength. The consequence was that she fell into mannerisms, and labored pedantically to produce stilted effects. These faults were further developed in her later books, until they resulted in an insufferable jargon. But in "Cecilia," though they must already be called blemishes, they are not bad enough to spoil the book materially.

At the beginning of the story Cecilia Beverley has just entered upon her twenty-first year. As she is an heiress, the time is momentous:—

Her ancestors had been rich farmers in the county of Suffolk, though her father, in whom a spirit of elegance had supplanted the rapacity of wealth, had spent his time as a private country gentleman, satisfied, without increasing his store, to live upon what he inherited from the labors of his predecessors. She had lost him in early youth, and her mother had not long survived him. They had bequeathed to her £10,000, and consigned her to the care of the Dean of —, her uncle. With this gentleman, in whom, by various contingencies, the possessions of a rising and prosperous family were centred, she had passed the last four years of her life: and a few weeks had yet elapsed since his death, which, by depriving her of her last relation, made her heiress to an estate of £3,000 per annum, with no other restriction than that of annexing her name, if she married, to the disposal of her hand and riches.

Let the reader keep firm hold on this condition of the will, for the whole plot turns upon it. Miss Beverley's future was confided by her uncle the dean to three trustees: Mr. Harrel, a young man of fashion, married to the dearest friend of Cecilia's girlhood, to which accident he owes his appointment to the trust; Mr. Briggs, a City man of the commonest, not to say the coarsest, manners, whose miserly character is counted on to counteract the extravagant dispositions of the fashionable Harrel; and the Honorable Mr. Delville, of Delville Castle, a most magnificent and pompous personage, who is perpetually at a loss to understand why his friend, the dean, has selected him for an office which subjects him to the annoyance of having to co-operate with persons in an inferior social position, besides

making demands upon his time, which, as the time of a man of good family, should not be lightly tampered with. In addition to the guardianship of these three trustees, Miss Beverley enjoys the protection of two old friends, Mr. Monckton and Mrs. Charlton. Mr. Monckton is the younger son of another good family, a man in middle life, married to an old woman of fortune and rank. He looks forward to the death of his wife, and intends to console himself, when the time comes, by espousing Cecilia and her fortune. Lady Catherine Monckton quite appreciates her husband's character, and regards Cecilia with little favor. Cecilia, who is a paragon of virtue and amiability, regrets, without understanding it, the coldness and rudeness of her friend's wife; but not suspecting its cause, sets it down to a general sourness of temper, and never allows it to interfere with the filial confidence she places in Mr. Monckton himself. She reveres him as fully as Evelina revered Mr. Villars, and repeatedly gives thanks to Heaven for having bestowed upon her the inestimable blessing of such a friend. Mrs. Charlton is simply a kind old lady who becomes useful towards the end of the book.

Cecilia takes up her abode with the Harrels, and anticipates much happiness in renewing relations with her early friend. She is, however, much disappointed. Mrs. Harrel has become fashionable and worldly: she has no time for friendship, and, as Cecilia discovers, no qualities to make her friendship worth having. Mr. Harrel is a desperate gambler, and before long it becomes plain to Cecilia that the pair are on the verge of ruin. The house is beset by creditors, and Cecilia is moved by Harrel's threats of suicide to advance money to meet his liabilities. Her generosity once proved, new appeals are continually made to it; and at last, having got from her all the money she has in her actual possession, they make her borrow from a Jew on the security of her paternal fortune. Again, let the reader beware of skipping — this transaction is the cause of frightful complications later on. But no help can avert Mr. Harrel's destruction. He plays more and more desperately, and at last carries out the threat so often made, and shoots himself. The scene at Vauxhall which terminates in this catastrophe is Miss Burney's masterpiece. But before giving some extracts from it, I must introduce some of the minor characters who take part in it.

First in officiousness, and therefore in usefulness to the author, but not otherwise of much importance, is Mr. Morrice, a young lawyer, who, though rising in his profession, owed his success neither to distinguished abilities nor to skill-supplying industry, but to the art of uniting suppleness to others with confidence in himself. To a reverence of rank, talents, and fortune the most profound, he joined an assurance in his own merit which no superiority could depress; and with a presumption which encouraged him to aim at all things, he blended a good humor that no mortification could lessen.

Throughout the book Morrice plays the double part of catspaw and marplot. He is always putting one person out in order to oblige another. Just now he shall be useful, with the help of Miss Larolles (a young lady who explains herself), in introducing Mr. Meadows, a languid leader of the *ton*. Morrice asks:—

"Pray, what is that gentleman's name? it's deuced hard to make him hear one."

"His name is Meadows," said Miss Larolles, in a low voice, "and I assure you sometimes he won't hear people by the hour together. He's so excessive absent you've no notion. One day he made me so mad, that I could not help crying; and Mr. Sawyer was standing by the whole time! and I assure you I believe he laughed at me. Only conceive how distressing!"

"May be," said Morrice, "it is bashfulness; perhaps he thinks we shall cut him up."

"Bashfulness!" repeated Miss Larolles; "Lord, you don't conceive the thing at all. Why he's at the very head of the *ton*. There's nothing in the world so fashionable as taking no notice of things, and never seeing people, and saying nothing at all, and never hearing a word, and not knowing one's own acquaintance, and always finding fault. All the *ton* do so, and I assure you as to Mr. Meadows, he's so excessively courted by everybody, that, if he does but say a syllable, he thinks it such an immense favor, you've no idea."

Another variety of fashionable affectation is represented by Mr. Aresby, a captain of militia, who interlards his conversation with French words, and is *abîmé* and *assommé* at every turn. Then there is the haughty and supercilious Sir Robert Floyer, from whom Mr. Harrel has borrowed money on the security, so to speak, of Cecilia's hand and heart, and Mr. Mariott, with whom he has played the same game. All these, and some more, who must be left to explain themselves, are assembled at Vauxhall on the fatal night.

When they entered Vauxhall, Mr. Harrel endeavored to dismiss his moroseness, and

affecting his usual gaiety, struggled to recover his spirits; but the effort was vain, he could neither talk nor look like himself; and though from time to time he resumed his air of wonted levity, he could not support it, but drooped and hung his head in evident despondency. He made several turns in the midst of the company, and walked so fast that they could hardly keep pace with him, as if he hoped by exercise to restore his vivacity; but every attempt failed, he sunk and grew sadder, and muttering between his teeth, "This is not to be borne!" he hastily called to a waiter to bring him a bottle of champagne. Of this he drank glass after glass, notwithstanding Cecilia, as Mrs. Harrel had not courage to speak, entreated him to forbear. He seemed, however, not to hear her; but when he had drunk what he thought necessary to revive him, he conveyed them into an unfrequented part of the garden, and as soon as they were out of sight of all but a few stragglers, he suddenly stopped, and, in great agitation, said, "My chaise will soon be ready, and I shall take of you a long farewell! All my affairs are unpropitious to my speedy return; the wine is now mounting to my head, and perhaps I may not be able to say much by-and-bye. I fear I have been cruel to you, Priscilla [his wife], and I begin to wish I had spared you this parting scene; yet let it not be banished your remembrance, but think of it when you are tempted to such mad folly as has ruined us."

He then turns from his weeping wife and addresses Cecilia in terms of fervent admiration and gratitude. Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Mariott, who alludes threateningly to the promise Harrel has made in regard to Cecilia. Harrel puts him off, and asks him to sup with him. The obliging Morrice, turning up at the moment, is commissioned to find a convenient box for the party. While he is away on this errand creditors of another stamp begin to appear:—

A fat, sleek, vulgar-looking man, dressed in a bright purple coat, with a deep red waistcoat, and a wig bulging far from his head with small round curls, while his plump face and person announced plenty and good living, and an air of defiance spoke the fulness of his purse, strutted up to Mr. Harrel, and accosting him in a manner that showed some diffidence of his reception, but none of his right, said, "Sir, your humble servant," and made a bow, first to him, and then to the ladies.

This is Hobson, the buidler, who has a large bill against Harrel. He is beginning to make himself disagreeable, when he is joined and rebuked by Simpkins the hosier:—

A little, mean-looking man, very thin, and almost bent double with perpetual cringing,

came up to Mr. Hobson, and, pulling him by the sleeve, whispered, yet loud enough to be heard, "It's surprisable to me, Mr. Hobson, you can behave so out of the way! For my part, perhaps, I've as much my due as another person, but I dares to say I shall have it when it's convenient, and I'd scorn for to mislest a gentleman when he's taking his pleasure."

"Lord bless me," cried Mrs. Harrel, "what shall we do now? Here's all Mr. Harrel's creditors coming upon us!"

"Do?" cried Mr. Harrel, re-assuming an air of gaiety, "why, give them all a supper to be sure. Come, gentlemen, will you favor me with your company to supper?"

Hobson and Simpkins accept the unexpected invitation, and at the moment Morrice returns to say, that, so far, he has not been able to procure a box, the gardens are too full:—

"But I hope we shall get one for all that; for I observed one of the best boxes in the gardens, just to the right there, with nobody in it but that gentleman who made me spill the teapot at the Pantheon [this is Mr. Meadows]. So I made an apology, and told him the case; but he only said, humph? and hay? so then I told it him all over again. However I could get nothing from him but just that *humph?* and *hay?* but he is so remarkably absent, that I dare say if we all go and sit round him, he won't know a word of the matter."

"Won't he?" cried Mr. Harrel; "have at him then." And he followed Mr. Morrice, though Cecilia, who now half expected that all was to end in a mere idle frolic, warmly joined her remonstrances to those of Mrs. Harrel, which were made with the utmost, but with futile, earnestness.

Mr. Meadows's sense of what is due to the ladies overcomes his distinguished absence of mind, and he makes way for them. He is of course invited to partake of the supper, and in time the whole incongruous party settle down. Captain Aresby presently passes by, and is asked to join them. And finally Sir Robert Floyer comes to demand justice of Harrel. The conversation at table is most amusing, but in this extraordinary scene the element of amusement is subordinated throughout to the feeling of the catastrophe that is impending. The narrative is more rapid and nervous than usual; Miss Burney's habitual tendency to excess is kept in check by her eagerness to get to the catastrophe, and this concentration gives unusual vividness to her characters. The affectations of the fine gentlemen and the vulgarities of the shopkeepers; the ludicrous impression produced by each upon the other; the helpless silliness of

Mrs. Harrel and the desperate gaiety of Harrel himself, all gather intensity from the sense of coming horror; and Cecilia herself, who, as the only person fully alive to the ghastly significance of the situation, becomes the central figure of the group, is more personally interesting than at any other point of the story. The scene is admirable throughout, but it is impossible to quote further from it here.

After the death of Harrel, Cecilia goes to live with the Delviles. She has already made their acquaintance, and a mutual, though unrecognized attachment has sprung up between her and the son of the house. It is now that the serious love story begins, and the condition of the dean's will makes itself felt. The London season is over, and the family remove to their country-seat, taking Cecilia with them. At Delvile Castle she first understands the nature of her feeling for young Mortimer Delvile, and learns that he returns her affection. She is much assisted in these discoveries by Lady Honoria Pemberton, an exceedingly amusing and pleasant character, who plays an important part in the second half of the book. Lady Honoria is the daughter of a duke, and as such receives from Mr. Delvile a respect which she herself does not award to the honors of her own or any other family. She is good-natured and good-hearted, but, above all, flippant and audacious. Her mischievous vagaries relieve the dulness of life at the castle, and supply the amount of fun necessary to save the reader from wearying of Cecilia's conscientious virtue and Mortimer's heroics. The situation has by this time become exceedingly painful. That the name of Delvile is too sacred to be bartered for the wealth of Cræsus, is felt alike by father, mother, and son. But apart from the cruel conditions of the will, Mrs. Delvile would rather have Cecilia for daughter-in-law than any woman in the world. Moreover, Mortimer's passion for her is destroying his health. Separation becomes necessary to the peace of both parties, and Cecilia leaves Delvile Castle and, after a little interval, takes refuge with good Mrs. Charlton. And here we realize with what elaborate care and forethought Miss Burney designed all her incidents and characters. Mrs. Charlton is a person of so little individuality that she seemed at first a mere piece of padding. But at this point she becomes indispensable to the further progress of the story. So far Cecilia has been a paragon of dignity and conscien-

tiousness. She has sacrificed love to duty, and passion to pride. But in the moment when she flies from Delvile Castle, the crowning act of her virtue, she enters upon a different course. Not consciously or deliberately by any means; but having taken up her abode with Mrs. Charlton she seeks advice and sympathy of her, and gets a little encouragement for the human weakness she has hitherto suppressed. It would take too long to follow all the ins and outs of this part of the plot, and I dare make no more long quotations, though it is hard to pass over the scene on the London Road, where Cecilia and Mrs. Charlton, rushing to town to meet Mortimer and explain a terrible misunderstanding about a secret marriage he has proposed, fall in with a dozen old acquaintances of Cecilia's who cause her the most excruciating embarrassments. Mr. Meadows outdoes himself on this occasion, and Miss Larolles suffers a most amusing martyrdom. Captain Aresby is "*abîmé* to the greatest degree," and Mr. Morrice gets into everybody's bad book.

The secret marriage is interrupted by an agent of Mr. Monckton; and later on the story of Cecilia's dealings with the Jew is brought up against her by the same enemy. Mr. Delvile, to whom it is maliciously confided, makes use of it to insult her with a proposal he knows her to be incapable of consenting to, because it involves the production of her father's fortune intact. Upon which Mrs. Delvile, who has been at the point of death, takes part with the lovers, and abets a marriage made without the consent of her husband. But the name of Delvile is not sacrificed; it is Cecilia, on the contrary, who gives up her fortune. And the book ends with this quaint passage:—

The upright mind of Cecilia, her purity, her virtue, and the moderation of her wishes, gave to her in the warm affection of Lady Delisle [deaths have occurred in the family and changed old titles to new] and the unremitting fondness of Mortimer, all the happiness human life seems capable of receiving; yet human it was, and as such imperfect; she knew that, at times, the whole family must murmur at her loss of fortune, and at times she murmured herself to be thus portionless, though an HEIRESS. Rationally, however, she surveyed the world at large, and finding that of the few who had any happiness, there were none without some misery, she checked the sigh of repining mortality, and, grateful for general felicity, bore partial evil with cheerfullest resignation.

"Cheerfullest resignation" is an im-

portant note in Miss Burney's personal memoirs. It was a virtue of which she had much need, and which she practised to perfection; and if we were forced to ascribe a purpose to her books, it would perhaps be true to say, that she aimed at promoting this mood in others, by showing how much entertainment may be got out of the trivial worries over which it is common to lose temper, and by creating interest in men and women whose qualities are not intrinsically interesting. She is sometimes accused of being superficial, because she dares so little in the direction of the stronger and deeper passions and interests of human nature. But this criticism is itself superficial: the truer word for her is *reserved*. She shut the door upon the whole range of bold speculation and unconventional feeling, because she considered these things unfit for the novelist, and especially for the female novelist to treat of. But her own feelings were deep, and her own interests and sympathies were wide; and in drawing her characters, though she seldom attempts to paint much—save in conventional outline—that goes below the surface, she yet shows at all times, by the firmness and consistency of her creations, that she possessed the root of the matter in understanding, if not in creative power and courage of execution. And, indeed, there are so few who have the power to succeed in the highest regions of imaginative romance, that when an author achieves admirable results upon the lower plains, it is wiser to rejoice than to regret that the dangerous heights have not been attempted. In the case of Miss Burney, it is certain that what is lost in boldness of conception is gained in excellence of workmanship, and that the patient industry she bestowed upon constructing plots suited to the play of the talents of which she was an easy mistress, would have been ill exchanged for vain efforts to express the deeper things which overstrain all but the strongest genius before they can find adequate expression in fiction.

I have purposely given very little space to comment and a great deal to quotation: believing that the best recommendation of Miss Burney is found in Miss Burney herself. Besides, so much has already been written on the subject, that there is really nothing new to say; as was recognized by Dr. Johnson, when Susan Thrale was making her *début* in society, and he laughingly advised her, if she wished to be original, to find fault with "Cecilia." The vocabulary of praise had already

been exhausted in the matter, and of what was said then, so much has come down to us in the "Diary and Letters," and been quite lately transcribed from thence into the prefaces of these new editions of the novels, that to go over it again would be the vainest of vain repetitions.

MARY ELIZABETH CHRISTIE.

From Temple Bar.

AU PAIR.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE one-horse carriage, very rickety, very steep to climb into, was jingling its way along the road from Orthez to Sauveterre. There was much fuss in its progress, the bells on the horse's collar shook, the wheels rattled, the drag was loose and made a discordant noise, but for all that the pace was not very great.

There were two occupants of this uncomfortable vehicle, a young lady and a gentleman, and a small trunk was strapped on behind, betraying the fact that they were travellers.

"It seems a very long way, Dick," said the girl restlessly; "I had no idea that it was so far. And the country is very disappointing," she added with a little sigh.

"There is not much to be seen yet, dear," he answered; "but from Sauveterre we are to see the Pyrenees. Always impatient, Nellie!"

"I am not exactly impatient, Dick," she answered; "I am tormented with fancies. If I have not done right after all! if this governess's place turns out a failure, and it is a very long way from you and Aunt Mary," with a little sob.

"Oh, my dear little cousin," cried Dick, taking her hand in both his, "you make me too miserable; is it not your own doing? have not I implored you almost on my knees to give it up? Has my mother left anything unsaid to persuade you to make Holmedale your home? and you did nothing but go on with all that pretty nonsense of yours about being independent. How can a beautiful child like you, ever be independent? You must be looked after, and taken care of, wherever you go, and yet you preferred throwing yourself on the kindness of utter strangers, to remaining with your nearest of kin and leading the life of a princess with all of us for your slaves."

"Dick, dear, I am almost sorry now."

"Sorry? well, then, not a step farther will we go! you shall go back with me!"

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Oh Nellie, Nellie, only say the word and back we go at once."

"Impossible!" she said. Then, suddenly shaking her head, and smiling through irrepressible tears, she went on, "They would sue me for breach of contract! besides, being sorry that I came, does not make me wish to go back."

"Does it not?" said Dick, releasing her hand, and turning away his face to conceal his disappointment.

"No, no, Dick, you poor dear old boy," said Nellie with that kind of patronizing, affectionate kindness very young ladies are apt to use towards their cousins; "all my reasons for accepting this situation were so admirable that it would be very highly unreasonable to discard them now."

"It would be the first reasonable thing you ever did in your life," said Dick bitterly. He was a tall, strapping fellow about thirty, with somewhat irregular features, his want of beauty redeemed by the honest, frank expression of a well-shaped mouth, and wonderfully kindly eyes. He wasted the strong love of his heart on this bright, fanciful girl who, being extremely romantic and with a gilded imagination, had yet all the want of sympathy of extreme youth.

Poor Dick! how fain would he have taken her away with him, back to the safe shelter of his own lovely old Berkshire farm, where, as he fondly imagined, everything existed to make the life of his young wife a paradise; he was wealthy enough to make farming (to her at least) Arcadian, asking nothing more of her than to share his love for his magnificent Clydesdales, his grand shorthorns, not even aspiring to the smallest sympathy for the black Berkshire pigs, so precious as to be numbered as kings only expect to be. Sally the Fourteenth and Betty the Twelfth were unique! Dick Gordon had not been brought up to do without sympathy; his mother, who lived with him, had one of those large, loving natures that influence everything and every one with whom they come in contact. A very clever woman also, capable, managing, full of tact. She also was very fond of Nellie Grey, the only child of her brother, and when at seventeen the little orphan was left all alone in her dingy London home, Mrs. Gordon hastened to bring her to Holmedale and be to her as loving and a thousand times more motherly than her own dead mother had been.

Nellie had been brought up in London; her father had been a fashionable London

doctor, and had at one time made much money; but with affluence came imprudence; he speculated, hoping to treble what he possessed, and failed: when he died, nothing was left for Nellie, not even enough to pay for her black gowns.

The girl's life had been a very happy, if somewhat neglected one; she had had masters for all the usual accomplishments, spoke French and German with facility, played the piano rather incorrectly, and sang charmingly; no one superintended her reading, and she read every novel that she could get hold of—fortunately those that her father's house contained were not harmful, but of a very romantic order, and Nellie's mind was full of castles in the air, wonderful ideal heroes, and strange adventures.

Her first experience of real love in real life was her cousin Dick's attachment, which he concealed for a time so effectively that had she not been enlightened by her friend, the vicar's pretty daughter, she would never have found it out.

Could anything be less romantic, more odiously commonplace than to marry such a man as Dick—a man with such a close-cropped head, such a thick, rough moustache, and who was not in the least fond of poetry?

Nellie hated Holmedale; she was horribly afraid of the horses and cows, always thought that Dick would be thrown when he went out hunting, and could not be got to like walks in the fields or ploughed land; she was a born cockney, and country life had no charms for her. When Mrs. Gordon realized that her son had really given away his heart's love to Nellie Grey, she felt as if her own heart would break; no sorrow that she had endured herself seemed to her heavier than that of foreseeing the inevitable pain that must come to her boy; yet she said to him no word of remonstrance, she knew too well the utter uselessness of such a course; but she set herself to study Nellie's character, to try and develop her really excellent qualities, and to bring them to the surface. But poor little Nellie did not want to be taken *au sérieux* as yet—she wanted to wait and enjoy herself and dream of an ideal future, and escape from the deadly monotony of beautiful Holmedale. She found the opportunity at last. A friend of her early days, a Miss Graham, was a strong-minded woman; she wrote to her frequently, urging her not to allow herself to become a dependant on her aunt's kindness, but to strike out a line for herself, gain her own bread,

see something of the world. These letters, combined with her extreme longing for variety, made Nellie search the advertisement sheets of the *Times* daily, with a hope of finding something which would exactly meet with her wishes. It came at last, a rather unusual advertisement, but which took her fancy:—

On demande une Institutrice anglaise, munie de bons renseignements, au pair; s'adresser à Madame la Harpe, Sauveterre.

Nellie did what was not right: she answered the advertisement, obtained recommendations from old friends in London, and not till the whole thing was arranged did she tell her aunt.

Mrs. Gordon was much disturbed, grieved, and displeased with what she had done, but unable to resist the coaxing, pleading ways and kisses of the culprit. She consented to let her go, after satisfying herself by very careful inquiries that the French lady who advertised was all that could be wished, and she was not without a secret hope that Nellie might learn in the house of strangers to appreciate the happy home she was so ready to sacrifice.

Dick Gordon accompanied her on her journey, much to his own inconvenience, in the busy spring-tide of the year, but to the last he cherished a hope that she might repent and let him take her back again.

The little carriage jingled on, crossing, one after another, long, vine-covered, low hills, always rising and falling with about the same unvaried view—now they passed through a village, now again dipped into a valley and up once more; vine-clad hills are more profitable than picturesque, the straight, monotonous lines destroy the beauty of the landscape.

Nellie grew paler and paler, and by-and-by she put out a cold little hand for Dick to take and hold; she felt great comfort and strength in his warm, strong clasp, and she wanted comfort like a child, and sought for it without a thought of the cruel pain she was inflicting, for Dick, with the intuitive perception of his sympathetic nature, understood the silent appeal and took it for what it was worth.

As the road rose over the last hill, and reached the end of the series, the hills stopped, and, as it were, rolled back to right and left, and they stood on a kind of high plateau, while a glorious view broke upon them.

Nestled on the hillside lay Sauveterre, bounded in by a terrace-wall; far below, a

deep valley fringed with trees, at the bottom of which, amid stones and rocks and boulders of granite, rushed the river Gave; behind, the low, vine-covered hills; in front, all middle distances swept away, and a wondrous vision standing out in the clear air—the grand range of the Pyrenees, while framed in by the branches of an old chestnut-tree which hung over the road, seeming almost like a cloud in the air, rose the snow-clad Pic du Midi.

Neither of the travellers spoke for a moment—then Nellie turned and said breathlessly,—

“Oh! Dick, is it not beautiful?”

But Dick did not answer; his eyes were fixed on the far distance, and there was a strange, yearning look in them, solemn, intensely sad. Had an intuition come to him, all indefinite as yet, that for him also there was no middle distance in life, only a rushing torrent beating itself on the stones, and far away a vision of distant, heavenly hills?

But there was no time for thought; with a tremendous crack of his long-lashed whip, the driver urged his little horse to dash into the stone-paved streets of Sauveterre at full gallop.

CHAPTER II.

“WHERE do monsieur and mademoiselle wish to descend?”

“At the Maison de Mabendie, Madame la Harpe,” answered Dick.

“Here we are, monsieur,” and the little carriage drew up suddenly before a narrow little street. “Monsieur and mademoiselle must get out here, go along the little street, turn to the left, and before them they will see the Maison de Mabendie. Does monsieur propose to return to Orthez to-night?”

Mr. Gordon looked at his watch. “I must be at Orthez in time to catch the nine o’clock train,” he said. “How long will it take you to take me down?”

“Monsieur must not start later than half past six. See, an hour to rest my horses, and monsieur must start.”

“Oh Dick, only an hour,” said Nellie piteously; she had got out of the carriage and stood beside him trembling.

“An hour is a good long time, Nell,” he said, smiling encouragement—he would help her now as much as he could.

The coachman remounted his seat and drove off to the little inn, promising to send round a man with the boxes and small packages in a few moments, and anxious to lose none of the precious moments in which he wished to make him-

self acquainted as much as possible with his cousin’s future home, Dick drew her quickly with him down the ill-paved, dirty little street. The approach was unpromising, but ended in a small, open court. The old house which was their destination stood in a beautiful situation on the walls, with a narrow terrace round it, bounded by a low parapet actually overhanging the valley and the river. The valley was half spanned by a very ancient bridge, the middle arches of which had long been swept away, the rest remained, all clothed with ivy and other luxuriant vegetation. In the far distance the wonderful mountains. It would be difficult to find a more lovely situation.

The old house was large and picturesque, carrying on each end the *tourelles*, indispensable attributes of *noblesse*. It was washed all over with yellow-wash of a warm color, concealing the thick stone walls, in many places from three to four feet thick. The narrow terrace was bright with flowers in great earthen jars.

“It is very pretty, Nellie! Come, dear! don’t be so frightened!” said Dick, patting her hand, as he rang the bell.

The door flew open, and with a kind of rush, it seemed as if the whole family of La Harpe poured into the courtyard.

Outstretched hands greeted the newcomers, and a torrent of welcoming words.

It seemed as if every face there photographed itself on Dick Gordon’s brain, so great was the tension.

Monsieur and Madame la Harpe were both short, both perfectly round. Madame seemed to roll rather than walk, bound rather than turn; very active, very voluble, and in a black gown flashing with jet beads.

Mademoiselle la Harpe, Amélie, was just what her mother must have been at her age, short, plump, rather pretty, with a profusion of frizzy black hair, and too large a face, all *épanouie* with good-nature.

Monsieur Jean the eldest son, and his wife, were of a somewhat different type. Monsieur Jean, *avocat*, thin, pale, bald, and studious. As for Madame Jean, her face was as the face of a pitying saint—so sweet, so sad, and so worn. Behind stood two *bonnes*, with rosy faces and bright-colored handkerchiefs, picturesquely tying up their black hair.

It seemed as if they could not make enough of Nellie. They pressed her cousin to stay, but he was obliged to refuse, his presence was urgently wanted at home. They then, all of them, de-

spatched the bonnes to prepare some refreshment for him before his departure, and conducted them into the large, cool *salon*. Time was going, flying very fast. Dick at last boldly determined that no more must be lost. He advanced to Monsieur la Harpe and asked to speak to him in private.

But Madame la Harpe had no intention of being excluded from the interview, and she solemnly led the way into another room, followed meekly by her lord and the tall Englishman, who seemed to them almost colossal.

"I have but a very short time," said Dick, in his frank, open way, "but I am most anxious to commend my little cousin to your care — she has no nearer relation than my mother and myself."

Madame la Harpe gave a little wave of her hand. "You may depend upon us," she said. "Her situation with us, *au pair*, makes her in all respects one of ourselves; the advantages my Amélie derives from her, she also will derive from my Amélie, and —"

"Yes, madame," said Dick earnestly, "but I venture to ask even more. She is only seventeen and an orphan. I ask for her your tenderness, your care, your consideration."

Monsieur la Harpe gave his chest such a resounding thump that Dick quite started.

"Faith of a *père de famille!*" he exclaimed. "She shall be as our own child, and with your concurrence, my good sir, I will marry her myself."

Dick started again. Madame la Harpe nodded approvingly.

"But, my friend," she said, "perhaps monsieur intends to marry her himself; it is his right, and as her only male relative, his bounden duty; of course, if he should desire it, I also will do my best."

A confused sense came flitting over Dick's bewildered mind that, like Boaz, as nearest of kin, he had a solemn duty to perform in espousing his cousin; then the absurdity of the notion crossed him, and he could hardly help smiling.

"In England," he said, "it is our habit to let young ladies please themselves about marrying."

"That is a very strange and reprehensible custom," said Madame la Harpe severely.

"*Madame est servie,*" said a maid at the door.

"Ah, and there is so little time, and farewells to be said and all!" cried the good father. "Monsieur," with another

portentous slap on the breast, "you may rest contented, we will take every care of our sacred trust. You may put every confidence in me."

"I am sure I can!" said Dick heartily. He read something straightforward and honest in the little man's black, bead-like eyes.

Monsieur la Harpe rose and bowed profoundly, Dick returned the bow; Madame la Harpe courtesied, and Dick repeated his salutation. It was like the seal of some solemn compact. Then she led the way to the dining-room.

If Dick Gordon's healthy English appetite had looked for cold beef, it looked in vain. The repast consisted of a vast omelette salad, bread and fruit, and excellent *vin ordinaire*. Nellie could not eat a mouthful; her eyes were fixed on her cousin as if she would never take them off. The time was going so fast.

Dick Gordon looked again at his watch. "I ought to start for the inn in five minutes," he said. He gave a quick look round at the whole assembled family: his look ended imploringly on Madame Jean. A flash of sympathy passed between them. She rose.

"Let us go, my friends," she said. "Our friends would wish to say their adieux in private; and little demoiselle Nellie must have many messages to send."

"You are quite right," cried all the kind-hearted family, who would never have thought about it themselves, and they all bustled out.

Nellie waited till they were all gone, then she ran up to her cousin and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick," she said. "I have been so wicked, so ungrateful. I have never been half good enough to you, and now you are going away. Oh, Dick! say you forgive me; and give my dear, dear, dearest love to Aunt Mary."

"Forgive you, Nellie? Child, there is nothing to forgive. Nellie, I have never told you — I did not want you to know; but, darling, you are my own heart's love! Hush, hush; I only tell you that you may know that whenever you want a home or — or a friend, a brother or protector, I shall be waiting for you — to welcome you, my little love, and ask nothing — nothing in return."

She was sobbing on his breast.

There came a low knock at the door, and Madame Jean's soft voice, —

"The *voiturier* begs that monsieur will come."

"Dick, Dick! kiss me," cried Nellie almost frantically, for her cousin had wrung her hands and was turning away.

"Good-bye, darling, good-bye."

"Dick, won't you kiss me?" she cried, putting her arms round his neck like a child.

Then he stooped, and kissed her passionately.

"God bless you and help you, Nellie! Good-bye."

He went out. They were all waiting for him outside. How he got through all the salutations, bows, and farewells he could not tell. But it was over at last, and he was once more rapidly driving down the road to Orthez.

Meanwhile Madame Jean stole quietly back to Nellie, and allowed her to sob out her grief and loneliness in her kind arms.

CHAPTER III.

IN a very few days Nellie Grey was quite at home in the Maison de Mabendie, and now the spring days were lengthening, and the sudden summer of the south burst upon them in all its hot splendor.

At first Amélie and Nellie, still somewhat shy of each other, worked well together, alternately at English and French, but by degrees their ardor for study somewhat waned, and as it grew hotter they grew more desultory.

The life was very different to anything to which Nellie had been accustomed, but the facility with which she adapted herself to it was quite astonishing. Sometimes she wondered, with a little start of dismay, what her Aunt Mary would have said if she had seen her in the mornings going about the house in a loose dressing-gown of Pompadour print, with her hair not done, only rolled up over a comb. At first she felt very untidy, but all the others were the same, so she soon began to think it impossible to take the trouble of dressing herself before it was time for the twelve o'clock breakfast. The food at first seemed a little strange: meat was only to be had once a week at Sauveterre. Nobody expected it oftener — not the La Harpes, the wealthiest people in the little town; not the marquis and his Parisienne wife, who came from Paris to spend the summer in their pretty, old château — nobody thought it necessary. The town was full of hens and chickens; eggs abounded, and formed the *pièce de résistance* at every meal. Then Jeannette, the cook, was so clever at all kinds of soups, and would go along the roads pulling little

tufts of foliage out of the banks, from which she would produce a delicious *maigre* or a fresh salad that was quite astonishing.

Nellie Grey was a Roman Catholic, as her mother had been before her. The church stood outside the town, and was not in any way remarkable, except for the beauty of the view. Indeed it was impossible to stir out of the streets without coming into sight of the distant Pyrenees, from early morning to late evening constantly varying in the color of their splendor.

One of the prettiest spots was the little cemetery, lying on the side of the hill. Thither the two girls would walk every Sunday evening before the hour of the last service, the *Salut*. They accompanied Madame Jean, for in the little cemetery lay one of the secrets of her sadness — two baby graves side by side, their little mounds railed in with white railings like the sides of a child's crib, and within a bright, wild bush of flowers, varying with the season of the year, always sweet-smelling and luxuriant.

Madame Jean would often kneel on the wooden step at the foot of the tiny graves and hide her face, and become so absorbed in prayer that she would hear nothing — not even the church bells — and the two girls would rouse her tenderly, and glance at each other with awe at the sight of her far-away look. There was another secret in her sad life: Monsieur Jean believed nothing. He was tolerant; he did not scoff, but for all that, he had no faith.

"Nellie," said Madame Jean very softly one day, "the Holy Innocents must have a peculiar power in prayer, for their prayers must be so pure, and unbiassed by even natural earthly love. Do you not think so?"

"I do, indeed, dear madame," said Nellie gently, and Madame Jean said no more.

One day Madame la Harpe came into the salon, where all the younger ladies were busy at their different occupations.

"My children," she said, "I have a good deed to propose to you for the improvement of your souls. Are you willing?"

"Assuredly!" said Amélie, looking up with a smile; "*fi donc!* mamma; do you doubt it?"

"It is old Benoîte come up again. A hundred more francs are wanted. Your papa will give five; perhaps among us we can make up a few more."

"Who is old Benoîte? What is it for?"

"You shall go to the kitchen and hear the story, *mignonne*," said Madame Jean.

"What do you say to a *quête*, mamma? A begging expedition?"

"Just what I was about to propose, *Françoise*. You and *Amélie* can take half the town, and I myself, with *Nellie*, can do the rest."

"Oh, no!" cried *Nellie* shrinking, "I do not think I could go begging. I never did such a thing, I should not like it at all."

"Then, how very good for your soul!" said Madame Jean quickly and smiling.

"You will not mind, *Nellie*," said *Amélie* encouragingly. "Mamma will do all the talking. She is the best *quêteuse* in *Sauveterre*."

"Go to the kitchen, *ma fille*," said Madame la Harpe, "and take *Amélie* with you, and hear Benoîte's story; she talks French, not *Hasque*."

The two girls went down to the kitchen. A strong, handsome-looking old peasant woman was seated in the place of honor by the window.

Jeannette was peeling onions in a big wooden bowl; *Célestine*, the other *bonne*, balancing herself backwards or forwards on her pointed *sabots*, doing nothing. "Mademoiselle has not seen Benoîte," she said, pointing out the peasant with admiration.

"Ah! so this is the young foreign lady," said Benoîte, not rising, but lifting up her head, and looking at *Nellie* with a pair of fine, dark eyes strangely brilliant and clear. "And I hear that she is charitable and never omits to give her sous at the church door. I may surely depend upon help from her."

"Surely," murmured the two *bonnes* together.

"But then, Benoîte," said *Amélie* playfully, "this young lady sees you in a beautiful dark cotton gown, with a crimson handkerchief and a silk one on your head. She must say to herself, why does this rich person beg — *hein?*"

"So she knows nothing, my little *demoiselle*? Sit down, sit down, you shall hear," and with the gesture of a hostess rather than a guest, she made the two girls sit down on the bench before her.

"I was young once, *mes filles*," she began, "and I had a young husband; he was very bad, very wicked. Most husbands are; be advised, my children, do not be so foolish as to marry; the single are happier, it is better so — *va!*"

They listened with all submission.

"My husband was so bad that I often wished myself dead; he beat me, he turned me out on the hillside twice on winter nights, he drank — at last he was never sober. We had two children; the eldest was a girl, her name was *Aline*. I called her *Aline* after *Mlle. Aline de Mabendie*, the last of the old family. *Aline* was three years old when, in a drunken fit, her father killed her."

Nellie gave a start of horror and dismay, then looked with astonishment at Benoîte. She had told the story so often that it had become a merely mechanical narration, in fact there was a little triumphant complacency in her voice, but no trace of emotion.

"Yes," continued Benoîte. "But that was going too far; *Monsieur le Curé* would not absolve him for that; the drink-fever came on, and he died without the blessing of the Church; he was very bad, my children. Heaven rest his soul! Well."

Her dark eyes lit up, she was evidently coming to the interest of her story. "My second child was *Jean Marie*; he was an infant at the time; emotion had tried me, I could not nourish him. I had a goat at the time with a kid. I sold the kid, and gave *Jean Marie* to the goat; she suckled him as her own kid, and at the sound of his cry, would come bounding in to stand over his cradle and feed him, and he throve well. Now I knew that my bad husband could only be saved by a very great effort on my part, and I vowed that I would make my boy into a priest, and that his first mass should be for his father's soul. I labored, *mes filles*, I worked night and day; my hands are not weak yet, do you see? but once they were stronger than two women. God helped me. *Monsieur le Curé* saw my purpose and educated my boy, caused him to pass into the college; he learns a great deal, my little *Jean Marie*. See! here are his certificates," and she drew a little bundle of papers from her pocket. "Five is the highest mark, see! *Mesdemoiselles*, all of you, come close. Divinity five, philosophy five, good conduct four, and so on and so on. *Monsieur le Curé* says they are excellent, and now he will be ordained in three months, and a hundred francs are required for his fees, and these are wanting."

And with a fine dramatic gesture Benoîte rose to her feet, drew her cloak round her, and prepared to leave the kitchen.

"I commend the matter to *ces demoiselles*," she said. "*Au revoir*."

"She has confidence," said Jeannette with admiration.

"She is quite right," said Amélie. "Come, courage, every one. You, Jeannette and Célestine, must also do your best. Fancy if, after all, Jean Marie should not be ordained."

"It must not be thought of," said the stout Jeannette, putting her arms akimbo—"if I have to resign all my economies."

"You will not refuse to undertake the *quête* now, Nelline?" said Amélie, taking the arm of her friend. "Indeed, you need have no fear. Mamma, as I said, is an accomplished *quêteuse*."

Half an hour later, Madame la Harpe in a splendid toilette covered with black fringe, and a bonnet with ostrich feathers, started on her pious mission with Nellie by her side, looking very fair and shy in her white gown.

They went to all the principal houses in the little town, and Nellie, at first painfully shy, became more and more amused.

"It is impossible that you can refuse me, madame," Madame la Harpe would say in one house. "You have such beautiful and amiable children, who are so especially blest in your interior!—such a good object!—ah! monsieur, your face is the very type of the benevolent. You have never refused me before, and never, no, never have I asked for a more worthy object."

Sous, half-francs, francs, even five-franc pieces rained upon her.

"Nellie," said Madame la Harpe, "I am dead with fatigue, I believe my bonnet to be on one side, my face streams. Truly, when one is as fat as I am, one should limit one's piety. Stop; there is Monsieur le Marquis himself. She gave me ten francs, but he does not know that, and he might give us a trifle."

A gentleman was strolling up the street with two fat mottled pointers at his heels.

Monsieur le Marquis *en province* did not take the trouble to shave; his appearance was not improved by a three weeks' growth of irregular whiskers, his white linen dress and panama hat with a broad black ribbon spoke of the ease and comfort of elegance relaxed.

"Ah, monsieur," cried Madame la Harpe, rapidly crossing the road with the bounding motion peculiar to her, "you are just the one whom I have been hoping to meet!"

"At your service, madame," with a low bow, and the gentleman removed his cigarette from between his teeth.

"Monsieur, it is for a work of charity," she began.

"Ah bah! I leave all these matters to my wife," said Monsieur le Marquis somewhat abruptly.

"We all know the charity of madame your wife, but see, monsieur, I should like to give you also the opportunity of doing a little something for your soul."

"Which wants it badly, *hein*, madame?" said the marquis, laughing.

"Of that I can be no judge until you have either refused me or given me a little donation."

"An excellent answer, madame. So you will not accept my wife's alms as mine?"

"Come, come, though you are married fifteen years, you have not lost your individuality."

"And this young lady. Is she on the same quest?"

Madame la Harpe gave a rapid glance at Nellie, which she interpreted rightly as an entreaty for help. Monsieur le Marquis stood looking at her with his head on one side, and a pair of bright little eyes glancing like jet beads. She looked up merrily.

"Monsieur, it is my first *quête*," she said. "And if I did chance to take home a gold napoleon I should —"

"Well, what would you do?"

"I should jump for joy," said Nellie demurely.

Madame la Harpe looked shocked, she evidently thought that Nellie's demand was excessive.

"How is one to refuse," said Monsieur le Marquis, throwing out his hands, "when wit and beauty beg?"

"And conscience enjoins," said Nellie.

"Ah, for that!" and he gave a little shrug of the shoulders. Then opening his purse he took out a shining napoleon, and handed it to Nellie with a profound bow.

"Now jump! jump for joy, mademoiselle," he said.

But Nellie had become suddenly shy, and blushed rosily.

"Experience is not so charming as anticipation," he said sharply.

"You are mistaken," answered Nellie.

"I shall jump when I get home!"

"I am delighted to hear it!" And with another salute, Monsieur le Marquis resumed his cigarette and strolled on.

"That is beyond my dreams," said Ma-

dame la Harpe. "I wonder how Amélie and my daughter-in-law have fared?"

"No one could refuse Madame Jean," said Nellie. "It would be like refusing St. Catherine herself."

"Yes, she is a very saint, my daughter-in-law," said Madame la Harpe with a sigh. "Her vocation was always the cloister."

"Indeed?" said Nellie eagerly. "Then why did she marry?"

"It was the will of her parents. She had a good portion, and was a very suitable *parti* for our Jean. We had no idea that her inclination was so strong a one when we arranged the marriage."

"And Monsieur Jean?"

"He never saw her till all was arranged; then he was quite satisfied; he looked upon her vocation as a childish folly that she would soon shake off, but she never will."

"Never!" said Nellie emphatically.

At this moment the sound of sabots clapping after them in full pursuit arrested their attention, and Toinnette, the fat *bonne* from the inn, came up with them.

"Stop, stop, madame!" she cried in Basque. "Let me tell you something. The omnibus from Orthez has just come in, and three gentlemen have descended at the inn. I do not know whether they are to stop or to go on when Jean Marie's horses have rested, but they are rich, and beautiful—officers! and in uniform; they are now seated on the terrace each with a cigar, a *demi-tasse*, and cognac. I am convinced that they would give largely. It was Madame's Jeannette who sent me flying after you, ladies."

Madame la Harpe set her fringes to rights with a shake, righted her bonnet and turned round.

"Courage, my child," she said to Nellie.

"This task shall be performed by you."

"But, madame, surely—would it be really right?"

"Your duty—and not the smallest impropriety in it! Heavens! My dear child, should I—*I* of all people—advise an indiscretion? Anybody may speak or converse to anybody on a *quôte*, and no one ever takes advantage of it. You may meet the same individual ten minutes after, no one ventures to bow, there is no acquaintance. It is strange that you should be ignorant of this etiquette. But here we are! Why, you are quite pale, Nellie?"

"I do not like it at all, madame," said Nellie nervously.

They approached the narrow strip of garden bordered by terrace, belonging to the inn. At a small iron table, in the midst of a kind of arbor of untidy greenery, sat three officers, whose epaulettes and gleaming sword-belts caught the light of the now setting sun.

"Now, my child, courage."

Nellie went forward desperately—went quite forward till she stood before the three men, who all rose to their feet simultaneously.

"Messieurs," she began tremulously and clasping her hands nervously together with a little gesture of entreaty, "if you had a little money, just a few francs, to bestow on charity!"

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, in a tone of such unmixed astonishment that Nellie was seized with an irresistible inclination to laugh.

"It is not for myself," she said. "Indeed it is for Benoîte."

"And who is Benoîte?" said the oldest of the party—a stout gentleman with a magnificent white moustache pointed with mastic—with great severity.

"Benoîte has a son and—"

"Ah, Benoîte has a son! then why, mademoiselle, may I ask, does not Benoîte's son support his mother?"

"The young lady is an inexperienced *quôteuse, mon général*," said one of the officers in a low voice.

Nellie caught the words, and looked gratefully at the speaker. He was tall for a Frenchman, with a dark face and bright, observing eyes, a moustache of the kind called coquettish in France, short, well-trimmed, and turned upwards at the corners with a twist, cheeks and chin of the blue tint of a dark man closely shaved.

When his eyes met hers there was a look of unbounded admiration, mixed with some pity in them.

"Old Benoîte's son cannot help her, Monsieur le Général," she said with some spirit. "He is in a seminary, and is to be ordained if, amongst us, who are the friends of his mother, enough money can be raised to pay his fees."

"*Peste!*" said the general. "I am sorry, mademoiselle, but I can give you nothing; if I had my will, the conscription should extend to the priesthood, and every man-jack among them should serve his time. We shall not have long to wait before it is so."

Nellie made a little haughty bow and turned away, when she was again arrested by the young officer who had spoken before.

"If mademoiselle will accept of my small contribution," he said, handing her a couple of francs, "I shall feel honored."

Nellie took the money, saying the formal words used on each occasion by Madame la Harpe: "The good God will reward you, monsieur" — and she was going on her way when she was startled by a shrill little cry and a rush past her.

"Etienne!"

"Mamma!"

And the young officer was in Madame la Harpe's arms, rapid kisses from each side to the other, showering between them.

"You here, my son; and not come at once to me! but what does it mean?"

"Hush," and he walked away with them out of earshot of the other officers. "I am with the general, mamma, and cannot leave him till he departs by the diligence in half an hour. Then, at once I join you! I have news for you too, but I must not stay now. *A tantôt.*"

And he returned to his duty.

The general was smoking and saying blasphemous things, launching bad words and worse insinuations against the priests, his aide-de-camp listening with profound indifference, when Etienne la Harpe came back.

"You are of this town, *docteur*," said the general. "Who is the lovely *quêtuse*?"

"She is a young Englishwoman, *mon général*, staying with my mother."

"*Peste!* I envy your luck — she is beautiful as a houri."

CHAPTER III.

"BUT who is he, madame?" asked Nellie when her breath came back, and she and Madame la Harpe were hurrying rapidly home to prepare for the new arrival.

"Who is he? He is my Etienne, my beautiful, good, youngest son, what will they all say! We did not expect to see him for another three months."

"But I had understood that your youngest son was a doctor, madame?"

"So he is a doctor — military doctor, you know. He must have got promotion! nothing else could have brought him back so soon! oh la! la! how my bones do ache! To think that Etienne should be come back so soon!"

"Well, mamma! and what success have you had?" cried Amélie, meeting them at the door.

"He is come, Amélie! He has arrived with the general and is seeing him off by

the diligence at this very moment." Amélie looked bewildered.

"Come!" she said. "But is it then too late? has he missed his chance for lack of the fees?"

"Missed his chance! for shame, Amélie, it means promotion, on the contrary. Oh the joy of seeing him again!"

Amélie's hands went up in the air, her eyes opened.

"Heavens, mamma! is this delirium? And you look so hot and exhausted! What is she speaking about?" she added, leading her mother in, and appealing to Nellie, but before Nellie could reply, Jeannette came flying up to the door, the ends of her handkerchief streaming behind her head.

"But hear, mesdames! Monsieur le docteur has come. He is here in person! Oh, the happy day!"

"Etienne?" cried Amélie.

"Etienne! Who speaks of Etienne?" and out of his room came Monsieur la Harpe in his shirt-sleeves.

"Etienne is here! he but sends off the general and joins us!" said Madame la Harpe, sinking into a chair.

"Hark! the horn! the diligence goes!" cried Jeannette.

The distant note of the diligence sounded on the air, and it had hardly died away before Monsieur Etienne came clanking into view in all the splendor of full uniform. Nellie stood by watching the lavish kisses, from the first ones bestowed heartily on both the plump cheeks of "papa" to those finally given to Jeannette, the foster-sister of monsieur le docteur.

The warm greetings were over at last. The evening was very hot, and after dinner the whole party were glad to descend to the terrace. That evening was never effaced from Nellie's memory. They all sat grouped, the ladies with their work, the gentlemen leaning back luxuriously. Madame Jean with her calm, pale face and long black gown flitted about making glasses of syrup for Monsieur Jean and Etienne, the latter took the hand which presented the glass to him and pressed it to his lips.

"Always a ministering angel, *ma sœur*," he said, and she smiled her sweet, sad smile.

Nellie was too shy to look much at the young officer, but his quick, bright glances followed her every movement. She sat leaning her head on her hand, her elbow on the low parapet; the fair, soft masses of her golden hair were a little disordered

by the soft wind; her large, blue eyes were cast down and veiled often by their thick, dark lashes; the bright pink color came and went in her cheek. Darkness stole softly down over the mountains, and deepened the shadows in the valley; the noisy dash of the river below made a sweet, monotonous music.

There came a certain hush upon all the party; they felt the calm of the hour. Monsieur Jean broke the silence first; he was, as he flattered himself, too much a man of the world to be romantic.

"You have never told us what brought you back so much sooner than we expected, Etienne," he said.

"I told my mother," answered the young doctor, bending forward and patting the little, fat hand of Madame la Harpe. "I have promotion. I have been offered the post of *médecin-en-chef* de l'hôpital militaire of . . . Algiers!"

"*Sapristi!*" cried Monsieur Jean; "but that is a good position! a first-rate position!"

"It is!" said Etienne, leaning back and twisting the point of his moustache.

"I always said that he would go far!" said Monsieur la Harpe, rubbing his hands with a chuckle.

"Merit, skill, and perseverance always succeed," said Monsieur Jean.

"With the blessing of the good God," said Madame Jean softly. "Etienne, receive my congratulations."

"And mine, and mine," came the chorus. Nellie felt that she must add her little offering, and she said timidly, "Let me also congratulate you, monsieur." He turned sharply round at her words with a sudden movement of *empressement*.

"You are too good, mademoiselle," he said. He looked at her, hoping for some further speech, but she said no more.

"Yes, it is a good position, Etienne," repeated Monsieur Jean, leaning back and sipping his syrup. "But Algiers is far from home; you will be lonely. What do you say, my father—shall we occupy ourselves with making a marriage for this famous *médecin-en-chef*?"

"I have thought much of it," said Madame la Harpe gravely.

A sudden flush came over the young doctor's dark face.

"Come," he said, with a little laugh, "if you are so indiscreet as to begin such a subject before all the world, I must vanish."

"All the world!" said Monsieur la Harpe. "Why, you are in the bosom of your family!"

"And as for Nellie," said Amélie affectionately, "she is one of us."

"A dear little sister," said Madame Jean impulsively. Madame la Harpe added a sounding kiss.

Nellie laughed a little, and blushed still more, but she was touched. A contrast flashed into her mind: all this caressing, this vivacity and demonstrative words, the pretty flattery, the petting, and idle, sunny life, how pleasant it was! She remembered how different it was at Holmedale, where every one was busy, where her Aunt Mary always expected her to be drawing, or singing, or working in the house, where her kiss in the morning was so calm and gentle. And Dick, how well she remembered his bitter words: "To go back would be the first reasonable thing you ever did in your life." The words had not struck her at the time, but now they came back in contrast with all the petting in the new life. Then came a little pang of self-reproach, and a vision of Dick's kind, sorrowful eyes looking down upon her with that haunting look of intense love.

"Mademoiselle, you are cold, you shiver; allow me to put this round you."

It was Etienne offering her a little shawl; in his manner the devotion of a Frenchman.

Down below the fireflies came out and danced their wild, starry dance in the valley. Nellie had shivered, but not with cold—a strange, sad feeling stole over her. Dick, faithful, noble Dick, was far away, with his young, vigorous life blighted by the cold touch of disappointment. She knew now that it must be so, and she took the shawl from Etienne la Harpe with a smile, and a little profusion of pretty French words.

Madame Jean that night came up to the bedroom occupied by Nellie and Amélie, and sat down on the window-seat while they loosened their hair. Nellie's was very long, and flowed all round her down to the knees when unbound.

"You are like a fair Magdalen, my child," said Madame Jean admiringly.

Nellie came and knelt beside her, putting her arms round her waist. "And you are lovely as Our Lady of Sorrows," she said. "Ah! why is there sorrow to hurt this beautiful, happy world?"

"Happiness is not everything, Nellie: live for anything! for love, for duty, for charity if you will, but not for happiness."

"There is nothing else for which I care to live," said Nellie, throwing back her

long hair and looking up at her friend, "without it I should wish to die!"

"God help you, poor little sparkling firefly," said Madame Jean tenderly, "and God help the good, noble Englishman who loves you so!"

"How do you know that?" cried Nellie, starting and blushing crimson. "I do not believe it; he does not know what love is."

"Nelline! Nelline! and do you?" cried Amélie, laughing.

"I can imagine," said Nellie hotly. "My cousin finds fault with me — true love would think me perfection!"

Madame Jean patted her cheek. "Well, well, *mignonne*," she said, "your good friends will take care of you, you need not worry your little self about such matters. Go to bed and sleep."

CHAPTER IV.

THE sunny days passed on.

"How changed is monsieur le docteur!" said Jeannette to her fellow-bonne. "Formerly he was out all day, now he spends all his time at home, and he is absorbed — *distrain*. He smokes less, he uses double the perfumes. What is it?"

"*Dame!* it is not difficult to see!" said Célestine, shrugging her shoulders.

"My wife," said Monsieur la Harpe very gravely, "I have something of importance to say to you."

Madame la Harpe looked startled; it was not often that her husband originated an idea, but when he did, it was very often a good one.

"I listen, my friend," she said.

"We need go no further in our correspondence with Monsieur and Madame Lagrange. Etienne will never marry their daughter."

"What! never marry her! a young lady with sixty-five thousand francs! Madame Lagrange would never have given a thought to Etienne but for this excellent position he has acquired."

"No matter," said Monsieur la Harpe, "he will never marry her."

"But why, my friend?" said his wife, with suppressed ire, and a lurking dread that her own suspicions might be confirmed by his answer.

"Because he has lost his heart, and set his whole affections on the little Englishwoman."

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, sinking heavily into a chair.

Monsieur la Harpe rubbed his hands. "I have been reflecting, *ma femme*," he said.

She looked up with a ray of hope — his rare reflections were apt to be good.

"I propose to say nothing to Etienne," he said, "but to write to that good Englishman myself, to see whether an arrangement could be arrived at. These Englishmen are rich; he is her nearest relative; it is for him to settle her in life; at all events we shall hear what he has to propose. If the affair fails, it will be time enough to thwart Etienne, but I am not without hope. Hist! not a word! let us keep this little affair between ourselves."

Madame la Harpe smiled and sighed. "*Mon ami*," she said, "*finesse* is required. What do you say? Shall we not break off finally the Lagrange affair, but leave both open for the time? Etienne may be in love, but he is too much a man of the world to let that interfere with a business arrangement such as marriage."

"It is possible!" said Monsieur la Harpe, "but God forbid that we should have another child with eyes like those of Jean's wife!"

"Bah! men are made of quite another paste," said Madame la Harpe.

Monsieur la Harpe went to the window, and by a jerk at the string of the *persiennes* enabled himself to see out.

"Look, *ma bonne*," he said. "Judge for yourself."

The young people were all on the terrace, Amélie and Madame Jean seated and both embroidering, Nellie filling a large earthenware pot with a huge wild bouquet of sweet roses; by her side stood Doctor Etienne, in his attitude, the turn of head, pose, everything, the look of *empressement* almost peculiar to a Frenchman. He seemed to be speaking very earnestly, for they saw Nellie suddenly pause and look up at him, her eyes met his, and suddenly the bright pink color flushed her fair little face; she seemed to hesitate, then shyly took up a little rose and handed it to him. He pressed it to his lips with passion, and Nellie, gathering up all that remained of her flowers into her gown, went hastily over to Madame Jean and knelt down beside her.

"Oh la! la!" exclaimed Madame la Harpe.

"Am I, or am I not a man of penetration?" said her husband, smiting his breast. "I go in, I write."

Far away in sunny Berkshire, on a sweet, fresh evening of the English summer, Dick Gordon and his mother sat in the garden under rustling linden-trees, when a large and important-looking letter

with a foreign post-mark was put into his hand.

"From Nellie, Dick?" said Mrs. Gordon.

"No! but from Sauveterre all the same." He glanced at the signature.

"From the old father; how odd! What can he have to say?"

"Nellie has not written for some time," said Mrs. Gordon, looking rather wistfully at her son.

He did not answer; he was reading the letter, and though a fair French scholar, the small, neat handwriting seemed not quite easy to decipher.

Dick read it quite through, then without a word of comment he handed it to his mother.

"Mother, the evening is fine, I am going for a long walk," he said. She thought that there was something a little odd in his voice, but before she could speak he was gone, she heard his footsteps crunching the gravel, then a hollow sound as he crossed the rustic bridge over the little river, and he was gone.

The tears rose to Mrs. Gordon's eyes, but she brushed them quickly away, put on her spectacles and read the letter.

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR,—

"You may recollect that at the time of the interview I had the honor to have with you, I undertook to watch over and take care of your charming young cousin as a child of my own: at that time neither I nor my wife could foresee how much her amiable character, her beauty, her freshness, and her piety would endear her to us all. You have doubtless heard from Mademoiselle Nellie of the arrival at Sauveterre of my second son Etienne, médecin-en-chef de l'hôpital militaire de . . . en Alger. This grade he has recently attained: it is a fine position, especially when acquired at so young an age; my son is twenty-four years of age. His mother and myself before consigning him to so distant a station are anxious to marry him, and already a very desirable alliance has presented itself. But youth will be youth. My son has become madly in love with mademoiselle your cousin. It is with difficulty I write, terrified lest you should perceive in me the smallest absence of delicacy when I venture to say that Mademoiselle Nellie, with every discretion, yet appears favorably inclined towards him. You are aware, my dear monsieur, that these things are affairs of business. I therefore venture to ask whether any arrangements could be made,

so as to avoid the sacrifice of these youthful and interesting sentiments. My son, with an income from his appointment of twelve thousand five hundred francs a year, enjoys also the interest of the sum that he will inherit at my death, namely one hundred thousand francs. You will naturally understand that when a man has a competence so comfortable to offer, his parents hope for some reciprocity in choosing a wife for him. With the assurance of my profoundly distinguished sentiments, I am,

"JEAN MARIE ETIENNE LA HARPE."

Mrs. Gordon laid down the letter with a little gasp. "My poor boy," she said to herself.

The air blew chilly through the trees. She drew her shawl round her, shivered, and went in-doors.

She could not go to bed or rest. She waited in her room, as the slow hours struck one after another, till she heard Dick's step on the stairs—a slow, heavy step, as of a tired man. She slipped out into the passage, and met him at the door of his room.

"Good-night, mother," he said, kissing her very affectionately. "Good-night, dear mother."

That was all that was ever said between them to betray poor Dick's buried hopes.

CHAPTER V.

MONSIEUR and Madame la Harpe awaited with ill-concealed impatience the answer to his letter. Things were not quite easy to manage. The Lagrange family were beginning to dislike the procrastination and indecision of the La Harpes' proceedings. It was even intimated that before the week was over, Madame Lagrange would arrive in Sauveterre, and this idea was by no means agreeable to the La Harpes.

But on the first day that an answer from England could have been reasonably expected, it came.

Monsieur la Harpe and his wife, both quite tremulous with excitement, had a little mild contention as to who should break the seal, in which the lady prevailed.

"Heavens! what writing!" she exclaimed.

"Colossal, but legible," said Monsieur la Harpe, and he slowly read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"My cousin will have a fortune of one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. But before finally consenting to such a

marriage as you do me the honor to propose, I should prefer making the acquaintance of Docteur la Harpe. I propose, therefore, to arrive in Sauveterre the day after your receipt of this letter.

"Yours, etc."

"Most satisfactory," said Monsieur la Harpe complacently. "It more than doubles Etienne's fortune."

"Yes," said Madame la Harpe gloomily. "It is delightful, but oh, *mon ami*, if he should not arrive before Madame Lagrange!"

Monsieur la Harpe shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us not anticipate misfortunes," he said. "And now to tell Etienne."

He opened the door and called his son. The young doctor came in twirling his moustaches, with defiance in his face.

Monsieur la Harpe was seated pompously, his hands spread on his ample tartan waistcoat.

"My son," he began, "on the subject of your marriage."

"Papa," said the young man firmly, "my affections are engaged. It is with infinite pain, but without hesitation, that I am obliged to refuse the proffered alliance."

"Sir! Your affections are engaged!" cried Monsieur la Harpe, indignation in his tone, a twinkle in his eye.

"Irrevocably," was the answer, in a voice of despondency.

"And may I ask the name of the young lady?"

"Need you ask?" said Etienne, throwing out both his hands. "When you yourself have presented me to her under your own roof. *Sapristi!* one has eyes."

"Is it Nellie Grey?"

"Ah, papa!"

"My son; I bestow her upon you!"

A little cry of astonishment, then Etienne threw himself into his father's arms and kissed him on both cheeks, immediately repeating the little scene with his mother.

They showed him Dick Gordon's letter, of which he approved highly, and he readily agreed to his parents' suggestion — that not a word should be said to Nellie until after her cousin's arrival.

The next day Madame la Harpe, having quite forgotten that Nellie Grey was still ignorant of her cousin's proposed visit, spoke of it in the middle of the twelve o'clock breakfast.

"Nellie," she said, "we shall hear the horn of the diligence about five o'clock,

and monsieur your cousin is sure to come by it."

"My cousin coming?" cried Nellie, very much startled. "Indeed, madame?"

"Ah! I ought to have told you, *mignonne*. Yes; he has consented to come at last and pay us a little visit."

"We shall be delighted to see him," said Madame Jean kindly.

Nellie did not quite know what to say. Her cheeks burned, her head throbbed, so various and conflicting were the feelings the news awakened in her.

Docteur la Harpe, seeing her confusion, was seized with a fit of jealousy, and went away for the whole afternoon fishing in the Gave.

"One would imagine you were not altogether pleased to see your cousin, Nellie," said Madame Jean a little sadly.

"I don't know," said Nellie, pushing her hair away from her temples with rather a bewildered look. "I cannot tell whether I am or not."

"But why, *mignonne*? He is so good and kind, and so fond of his little cousin! Why, what is it, child?"

For Nellie had suddenly put her arms round her, and burst into tears.

"It is nothing," she said, drying her tears, but with a catch in her voice. "Only I am angry with myself. We were so happy and peaceful, every day succeeded each other with so much that was delightful. I am a little sorry that any change should come."

"And you think that your good, loving cousin's arrival will interrupt this happy state of things?" said Madame Jean, a little severely.

"No, no! I don't know what I mean. Do not think badly of me! But Dick finds fault with me."

"He loves you dearly."

"Yes, yes! Don't you understand? A great deal too much. I am not good enough! It oppresses me."

There was petulance in her voice. Madame Jean understood all. She wiped away the tears with her handkerchief.

"Well, don't cry any more, *mignonne*, or he will think we do not make you happy."

"Oh! he can never think that," cried Nellie startled.

"I don't see how he can think otherwise, my child, if you meet him with red eyes and a little red nose."

"I will run up for some rose-water."

Madame Jean looked after her as she ran away, with a smile and a little sigh.

"I hope the poor, brave, good English-

passed through Clermont — a dark, dirty town, crowned with its beautiful cathedral built of black lava, set high on a little hill, and the great landmark far and near. Royat is only a mile away — a mere settlement of hotels, which are perched on the side of a narrow gorge, with the hot water bubbling up at the foot. Each house seems intent on climbing as it were on the shoulders of the one below, and for each a perch is cut in the solid mountainside higher than the last. "Cet emplacement pour maison à vendre" was inscribed on a wall of rock seventy or eighty feet high, with a morsel of vineyard at the top, the whole of which would have to be removed bodily before any dwelling could be built there.

We found a resting-place fortunately on the hog's back above the steaming close garden of the *établissement*, with a grand view of the cathedral, in its subject plain, but sadly masked by the lodging-houses growing up in every direction. The whole place exists only as an attendant on the bathers and spa-drinkers, — an assemblage of hotels, flies, booths, sedan-chair porters, fruit and flower-women, donkeys; all collected for a season which lasts only about three months, after which everything is closed, and subsides into solitude, silence, and snow, described by the few residents as *comme la mort*. A band played in the garden to encourage us in our duty; and on Sundays a very mingled company came up from Clermont to listen. Squat, ugly, comfortable-looking *bourgeois*, dressed in hideous garments — "high fashion," in large *berçère* hats, with a whole *panache* of feathers, or seven or eight red roses as big as saucers, and a simpering, conquering look under them inexpressibly comical: "Look at me, and learn; I am the pink of the fashion." The gowns were of great-patterned tartans in red, yellow, and blue squares. French taste in dress is confined absolutely to Paris.

The tops of the houses belonging to the hotel below made a terrace for our apartments above, looking over the little gorge to the mountain beyond, seamed and scored with vineyards up to the bare rock; the common salon opened on this, but as the Frenchwomen would not allow a chink to be opened on the closest day, and, if the English surreptitiously let in a little air, rushed up and closed the window violently in their very faces, the room was hardly habitable.

We drove up the side of the volcano of Gravenoire, with peeps of the Puy-de-

Dôme, the great pride of the district; it is almost conical, one side quite inaccessible, and at the top are the remains of a temple of Mercury, with great flights of steps ascending at right angles, — a most striking place of worship of the "herald god new lighted on this heaven-kissing hill," as his votaries would feel when they ascended the mountain. It has only lately been discovered, and a number of curious little images and tiles and pottery have been dug up in the excavations which are still being carried on.

We turned down a twisting, sandy lane among the vineyards in search of villages. Here and there was a tiny wood of old chestnuts, rows of great walnuts in full bearing; scraps of ground with hay or corn, minute beyond conception, lay in the midst of the vines; the *morcellement* was greater than even at Aix-les-Bains. A bit fifty yards by thirty looked quite large. If I asked the value of the land they laughed at the notion of a *hectare* (2½ acres); they bought it, they said, by the *toise*, six feet square — or a hundred *toises*, a *quartouay*; a little bit here, a little bit there, very often at an hour's distance from each other, as they could get it. "Oh, no, not lying together; nobody had land lying together!" I spoke to a bettermost sort of a man who supplied the hotels with wine. He had ten acres, quite an estate — four hundred *âres* — all scattered up and down, just like the rest. A large piece together did not exist. I asked why they did not buy up or exchange so as to have their property under their hands. It was quite impossible; there is the greatest jealousy of each other, no one can bear his neighbor to be better off than himself. I heard of running up the price at an auction from sheer spite to twenty francs the *toise*. The fortunate buyer paid £20 for his scrap, for which he might get in a good year a pretty good percentage; in the last six years he would have had next to nothing. Last year the hail destroyed every grape on it — vine culture is the most gambling of crops. Our boy driver took our crazy carriage up and down the twisting tracks among the vineyards, which thrive in this black volcanic sand. The grapes were in very bad condition; the wet and the sunless summer had brought on the *oidium*, and it was melancholy to see the bunches dropping away black and mouldy, or with little berries not larger than peas. A month of fine weather was required to ripen what was left, which, poor people! this autumn never gave

"Before you go, Dick," she said, "say, 'God bless you, Nellie.'"

"God bless you, my own little sister."

"And you—you don't mind, do you? You know," falteringly, "you always found fault with me."

"Well, Nellie, never again! I have resigned all my right to do so. But did I? I don't think I did; but let me go."

Dick went down-stairs. He said two words to Doctor Etienne, who dashed up-stairs three steps at a time; then he took his hat and went out.

Madame Jean passed him, and caught a glimpse of his white, set face. "Ah, *mon Dieu*," she sighed, "the world is very sad."

But there were two up-stairs who did not think so.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the few weeks of preparation before the wedding, Dick Gordon went away, travelling to Pau and Biarritz, then over the mountains into Spain. He stayed away till the very day before the marriage.

The ladies had often bewailed the shortness of the time, but Etienne must go to Algiers to begin his new duties, and *modistes* and *lingères* must be hastened accordingly.

Dick Gordon gave his cousin two hundred pounds for her trousseau, and the result was charming.

On the very day on which Etienne and Nellie were married, old Benoit's son was ordained.

"A good omen!" exclaimed Madame Jean.

The last moment came, all must separate; bride and bridegroom bound to their far-distant home; Dick back to England with a weary weight of chill disappointment on his young heart; Madame Jean, strong to suffer and strong to pray, left at Sauveterre.

There were tears and sobs and kisses.

Doctor Etienne twisted his moustaches and looked on.

"Take care of her," said Dick, his warm grasp hurting the young Frenchman's delicate hand.

"That is the affair as much of my honor as of my heart," he answered, and embraced Dick on both cheeks.

Nellie leaned forward in the carriage as they drove away, watching till the very last. A little tiny pang stole across her even then. Dick was nearly a head taller than Etienne or any man there. "It is all very well," she said to herself a little

impatiently, "but poor dear Dick puts every one out of proportion."

Dick Gordon went home. He found his mother waiting for him at the door.

"Well, mother dear," he said, "I have married her."

"My dear Dick, what?"

He gave an odd little laugh.

"I have become so used to French ways," he said; "I have married her to Dr. la Harpe."

"I hope she will live to repent it," said Mrs. Gordon, a hot, burning feeling rising in her breast against the girl who had brought the shadow on her son's life.

"God forbid," said Dick hastily.

From The Contemporary Review.
PEASANT PROPERTIES IN AUVERGNE.

JOTTINGS IN AUVERGNE.

ROYAT is a watering-place which has lately sprung into favor; it has hardly yet indeed attained its majority. Five-and-twenty years ago a *curé* remarked that in winter the snow always melted at a particular spot; a hole was dug, and the hot water bubbled up from the old volcanic communications in the heart of the earth, which once raised the line of sugar-loaf hills, the now extinct craters of the Puy-de-Dôme and its neighbors, and poured forth the streams of lava which still can be distinctly traced along their sides. The waters were known to the Romans, who, with the wonderful instinct which detected everything of value or interest in a new province, had made their stone *piscines*, and used the spring for their warm baths, traces of which were disinterred when the *source* was rediscovered.

We crossed France by the Lyons railroad, passing forests of shabby, stunted wood in very sterile soil, tracts of sandy or chalky land, with withered crops of potatoes, stunted maize, corn just reaped, and often barren hills and commons of which hardly any use was made, where in England hundreds of sheep would have found a living. Here, three or four together, with a boy to look after them, or (in two cases only) twenty or thirty, with a wretched *bergère*, were all that we saw.

That the climate allowed peaches to ripen on standards was evident near the towns, but the present cultivators were too down-trodden to grow even an apple-tree. At last we reached the plains of the Limagne, and matters improved. We

passed through Clermont — a dark, dirty town, crowned with its beautiful cathedral built of black lava, set high on a little hill, and the great landmark far and near. Royat is only a mile away — a mere settlement of hotels, which are perched on the side of a narrow gorge, with the hot water bubbling up at the foot. Each house seems intent on climbing as it were on the shoulders of the one below, and for each a perch is cut in the solid mountain-side higher than the last. "Cet emplacement pour maison à vendre" was inscribed on a wall of rock seventy or eighty feet high, with a morsel of vineyard at the top, the whole of which would have to be removed bodily before any dwelling could be built there.

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We drove up the side of the volcano of Gravenoire, with peeps of the Puy-de-

Dôme, the great pride of the district; it is almost conical, one side quite inaccessible, and at the top are the remains of a temple of Mercury, with great flights of steps ascending at right angles, — a most striking place of worship of the "herald god new lighted on this heaven-kissing hill," as his votaries would feel when they ascended the mountain. It has only lately been discovered, and a number of curious little images and tiles and pottery have been dug up in the excavations which are still being carried on.

We turned down a twisting, sandy lane among the vineyards in search of villages. Here and there was a tiny wood of old chestnuts, rows of great walnuts in full bearing; scraps of ground with hay or corn, minute beyond conception, lay in the midst of the vines; the *morcellement* was greater than even at Aix-les-Bains. A bit fifty yards by thirty looked quite large. If I asked the value of the land they laughed at the notion of a *hectare* (2½ acres); they bought it, they said, by the *toise*, six feet square — or a hundred *toises*, a *quartonay*; a little bit here, a little bit there, very often at an hour's distance from each other, as they could get it. "Oh, no, not lying together; nobody had land lying together!" I spoke to a bettermost sort of a man who supplied the hotels with wine. He had ten acres, quite an estate — four hundred *âres* — all scattered up and down, just like the rest. A large piece together did not exist. I asked why they did not buy up or exchange so as to have their property under their hands. It was quite impossible; there is the greatest jealousy of each other, no one can bear his neighbor to be better off than himself. I heard of running up the price at an auction from sheer spite to twenty francs the *toise*. The fortunate buyer paid £20 for his scrap, for which he might get in a good year a pretty good percentage; in the last six years he would have had next to nothing. Last year the hail destroyed every grape on it — vine culture is the most gambling of crops. Our boy driver took our crazy carriage up and down the twisting tracks among the vineyards, which thrive in this black volcanic sand. The grapes were in very bad condition; the wet and the sunless summer had brought on the oïdium, and it was melancholy to see the bunches dropping away black and mouldy, or with little berries not larger than peas. A month of fine weather was required to ripen what was left, which, poor people! this autumn never gave

them. We found one old woman cutting wretched stuff for her cow on a scrap of green among the vines; a young one gathering weeds by the roadside, thorns, thistles, etc., for hers. The milch cows do all the cart work, dragging manure, etc.; they lead a hard life, like the women, everywhere. An old woman was reaping, a young man acting chambermaid at — “The men do the light work themselves, and leave the heavy to their wives,” said J.

We reached the village of Beauséjour at last, built in such a hole on the hillside, that until we were close upon it, there was not so much as the top of the church tower to be seen. An impossibly barbarous place, the houses dropped about as animals or children might have done, built of black dismal stone, in the narrowest of alleys, twisting to and fro and without the smallest plan, no place where two carts could pass. We had to make the circuit of the whole village, as it was impossible to turn anywhere, even before the church, ending by the steepest of pitches as a wind-up. Heaps of manure lay in the street; dark, dirty, miserable cowsheds with muddy yards alternating with houses. A pleasant-looking woman, who had been for twenty years chambermaid at one of the hotels, showed us her house, part of one which had once been good in the old days before subdivision; she was preparing hemp which the *tisserand* would weave into a coarse cloth. She said that the snow lay thick on the ground from November till March, and they did not leave their houses much then. They never bought fuel, they burnt the vine-shoots, and picked up any bits they could find. “But you must suffer from cold?” “Oh, no, because we go into the stables with the cows,” she said with great gusto. “Il y a là une si douce chaleur, it is so pleasant that one can't help nodding with sleep; the roof is boarded, and there is a little window, and when one comes out into the open air there is such a steam and it is like an oven,” she ended with pride and enthusiasm.

Then she talked of her two children: “Mais les enfans d'aujourd'hui ça ne veut pas obéir, ça veut faire à son sou comme ils veulent, ils n'ont pas de foi non plus, pas comme de nos jours;” the golden age lies always behind the old.

In another house there was no window whatever, — only two panes, which did not open, over the doorway, — and no light or air unless the door was ajar. No shelf, press, or cupboard was to be seen,

and on the floor lay onions, dirty clothes, bread, sticks, and the indescribable remnants of never-stirred rubbish. One could not say the floor was “dirty as the ground,” because out-of-doors the pure rain fell and cleared away the filth, whereas within no water was ever used by human hands, or indeed could be, unless the whole house had been turned out-of-doors. “Where do you sleep?” said I. “Oh, up there.” There was no stair or opening of any kind. “But how do you get to it?” “By the street.” She led the way up a steep path to the road above, by which we reached the higher level, where the bedroom opened. True, they must pass to bed through the cold and wet, but then they spared themselves the expense of a stair. The pleasures of spending her evening with her cow were insisted upon by this mistress also.

Another day we drove along the side of the hill on the great highway leading to the Mont Dore and the interior of Auvergne. The soil seemed so fertile that everything grew there together. Pear and apple trees, heavy with red and yellow fruit, as in a child's picture-book — great chestnuts; while literally under the trees grew patches of corn and potatoes; the vines here, however, were not good. “Combien vos pêches?” shouted our driver to a man who was gathering them in his orchard. “4*l.* for 25,” replied he. “Mais c'est affreux ce que vous demandez!” was the answer as we drove on. Above our heads rose the lower slopes of the mountain thus richly clothed, and between the trees on the other side were beautiful views of the valley. It was an idyllic country, but the inhabitants were of the most dirty prose, without an exception as far as we saw. At the *table d'hôte* dinner the antagonism between north and south France came out strongly. “They are like two nations, and do not seem to love each other much,” said I. “No, indeed,” was the answer; “one may say indeed that there are four nations in France; and the eastern provinces towards Germany, and Brittany in the west, have as little sympathy as north and south.”

I looked through the French newspapers every day; they were singularly jejune. There was very little about the war in Egypt, but much about the theatres and the last horrid (Fenayrou) murder, which was being dramatized “as,” said the learned critic, “was done by Shakespeare in his *puissante ébauche*, ‘A Yorkshire Tragedy!’ and again in ‘Arden

of Feversham,' also by him, singulièrement puissante"!!!

The next day we drove to Beaumont, another little village-town in the midst of the vineyards. The houses were higher and of more pretension than the last, but the pavement was of large, loose stones, with a gutter in the middle of the street, and we were nearly jolted out of the carriage. The women sat gossiping and knitting in the roadway; there was no furniture in the dismal, dark houses, which did not seem to be intended to live in, but merely for sleeping and eating. We everywhere asked the number of children, the last census of France showing that the population is nearly stationary, and that it is diminishing in thirty-four rural departments; * that an average of three children to a family was the smallest that could keep up even the present numbers, and that even this is not now attained. Two children were more common than three—very often there was one. "Je n'en ai pas, à quoi bon avoir des enfans? Il faut vivre," was one cynical answer. One old woman had three sons and only four grandchildren. In one house only in all the country we found seven, and the woman said there was no such family in the place, that everybody wondered at her. The doctor told us that even four were very uncommon. We turned into the curious old twelfth-century church, with small, round-headed windows, thick walls, round pillars, with carved capitals, about the choir. Two old bodies were praying, one of whom whispered to me to go and look at "Nôtre Dame, with the dead Seigneur on her knees." "Que ça fait pleurer, ça fait pitié à voir." It was a rather ugly modern plaster group over a tawdry altar.

Round the fountain the women were standing, and we had some chat about the badness of the grapes—everybody liked a "crack." "Au revoir, madame!" they cried as we drove off. We stopped to talk to a man who was dressing the vines, in the sweat of his brow indeed; he looked ill and was low. "It was sad to see the way in which the crop was falling off, for there had been good promise. He should get little." "How do those live who have only land?" "Badly." For his part he was a *distillateur* from the *marc*

* "Il y a moins de naissances en France que dans les autres pays de l'Europe." The calculation is made from the beginning of the century when the diminution of the proportion of births to deaths began. Some statisticians consider that the "phénomène tient au loi de partage forcé." (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, June, 1882.)

(the remains left when the grapes have been trampled and squeezed), so he had a weekly wage. If the phylloxera came they would all be ruined, and forced to *expatrier* themselves, which he seemed to consider the greatest possible misfortune for his children—very unlike an English or even Swiss father. The horror of the phylloxera is like that of the plague. One lady told me that she had sent peaches from near Paris wrapt in vine-leaves to her daughter-in-law at Frankfort. The young lady was summoned to the police-office, made to swear in writing that she was ignorant of the crime which had been committed, after which peaches, vine-leaves, and basket were solemnly burnt before her eyes. "Elle manqua de pleurer!"

We drove to Montferrand, once a fortified place, to see the fifteenth-century town-houses of the nobles, who then lived in the now demolished châteaux, and where Charles IX. had a small palace. Beautiful spiral stone staircases in corner towers, as at Blois, either with pillars or ascending windows, with wonderfully delicate mouldings, led to arched open corridors, with elaborate groinings and keystones, communicating with the *piano nobile*. They were as solid and perfect as when built three hundred years and more ago, and looked fit to last for centuries more. Here and there were fine, old, high reliefs—Adam and Eve, and a serpent with a woman's head, carved in the black lava, which cuts as true as a cameo. The art was perfect. In these the *cultivateurs* of the neighborhood were squatting—it could not be called living, with scarcely any furniture but heaps of dirt, partitions cutting up the beautiful courts and rooms in which they huddled, blocking the windows, bringing everywhere squalor and nastiness, living like animals. It was a strange sight. The world has gained a good many things in three hundred years—liberty, and knowledge, and interests and thoughts of all kinds to live for; but in what were the begging crew that hung round us the better for what it had won? The old French nobles were a quick-witted, artistic, intelligent race, who misused their gifts it is true, and threw away their opportunities, but for whom there were great possibilities of virtues, great openings, as with the Chevalier Bayard, whereas these their actual successors, squalid, ignorant, narrow and dirty, seem to have no object but to put by many sous, and are imperilling the future of France by a diminishing

population, in order to carry out their ideal of having only sufficient children to enable them all to be kept at home, and succeed to the wretched little property, to continue as squalid, as ignorant, as narrow and unintelligent as their parents. There could hardly be a more dismal sight. I sat drawing the wonderfully perfect arch, surrounded by a herd of little girls, comfortably dressed, each shouting that *she* had seen the carriage first, and had exclusive right to the penny for showing us the way up the alley. The begging was disgraceful. They belonged to a nuns' school, and I bade them tell their mistress how shocked the strangers were. They nearly devoured J— when she brought out the coveted sous. We appealed to three old women sitting in their caps in the street as usual, though it rained, but I could get little help from them. A distribution of sous would evidently not have been unpleasant in their own cases. One of them took me into her house, belonging also to "the *vieux temps*, when the place was full of nobles." There was hardly a table or press; all was dirty as usual, and empty but for a great cask. The old husband came in from his vineyard. He said he could not work in the rain. He counted on thirty to fifty *pots de vin*, containing two bottles each, for a *quartonay* (which is not much above the twentieth part of an acre). We heard afterwards that one hundred and eighty-four gallons per acre is the average production of France. One old woman had two children, another three, the next only one, but there were four grandchildren. The old man said his two sons were married, "et nous leur avons donné à chacun du pain et du vin," *i.e.*, a bit of corn ground and of vineyard each, but the old people had great difficulty in living on the diminished remainder in such a year. It seemed strange that they should despoil themselves for the sake of young, strong men.

The house belonging to Charles IX. proved to be very handsome, with the same spiral stair carvings, and coats of arms over an archway in the street. As we passed out, a sweet, gentle old woman came up. "Ah, vous admirez ma maison! Yes, it is mine, but I have given it to my son." As she spoke, a cross, disagreeable young woman looked out of the portal and called to her in a loud, rude voice to come in. "What was she doing out there, keeping them waiting in that way?" The old lady looked frightened, broke up her talk with us directly, and hurried in.

It was evidently a King Lear story. J— told me of such another. Her aunt and uncle possessed a farm; the son, a weak, young man, married the servant—*bonne travailleuse* but with a temper. She took possession of the situation, and the poor old mistress was entirely thrown aside, and not allowed to take so much as an apple without leave. In another case the widow had the *jouissance* of the whole house; her three sons married and brought in their wives; the sisters-in-law quarrelled, one pair went away, the house was divided between the other two, and the mother was thrust into a room with a smoky chimney, so that she had to keep the door open all winter, or have her eyesight injured, though the whole place was legally hers. The living of several families in one house does not succeed in any country.

I sat by a clever, sharp, cynical old lady, a widow with property near Bordeaux, who talked of the ravages of the phylloxera which is ruining the Medoc. I questioned her as to the excessive *morcellement*. Michelet declares that the peasants throw obstacles in the way of any one who attempts to unite the small morsels of land. She gave the same evidence, and added that the jealousy amongst them of any one rising above the others was excessive. She told me of old French memoirs of Francis I.'s time and later. "There are queer stories in them." I said that it was at least a comfort that the world had made progress since then. "Vous trouvez, madame? and in what respect, s'il vous plaît?" in her most sarcastic tones. "We are more civilized in the sense of being less cruel; mais quant aux mœurs! there is not a pin to choose between that time and this. I was *à même* to know a good deal about the emperor's court, and I can tell you nothing could be worse, a curiosity of evil." "But the respectable people at Paris are many." "You had better not look too close; and *you* are just as bad." "No," I declared; "there is a fast, fashionable set whose misdeeds are all known, but the mass of the upper class in England are respectable to the core." "Ah! but then you marry to please yourselves, and know the girl you are to live with. How can you expect people to be faithful to each other who have often never met till all is settled, and know it is a pure matter of business between the parents?" She felt the point even curiously and strongly. The peasant marriages are as mercenary or more so, depending on the

amount of land which each can bring to the bargain.

Next day we drove to a hamlet high up near the Puy-de-Dôme, taking the doctor's little boy with us to show us some *intérieurs*. The view up the zigzags of the mountain road, with the immense plain stretching far to the north, speckled with villages, spurs of promontories running out into it, formed a very striking sight — no trees but fruit trees grew below; quite on the summit were some small firs.

We went into the house of a *nourrice*, where the baker from Clermont sent his children. "What could his wife do? she could not attend to her business and keep her baby!" To have a little maid as in England was quite out of the case. We entered a large stable, with a central stone pillar and vaulted roof, which the owners had built themselves; on one side were three cows, on the other two wooden beds in one frame against the wall, with a couple of cradles and a cot; the sheets tolerably clean; the floor without an attempt at a pavement of any kind; filthy, to a degree not describable, with the cows' litter, the chickens' dirt, a quantity of old bits of wood, broken boxes lying in the corner, with the chest for corn, while the clothes hung on ropes in the midst of the disorder. There was no press, no cupboard or shelf to be seen — one little window near the beds. Presently there was a wailing sound in the darkness, and the nurse took up a child and dandled it kindly; it looked sickly and small and cross; then out of another scrambled a fine strapping boy of two years old. "I took him from the first day he was born and brought him up from Clermont." The whole was so strange, and the Rembrandt effect so striking, that I sat on a three-legged stool just inside of the door and tried to draw. The chickens came under my petticoats, scratching in the manure; a pig grunted outside just behind me; the fleas jumped cheerfully (and agreeably to themselves I have no doubt) on my hand in the open. The instincts of civilization were too strong, and I came to an end, dead beat. Three sheep were taking an afternoon walk with her boy: she had (as usual) three children. They all slept summer and winter in the dark and horrible discomfort from choice; she had a room up-stairs which they let, and a small kitchen with a fireplace for cooking only. They possessed cows, pigs, sheep, poultry, besides receiving pay for the room and the children; but they preferred to live thus like brute beasts in

order to save fuel. No book or paper was to be seen, indeed there was no light whereby they could have been read. Anything more ugly socially I never saw. We went into several other houses, the cow arrangements of which were just the same; in one, however, the woman said they only slept in the stable in winter. She also had nurse children. Another had just lost a baby which fell into boiling water while she was away at work; it had lived twenty four hours in agony, "quite skinned." No doctor is ever sent for or thought of, said Dr. P., except for fractures; the people die or get well, as happens. They never wash, except hands and face at the fountain, from January 1st to December 31st, and such a thing as a basin or jug was never anywhere to be seen. That respectable tradesmen should choose to have their children brought up in the intolerable barbarism of such a life, for any consideration whatever, was almost incredible.

My French neighbors at the *table d'hôte* showed no surprise at what I told of the cottages. "How is it then with you?" I said to a lady from Brittany. "Hommes, femmes, et bêtes, tout ça vit pêle-mêle," said she. "How is it in Touraine?" I asked another lady. "Oh no, they do not live in the cowsheds," said she, "only in the stables, and there is generally a little off-place where they sleep." There seemed little difference in this respect in the different parts of France. The most well-doing country life was said to be in Normandy, where the subdivision was not great and many tenant farms remained. Here homesteads with "trente bêtes à cornes" existed, and enough land lay together to allow it to be properly cultivated.

A high level railway of thirty miles, with a viaduct across our Royat valley and steep curves above our heads, to the baths of Mont Dore and the hill districts beyond, had last year been opened; "chemin de fer de l'état." There had been two bad falls of earth to begin with; "they acknowledged three men were killed and thirteen wounded, so you may judge how many more there must have been, for government never tells." This year the delays were incessant. "We can drive to the Mont Dore in four hours, and the rail takes three hours and three-quarters, and twenty minutes of carriage after that," chuckled the driver. Wiser men than these declared that a State railway meant bad construction, bad service, and complete disregard of the convenience

of travellers. The advantages of a State proprietorship of English lines was certainly not borne out by what we heard of its conduct in France.

The French companies do not err by over-consideration for the wants of passengers. On the great artery from Paris to Lyons and the south there were only the two early and the two late trains; the *rapide* at midday ceased on the 15th September, because *étrangers* were gone, and it might not possibly be filled by natives. No second-class passenger was allowed in first-class trains, and it was said that unless the French lines reformed their ways, there was great danger of the Germans, in connection with the St. Gothard Tunnel, carrying off a great part of the traffic to Italy and the East.

We crept up the long zigzag road behind the Puy-de-Dôme leading to Fontana, crossing the little mountain line twice. "Ah!" said our driver, "how it has terrified the old women! One of them from a mountain village ran home half dead with fright, saying she had seen a line of black cars drawn by nothing, and it must have been the devil in person driving, for she saw him vomiting fire and smoke in front."

Not far off we came upon a solitary little chapel. "Il parait que cette Vierge a beaucoup de vertus, elle est très puissante — on vient de tous côtés to entreat her." There was another in the Clermont cathedral, evidently a separate person, hung round with all sorts of offerings, "very powerful." A black edition occupied another chapel. This variety is generally very old and particularly efficacious, being probably a survival of the idols formed of meteoric stones, like "the image of Diana of the Ephesians descended from heaven."

The devil and the Virgin are the great objects of fear and adoration among the peasants, the remainder of the hierarchy of heaven is comparatively unimportant. But, if help is not to be had from one potentate, even a saint does not disdain to take it from the other, as may be seen in the story of St. Kado. He had entreated "Madame la Vierge" to obtain a bridge for him over a certain ill-conditioned river. "La ménagère du paradis," however, replied that such things did not concern women, "et qu'il fallait en parler à la Trinité." The rest of the story must be given in French, for the pronouns are untranslatable. "La Trinité, qui avait toute sorte de considération pour St. Kado, répondit qu'elle ne pouvait pas lui

accorder sa demande, parceque les saints de la Bretagne la ruinaient en miracles, et que les anges, qu'elle aurait pu y employer, étaient occupés ailleurs." St. Kado, thus rejected, turned to the devil, "who has always been considered an excellent mason," and "asked for his plans and conditions." Satan drew an admirable bridge on red paper. And then comes the ordinary story of the compact, by which he was to have the first soul that passed the bridge, and how he was cheated by a black cat driven over by the saint. And one cannot help taking the devil's side, who has honestly completed his bargain, and is defrauded by the wiles of the holy man, rather indecently.

We came on a queer proof of the Virgin's power at Beauséjour. A large stone out-door stair led to an upper chamber, but the top stone had fallen, and there was no communication above. "What has happened?" said I to the blear-eyed mistress, who sold wine and very unsavoury-looking *comestibles*. "Oh," answered she, "at the *fête patronale* of Nôtre Dame six weeks back, we had a ball up here," (the ball must have been "limited," for the room could hardly have been fourteen feet square), "and they were quarrelling, seven or eight of them, out on the balcony, when it all came down together. Mathieu had his leg broken, and Georgette's arm, and the rest were shaken, but nobody was killed, par la grâce de Nôtre Dame, parceque c'était sa fête." It was certainly very kind of her, for these votaries squabbling in her honor were hardly creditable disciples.

We went to another *fête patronale* a few days after, expecting to see some church processions and dancing of national *bouffées*, at a small town a few miles off. We crawled along the vineyard lanes, with lovely rose-colored mountain pinks fringing the banks, to Beaumont, which looked rather dirtier and drearier than before, the women sitting in the streets at one end of the village, the men at the other. The road leading from a place of fifteen hundred inhabitants to one of three thousand was like the bed of a torrent, great stones as big as one's head with the soil washed away between. It behoved the communes to keep the by-roads, but it was evident that nothing had ever been done by any commune anywhere since the towns existed, though the stones literally encumbered the ways. As we jolted slowly along, with a number of folk strolling to the fête, men and women generally separate, I saw a blouse

shouting the "Marseillaise" very discordantly as he walked. "What is the matter with him?" said I to the driver. "Qu'est ce qu'il a, ce monsieur?" replied he. "Il est soûl." "Is there much drinking?" "Well, the *cabarets* are full enough on Sunday." The statistics of drinking are not very satisfactory, but it is difficult to get drunk on this thin red wine. "It is *les richards* only who drink brandy." Presently we reached Aubières, where in a long *place*, houses on one side, trees on the other, stood a line of booths and merry-go-rounds, fortune-telling going on in one, a beast or two and acrobats in the others; bobbing for apples, a greased pole—the whole like a very shabby, ugly fair in England. The people were marching up and down staring at each other, doing nothing, seeing nothing, quiet, dull, and contented. Presently a sort of club feast procession, with an ugly flag, "*Les enfans d'Aubières*" on it, marched through with music. That was all the amusement we saw. On balconies and outside stairs sat the *bourgeoisie* of the town in state, looking on, dressed in pale blue and lilac silk, with much white lace, and droll travesties of Paris fashions. It was a lugubrious sight, and this was the one festival of the year. Over a very ugly-looking cabaret was a placard announcing a ball for the evening, else there was no sign of dancing—no costumes but the white caps, with a broad riband, and blouses of shining plum-colored calico, and large felt hats. Anything more vulgar, duller, emptier I never saw. The intelligent man of whom one is ever in search here turned up; he said that half the vine crop was lost already by the disease. The poorer people had some of them two or three *âres* each, the fortieth part of an acre, and worked at day work, earning forty sous a day; there would be great distress among these. His little boy did not like his father's delay in talking to me. He was crying violently, because they had put cognac in his coffee *pour jouer*, and was very cross. When his father stopped, and he could not get on, he flew into a passion, and took up a stone to throw at his father, who only laughed. The spoiling of children in France is great.

The extraordinary disregard for the value of time in the peasant economy is most remarkable. Thirty or forty women from the villages east of Clermont and Royat, and still more from the mountain hamlets, went in to the town every morning during summer. First, the detach-

ments with milk; then groups each with a basket on her head, carrying eggs, peaches, butter, pears, a cauliflower, and some haricots, whatever, in short, was in season; many of them walking six or seven miles. They are so suspicious of each other that no one can trust her neighbor to do her work, and the little "higgler," so useful in our English country life, buying up the produce, and taking it into town, saving the utterly unnecessary labor, waste of shoe-leather and time, and leaving the house-mother to look after her children and her household, is impossible here for want of confidence.

The waste of time for the men, who spend half the day in going up and down, working at ten or twelve scraps of land, many of them an hour's walk apart (as we are constantly told) is incredible. A vineyard requires constant care, and the fifteen or sixteen processes, detailed to us by an old vine-dresser, are long in carrying out; it cannot be left without incessant attention from February to October, when a bad week may ruin all. Every day we met processions of basket carts, so small as to be quite a curiosity, sometimes fifteen or sixteen following each other, drawn by milch cows, who often go twenty miles in the day, their milk being diminished accordingly, sometimes to about seven or eight pints a day. They were carrying wood or potatoes or hay down to sell, and bringing back manure. Oxen walk slowly enough, but a cow's pace is hardly moving at all, and to see the thin beasts crawling slowly up the steep hills, each with a man attending, was strange indeed. One good-sized wagon with three horses would have carried the whole lot at once in less than a quarter of the time; but here each man prefers to wear out his own strength and that of his cows at his own pleasure; co-operation seemed quite impossible.

Again, the corn was put up temporarily in little round cocks of about fifty sheaves from the time it is reaped until October. "Why is it not housed or stacked?" said I. "There was not enough on any one little field to stack, and as for the barns there is no room; the cows must eat up the hay, and we must wait for the second crop, *le regain*." A few days after this it rained heavily; the cocks were completely wetted through, and the men were occupied in pulling them to pieces, and drying the sheaves (which must have shed much of their grain in the process), and putting them up again, perhaps not for the last time before their final housing in October.

But they did as their fathers had done, and probably will to the end of the chapter, wasting their hard-earned produce.

In a corn patch was an old woman reaping alone; the field was small, but the laborer dismally out of proportion — bad weather in the sky. In a little barn we found three men with flails beating out the (handful of) corn in measured time; further on, we came on a hodman without a hod, carefully building up ten or twelve bricks which he hoisted on his shoulder with a jerk and carried slowly up the ladder to the top of the wall. These relics of a time of leisure strike English eyes as very curious.

The enormous price given for the land is almost incredible. The banker spoke of a thousand francs for an *âre*, the fortieth part of an acre, for good vineyard ground, and eight francs or ten was the common price which we heard of on every turn for the *toise*, two yards square. As there have been now five or six indifferent grape years in succession, the peasants cannot get one per cent. for their money; no wonder the number of peasant owners of vineyards is diminishing, as the census showed. The expenses of the transfer of land are ruinous to small proprietors. M. Dufaure has vainly tried to get them altered, but the Republican Chamber has more interesting questions on hand. "In a sale of real property under a thousand francs half the value is absorbed; under five hundred the confiscation is complete."*

Royat was beginning to grow chill; the great wave of cold which crossed mid-Europe in September, covering the passes of the Alps with snow, drowning the Tyrol and north Italy, had also caught Auvergne. The Puy-de-Dôme was quite white, winter had begun on the mountains of the Mont Dore, and our last drives were gloomy. Whenever we left the high road we sank into a quagmire, and the lanes between the substantial stone buildings of the hamlet of Fontana were everywhere one sheet of filth, mud, and manure. We tried to get to a house with a peculiarly abominable mode of bedding — one tier over the other, like berths in a cabin, affixed to the wall with wooden doors. You scrambled up on a great *coffre*, and so climbed to number one, but it required a sailor's agility to reach the rest. "Figurez-vous having to examine a patient thus perched!" said the doctor, The great wooden cradle is hoisted up at

night on the *coffre*, and the mother lies in bed with a string, rocking it. It had begun to rain, and the narrow road to the house was a torrent of mud and water.

We turned on to another house, or rather stable, on the lowest side of a sort of yard, which swam in dirt. Bits of rock cropped up in every direction; they had literally only to break them up to pave it. It is always supposed that ownership gives a reason for and a pride in carrying out any little improvements and beautifications of a dwelling, but if the level of civilization of a place does not demand these little amenities they are not made. This year H—— pulled down an old cottage and built a new one in its stead, and a number of half bricks and bits of stone lay about, belonging to the old walls. The tenants (monthly at 1*s.* a week) of two cottages behind (with leave), paved their back doors with these odds and ends. Their front doors were paved already, but the new cottage had a paved back door, and they would not be behind the new standard of comfort.

"Will you allow us to enter, madame? to see inhabited stables is new to us," said I to the mistress. She took it as a compliment to their superior advantages, and received us courteously. The ground inside was like that without, only a little less wet; the arrangements were the same as at the last hamlet, and it was curious to find so very original a type reproduced exactly: the same stone pillar in the centre, supporting the wide vaulted roof; the two beds, heels to heads, in one frame as before, only here were seven cows ranged against the wall. There was only a glazed hole by way of a window that did not open, and light and air came in by the distant door. The heat even on this chill day was great, but a poor old woman in one of the beds, very ill, was shivering all over, and complaining of the cold; she wore only a knitted shift, and her clothes were heaped over her; it was very pathetic to see her helpless look amidst the dark filth, the bed shut in on three sides, which never could be shaken up or cleaned from biting beasts, without a fireplace and in the cheerless, airless confusion. "She is my mother; it all belongs to her — mais enfin c'est à nous. Would you like to look in here?" went on the woman, doing the honors and opening a door into perfect darkness. As I followed her ruefully, urged on by the interests of science, five or six large geese rushed out past her legs and nearly overset me. Here there was not the

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Aug. 1882.

smallest opening of any kind, but she undid the upper half of the door, and I saw there a horse, a sick calf, and the place for the fowls — here were two more beds, "for the men," *i.e.*, her husband and a farm boy. The smell and dirt were so intolerable that I hardly dared step into the place. Everywhere was the bare earth, or rather mud. This was by far the largest and richest homestead that we saw, and (perhaps because there was more of it) it looked more wretchedly dirty than the rest. Nowhere else did we see seven cows, or a horse, or a servant. "And you sleep here summer and winter?" said I. "Bien sûr, it is so warm and nice." Two little girls came rushing in, her only children. The old woman called out to know whether we would have some milk (to buy)? "It belongs to her," said the daughter. The horrible discomfort was not the effect of poverty; it was the deliberate choice of wretched squalor, the utter want of any feeling for decency or comfort, or any object in life but to save fuel, that made the place so painful. The archangel Gabriel himself could not have cleaned the stables without a miracle. As none of them are paved, water could only have made the earth dirtier, and as for sweeping, the mass of beams of wood, sticks, old boxes, etc., mixed with manure, which filled up the corners where the dirt and creeping things accumulated in peace, rendered this out of possibility.

The food everywhere is the universal soup of onions, cabbage, lard, or "un plat de légumes au lard, avec une petite friandise telle qu'une salade," or black radishes sliced, as described by Edmond About, in his "Honnête homme."

The roads were so bad that we never got beyond the circle within which the peasants sent produce into the towns, but the doctor told us that the poverty and barbarism in the higher villages were excessive. Wherever the peasants depend upon the land alone, the poverty and low standard were at the lowest, we heard, in all parts of France. Wherever there was some *industrie* going on, by which they could gain wages, the standard of civilization rose, the ignorance was less, and the wants of the population greater.

We drove on through a beautiful wild gorge with many sugar-loaf hills rising in every direction — the Puy-de-Pariou, the Puy-de-Dôme — to another of these strange dwelling-places, for I was anxious to see a great number of houses and be sure that such a state of things was not exceptional. We ploughed on through

sloughs of mud, and stopped before a row of stable-houses. They were inferior to the last, with no central pillar, although the roof was vaulted to keep in the heat; "it was better in winter, and safer from fire," — built by their fathers. Here the beds were close to the door, instead of at the farther end — less privacy (!), but more air — two on each side, always joined together, of the same pattern, with a paved narrow passage lying between them just broad enough for the cows to pass into their beds within, with no partitions. "Surely it is hot here in summer." "Oh, no; except, perhaps, in August, and then we open the upper half of the door. We like it. We have a kitchen next door, and one up-stairs, only it is let; but when the soup is cooked, we bring it in here to eat, on that *coffre*, because it is so comfortable!" There were four nurse-children from Clermont, brought up in this filth and barbarism, and one grandchild of her own: "Her father died four months and her mother three weeks ago — she counts now as a child of my own," said the mistress. She had three children, and only four grandchildren; her cows gave about six litres each; they worked hard in the carts all day, *bien sûr*. Often for two months the snow is so deep that in the mountain hamlets they do not leave the house at all. They bake *des tourtes* of rye bread to last a month; it does not dry up, like wheat bread, but it does become mouldy. A pig is killed sometimes, and they go on every day upon him till they have finished him. They have cheese, cabbages, and carrots sometimes stored, but the ground is so hard that they can scarcely dig them out in winter.

The tops of the hills are sometimes bare, sometimes clothed with scrubby wood; "they generally belong to the communes, who allow rights of pasturage, or sell the wood." "Sometimes the communes divide the lands among themselves." "Which do you think best?" "Oh, to divide." "But then you lose the wood." "Ah, but it is so good to have one's own bit, however small!" here spoke the true spirit of peasant proprietorship. The forests had been almost all destroyed, when government some twenty-five years ago insisted on their being replanted. "The communes were furious, but when they found how good it was to have the wood, they were pacified," said the driver. "Louis Napoleon did many evil things, but he was quite right about the forests; it was his hobby." "Yes," he said, "we are not so well off

under the Republic as *sous nos vieux rois*." He did not say "emperor," however. "Le commerce ne va pas — rien ne marche. Les richards ne veulent pas risquer leur argent — when it is so uncertain what will come next — et c'est très mauvais pour les pauvres." This was the general cry. Every bad season and difficulty in France is always laid to the door of the government of the day, whatever this may happen to be; but there was certainly no tenderness for the Republic among the peasants whom we saw. *Rentes* have gone down now for two years, always of course a great source of unpopularity. If there is a change, however, of which the air was full of rumor, the new *régime* will be as unpopular as the present in a few years. "C'est du sable," says M. de Tocqueville.

"La monarchie, l'aristocratie, la république, are each good to make a great State; but our government is none of the three, c'est simplement du chaos."

A close day, when we longed for the fresh air of the mountain. The distances were all veiled, but the great mass of red houses of Clermont, crowned by the high black lava cathedral, with its pierced windows and stern towers, is very striking wherever it is seen. Many of the villages might have been considered as isolated by bad roads; but the worst we have seen lay barely three miles from the town, and not four hundred yards from the magnificent highway running through Auvergne. We drove up a walnut avenue to a side valley, where stood a congeries of the dirtiest, darkest, most miserable of human habitations; space seemed as valuable as in the city of London; the ways between the houses were impassably narrow — dunghills at every turn, steep ascents and purposeless descents, houses dropped anyhow — most curious. We went up some steps, where sat two women, in a couple of rooms, not bad in size, but in the same state of indescribable filth. The houses were very old, and had apparently never been cleaned or even swept since they were built. Whitewash seems never to have been heard of; a bed lay on the floor, round which the chickens were disporting themselves; the cow was underneath in the stable. "And do you often sit with her?" "Bien sûr, it is very comfortable, and saves fuel; there are often eight or ten of us." "Do the men come?" "Oh, no; they have been working in the fields, in the *intempéries* of the weather, and they all go to bed." "But so have you." "We sit there filant,

tricotant, till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, et raccommodat des chemises." "Et faisant la causette," I put in. She laughed. "But it is rather hard, if you have been in the fields all day, to watch half the night." She laughed again.

I said we kept our cows for milking. "But how do you manage for carts?" "We have horses." "Ah, we can't afford horses. Je suppose qu'en Angleterre vous êtes si riches que vous n'avez que des châteaux." "No," said J —; "there are plenty of cottages, but they keep them cleaner." "How can we keep our houses clean? We go to market carrying the milk and the eggs and the fruit every day. We are out in the fields; we can't do everything." Poor souls! no wonder.

Accordingly they are stunted, ugly, often with *gôttres* from drinking snow-water; the pretty children gradually developed into old women, sometimes hardly human-looking in their repulsive frightfulness. In one village an old blear-eyed mad woman was shuffling in great sabots, screeching as she went past us — no one taking any notice. The peasant women are greatly oppressed in France, yet still the marketing gives them a certain power, which is shown in all classes alike. In one sense a Frenchwoman holds her own among rich and poor. There is a legend of the widowed châtelaine of the fine old feudal castle of Tournoud which we saw in the distance, perched like a vulture's nest on a spur of the mountain running into the plain, who held her fierce men-at-arms in stern order, and when she sent them out on a marauding expedition mounted to a donjon-tower and sat there, *à califourchon*, on the battlements, drinking *eau-de-vie* and watching their work from afar. Rights in feudal times of *plage*, *pontage*, etc., had been granted by the king to the nobles on condition that they kept the roads, fords, etc., in order. Instead of which they neglected the ways, and came down for the dues on the merchants going from town to town, or pilgrims to some cathedral shrine, and, when the spoil proved insufficient, carried off prisoners who were kept at ransom in the dungeons. The vassals in the village below Tournoud took refuge with their flocks and herds in the great castle yard, and in return cultivated the lands of the seigneurs, but the oppression was often great. There were no nobles in France who won rights for the people as well as for themselves in a Magna Charta, no large-acred squires, who had been the head and heart of resistance to the en-

croachments of the sovereign, as in the Parliaments of Charles I., fighting not for their own privileges, but the liberties of the nation; and the pleasant friendly feeling which grew up in England between the great house and cottage is simply non-existent in France.

Our last drive was to the village of washerwomen, three miles from Clermont. The road lay up the usual steep hillside, with its rich vegetation — chestnuts and walnuts in full bearing above, corn and vineyards below. The village was in a hole, as usual, down one steep path and up another, when we came suddenly on a hundred women in an irregular bit of ground — it could not be called a *place* — with narrow alleys where no cart could go leading out of it at every imaginable angle. An immense crucifix, backed by the mountain beyond, the remains of a mediæval fortress and tower, overlooked a moving mass of women washing in the stream which comes from under the lava torrent issuing out of the Puy-de-Pariou. The water flowed from two little arches under a house, and divided into two streams, with a narrow promontory between them, meeting again at the road. Four rows of women lined the shores, the middle rows back to back, each kneeling in a three-sided box, open behind, with a black stone in the water before her, on which she beat the linen with a wooden paddle. I never saw anything more curiously barbarous; the waste of power of the women, who could only work by throwing themselves forward on their knees, and stooping into the water, a position which no back could preserve for more than a few minutes at a time; the treatment of the poor linen, which never was touched by hot water, but had its dirt beat out of it by main force; the state of the water, which, although clear when it left the source, reached the lower washerwomen perfectly black with dirt, and soapy to a degree which would not be pleasant to think of for the owners of clothes far down the file of performers.

I sat drawing on the road below, to the great delight of the company. "Elle fait tous nos portraits!" "Not all," said I; "why, you must be fifty." "Plus de cent," cried the general voice. "What time do you begin?" and the chorus replied together, "Six o'clock, and we work till dark, and sometimes by torchlight." "What, in winter?" "Winter and summer; this water never freezes." They wore very clean white caps, a handkerchief, generally yellow, crossed over their

skirts, and a cotton gown — nothing picturesque in detail, but a wonderfully queer and quaint scene altogether. They must be constantly wet, raising great masses of wrung-out linen on their backs and round their necks to carry away, when they begin a fresh pile, which was tied up generally in striped blue bales, lying in the rear of the settlement. *Les bonnes familles* at Clermont and elsewhere only wash twice a year; it is a proof of gentility, and that you have a great supply of linen. "Oh, no, we never use hot water, or wash in the house."

"En voilà a centre of gossip for the whole neighborhood," said M — afterwards. "Figurez-vous une jeune fille qui se marie! quel cancan! comme elle est mise en pièces par cent voix à la fois!"

The rain falls on the sandy, volcanic soil, and sinks in; there are curiously few streams to be seen, but the water flows under the tongues of lava which run from all the old craters, works itself a channel outward, and comes out where the lava ends.

We never saw the smallest flower near or in any house of all the many we visited; not even the wallflower and nasturtiums, which abound even in ragged hovels in England; not a white jessamine or china rose against the wall. Flowers are considered as things to sell, like onions, and in the nursery gardens near Royat and Clermont, where the roses are hawked in bunches about the streets, a few are grown between the haricots and the carrots. What beautiful things the climate would afford I saw one day, in a cascade of the orange trumpet flowers of the bignonia, long wreaths of which were trailing over a stone *portail* of what had probably been an old villa.

Not a book or a paper were ever to be found; not a print or picture against any wall, in the houses where there were walls (of course in the stables there were only rough partitions); not a bit of china, not an ornament, not a piece of good furniture or a clock, the prides of an English cottage. It was impossible to conceive life so absolutely bare of interest, or amusement, or comfort, or refinement of any kind.

In England thrift appears to be a great virtue; one to be inculcated on every occasion upon our people. Here one hates the very mention of it. It is an end; they do not work to live, they live for the sake of working to lay by; they grudge every penny they spend, even for the most important necessaries. There is

never a respite when they have amassed enough; with ten thousand francs laid by among the town people of Aubières, said M—, the women go every day to Clermont with their baskets on their heads to gain a few sous (and to gossip). The sordid, filthy, hideous existence which is the result of all this saving and self-denial, the repulsive absence of any ideal but that of "de cacher des petits sous dans de grands bas," as an object for life, is incredible if it is not seen and studied. There is so great a jealousy of any man rising above the rest that the equality in the villages is nearly absolute, and the level of taste and civilization sinks to the capacity of the lowest; any advance on this is regarded as pride and absurdity. There was absolutely no house in any of the villages where the chief farmers, the lawyer, the doctor, and the clergyman showed a higher standard of refinement, information, and comfort; all was squalor and ignorance alike — even the priest was a peasant like the rest.

And this is the state of society which, with great expense, trouble, and care, we are about to try and introduce for the regeneration of Ireland — without even her possession of any of the conditions which enable the French peasant to get on at all, — *i.e.*, his extraordinary powers of thrift, his unwearied industry (and that which he compels from his wife and children), and finally the climate, enabling an amount and a variety of produce to be raised, utterly impossible in our northern districts.

If "truth, goodness, and beauty" be the objects of life worth living for, to be sought after, however imperfectly, by all classes, each after their lights and opportunities, if "the cares of livelihood must not absorb the mind, taming all impulse, clogging all flights, depressing the spirit with a base anxiety, smothering social intercourse, destroying men's interest in each other, and making friendship impossible,"* then indeed there can be no arrangements of living, no ideal of society more utterly mistaken than that of the peasant proprietors as we have now watched them closely in the south and middle of France — with no higher object than the old stocking or the buying of some infinitesimal corner of land, with no care for politics, for art, for education, or anything outside their own narrow range of vision, and with no hope of improvement for the race in future, as their chil-

dren will perpetuate apparently in *saccula seculorum* the life in which they now spend their dismal existence.

F. P. VERNEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was late when John Erskine got home on the afternoon of this eventful day. John Tamson's wife mended his coat for him, and he got himself brushed and put in order; then his excitement calming down, he walked slowly home. He argued with himself as he walked, that to take any further notice of Torrance's violence would be unworthy of himself. The fellow had been drinking, no doubt. He had been stung in his tenderest point — his pride in his fine house and tawdry grandeur, — he had felt himself altogether out of place in the little company, which included his nearest connections. Not much wonder, poor wretch, if he were twisted the wrong way. John forgave him as he grew calmer, and arriving at home, tired out, and somewhat depressed in mind, began at last to feel sorry for Pat Torrance, who never had been framed for the position he held. The first thing he found when he arrived, to his alarm and dismay, was a telegram from Beaufort announcing his arrival that very night. "Obliged to come; cannot help myself," his friend said, apologetic even by telegraph. Nothing could well have been more unfortunate. John felt as if this arrival must put a gulf between him and Carry's family altogether — but it was too late now for any alteration, even if he could have, in the circumstances, deserted his friend. Perhaps, too, in the crisis at which he had arrived, it would be well for him to have some one upon whom he could fall back, some one who had been more unfortunate than himself, to whom he could talk, who would understand without explanation, the extraordinary crisis to which his history had come. It was not his doing, nor Edith's doing, — they had not sought each other: no intention had been in her mind of making a victim of her rural neighbor; no ambitious project in his, of wooing the earl's daughter. Everything had been innocent, unwitting. A few meetings, the most innocent, simple intercourse — and lo! the woe or weal of two lives was concerned. It seemed hard that so simply,

* Seeley.

with so little foresight, a man might mar his happiness. John was not a sentimentalist, determining that his whole existence was to be shattered by such a disappointment. He repeated to himself, with a little scorn, —

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart.

But the scorn was of the sentiment, and not any protest against the application of it to his own case. The broken tie between Beaufort and Carry was not an example of that superficial poetic deliverance. He himself was not like Beaufort, nor Edith like her sister. She would never marry a man whom she could not love; nor would he allow himself to dally with all the objects of life, and let everything slip past him. But he knew what would happen, he said to himself in the quietness of the silent hours. Life would lose its crown altogether. He would "get on" as if nothing remarkable had befallen him — but the glory and the joy would be over without ever having been his. And if she shared his feelings, there would be the same result on her side, — her life would be lonely like his, the flower of existence would be stolen from her. Only — if it were possible that Edith did share his feelings, then there was still something to be done, — there was a fight for it still before them. He would not give in like Beaufort, nor she take any irremediable step of desperation like Carry. This stirred him a little and restored him to himself; but on the whole, despondency was his prevailing feeling — a sense of impossibility, the sensation as of a blank wall before him, which it was impossible to surmount.

He had a lonely, dreary evening. His dinner was served to him by one of the maids, who was frightened and lost her head, Rolls still being absent, to the great alarm of the household. Bauby, who did not remember the time when her brother had thus forsaken his duties, had been so disturbed in her preparations by anxiety, that it had almost happened to John as to King Louis, that he had to wait for his meal. "I canna gie my mind to my denner. Whaur's Tammas? — and who's to take ben the dishes?" Bauby cried. When the housemaid, arrayed in her best cap and apron, and with what she herself called "a red face," blushing like a peony in the unusual responsibility and honor, had managed to fulfil the service of the table, Bauby went out to the kitchen-door and then to the avenue to watch. "Something'll have happened to him," she said,

drying her eyes. "Na, na, he's no' the man to forget himself. It's been something he couldna avide. The Lord grant it's no deadly — that's a' I say. We've never had an accident in oor family, no since my grandfather that tummeled down the Broken Brig and broke himself a' to bits, and walkit wi' a crutch ever aifter." Bauby had got the length of despair by the time the dog-cart came up the avenue bringing "the gentleman" from the station, whom Marget the housemaid, once more tying on her best apron, and looking in the glass to see if she had not yet got rid of that "awfu' red face," prepared to attend upon. It was at this moment, when Bauby found it required her whole attention to keep her tears from dropping upon the bird, which was cooked to a turn for Beaufort's supper, that a sudden welcome voice made her jump and almost drop the savory morsel. "Eh, Tammas! what I've gaen through this nicht!" she cried. "I thought you were drowned in the water, or a' your banes broken." "Hold your peace," said Rolls, with a gloomy countenance; "nothing has happened to me." And he took the tray out of Marget's hands without a word. The women stood aghast to see him so scowling, dark, and uncommunicative, proceeding thus into the presence of his master, without any attention to his dress. "Without your claes!" Bauby said. "Hold your peace," repeated her brother. And he paused as he went out of the kitchen and turned round solemnly, "We have all a hantle mair to think of this night than my claes." The solemnity of this address, it is needless to say, made an enormous impression upon the maids, who were wont to consider Rolls, next to the minister, as one of the greatest lights of the parish. Andrew the gardener came in soon after on some domestic errand, and from him they heard something of what had happened at Tinto. "I'm no' sure what but the maister here is in it," Andrew said. "You gomeril! how can Mr. John be in it, and him biding quiet at hame, and no' looking the gait Pat Torrance was on?" "Aweel, I'm saying, I ken naething about it, but that something's happened to Tinto and his muckle mear — and the maister's into it," Andrew replied.

Meanwhile Rolls had carried in the supper. The library where John always sat was cheerful with light and fire. The farther north the traveller goes, the more sure he is, with or without occasion, to find a fire. It scarcely enters into the

Italian's idea of comfort at all, though he shivers with cold — but it is indispensable to a Scotsman's, though it may be warm. The night was soft and mild, the windows wide open, but the ruddy glow made everything cheerful, and John Erskine had brightened to meet his visitor: he was sitting cheerfully in the light, asking Beaufort the hundred questions with which a man a little withdrawn from society assails one who has kept within it. Beaufort himself was older and graver: a man with a fine, picturesque head, somewhat long; a forehead exceptionally white, from which the hair had begun to wear off a little round the temples; a slightly feeble, querulous drop of the lip under his moustache. He was very tall, very slim, with long, white hands, which clasped each other in a nervous, habitual motion. Neither the one nor the other took any notice of Rolls. They were in full flood of talk about old associations, for they had not met for years. Rolls made his preparations very deliberately, almost rubbing against his master on repeated occasions as he went and came. Three or four times over John drew his chair out of the way, a little surprised, but paying no particular attention. When this happened, however, for the fifth or sixth time, he looked up impatiently. "What are you after?" he cried. Rolls looked at him with a steady, meaning gaze, his eyes staring, his mouth rigid — he shook his head slightly, very slowly. "What's the matter?" cried John. Beaufort had seated himself at the table, and had begun his meal. The others were in the shade behind him, between the fireplace and door.

"There's much the maitter, sir, — much the maitter," said Rolls; "more than will be made up for this many a day."

"What do you mean? What is it? You look as if something had happened with which I had to do," John said, half alarmed, half amused. The only answer Rolls gave was to shake his head once more very gravely as he turned away. His look spoke all that he did not say. Tragedy was in it, and horror, and pity, and reproach. John grew excited in spite of himself. "Hey, here, Rolls! *Rolls*, I say! What is the meaning of this?" he cried. Rolls opened the door slowly, solemnly, and disappeared. "Confound the fellow!" cried John, and rose hastily and followed, with a hurried word to Beaufort. "I suppose the mare has fallen lame, or there is a tile off the roof," he said, half laughing. Rolls was standing in the partial gloom outside the door.

The hall door was open, and the whole darkness of the night showing beyond. Over their heads hung the lamp, flickering in the night air, throwing its light upon the impenetrable blackness opposite to it in the open doorway, but leaving the two figures in shadow below. Rolls stood as if he expected his master. He left him no time to ask any question, but said at once, "You was death, sir," in a low and solemn tone.

"You! What was death? I don't understand you," John cried, in wonder and alarm. "Quick, quick! tell me what you mean."

"It's but ower easy to tell; you was death. He's never stirred. Horse and man one heap, and no' a breath or a tremble in it. It's easy — easy to tell."

"Good God! Rolls, what do you mean? Not — not the Scaur, — not —"

"That's what I mean," Rolls replied almost sternly. "A bonnie morning's work. Just Tinto, poor fellow, with all his faults, and, maybe, the drink in him that made it easy. Dead — dead."

There was a sort of guttural sob in the old man's voice. His heart was wrung, not for Tinto, but with a deeper and closer horror. But John neither thought nor understood this. He fell back a step and leaned against the wall in horror and bewilderment. "Good God!" he repeated with pale lips, with that instinctive appeal which we make without knowing it in the face of every mystery. Under any circumstances, the suddenness and terrible-ness of the event would have appalled him; but now, at this moment, with Beaufort under his roof! — he could only gasp for breath — he could not speak. And he was not aware how eagerly Rolls was noticing every look and gesture, and how his agitation struck the old servant to the heart. He asked a few further questions in profound horror and dismay, then went back to his friend with a ghastly countenance, shaken to the bottom of his heart. The very consciousness that behind this sudden and terrible death stood life, added to the effect. He went back to tell Beaufort of it. That was indeed his first intention, but second thoughts presented to him the embarrassing nature of such a communication at the very moment of his friend's arrival. Beaufort did not notice — being occupied with his supper — the pallor and agitation which had produced so great an effect upon old Rolls. But after a while, as John said nothing, he turned half round and said, "I hope nothing serious has happened to the mare —"

"The mare — Oh yes, it was something very serious — not to be made a jest of. A fatal accident has happened — to one of my neighbors. It is appalling in any case to hear of anything so sudden; but what makes it worse is, that I spent some part of to-day in his company. It is not above four or five hours since I parted with him. We had even a little altercation," said John, with a slight shudder. "There's a bitter lesson for you! To quarrel with a man without a thought of any harm, and a little while after to hear that he is dead, with an unkind thought of you in his heart, and you with hard thoughts of him!"

Beaufort answered gravely and sympathetically as became such an announcement. "Was he a man you liked? Was he a friend?"

"No: neither a friend nor a man I liked, but young and strong; such a frame of a man! — worth you and me put together; and to think that in a moment —"

"How did it happen?" Beaufort asked.

"I scarcely asked. He must have fallen, he and his horse, down a precipice — the Scour, — a place he had often been cautioned against, I believe. Good heavens! to think of it! I thought he must have gone over as we spoke."

And John got up and walked about the room in his excitement. This interrupted altogether the lively flow of conversation with which they had begun the evening. There were one or two attempts made to resume it. But Erskine relapsed in a few moments either into exclamations of dismay, or into restless and uncomfortable silence of thought. The fact was, not only that Torrance's sudden death had startled his imagination and awoke some compunctions in his mind, as in that of Lady Lindores, but that it opened to him a whole confusing sea of speculations and possibilities. It was extraordinary that on the very day which should see this happen, Beaufort had arrived. And what would Lady Caroline now say, — she who, with such self-betraying emotion, had entreated John to keep his friend away? What might happen now were they to meet? John shrank from the suggestion as from an impiety, and yet it would come back. It was evident to Beaufort that his friend was out of sorts and profoundly agitated. He withdrew early to his room, pleading that he was tired, to leave John to himself. It did not concern him (Beaufort) to be sure, but it must, he felt, touch

Erskine more than he was willing to show. And it was a relief to John to be alone. His mind, left to itself, pursued the question, not so much of the dead as of the living. He did not call back Rolls to question him on the accident as he had intended to do; for it was Carry he thought of, not poor Torrance, after the first moment. What could Carry do? What would she think when she found, in the first moment of her freedom, Beaufort so near? The idea overwhelmed him. There seemed a certain indelicacy and precipitancy in the thought. He had risen in his restlessness and opened the window, as he had been in the habit of doing, to breathe the freshness of the night air, when Rolls came in, pale, and with a harassed, stealthy look. He came up to his master, and seeing that he was not observed, touched him on the arm.

"If you are going out, sir, to take a walk — or that," he said, with quivering lips, "I've brought you a coat and some haps —"

John looked at him with surprise. The old man was grey and ghastly; his lip quivered. He had a dark coat carefully folded over his arm, several comforters, and a plaid. There was a tremor in his whole figure, and his eyes had a wild look of inquiry and fear.

"Take a walk! Why should I take a walk at this time of night?"

"Oh, I'm no' saying: gentlemen has strange fancies. I'm not one to pry. I'll put the haps here, in case you should want them. You'll find a drop brandy in your flask, and a few sandwiches in the pocket," he added in an undertone.

"Sandwiches! You must be taking leave of your senses. Where do you suppose I should want to go?"

"I would rather not know, sir," said Rolls, solemnly turning away. "What good would it do me to know? I'll not listen nor look. I have no-thing ado with it; but oh, if you'll take my advice, go — go out of harm's way."

"I believe you are mad, Rolls."

"I have plenty to make me sae, at the least of it," Rolls said, and putting down the coat ostentatiously on a chair, he hobbled out of the room, closing the door carefully behind him. John could hear his steps going stealthily up-stairs to the window in the gallery above, where they seemed to pause, and the window was carefully opened. A wild bewilderment seized upon his mind. Of what was it that the old servant was afraid?

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE STORY OF L. E. L.

ONE of the most interesting and even romantic of literary figures is that of Letitia Landon — whose curious signature of three letters seems always to bring before persons quite unacquainted with her story, poetical associations of a special and interesting kind. There are but few now alive who know it: there are two, however, persons of great age, who are intimately acquainted with her sad story, and who know well the details of the last sad episode of her life. There was something in her history, and a genuine tone of romance in her poems, which fell into the "Book of Beauty" and "Annuals" category, attractive to the young and impulsive. Her portrait, too, which was published, invites the same interest.

This pleasing young creature, born at Chelsea in 1802, found herself at Brompton about the year 1814, the neighbor of one who was then an important literary personage, the director of the most influential journal of the day, the *Literary Gazette*. "My cottage," he says, "overlooked the mansion and grounds of Mr. Landon, the father of L. E. L.; a narrow lane only dividing our residences. My first recollection of the future poetess is that of a plump girl, grown enough to be almost mistaken for a woman, bowling a hoop round the walks, with the hoop-stick in one hand and a book in the other, reading as she ran, and, as well as she could, managing both exercise and instruction at the same time. The exercise was prescribed and insisted upon: the book was her own irrepressible choice." This presently led to the usual request, modestly made, in such cases, would Mr. Jerdan just cast his eyes over some lines of poetry. He did so, and encouraged the young girl. He became to her a sort of guide and friend and educator, and in a naive passage the grave editor seems to more than hint that he was regarded as an "ideal:" —

It is the very essence of the being I have so faintly portrayed, not to see things in their actual state, but to imagine, create, exaggerate, and form them into idealities; and then to view them in the light in which vivid fancy alone has made them appear. Thus it befel with my tuition of L. E. L. Her poetic emotions and aspirations were intense, usurping in fact almost every other function of the brain; and the assistance I could give her in the ardent pursuit produced an influence not readily to be conceived under other circumstances or upon a less imaginative nature. The result

was a grateful and devoted attachment; all phases of which demonstrate and illumine the origin of her productions. Critics and biographers may guess, and speculate, and expatiate forever; but without this master-key they will make nothing of their reveries. With it, all is intelligible and obvious, and I have only to call on the admirers of her delicious compositions to remember this one fact, to settle the question of their reality or romance — that they are the effusions of passionate inspiration, lighted from such unlikely sources. It was her spirit which clothed them according to her own unreal dreams.

Gradually her poems began to excite attention. She soon became a useful assistant on the *Gazette*, doing, besides her verses, reviews and essays; carrying that hod, as it were, which secured, at least, a satisfactory daily wage. She became known and sought. She received good prices for her books, though these were conceived in a spirit of romance that might be called "second hand," the scenes she describes being laid in Italy, where she had never been. Her friend furnishes the following prosaic but satisfactory table of receipts — "Romance and Reality" it might be called: —

For the Improvisatrice she received	£ 300
For the Troubadour	600
For the Golden Violet	200
For the Venetian Bracelet	150
For the Easter Offering	30
For the Drawing-Room Scrap-Book	105
For Romance and Reality	300
For Francesca Carrara	300
For Heath's Book of Beauty	300
And certainly from other Annuals, Magazines, and Periodicals, not less in ten or twelve years than	200
In all	£2,485

The fair L. E. L. was editress of one of those engravers' books which were then in high fashion, bound in blue or crimson silk, and printed on wove hot-pressed paper, and for which elegant amateurs were glad to furnish verses and sketches; the names of persons of fashion being mingled with those of the professionals. But it took a good many years before she attained to this elevation. Lady Blessington was the successful conductor of another of these publications, and readers of the life of Dr. Madden will gather a good idea of the almost abject lengths to which the literary aspirant would go to secure a place in her venture.

One of the pleasantest views we have of her is a little "junketing" — evidently a great effort — she took to Paris, in 1834, by the somewhat homely conveyance of

one of the General Steam Navigation Company's packets from St. Katharine's Wharf. She wrote to her first friend Jerdan regularly, who always seems flattered by her attentions; but an attractive young woman, who was at the same time amusingly anxious about the "siller," insensibly begins to flatter the editor, whom she likes, and on whom at the same time so much depends. She writes from Boulogne:—

I began a letter to you yesterday, but on taking it up this morning, I find it is, even to you, scarcely legible, so will begin it over again. I have also another reason; I wrote on English paper, which is heavier, and I have to pay the inland postage, and to-day my time *me vaut pas mes sous*. You cannot think how I missed you. I really thought the morning never would pass. It did pass, however, and then I wished it back again. The wind blew directly in our teeth. It was impossible to read for three reasons—the sun, the wind, and the noise.

And when I endeavored to get into a pleasant train of thought, it made me melancholy to think I was leaving my native country. I was fairly dying with a desire of talking. I am quite cured of my wish to die for some time to come, as I really think that now I quite understand what the sensation is. I was not sick—scarcely at all; but so faint! As to what Boulogne is like from the sea, I cannot tell. I scarcely recollect anything about my landing. Misfortune first recalled my scattered faculties. At the Custom House you are searched.

Again she writes to him:—

We could not get places to go to Paris till Sunday. Miss Turin wanted to have taken the whole *coupé*, which would have been very comfortable; but a gentleman has already one place, and it is scarcely worth while waiting till Tuesday. Moreover, the *conducteur* says that "*c'est un monsieur si poli*." How he has ascertained that fact I do not know. It has a very odd effect hearing a strange language spoken under our windows; and now I have told you everything that I can think of, which does not amount to much. However, I have taken two things for granted, first, that you would expect my first letter, and also that you would be glad to hear how I was. I fear I shall never make a traveller. I am already beginning to count the days for my return. Kind regards to all inquiring friends, and hoping that you are missing me very much.

In another letter:—

The first thing that I did was to write to you from Boulogne, and the first thing that I do is to write to you from Paris; but truly the pleasure of seeing my hand-writing must be sufficient. Never was there a worse traveller. I arrived in Paris more dead than alive, and till this evening have not held up my head.

The beginning of our journey was delightful; the road is like one avenue, and it was so pretty, having the children, every hill we ascended, throwing roses into the carriage, asking for *sous*. I was scarcely sensible when we arrived at Paris, and was just lifted out of the *diligence*. Since then the extent of my travels has been from the bed to the sofa. We have very pleasant apartments, looking on the Boulevards—such a gay scene. It seems so odd to see the people walking about in caps, looking so neat, and I must add so clean. Mercy on the French carriages and horses; they make such a clatter; drive far more with their tongues than the reins. We have delicious dinners, if I could but eat, which at present is an impossibility. I am still a horrid figure with my sea and sunburning.

Be sure wafer, and thin paper. I shall be very glad to see England again.

I wish I could find any channel of writing by the ambassador's bag, for the postage which I have to pay is two francs, and, what is much worse, the post-office is at the other end of the town, and even when I have a messenger, whom I must pay, the chances are that he will not pay it. I long to see the *Gazette*; and now must end abruptly or lose my opportunity. Pray write to me. I wish I were at home without the journey. I shall write the moment I have anything to tell, and must watch my means of going to the post-office.

Love and fear are the greatest principles of human existence. If you owed my letter of yesterday to the first of these, you owe that of to-day to the last. What, in the name of all that is dreadful in the way of postage, could induce you to put the *Gazette* in your letter? welcome as it was, it has cost me dear, nearly six shillings. I was so glad to see your hand-writing that the shock was lost in the pleasure; but truly, when I come to reflect and put it down in my pocket-book, I am "in a state." The *Gazette* alone would have only cost two-pence, and the letter deux francs; but altogether it is ruinous. Please when you next write, let it be on the thinnest paper, and put a wafer. Still, I was delighted to hear from you, and a most amusing letter it was. The *Gazette* is a real treat. It is such an excellent one as to make me quite jealous.

My only approach to an adventure has been as follows: I was advised, as the best remedy against the excessive fatigue under which I was suffering, to take a bath, which I did early one morning. I found it quite delicious, and was reading "*La Dernière Journée*," when I fell asleep, and was in consequence nearly drowned. I suppose the noise of the book falling aroused me, and I shall never forget the really dreadful feeling of suffocation, the ringing in my ears like a great bell with which I awakened.

She then adroitly turns to "business:—"

I think some very interesting papers might be written on the modern French authors. We know nothing of them. If I do write

them I must buy some. At Galignani's they only allow two works at a time, and I can scarcely get any that I desire. I am thinking of subscribing to a French library. One feels the want of a gentleman here very much.

I was so glad of your letter.

I have been hitherto too ill to do anything; but I have quite arranged my plan to write in my own room four or five hours every morning, so I hope to get a great deal done. Adieu, *au revoir*.

35 Rue-le-Grand, Lundi,
which being done into English means Monday.

I hope you will not think that I intend writing you to death; but I cannot let this opportunity pass. Miss Montgomery leaves Paris to-morrow, and so write I must. I am quite surprised that I should have so little to tell you; but really I have nothing, as ill-luck would have it. I went to call on Madame Tastu, from whom I received a charming note, and while I was out Monsieur Sainte-Beuve and Monsieur Odillon Barrot called; however, the latter wrote to me, offering his services as *cicerone*, etc., and I expect him this morning. M. Heine called yesterday; a most pleasant person. I am afraid he did not think me a *personne bien spirituelle*, for you know it takes a long time with me to get over the shame of speaking to a stranger. By way of conversation he said, "Mademoiselle donc a beaucoup couru les boutiques?" "Mais non." "A-t-elle été au Jardin des Plantes?" "Mais non." "Avez-vous été à l'opéra, aux théâtres?" "Mais non." "Peut-être Mademoiselle aime la promenade?" "Mais non." "A-t-elle donc apporté beaucoup de livres, ou peut-être elle écrit?" "Mais non." At last, in seeming despair, he exclaimed, "Mais Mademoiselle, qu'est-ce que c'est donc qu'elle a fait?" "Mais — mais — j'ai regardé par la fenêtre." Was there ever anything *si bête*? but I really could think of nothing else. I am enchanted with Madame Tastu; her manners are so kind, so encouraging. I did not feel much embarrassed after the first. She has fine features, though there was something about her face that put me in mind of Miss Roberts, but with a softened expression. If I had known as much of Paris as I do even now, I would not have come. In the first place, there is nobody here; à la campagne is almost the universal answer. Secondly, it is of no use coming with only a lady; I might almost as well have stayed in London. Thirdly, it is too short a time; I shall not have made a little acquaintance before I must leave. Fourthly, one ought to be married; and fifthly, I wish myself at home again.

Once more to business:—

If I had the opportunity, the time, and could procure the books, I am sure a most delightful series of articles might be written on French literature. We know nothing of it; and it would require an immense deal of softening and adaptation to suit it to English taste. How well you have done "The Revolutionary

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Epick;" though with less vanity, Disraeli has all the elements of a great poet; but there is something wanting in the putting together. Taste is his great deficiency.

I quite dread — though impatient for it — my journey back again. I shall never make a traveller.

My present address ought to be well known to you.* I write on purpose to scold you. Why have you not sent me the *Gazette*? it would have been such a treat. Also, you have not (like everybody else) written to me, and I quite pine for news from England. I would return to-morrow if I had the opportunity. I do not think that you have properly valued my letters, for things ought to be valued according to their difficulty, and really writing is no little trouble, to say nothing of putting my epistles in the post. I have been very unwell ever since my arrival, and for the last three days I have scarcely been off the sofa. The fatigue and the heat are equally overpowering. I feel so unequal to the exertion of hearing and seeing. I cannot tell you half the kindness and civility which I have received. Of all the persons I have met, or rather who have called upon me — for there is no meeting anybody now, all the *soirées* being over — I have been the most struck with M. Heine; his conversation is most original and amusing. Poor Miss Turin is still in the doctor's hands, and of course it is impossible for me to go out by myself, or accept the attendance of any gentleman alone, so that I am surrounded with all sorts of little difficulties and embarrassments. I never again would think of going anywhere with only a lady; one might almost as well stay at home. I had no idea till now how useful you gentlemen are — I might say, how indispensable. We are very comfortably situated; we have delightful bedrooms, a little ante-chamber, and the prettiest saloon, looking on a charming garden. The quiet is such a relief; for in Rue Louis-le-Grand we could not hear each other's voice for the noise; and above my head was a printer, and opposite my window a carpenter's. I do not know what it may be in the City, but at the West End there is nothing that can give an idea of the noise of Paris; the streets are all paved, the omnibusses innumerable, and carts and carriages all of the heaviest kind. If my money holds out I shall buy several works and translate them at home, but I doubt being able to accomplish it; for though I have bought nothing but what was indispensable, such as gloves, shoes, paper, etc., I have little more left than will bring me home. The dust here is something not to be told; before you have walked a hundred yards your feet are of a whitish brown. A great deal of my time has hung heavily on my hands, I have been so languid and so feverish; still, I feel that I have quite a new stock of ideas, and much material for future use. One ridiculous misfortune is continually befalling me;

* From my translation and publication of "*L'Hermitte*" of Jouy.

I am always falling down, the *parquet*, *i.e.*, the floor is so slippery, and I am never very steady on my feet. I really thought I had broken my arm yesterday. I am very anxious about getting home. I like our new lodgings so much. They are, according to Sir William Curtis's orthography, three C's, namely, clean, cool, and quiet.

After all her many hints and allusions, she now came to a formal proposal for business:—

This is quite a business letter, so I beg you will read it with all due attention. I have read now a considerable portion of French new works, and find a great many which, translated with *judgment*, would, I think, sell. I underline judgment, for not a little would be required. What I propose, is to make an annual, consisting entirely of French translations—prose and verse. I could get it ready in about a month. To be called—what? We must think of a good title. "The Laurel, or Leaves from French Literature;" "The Exchange, or Selection of French Authors," with a little vignette on the title-page, of the Bourse or "The Stranger," etc., etc.

I do not propose new prints; any one who knew how to set about it might form here a collection of very pretty prints of all sorts of popular subjects. You must please see if any publisher will undertake this, and if they will, please write as soon as possible. I feel convinced I could make a very amusing book; shortening, softening down, omitting, and altering in my translations, according to my own discretion. I could have my part of the volume ready in about six weeks.

These extracts from her letters will be found singularly sprightly and interesting, especially the naïve reference to "business," as her money was going rapidly.

This interesting woman, as may be imagined, was much sought for her own personal gifts—"a great warmth of feeling—a peculiar charm of manner and address—an affectionate, loving nature—a simplicity of mind, wholly free from affectation—a guileless character, child-like in many of its traits, devoid of all suspicion of evil intentions and designs, and yet not free from impulsive tendencies and some degree of wilfulness, being her characteristics."

This confidence—and she went much about by herself—made her likely to be the victim of would-be sympathizers of an unsuitable kind; and when it is found that the well-known Grantley Berkeley, Dr. Maginn, and others of the kind were interesting themselves in her and championing her cause, it shows she was not over-prudent. She had the tendency of all heroines—trust in everybody she met.

With this she had a painful, acute sensitiveness, which made her feel and exaggerate slights and injuries to an extravagant degree; and this had the unfortunate result of raising up hosts of enemies, who harassed the unprotected creature for years with anonymous attacks and rumors. "Her peace of mind," says her friend Dr. Madden, "was more than disturbed by those diabolical efforts to annoy her—it was destroyed by them; and when laboring under recent inflictions of outrages of this sort, all her energies, bodily and mental, were disordered and impaired by them: the first paroxysms of suffering were usually followed by syncope, spasms, tremors, and convulsive attacks, approaching to epileptic seizures. And when the violence of this nervous agitation would cease, then would come intervals of the most profound dejection of spirits."

It may be conceived that there were many suitors for so interesting a prize; but these enemies, by a dreadful system of persecution, seemed always to interpose, and succeeded in breaking off the engagements. One of the most eminent sculptors of her day was eager to make her his wife, but their cruel interference broke off the match.

With this gaiety of nature before us—which seems almost childlike—we turn to a letter written by Lady Blessington, after her death, which outlines L. E. L.'s tragic history, and serves as a curious commentary on her life thus far:—

Poor dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy at another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterwards became so deservedly popular. On leaving school her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild anything but a happy one. Her first poetical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. Jerdan, who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a Literary Journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her, and alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envi-

ous, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life; but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. Jerdan was married, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L. Those who disbelieved the calumny refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her, and this highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known, than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honour. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honour, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and from year to year dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gaiety she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings was to buy an annuity for her grandmother; that grandmother whose acerbity of temper and wearying *exigence* had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans Place, with some elderly ladies, who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. Maginn, a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named; though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife, ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct.

Driven to despair almost by this persecution, and panting for repose, an opportunity now presented itself of release. A gentleman called Maclean, who had an appointment at Cape Coast, was attracted by her, and after some months proposed for her. Lady Blessington relates the next portion of the episode:—

Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year, before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she, poor dear soul! informed all her friends—and me amongst the number—of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him; soon after this Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beset by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was? when she was to be married? etc., etc.; all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would appear no more. A serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave. When her friend wrote and demanded an explanation from Mr. Maclean, he answered, that fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret, even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humored—continually sneering at literary ladies—speaking slightly of her works—and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir—remonstrated with him on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrank from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off; and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed; no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay, more, it is now known that two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

The marriage was a *secret one*, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and what was worse, discontent, ill-humour, and reproaches at her ignorance of house-keeping met her every day, until her nerves became so agitated that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died.

To one so bright, and fond of society

and sympathy, this expatriation must have been terrible. On arriving at the gloomy Cape Coast Castle, of which her husband was a sort of governor, it was found that she was the only lady in the colony. Mr. or Captain Maclean assumed a severe mode of conduct, not to say discipline, and, as the poor indiscreet lady wrote home by way of complaint to her friends, he had said "that he will never cease correcting me till he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad." Too much importance should not be attached to such speeches. Her husband was in wretched health, dyspeptic, with an affection of the liver, and thus not likely to be what is called compatible. The place itself, at that time, was a gloomy, wretched one, containing only a few European traders, with a number of half-castes. The castle was a dismal building, and the acting governor had no more than £500 a year. He delighted in mathematics and was fond of expressing his contempt for literary matters. With such elements, things did not promise well. Still, it was but a short probation. The marriage took place on June 7, 1838, and by October 15 of the same year, within four months, the gifted L. E. L. had died by poison accidentally taken. One Mr. Cruickshank, a local merchant, has given a very pleasing picture of the last days of this ill-fated lady.

He wrote, he said, "as one who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling:" —

I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bedroom, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, "You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you it is not every one that is admitted here." I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness.

As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the Governor and his lady, the day before the vessel sailed. At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine and clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an

hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlour. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. "But you must not," she said, "think me a foolish moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F——, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken." We joined the Governor in the parlour. I bade them good-night, promising to call in the morning, to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again.

Next day a hurried message came to him to go to the castle. She was dead. He was brought into a room where the doctor was trying to see if life had not fled. "I seized her hand and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed." Poor L. E. L.!

Her maid was, it seems, leaving for England by a packet that was sailing that day. This had affected and agitated her much, as the desolate creature felt she would be left still more alone and helpless. The maid had come to her door in the morning, but could not open it. On doing so she found her mistress dead on the floor, with a phial in her hand, containing an extract of prussic acid, which she foolishly used, as nervous persons use chloral now. There could be no doubt from the evidence that she had accidentally poisoned herself by an overdose, from the wish to allay her agitation. But so vehemently did her friends in England take up the case, that it was said she had destroyed herself in despair at her treatment. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Maclean was an uncongenial man, but he was in no way concerned in this matter.

The night before her death, she wrote some letters. In one she says: "The castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England." The room in which she is writing "is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engravings." "Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with book-cases of African ma-

hogany, and portraits of distinguished authors."

And she adds, "But I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, etc., etc., none of which may be touched by hands profane."

In the letter just referred to, addressed to her "dearest Marie," she begins with eulogiums on the castle, "infinitely superior to all she ever dreamed of." The rooms are excellent. The building is fine; she does not suffer from heat. "Insects there are few or none, and," she adds, "I am in excellent health." But then follows the admission of the dreariness of her life: "*The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else.*" But then she informs her friend, she was welcomed to Cape Coast by a series of dinners, which she is glad are over, "for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still, the great kindness," she observes, "with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, have made me feel it as little as possible."

Mr. Maclean [wrote Lady Blessington] admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds, that had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was — when not ill and tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain — easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says, that never was there so kind or so faultless a being on earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seemed an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news, brought no letter of recent date for her —, though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband.

By a most extraordinary coincidence, Dr. Madden, well known for his curious travels with Lady Hester Stanhope, who was also second in the preliminaries of a duel between the late Charles Mathews and Count D'Orsay, a man of great knowledge, industry, and literary gifts, as his friends know, was despatched on a government inquiry to Cape Coast. He

had been much interested, like all her friends, in poor L. E. L., and determined to prosecute his inquiries on the spot, for the rancor of partisanship had gone so far as to insinuate that her husband was responsible for her death in more direct fashion than mere harshness. This visit was in 1841. Dr. Madden noted the gloomy desolation of the castle — the large courtyard where L. E. L. was, oddly enough, buried, over whose grave the soldiers were drilled, and in the wall of which a memorial tablet was inserted shortly after his arrival. He frankly told him that he would like to inquire into the matter fully, and was met in the same spirit. Dr. Madden was enabled to vindicate him completely. However, the commissioner was not very *bien vu* by the natives, and being presently seized with the fever of the place, conceived they had attempted to poison him: on which he had himself hurriedly removed from the castle.

Such was the strange story of the heroine L. E. L. She was sung in verses by Landor and others: she was held to be a victim: her memory is still cherished by those who recall her. Captain Maclean died ten years later, in 1848, and was interred in the courtyard beside his wife. He was a poor man; but had he lived three months longer he would have inherited a large fortune from Sir John Maclean, who bequeathed it to him.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

From Temple Bar.

IN AN INN GARDEN.

"That time, — O times!"

"I REMEMBER the girl as if I had seen her yesterday," said Madame Sophie R—. "I do not know her history; I have never seen her again. But what I do know, I will relate to you, since you wish to hear it: —"

Not far from the city of L — lies a little inn garden by a river. It is now some years since circumstances obliged me to spend a twelvemonth in L —. I am not used to the life of a great city. I found little in it to please me; and it was with delight that I one day accidentally discovered this garden, to which I could go easily, in which I henceforward found myself again and again with pleasure. A quarter of an hour by train brought me to a small station, at which I alighted. A

brief space of dusty highroad then lay before me, still bearing traces of the adjacent city in mean houses, in ragged wayside weeds whitened by the dust or splashed by the mud raised by a hundred carts and wagons that daily lumbered along to the city gates, in frequent wine-shops and a half-listless folk, in all the shabby life, lacking the characteristics of town and country alike, which clings about the outskirts of a great town. But a sudden turn brought me at once to the scene that had the charm of absolute peace among rural surroundings. A deep, winding lane ended in a quiet little inn set between poplars and green hedges. Cocks and hens were forever pecking about the grass-grown threshold of the open door, or straying into the passage that led through the house; ducks quacked and straggled to and from a shallow pond; pigeons cooed; the deep, resonant bark of a chained house-dog announced every new-comer. An atmosphere of homely country life, in short, lay about the whole place; it seemed to me a paradise of peace and sunshine and quiet that I had found, when I first discovered the little inn in its sheltered nook. A trellis vine was trained above the door in front, and behind the house lay the garden of which I have spoken. It was a long strip of ground shut in on either side by high, bushy hedges and rustling poplars. There was no turf and hardly any flowers to brighten the uniform green; only a few straggling roses, a few bushes of rosemary set in some plots of thrifty vegetables near the house. Lower down, green, vine-covered berceaux afforded a cool shelter from the sun; and at the extreme end of the garden, divided from it only by a low, ivy-grown, wooden palisade, ran a river which gave the whole place its character and its charm. It was not a wide or rapid river: on the contrary, it was a gentle stream, so narrow that every wild flower growing among the deep grass in the opposite meadow could be seen from the garden; so quiet, that its unruffled surface had almost the glassy stillness of a pool, and its clear depths reflected each tree and bush, each blade in the fringe of grass that overhung it from the high banks, each leaf of the water-plants its tranquil current hardly stirred. Above and below the little inn the river made a bend; willows and elms closed in the prospect, and added the charm of the mysterious beyond to the deep seclusion of the scene. Immediately opposite the garden lay a breadth of verdant meadow

land shut in by rising ground behind, by trees on either side; red and white cows sometimes wandered there, or came down to where a break in the overhanging bank had allowed a muddy path to be trodden to the river's edge. For sunlight and shadow, for peace and the suggestions of peace, for coolness and verdure, and silence unruffled except by the inarticulate murmur of ripple and birds, I know of no spot to equal my little river garden.

I describe it minutely, for it is inseparably connected in my mind with the girl whom I saw there for the first and last time. As I think of her, it shapes itself in all its details as the background to her image.

I had visited it often through the long, hot summer; I had made friends with the cheerful hostess; I had dined there and sat through some long afternoons, reading and writing at one of the little green tables set about in shady corners. I even thought at one time of leaving the city altogether during these sultry months, and of establishing myself at my little inn; a fresh, white curtain swaying to and fro in an upper casement seemed to promise an equally fresh interior; a cool retreat with a verdant prospect of trees and green-shadowed water. But on reflection I gave up this idea. I feared to miss part of the charm of my garden in becoming familiar with it, in losing the sense of contrast between the hot roads and its leafy freshness by bringing the dusty cares of every-day life to desecrate this tranquil nook, devoted hitherto to leisure and enjoyment. One grows an epicure in these matters, I find, as one grows old; a naïve pleasure, a fresh impression becomes a treasure to be hoarded, not recklessly used or flung aside after the careless fashion of youth. Therefore I resolved to stay in the city; and I was confirmed in this resolution by a certain Sunday afternoon excursion that I made to the little inn. Alighting from a crowded train and issuing from the station, I found the road lively with carts and public vehicles filled with young men and city maidens; and long before I reached my garden, the sound of loud voices, of song and laughter, warned me of what I should find. I looked and fled. I did not grudge them the garden, Heaven knows. It was I who was out of place. But since it was quiet I had come to seek, I fled.

It was more than a week before I went again. I arrived early and found, as was not unfrequently the case, that I had the garden to myself. It was drawing towards

the end of the summer, and the mellow sunlight, the sense of ripeness in the air, gave, as I remember, an added sense of repose to the quiet spot. I had seated myself in my favorite corner; the hostess happened to be absent, but the little maid had served me my usual noonday meal of coffee and eggs; I had arranged my books and writing materials on the little table before me and on the bench at my side, and was looking forward to a long and peaceful afternoon, when two new-comers entered the garden, and arrested my attention.

At the first glance, indeed, I took them to be merely such a bourgeois couple as sometimes strayed into the garden to breakfast; but a closer observation made me at once change my opinion. The man, who was tall, fair, and handsome, was no bourgeois. His hands, in one of which he carried a pair of dogskin gloves, were white, with carefully-kept nails, and a plain seal ring on one finger; his coat was well cut; he had an air of ease and good society. The girl, who was quite young, wore a neat pink cotton gown, rather faded in the wash, with a white muslin bow carefully tied under her linen collar; on her head, when she entered the garden, was a little white net bonnet with pink ribbon strings, a trifle faded like her gown; but this she at once removed and hung up on the branch of a tree, showing some thick twists of dark hair. She was slight, and she was also pretty, but more through coloring and expression perhaps, than through feature; her cheeks had a charming natural bloom, set off by her pink gown; her eyes, which were small rather than large, shone with a brilliant, fitful light under their dark lashes; she had a determined, almost stubborn-looking mouth and chin, and not at all a classic nose. Her hands, which were gloveless, were pale and smooth as those of city girls used to a sedentary life are wont to be, but neither well-shaped, nor well-kept; on one finger she wore a little cheap coral ring.

They had given their orders apparently on their way through the house, and sat down at one of the little green tables to await the arrival of their meal. My presence did not seem to disturb them in the least; though as they had placed themselves just opposite me, I was near enough to hear every word they said. Their conversation, in fact, was unintelligible to me, as it turned almost exclusively on persons and incidents well known to both, with rapid passing allusions to one thing

and another. It was the girl who talked most; leaning forward a little, her arms folded on the table, she spoke with great vivacity; whilst her companion lounging back in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, responded by an occasional word and nod. Now and then she sprang up and mimicked a gesture, a step, a movement; then, reseating herself, talked on as before. The restless gaiety of her manner, in which there was no affectation and which yet seemed to me not altogether natural, contrasted with the immobility of her companion. She laughed a good deal, whilst he hardly took the trouble to smile. All the effort, all the exertion of the conversation, were on her side.

She paused at last in her eager talk, and sat silent for a moment, leaning back in her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her bright eyes gazing before her; then jumping up, she began to flit about the garden with the half-springing step and inconsequent movements of a child. Espying a solitary flower on a climbing rose, one of the few roses which the garden produced, she sprang to get it and failed; it hung too high overhead. She desisted after one or two attempts, and the man, who had been watching her, slowly rose and went to the spot. He was tall, as I have said, more than a head taller than she was, and reached it without difficulty.

"Here is your rose," he said, holding it towards her.

She did not at once take the flower. She had torn her finger with a thorn and was holding it in her mouth. "Give me your handkerchief," she said in a moment.

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to her. It was a cambric one, with an initial embroidered in one corner. The girl took it; then using her teeth as scissors, she cut the edge of the hem, tore off a long strip that included the initial, and wound it round her finger.

"There!" she cried in a joyous voice. "Whoever embroidered that for you, will never have her work used by you again."

"I have not an idea who worked it," he answered. "You, perhaps. One buys them by the dozen."

"I don't do embroidery," she said rather curtly. She took the rose from his hand. "This is mine?" she said. "Well, then, I give it to you. It was for you I wanted it."

She put it in his buttonhole, and felt for a pin with which to fasten it securely, but could not find one. "No matter,"

she said, "it will hold. Now promise me one thing — that you will keep it always."

He looked down at the flower. "Always? This rose?" he said. "Do you know what a dead rose looks like? Like that" — picking one from the rose-tree. "What on earth should I keep a thing like that for?"

She laughed. "Well, give me that," she said, snatching the dead rose from his hand and thrusting it inside her frock. "Now, we've each got one; and if I keep mine, you might keep yours."

"I don't in the least want you to keep it," he answered; "but do if you like. You're always rather sentimental, you know."

"I'm not; you know I'm not," she cried. "But I suppose one may have feelings."

"No, don't," he said, walking away towards the table again. This scene had passed so close to me, that I had inevitably heard every word that was spoken; and now, as her companion turned his back on her, I saw a look of pain that momentarily whitened her cheeks and lips come into the girl's face. She stood motionless, her brows drawn together, her fingers tightly interlaced, apparently struggling to master some almost overpowering passion or emotion. She succeeded. In another moment the blood came rushing back, her fingers unlocked; with a snatch of song, and the same gay springing step as before, she ran up the garden to meet the white-capped maid who was advancing with a tray.

"Here is our breakfast," she cried. "And I am hungry. What have you ordered? Will there be chocolate and galette and an omelette?"

They sat down together just within the shadow of one of the vine-covered berceaux, precisely opposite to where I still kept my seat and my book. Between us lay only the garden path flooded by the hot midday sun. The girl interested me, and as it was they who had chosen their position opposite me, I found no indiscretion in keeping the seat I had previously held. Their repast lasted a long time. I observed, however, that whilst her companion made an excellent meal, the girl, who had declared herself hungry, touched hardly anything. All the delicacies she had desired, appeared, and she allowed herself to be helped from each dish in turn; but she employed herself in feeding a cat and dog belonging to the inn, who had come and seated themselves, one on either side of her. Her gay mood had

changed a little; she talked less and looked more at her companion, who did not look much at her, but rather at the plates and dishes before him.

"We are extremely dull," he said at last, taking out his watch, "and we may have to spend an hour yet in this hot little hole of a garden. I shall go and order some champagne."

He rose as he spoke and walked away towards the inn. The rose, loosely fastened in his buttonhole, fell out as he moved. He did not notice it, but the girl did. She picked it up, pressed it with a passionate gesture to her lips, then thrust it hurriedly inside the bosom of her frock, pressing both hands tightly over it with an energy that brought the varying color to her cheek with a rush. When her companion returned, she was idly tracing a design with her forefinger in some spilt red wine on the green table. He glanced down at his coat.

"Where is my rose?" he said.

"Have you lost it?" she answered, without looking up.

"I suppose so — I had it a moment ago."

He looked down and about him on the dusty ground. She also stirred slightly, and with the point of her shoe moved aside the leaves that clustered at the foot of the vine trellis. He resigned himself.

"You will have to get me another," he said.

"Never," she answered, leaning back in her chair with folded arms, and looking at him with a smile at once defiant and provoking. "I will never give you a rose again."

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "As you will," he said; "I shall not die for want of a rose."

She looked at him for a moment in silence. "Die!" she said then. "I believe you will never die, unless it be of old age."

"Thank you for the prophecy," he said, laughing, "and may you prove a true prophet. Here; let us drink to your old age and mine."

The champagne had been brought; he filled a glass and passed it to her. She just touched it with her lips, then springing to her feet, held it aloft whilst in a clear, untaught voice she sang a drinking-song, which an opera recently the fashion had made popular. Her companion, who was smoking, joined in the chorus with a lazy hum, watching the while, with half-closed eyes, the rings of smoke that he puffed into the air. She sang the song

through; at the end, whether by accident or intention, I do not know, the glass fell crashing to the ground.

"Bravo! bravo!" said her companion. "Excellent! well sung! But you have lost your wine."

He pushed his own glass towards her as he spoke. She took no notice of it, but dropping into her chair, sat with her elbows on the table, her chin propped on her hands, gazing before her into vacancy.

"Do you know what I should like better than anything in the world?" she said, suddenly turning to her companion.

"What?" he answered.

"To go once, only just once, to a box at the opera."

"Well, I will take you," he said.

"You will?" she cried eagerly. "Oh, when?"

"To-morrow night."

She sprang to her feet again, clapping her hands. "To-morrow night—do you mean really to-morrow night?"

"Certainly I mean it," he said. "I will take a box to-morrow, and call for you in the evening."

She stood looking at him, her hands clasped as though in ecstasy. All at once a shade stole over her face.

"This dress," she said, looking down at it and lifting a frill, "it will not do—and it is the only one I have."

"Oh, it will do well enough," he answered carelessly; "put a flower in your hair. You always look charming, you know."

"But I want to go to a large box," she said, her eyes widening a little as with anxiety, "in the centre of the house, where I can see every one and be seen."

"Yes, yes, I understand; but you will do very well. You can put a rose in your hair."

"The dead rose," she said with a laugh.

"What do you mean?" he said, frowning a little.

"Oh, nothing," she answered; "see, here is some one come to speak to you."

She turned quickly round as she spoke the last words, and stood with her back to him, her hand pressed tightly on her heart. The little inn-maid had approached once more to tell the gentleman that his horse and servant had arrived and were waiting.

"I must go," he said with a certain alacrity. He paid the bill that the maid had brought, and rose.

"You don't mind staying here alone

till the train goes?" he said, as he buttoned up his coat and drew on his gloves.

"Not in the least, oh, not in the least," she answered; "it is only half an hour, you know."

"Then I will be off at once. I have no time to lose."

He took up his hat, but still lingered a moment as though he hesitated to say some final word. It was she who spoke it.

"Till to-morrow evening, then," she cried in her clear, childish voice. "You'll call for me?"

"Yes, yes; that is it," he said with an air of relief, and putting on his hat. "I will call for you."

They walked up the path together—she with her springing steps at his side. About half-way up the garden she paused, and without any formal farewell apparently, allowed him to go on alone, whilst she stood, one hand shading her eyes, the other pressed on her heart, in a way that seemed habitual with her. He walked on up to the inn, but before entering it, turned and looked back. Instantly the girl started from her attitude, waving and kissing both hands in a sort of joyous adieu, till he had turned again and passed out of sight. One minute longer she stood, whilst a sound of horses' hoofs could be heard retreating up the lane, fainter and fainter in the distance. Then she turned. Gropingly, as though blinded by the sunlight, she made her way to the table again, and fell back in a chair as though she had been shot.

I thought she had swooned, so colorless was her face, so motionless her closed eyelids and loose, hanging hands. I went up to her, and raised her head, which had fallen back against the wooden framework of the berceau. She had not fainted, for she roused herself at the touch and sat up, leaning forward, her head drooping a little, her arms straight and rigid, her hands tightly clasped, like one in a paroxysm of anguish.

"Oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it," she said, as if the words were wrung from her.

"You are suffering. Can I not help you?" I said, trying to take one of her cold hands in mine. But she resisted the attempt, though I believe she was hardly conscious of my presence.

"Oh, I can't bear it," she repeated with a moan. She sat motionless for a moment, gazing before her with blank eyes. Suddenly she started to her feet, and stood with her face turned towards

the inn. Her lips moved, but no words were audible. She made a step or two forward in the direction of the house, but her strength failed. She caught at the table to support herself, and sank back again in the chair in the same deathlike immobility, with the same deathlike pallor as before. Unable to guess the cause of her misery, I could yet divine by the reaction now, by this utter prostration, what the last hour had cost her. The wine still stood on the table. I poured out a glass and held it to her lips. She tasted it, then sat up and drank it eagerly. It revived her, if only to a keener anguish; it gave her the power and the will to speak.

"I never wished him good-bye," she said in heartbroken accents. "I might have said one word; and now it is too late. I shall never see him again."

She wrung her hands as in bitter regret or self-reproach. No one could see a fellow-creature held by such mortal anguish as hers, without striving to find the cue to it.

"Who is it you will never see again?" I said. "Not your friend who has just now left you? Is he not to take you to the opera to-morrow night?"

"Oh, the opera" — she said, clasping and unclasping her fingers. "He was so anxious to deceive me, he forgot. There is no opera now."

It was true, though I also had forgotten it. There was no opera at that season. In a moment she began to speak again, rapidly and excitedly.

"He thought to deceive me, but I deceived him," she said. "He could never have guessed that I knew. He would have hated me if I had made a scene. He used to like me, he said, because I was always bright; and he will remember me bright. I was just the same to him to the very last, though I knew I should never see him again."

She paused. Even then, though her words were apparently addressed to me, I doubt if she were fully conscious of my presence. She never once looked at me, or turned her eyes in my direction.

"How did you know?" I asked her at last.

"I was told," she said, more absently; "and I inquired, and found it was true. When he asked me to come here to-day, I knew it was for the last time, and knowing what I did, his manner told it me too. We have often been here," she went on, a little wildly, looking round her. "This frock — it was new the first time we came

— and he said he liked it better than any dress he had ever seen." She started to her feet again, both hands pressed with the familiar gesture on her heart. "Oh, I can't bear it — I can't bear it!" she cried.

We were interrupted. "Lisa, I have come!" cried a voice from the upper end of the garden.

A young woman, poorly clad in a dingy brown gown and shawl, came running towards us with outstretched hands.

"Is he gone?" she cried breathlessly.

I do not know what it was that moved the girl. Whether the outspoken question acted like an as yet unrealized presentiment of her woe; whether the familiar apparition of her friend recalled too vividly the dusty gloom of the workaday life from which she had emerged, to which she was about to return. For one moment she stood looking at her with startled eyes; the next, with one swift rush she had reached the end of the garden, she had cleared the low palisade, and sprung into the river. So swift was her movement, that we heard the splash and noted the meeting waves, whilst still too struck with horror to move from the spot.

She was instantly rescued. Just below the garden a little wooden platform, supported by piles driven into the bank, projected into the stream, and made a mooring-place for a boat. The boatman, a strong-built, elderly man, was there, preparing to loosen his little bark. He heard the plunge. As the girl rose, he caught at her dress with his hook, and with his sturdy arms lifted her out of the water. Almost by the time we had reached the bottom of the garden, she was standing beside us again in the sunny path, dazed, dripping, half-stunned, but otherwise not the worse. She stood still in the centre of the path, and looked down at her mud-stained frock.

"It is a good thing it will wash," she said in a minute with a laugh.

Her friend put her arm in hers and tried to draw her towards the inn; but she resisted, and freed herself from the grasp. She looked round her, shivering in the bright sunshine, and pushing back her long hair, streaming with wet, from her face. The man, with a shrug of his shoulders, had gone back to his boat. No alarm had reached the house; we three were alone. All at once the girl dropped on to a bench close by, and broke into an agony of weeping. Five minutes before, I doubt if she could have shed a tear; now the cold, the clinging wet of her gar-

ments, the physical wretchedness and discomfort, had touched a lower chord of misery, and she wept convulsively with despairing, heartbroken sobs. Her friend, meanwhile, stood beside her. She was a pallid, rather sullen-looking young woman, with a worn face. She did not speak, but put her arm round the younger girl, who turned presently and hid her face against her friend. In another minute she rose, and suffered herself to be led away to the house.

I followed them, but only to desire the maid to see to their comfort and give them anything they might need. Then I returned to my afternoon's work. I cannot say I did much. Shaken and startled by the scene I had just witnessed, my thoughts were with the girl who had roused in me an interest so sudden and so deep. I did not go to her. Involuntarily I had been an intruder in a tragic hour of her life; the recognition that the intrusion had not been unwelcome lay with her; and with her friend at hand, I knew she would not feel herself helpless or deserted. Still I was unwilling to go away without seeing her once more. The hours passed: the girl's bonnet still hung on the tree where she had tied it in the morning, and by this sign I knew that she and her companion had not yet left the inn. Towards evening, when I was preparing to take my departure, the bonnet was fetched; and returning to the house, I met the two in the passage, and found that they proposed returning to the city by the same train as myself. The girl looked pale and languid, and disinclined to speak. The pink cotton was clean and dry again, her dark hair was neatly coiled; but all the pretty color was gone from her cheeks, all the light had died out of her eyes; her frock hung about her in limp folds, and the crisp white muslin bow, which had given the last touch to her dress, had disappeared. All the freshness had gone from her toilette of the morning as from herself.

Her friend, I fancied, kept a sort of jealous guard over her, and we travelled back to the city in different carriages. On arriving, however, I sought her out before leaving the station. The interest she had awakened in me was too keen for me to let her go without some parting word.

"Will you come and see me," I said, laying my hand on her shoulder, "or may I come and see you? I should like to know something of you, to hear how you are."

She looked at me in silence.

"No," she said at last, shaking her head, "your life lies there — mine here" — pointing with her two hands; "we have nothing more to do with each other."

The words were defiant; but her voice and the look in her eyes were not. The next moment she had disappeared with her friend in the crowd. I have never seen her again.

It was long before I revisited my river garden. A desecrating breath had passed over its green berceaux, a life-tragedy had troubled the peace of its limpid waters. It was already autumn when I saw it again; the paths were damp, the yellow vine-leaves were beginning to thin. The silent melancholy discouraged me — I went there no more.

E. F. POYNTER.

From *The Leisure Hour*.
GAINSBOROUGH'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM JACKSON.

"FOR a letter to an intimate friend, Gainsborough had few equals and no superior. It was like his conversation, gay, lively — fluttering round subjects which he just touched, and away to another — expressing his thoughts with so little reserve that his correspondents, considering the letter as a part of their friend, *had never the heart to burn it.*" — W. JACKSON.

Bath, September 2nd.

My dear Jackson, — I should have wrote to you sooner, but have been strangely hurried since I left Exeter. In my way home I met Lord Shelburne, who insisted on my making him a short visit, and I don't repent going (though I generally do to all lords' houses), as I met with Mr. Dunning [afterwards Lord Ashburton] there.

There is something exclusive of the clear and deep understanding of that gentleman most exceedingly pleasing to me. He seems the only man who talks as Giardini plays, if you know what I mean. He puts no more motion than what goes to the real performance, which constitutes that ease and gentility peculiar to clever fellows, each in their way. I observe his forehead juts out, and mine runs back a good deal more than common, which accounts for some difference betwixt our

parts, no doubt; but he has an uncommon share of brains, and those disposed so as to overlook all the rest of his parts, let them be ever so powerful. He is an amazing compact man in every respect, and as we get a sight of everything by comparison, only think of the difference betwixt Mr. Dunning, almost motionless, with a mind brandishing like lightning from corner to corner of the earth, whilst a long, cross-made fellow only flings his arms about like thrashing-flails, without half an idea of what he would be at. And besides this neatness in outward appearance, his storeroom seems cleared of all French ornaments and gingerbread work; everything is simplicity and elegance, and in its proper place; no disorder or confusion in the furniture, as if he were going to remove. Sober sense and great acuteness are marked very strong in his face, but if those were all, I should only admire him as a great lawyer, but there is a genius (in our sense of the word) that shines in all he says.

In short, Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, I begin to think that there is something in the air of Devonshire that grows clever fellows. I could name four or five of you superior to the product of any other county in England.

Pray make my compliments to one lady who is neat about her mouth, if you can guess, and

Believe me, most faithfully yours,
THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Dear Jackson, — I will confess to you that I think it unpardonable in me not to speak seriously upon a subject of so much consequence as that which has employed us of late, therefore you shall now have my thoughts without any humming, swearing, or affectation of wit. Indeed, my affection for you would naturally have led me that way before now, but that I am soon lost if I pretend to reasoning, and you, being all regularity and judgment, I own provoke me the more to break loose, as he who cannot be correct is apt to divert the eye with a little freedom of handling. But no more of it. I must own your calculations and comparison betwixt our different professions to be just, provided you remember that in mine a man may do great things and starve in a garret, if he does not conquer his passions and conform to the common eye in choosing that branch which they will encourage and pay for. Now there cannot be that difference betwixt music and painting unless you suppose that the musician volun-

tarily shuns the only profitable branch, and will be a chamber counsel when he might appear at the Bar. You see I am out of my subject already.

But now in again! If music will not satisfy you without a certainty (which, by-the-by, is nonsense, begging your pardon, for there is no such thing in any profession), then I say, be a painter. You have more of the painter than half those that get money by it.

You want a little drawing and the use of pencil and colors, which I could put into your hand in one month without meddling with your head. I propose to let that alone if you'll let mine off easy! There is a branch of painting next in profit to portrait, and quite in your power, without any more drawing than I'll answer for your having, which is drapery and landskip backgrounds.

Perhaps you don't know that while a face painter is harassed to death, the drapery painter sits and earns his five or six hundred a year and laughs all the while. Your next will be to tell me what I know as well as yourself, viz., that I am an impertinent coxcomb. This I know, and will speak out if you kill me for it — that you are too modest, too diffident, too sensible, and too honest ever to push in music.

Yours,

T. G.

Dear Jackson, — I am so pleased with both your remarks and your indigo that I know not which to admire most, or which to think most of immediate use. The indigo you leave me in doubt whether there be any more to be got, whereas I am pretty sure of some more of your thoughts now that we are fairly settled into a correspondence. Your observations are like all yours — just, natural, and not common. Your indigo is clear, like your understanding, and pure, like your music, not to say exactly of the same blue of that heaven from whence all your ideas are reflected. To say the truth of your indigo, 'tis delightful, so look sharp for some more (and I'll send you a drawing), and for your thoughts, I have often flattered myself I was just going to think so. The lugging in objects, whether agreeable to the whole or not, is a sign of the least genius of anything, for a person able to collect in the mind will certainly group in the mind also, and if he cannot master a number of objects so as to introduce them in friendship, let him do but a few, and that you know, my boy, makes simplicity.

One part of a picture ought to be like the first part of a tune — that you guess what follows, and that makes the second part of the tune; and so I've done. The harp is packed up to come to you, and you shall take it out with Miss —, and I'll not take anything for it, but give it to you to twang upon when you can't twang upon Mrs. Jackson, to whom pray my compliments, if there is no impropriety in the introduction. However, please to believe me what I really am,

Yours most sincerely,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Bath, February 14th, 1769.

Dear Jackson, — I have not had time since my hurry of finishing two full-lengths and a landskip to answer your last two letters. . . . I fear, my lad, I shall have it this exhibition, for never were such slight dabs presented to the eyes of a million; but I grow dauntless out of sheer stupidity as I grow old, and I believe any one that plods on in any one way, especially if that one way will bring him bread and cheese as well as a better, will grow the same. . . . Thanks for the indigo; a little of it goes a long way, which is lucky. Adieu, dear Jackson, and believe me most truly and

Sincerely yours,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Bath, August 23rd.

My dear Jackson, — I admire your notions of most things, and do agree with you that these might be exceedingly pretty pictures painted of the kind you mention. But are you sure you don't mean, instead of the flight into Egypt, my flight out of Bath? Do you consider, my dear sir, what a deal of work history pictures require to what little dirty subjects of coal horses and jackasses, and such figures as I fill up with? No, you don't consider anything about that part of the story; you design faster than any man, or any thousand men, could execute.

There is but one flight I should like to paint, and that is yours out of Exeter, for while your numerous and polite acquaintance encourage you to talk so cleverly, we shall have but few productions, real and substantial productions. But to be serious (as I know you love to be), do you really think that a regular composition in the landskip way should ever be filled with history, or any figures but such as fill a place (I won't say stop a gap), or to create a little business for the eye, to be drawn from the trees in order to return to them with more glee? I did not know that you

admired those tragi-comic pictures, because some have thought that a regular history picture may have too much background, and the composition hurt by not considering what ought to be principal. But I talk now like old Square-toes. There's no rule of that kind, says you, but then, says I, You lie. If I had but room and time before Palmer seals his packet I'd trim you! I have been riding out with him this morning.

Adieu, T. G.

My dear Jackson, — I will suppose all you say about my exhibition pictures to be true, because I have not time to dispute it with you. I am much obliged to you, and wish I could spend a few days with you in town, but I have begun a large picture of Tommy Linley and his sister, and cannot come.

I suppose you know the boy is bound for Italy the first opportunity. Pray do you remember carrying me to a picture-dealer's somewhere by Hanover Square, and my being struck with the leaving and touch of a little bit of tree, the whole picture not above eight or ten inches high, and about a foot long? I wish, if you have time, that you would inquire what it might be purchased for, and give me one line more whilst you stay in town. If you can come this way home that one may enjoy a day or two of your company, I shall be heartily glad. I can always make up a bed for a friend without any trouble, and nobody has a better claim to that title, or a better title to that claim, than yourself.

Believe me, Dear Jackson,

Yours most truly,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

May 11th, 1768.

My dear Jackson, — Now you seem to lay too much stress upon me, and show yourself to be a serious fellow. I question, if you could splice all my letters together, whether you would find more connection and sense in them than in landskips joined where half a tree was to meet half a church to make a principal object.

I should not think of pretending to reproach you, who are a regular system of philosophy, a reasonable creature, and a particular fellow. If I meant anything it was this, that many a real genius is lost in the fictitious character of a gentleman, and that as many of these creatures are continually courting you, possibly you might forget (what I, without any merit to myself remember, from mere shyness) that they make no part of the artist. De-

pend upon it, Jackson, you have more sense in your little finger than I have in my whole body and head. I am the most inconsistent, changeable being, so full of fits and starts, that if you mind what I say it will be shutting your eyes to some purpose. . . . I am only sensible of meaning and of having said that I wish you lived nearer me.

Yours up to the hilt,

T. G.

January 25th, 1777.

Dear Jackson, — I suppose I never drew a portrait half so like the sitter as my silence since the receipt of your last resembles neglect and ingratitude, owing to two of the crossdest accidents that ever attended a poor fiddler. First and most unfortunately, I have been four times after Bach and have never laid eyes on him; and secondly and most provokingly, I have had a parcel made up of two drawings and a box of pencils such as you wrote for, ever since the day after I received your favor inclosing the tenths, and directed for you to go by the Exeter coach, which has laid in my room by the neglect of two blockheads — one my nephew, who is too proud to carry a bundle under his arm, though his betters, the journeymen tailors, do so, and my cowardly footman, who, forsooth, is afraid to peep into the street for fear of being pressed into sea-service (the only service he was made for!) — so that, my dear Jackson, if it was not for your being endowed with Job's patience, I should think myself deservedly forever shut out of your favor; but surely I shall catch Bach soon, to get you an answer to your letter, and for the drawings, I'll carry them myself to the inn to-morrow.

There is a letter of nonsense inclosed with the drawings, to plague you once more about sixths and tenths, which you may read or not as you happen to be in humor when you see the drawings. Till then I'm sure you can't bear the sight of my odious hand, so no more at present, as the saying is, but

Yours sincerely,

T. G.

Pall Mall.

You hear, I suppose, that all the lords and members have given up their privilege of franking, to ease the taxes. I'm sorry for it.

My dear Jackson, — I am much obliged to you for your last letter and the lessons received before. I think I now begin to see a little into the nature of modulation

and the introduction of sharps and flats, and when we meet you shall hear me play extempore. My friend Abel has been to visit me, but he made but a short stay, being obliged to go to Paris for a month or six weeks, after which he has promised to come again. There never was a poor wretch so fond of harmony with so little knowledge of it, so that what you have done is pure charity.

I'm sick of portraits, and wish very much to take my *viol da gam*, and walk off to some sweet village where I can paint landskips, and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease. But these fine ladies, with their tea-drinkings, dancings, husband-huntings, etc., etc., will job me out of the last ten years, and I fear miss getting husbands too.

But we can say nothing to these things, you know, Jackson; we must jog on, and be content with the jingling of the bells only. I hate kicking up a dust and being confined in harness, to follow the track whilst others ride in the wagon, under cover, stretching their legs in the straw at ease, and gazing at green trees and blue skies without half my taste. That's hard. My comfort is that I have five *viol da gambas*, three sayes, and two barak normans.

Adieu, dear Jackson, and

Believe me ever and sincerely yours,

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Bath, June 4th.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
POOR MATTHIAS.

POOR MATTHIAS! — Found him lying
Fall'n beneath his perch and dying? —
Found him stiff, you say, though warm —
All convulsed his little form?
Poor canary! many a year
Well he knew his mistress dear;
Now in vain you call his name,
Vainly raise his rigid frame,
Vainly warm him in your breast,
Vainly kiss his golden crest —
Smooth his ruffled plumage fine,
Touch his trembling beak with wine.
One more gasp — it is the end!
Dead and mute our tiny friend!
— Songster thou of many a year,
Now thy mistress brings thee here,
Says, it fits that I rehearse,
Tribute ask'd by thee, a verse,
Meed for daily song of yore
Silent now forevermore.

Poor Matthias! Wouldst thou have
More than pity? claim'st a stave? —

Friends more near us than a bird
 We dismiss'd without a word.
 Rover, with the good brown head,
 Great Atossa, they are dead —
 Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme
 Tells the praises of their prime.
 Thou didst know them old and gray,
 Know them in their sad decay ;
 Thou hast seen Atossa sage
 Sit for hours beside thy cage ;
 Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,
 Flutter, chirp — she never stirr'd !
 What were now these toys to her ?
 Down she sank amid her fur —
 Eyed thee with a soul resign'd —
 And thou deem'dst cats were kind !
 — Cruel, but composed and bland,
 Dumb, inscrutable and grand,
 So Tiberius might have sat,
 Had Tiberius been a cat.

Rover died — Atossa too.
 Less than they to us are you !
 Nearer human were their powers,
 Closer knit their life with ours.
 Hands had stroked them, which are cold,
 Now for years, in churchyard mould ;
 Comrades of our past were they,
 Of that unreturning day.
 Changed and aging, they and we
 Dwelt, it seem'd, in sympathy.
 Alway from their presence broke
 Somewhat which remembrance woke
 Of the loved, the lost, the young —
 Yet they died, and died unsung.

Geist came next, our little friend ;
 Geist had verse to mourn his end.
 Yes, but that enforcement strong
 Which compell'd for Geist a song —
 All that gay courageous cheer,
 All that human pathos dear ;
 Soul-fed eyes with suffering worn,
 Pain heroically borne,
 Faithful love in depth divine —
 Poor Matthias, were they thine ?

Max and Kaiser we to-day
 Greet upon the lawn at play.
 Max a dachshound without blot —
 Kaiser should be, but is not ;
 Max, with shining yellow coat,
 Prinking ears and dewlap throat —
 Kaiser, with his collie face,
 Penitent for want of race.
 — Which may be the first to die,
 Vain to augur, they or I !
 But, as age comes on, I know,
 Poet's fire gets faint and low ;
 If so be that travel they
 First the inevitable way,
 Much I doubt if they shall have
 Dirge of mine to crown their grave.

Yet, poor bird, thy tiny corse
 Moves me, somehow, to remorse ;
 Something haunts my conscience, brings
 Sad, compunctious visitings.

Other favorites, dwelling here,
 Open lived to us, and near ;
 Well we knew when they were glad,
 Plain we saw if they were sad —
 Joy'd with them when they were gay,
 Sooth'd them in their last decay —
 Sympathy could feel and show
 Both in weal of theirs and woe.

Birds, companions more unknown,
 Live beside us, but alone ;
 Finding not, do all they can,
 Passage from their souls to man.
 Kindness we bestow, and praise,
 Laud their plumage, greet their lays ;
 Still, beneath their feather'd breast,
 Stirs a history unexpress'd.
 Wishes there, and feelings strong,
 Incommunicably throng ;
 What they want, we cannot guess,
 Fail to track their deep distress —
 Dull look on when death is nigh,
 Note no change, and let them die.
 Poor Matthias ! couldst thou speak,
 What a tale of thy last week !
 Every morning did we pay
 Stupid salutations gay,
 Suited well to health, but how
 Mocking, how incongruous now !
 Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed,
 Never doubtful of thy need ;
 Praised, perhaps, thy courteous eye,
 Praised thy golden livery.
 Gravely thou the while, poor dear !
 Sat'st upon thy perch to hear,
 Fixing with a mute regard
 Us, thy human keepers hard,
 Troubling, with our chatter vain,
 Ebb of life, and mortal pain —
 Us, unable to divine
 Our companion's dying sign,
 Or o'erpass the severing sea
 Set betwixt ourselves and thee,
 Till the sand thy feathers smirch
 Fallen dying off thy perch !

Was it, as the Grecian sings,
 Birds were born the first of things,
 Before the sun, before the wind,
 Before the gods, before mankind,
 Airy, ante-mundane throng —
 Witness their unworldly song !
 Proof they give, too, primal powers,
 Of a prescience more than ours —
 Teach us, while they come and go,
 When to sail, and when to sow.
 Cuckoo calling from the hill,
 Swallow skimming by the mill,
 Mark the seasons, map our year,
 As they show and disappear.
 But, with all this travail sage
 Brought from that anterior age,
 Goes an unreversed decree
 Whereby strange are they and we ;
 Making want of theirs, and plan,
 Indiscernible by man.

No, away with tales like these
 Stol'n from Aristophanes !

Does it, if we miss your mind,
 Prove us so remote in kind?
 Birds! we but repeat on you
 What amongst ourselves we do.
 Somewhat more or somewhat less,
 'Tis the same unskilfulness.
 What you feel, escapes our ken —
 Know we more our fellow-men?
 Human suffering at our side,
 Ah, like yours is undescried!
 Human longings, human fears,
 Miss our eyes and miss our ears.
 Little helping, wounding much,
 Dull of heart, and hard of touch,
 Brother man's despairing sign
 Who may trust us to divine?
 Who assure us, sundering powers
 Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours?

Poor Matthias! See, thy end
 What a lesson doth it lend!
 For that lesson thou shalt have,
 Dead canary bird! a stave;
 Telling how, one stormy day,
 Stress of gale and showers of spray
 Drove my daughter small and me
 Inland from the rocks and sea.
 Driv'n inshore, we follow down
 Ancient streets of Hastings town —
 Slowly thread them — when behold,

French canary-merchant old
 Shepherding his flock of gold,
 In a low dim-lighted pen,
 Scann'd of tramps and fishermen!
 There a bird, high-colored, fat,
 Proud of port, though something squat —
 Pursy, play'd-out Philistine —
 Dazzled Nelly's youthful eyne.
 But, far in, obscure, there stirr'd
 On his perch a sprightlier bird,
 Courteous-eyed, erect and slim;
 And I whisper'd: "Fix on *him!*"
 Home we brought him, young and fair,
 Songs to trill in Surrey air.
 Here Matthias sang his fill,
 Saw the cedars of Pains Hill;
 Here he pour'd his little soul,
 Heard the murmur of the Mole.
 Eight in number now the years
 He hath pleased our eyes and ears;
 Other favorites he hath known
 Go, and now himself is gone.
 — Fare thee well, companion dear!
 Fare forever well, nor fear
 Tiny though thou art, to stray
 Down the uncompanion'd way!
 We without thee, little friend,
 Many years have not to spend;
 What are left, will hardly be
 Better than we spent with thee.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ANCIENT WORKS IN FLORIDA. — The *Trav-ers Herald* describes the finding of an ancient work in the digging a canal between Lakes Eustis and Dora, to open up the more southern lakes of the great lake region of Florida. The first excavations revealed the existence of a clearly defined wall lying in a line tending towards the south-west, from where it was first struck. The wall was composed of a dark brown sandstone, very much crumbled in places, but more distinct, more clearly defined, and the stone more solid as the digging increased in depth. The wall was evidently the eastern side of an ancient home or fortification, as the slope of the outer wall was to the west. About eight feet from the slope of the eastern wall a mound of sand was struck, embedded in the muck formation above and around it. This sand mound was dug into only a few inches, as the depth of the water demanded but a slight increased depth of the channel at that point; but enough was discovered to warrant the belief that here on the north-western shore of Lake Dora is submerged a city or town or fortification older by centuries than anything yet discovered in this portion of Florida. Small, curiously-shaped blocks of sandstone, some of them showing traces of fire, pieces of pottery, and utensils made of a mottled flint were thrown out by the men while working waist deep in water. One

spear-head of mottled flint, five and a half inches long by one and a quarter inches wide, nicely finished, was taken from the top of the sand mound, and about four feet below the water level of the lake.

THE CHEMICAL INGREDIENTS OF CIGAR-SMOKE. — In the chemical laboratory of the Bremen Sanitary Administration various experiments have lately been made for the elucidation of the above subject. According to the results obtained, some of the ingredients of tobacco-smoke are productive of poisonous effects, such as carbonic oxide, sulphide of hydrogen, etc., besides nicotine. The last-named substance is the one from which injurious effects from the use of tobacco arise, as the other substances named are of a very fugitive nature, and exist in but limited quantities in tobacco-smoke. According to the theory propounded in the statement in question, the quantity of nicotine destroyed during smoking is but small, hence it accumulates in the unconsumed end, which contains a proportion of nicotine in inverse ratio to its own size, as the longer a cigar is smoked the greater is the quantity of nicotine in the remaining part.

Lancet.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2012.—January 13, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVI.

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EPIGRAMS.

Shelley and Harriet Westbrook.

A GREAT star stoop'd from heaven and loved
a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an
hour :
Let eyes which trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruined rosebud, tears.

The Ruined Abbey.

Flower-fondled, clasp'd in ivy's close caress,
It seems allied with Nature, yet apart :
Of wood's and wave's insensate loveliness
The glad, sad, tranquil, passionate, human
heart.

An Epitaph.

His friends he loved. His fellest earthly
foes—
Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate,
My hand will miss the insinuated nose,
Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at
Fate.

A Parable.

A deft musician does the breeze become
Whenever an Aeolian harp it finds :
Hornpipe and hurdygurdy both are dumb
Unto the most musicianly of winds.

Anthony at Actium.

He holds a dubious balance : yet *that* scale,
Whose freight the world is, surely shall pre-
vail ?
No : Cleopatra droppeth into *this*
One counterpoising orient sultry kiss.

On Longfellow's Death.

No puissant singer he, whose silence grieves
To-day the great West's tender heart and
strong ;
No singer vast of voice : yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song.

"Subjectivity" in Art.

If, in the Work, must needs stand manifest
The Person, be his features, therein shown,
Like a man's thought in a god's words ex-
pressed—
His own and somehow greater than his own.

The Cathedral Spire.

It soars like hearts of hapless men who dare
To sue for gifts the gods refuse to allot ;
Who climb forever toward they know not
where,
Baffled forever by they know not what.

*Written in a Volume of Miss Christina E.
Rossetti's Poems.*

Songstress, in all times ended or begun
Thy billowy-blossomed fellows are not three.
Of those sweet peers the grass is green o'er
one ;
And blue above the other is the sea.

The Metropolitan Underground Railway.

Here were a goodly place wherein to die ;
Grown latterly to sudden change averse,
All violent contrasts fain avoid would I
On passing from this world into a worse.
W. W.

IT IS WELL.

"Is it well with thee, and with thy husband, and with
the child?" And she said, "It is well."—*a Kings,*
iv. 26.

Yes ; it is well ! The evening shadows
lengthen ;
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished
sight ;
And though the tender ties we strove to
strengthen
Break one by one—at evening-time 'tis light.

'Tis well ! The way was often dull and weary ;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load ;
No sunshine came from skies all gray and
dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows, once so hard to bear ;
That not again beside Death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner
anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and
gone ;
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish ;
So far the day is past, the journey done !

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port, beneath a calmer sky,
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

A sweet air cometh from the shore immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline ;
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles
divine.

'Tis well ! The earth with all her myriad
voices
Has lost the power our senses to enthral ;
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends ! We would not turn—
retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth
back ;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.
Chambers' Journal. J. H.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE PRIMITIVE POLITY OF ISLAM.

IN an altogether peculiar and distinctive sense Islâm is not simply a religion, but a polity, and so essentially a polity as to compel the Moslem peoples, even where most unlike, to struggle after its embodiment, its realization in society and the State. Sprenger has indeed described it, and truly enough, as a "religion of nomadic and semi-nomadic peoples;" but it is, nevertheless, a religion which does not leave the nomad in his primitive atomism, creates in him rather the sense of brotherhood, builds him into a political organization too immense to be bounded by his tribe or his desert. The Mohammedan Church is a State where religion and politics are completely fused and unified. Islâm is the one instituted or universal religion which has become, while doing what it regards as its proper work, the mother of empires. These have been most dissimilar, but the rise or the struggle towards the Mohammedan State has been the invariable result of the acceptance of the Mohammedan faith. It cannot live simply as a faith for persons, it must become a law for peoples. Such its founder intended it to be; such it became in his hands, and in the hands of his immediate successors; such it has been along the whole course of its history, and such it remains even now.

The success Islâm has achieved in this respect is most wonderful, and the wonder may seem increased rather than lessened by the disastrous failure that has in every case followed its extraordinary success. The States it has formed have been for the most part built out of the most unpromising and incohesive materials, wandering and warlike clans, Semitic or Turanian, which held in equal hatred each other and the city. It created the splendid empire of the Arabs that had its seat successively at Medina, Damascus, and Bagdad, the no less splendid empires of the Moors in Spain and northern Africa, of the Mamelukes and Ismaelians in Egypt and Syria, of the Moghuls in India, of the Turks in western Asia and eastern Europe, besides many minor States in Sicily, central and northern

Africa. And some of these empires were enlightened, liberal, civilized, agencies powerfully promotive of human progress. If the Arabs destroyed the literary treasures of Alexandria, they made splendid atonement by the scientific and literary wealth they created at Bagdad and Cordova. If they wasted Syria, they enriched Spain. If the Moghuls desolated, they also adorned India. Now, these facts suggest some important questions. Why has Islâm created so many States, and States so dissimilar in character, as those of the Arabs and Persians, of the Moors and the Turks? What relation had the culture of the more cultivated to their religion? How can its early bloom, its too brief life, and its utter decay be explained? How are the theology and polity, the religion and State, the ideas and institutions of Mohammed related? And what has been their influence on each other, on the history of the Mohammedan States, and on the development of the Mohammedan religion?

The purpose of this paper is to discuss the points raised by the two latter questions, but mainly with a view to the suggestion of an answer to the problems raised by the three earlier. This seems to me a discussion thoroughly relevant to the times. We are face to face with Islâm and its peoples as we never were before, and we are weighted with graver responsibilities than we have ever yet known. Where religion and polity are so essentially and indissolubly one, knowledge of the religion is as necessary to the statesman concerned with Moslem peoples as to the scholar whose special study is the religions. A statesman can wisely handle a Mohammedan State only as he understands its religion; while the student can comprehend the religion only as he studies it through the States it has founded, and the history it has made.

Enough, perhaps more than enough, has been written of late as to the history, character, and creed of Mohammed, and as to the conduct, condition, faith, and prospects of the Mohammedan peoples, especially the unspeakable Turk. But it is not enough to view these singly or together; we must look at them, if we are

to understand their religion, in their organic inter-relations; analyze, if possible, the elements or forces in the primitive faith which made it the creator of States, and which at once unite it to and distinguish it from the Islâm of to-day. History contrives in a wonderful way to exhaust alike the best and the worst possibilities of a faith, to prove its capabilities alike for good and evil. Its founder impersonates it but in part; is too much its creator to be altogether its creature. No religion is born complete; the interpreter is as necessary to it as the interpreted; the society that realizes the ideal as the ideal that is to be realized. And the process of interpretation or realization, while it may seem one of formal or even radical change, is yet one of real, though variously conditioned, historical development. Buddha might have some difficulty in recognizing, and more in acknowledging, the Buddhism of China and Thibet as the faith he founded; and the Christianity of the Churches is often instructively unlike the Christianity of Christ. Yet in each case the evolution of the later from the earlier can not only be traced and their affinity established, but the process can be shown to be logical, the result of potencies latent in the primitive germ, evoked into activity, and determined as to form by the conditions of place and time. Islâm, then, to be known, must be studied both as ideal and actual, in the man that made it, in the people it has made.

It may be as well that we at the outset define the character and place of Islâm as a religion. Religions may be divided into two classes — the natural and the instituted, or those that have grown out of the early naturalism, the aboriginal creation and possession of the collective people; and those that have been instituted or founded by the voluntary and conscious act of a person or persons. The first have their roots, like the common language and law, in the common spirit or life; but the second are creations of an individual spirit, and are marked throughout by its distinctive character and qualities. The one class exhibit in their more developed stage a transformed mythology,

and remain, in their deities, doctrines, and worship, organically connected with the social system and national ambitions of the peoples that gave them birth; but the other class represent a reformed and more distinctly ethical or intellectual conception of the universe and man, and their mutual relations. The natural are necessarily national religions, as incapable of becoming universal as the language and customs of their native lands; but the instituted either are or can be made universal in aim and endeavor. The former can extend only with the nation, new converts being but absorbed tribes; but the latter can be carried abroad and received by distant peoples as systems of truth, orders, and forms of worship. We may name as types of the first class, Hellenism, Brahmanism, the religions of Egypt and Rome; as types of the second, Hebraism, Zoroastrism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islâm. The former run back into an immemorial past, and are at once the measure and the mirror of their peoples' history; but the latter run back into great personalities, whose thoughts they embody, whose purposes and being they, as it were, immortalize. The instituted may thus be named historical religions, but the natural pre-historical. While these must be studied in and through the collective people, those can be studied through their respective founders, the history of the creative mind giving the genesis of the created faith.

Islâm, then, as an instituted religion, is the creation of a great personality, explicable through him, but through him as he lived in his own country and among his own people. Mohammed was in one sense no original genius. He originated indeed a religion, but he did it by working old elements into new combinations, not by producing the elements he actually combined. His genius was not thetic, but synthetic, not creative but constructive, the genius of the statesman rather than of the prophet. As Dozy has well said, "No religion is less original than Islâm;" everything in it is old, except — an immense exception indeed — the personality of its founder. At its basis may be said to lie Hanyfism and

Judaism, especially as the latter had been developed by the influences of Parseeism; superinduced upon these are selections from the ancient religion of Arabia and the depraved Christianity of Syria, and the whole is unified by the doctrine that Mohammed is the last and greatest of the prophets, the final authoritative organ of the divine will.

These obligations of Mohammed to older systems no one now disputes. Since his life and book have been critically studied, and used to interpret and explain each other, the very process of his conveyancing can be traced. We can see the gradual extension and correction of his historical knowledge, his improved use of Hebrew characters consequent on his improved acquaintance with them, the enlargement of his creed and ambitions and claims due to increased familiarity with the sources from which he borrowed. Thus his doctrine of God, as the One, the Eternal, the Almighty, the Merciful, the Omniscient, of the future state, with its heaven and hell, its rewards and punishments, of the judgment to come, of angels good and evil, of Satan and his works, are little else than transcripts of those current in the Judaism he knew. But the extent of his obligations becomes evident only when looked at in detail. Sentences in the Koran and in his traditional sayings agree almost literally with certain Talmudic verses. Thus he says: * "For this cause have we proscribed to the Children of Israel that whoso kills a soul unless it be for another soul, or for violence in the land, it is as though he had killed men altogether, but whoso saves one it is as though he saved men altogether;" and the saying is an almost verbal translation from the tract Sanhedrin † in the Mischna. The seven gates which he gives to hell, the tree Er Zaqqum which grows forth from its bottom, whose spathe is as it were the heads of devils, and from which the lost shall eat, his personification of hell, when it is asked, "Art thou full?" and it answers, "Are there any more?" the idea of the veil that divides the people of Paradise

from the people of the fire, the prayer of those who live in the fire to those who dwell in Paradise, "Pour out upon us water, or something of what God has provided you with," and their answer, "God has prohibited them both to those who misbelieve, who took their religion for a sport and a play, whom the life of the world beguiled" — these are but a few of his adaptations or conveyances from Talmudic Judaism. What he borrowed from Christianity was, though less, still not inconsiderable. Single sayings, like "Unbelievers shall not enter into Paradise until a camel shall pass into a needle's eye;" names like Jesus, John, Mary, Zacharias; statements as to the supernatural birth, miracles, and ascension of Jesus; his doctrine of Daddschâl or anti-Christ (Syriac Daggâl); his notion of the Holy Ghost as an angel, and indeed the angel who inspired him and revealed through and to him the divine will; his use of terms like *Iblis*, the Greek *διδάσκαλος* — are sufficient to show that he knew and borrowed from at least a legendary Christianity. But there is something much more extraordinary than what he took from these sources — namely, what he did not take. It is one of the most remarkable and significant facts in history that Mohammed so utterly failed to understand the moral character and contents alike of Judaism and Christianity, that his apprehension of both was so purely external and formal. Islâm consisted of five great duties — belief in God and his prophet, prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Of these, four were derived directly from Judaism, while the fifth was an ancient Arabian custom, adopted possibly partly at the suggestion of Judaism, but mainly to conciliate the native antagonism to the new doctrine. The matter indeed is extraordinary enough, that a man should borrow so much from the most sternly ethical of religions, and catch so little of its ethical spirit, bring away so few of its ethical qualities.

But if the doctrines of Islâm, viewed in the light of their sources, do not allow us to regard Mohammed as a creative genius, the religion in its corporate or organized

* Sura, v. 35.

† 4 5.

form shows him to have had transcendent constructive genius. What he borrowed, with little knowledge and much blundering, he combined into a system splendidly adapted to his people and his purpose. Islâm has lived — not by virtue of what in it was derived, but by virtue of what in it was original — by the system its prophet created rather than by the doctrines he appropriated. The faith of Islâm had been impotent without the polity of Mohammed.

In order to make this point clear we must carry out our characterization of the religion a little further.

1. Islâm is a Semitic monotheism, the latest born of the Semitic faiths, but having elements which it owes to the earliest. It is a far truer expression of the Semitic spirit than Judaism. What is so named is not the ancient religion of Israel, but only a more or less philosophical or ethical deism. When Judaism was driven forth from its home, without temple, or worship, or political organization, it ceased to be the religion of a nation, and became the creed of a scattered race, lost its historical continuity, and retained only its cosmopolitan and, as it were, portable elements. But Islâm, in spite of its vast extension and intermixture with alien peoples and faiths, remains in its essential character true to its Semitic origin, lives with its centre of gravity in Arabia, worships with its heart as well as its face turned towards Mecca.

In nothing does its radically Semitic nature come out more distinctly than in its notion of God. Here is expressed the fierce and exclusive spirit which despises a free and accountable monarchy, but can well understand and respect an absolute sovereignty, whether as exercised or obeyed. Islâm affirms the being and reign of the one God. He is essentially a personal and active being, standing in the most real and efficient relations with man. His authority is absolute, his rule universal, every man is certain to receive at his hands the retribution or reward he deserves. The theistic conception is here radically unlike the highest conceptions of Zoroastrism or Buddhism. The former is a transformed and ethicized naturalism; its rival deities are the ancient gods of the dark and bright heaven changed into spiritual entities. Their conflict is the great point; the being and might of the dark are as real as those of the bright god. When they are absorbed or sublimated into the higher deity, "Time without bounds," that is but the later meta-

physical superseding the earlier physical conception. Buddhism, again, rose out of a social revolution, and its atheism or nihilism is but the negation of the speculative basis on which the tyranny it hated reposed. That tyranny owned a multitude of deities; these Buddhism denied, that it might the better affirm an impartial and invariable moral order, which, without personality, or personal proclivities, guaranteed absolute repose to the man who had fairly earned it. But Islâm, while a revolt against the old Arabian idolatry, was a revival of the oldest Semitic monotheism, only adapted to the fierce Arabian spirit, and so without the sublime ethics of Mosaism. Its God was the only true God, "the Creator and Lord of the worlds," compassionate, merciful, almighty, the king and judge of men. But Mohammed, in appropriating, impoverished and deteriorated the ancient conception. The Moslem knows, as few monotheists do, that God is one and great, but he does not know, like Moses, that he is righteous, or like the prophets that he is holy, or like Christ that he is love. Yet, in the degree that the conception was narrowed and depraved, it was to the less cultured mind strengthened and vivified. God, by being lowered, was made at once more intelligible and more real, and so the more able to command the awe and obedience of men who can better fear the Almighty than love the All-righteous.

2. Islâm is a monotheism instituted and authenticated by a prophet. The Moslem may as little doubt the mission of Mohammed as the unity of God. His faith in the latter results from his faith in the former. Mohammed's position is unique. He is the one founder of a religion who is also the one and only author of its sacred books. His Koran is the most absolute and authoritative of revelations. The Hebrew Scriptures do not claim an authority so exclusive and final. They are the work of too many hands, represent too many minds, to admit of it. Each book is one of a series, and the writer assumes that God has spoken before him, and will speak after him. The prophet delivers his oracle to his own age, and does not imagine that when he ceases to speak the mouth of God will be shut. He imagines the very opposite — anticipates a time when the word of God will come in a more perfect form to more perfect men. And the Christian Scriptures are much more silent as to their own claims than the Hebrew, except,

indeed, the book that is named as by pre-eminence, "the Revelation." They are historical, ratiocinative, hortatory, rather than oracular. Even Christ, though he claims to be the Son of God, does not place his words in the same relation to man and the future that Mohammed did. He took no pains to preserve his speeches: he neither wrote himself, nor made others write. With what seemed utmost carelessness he flung his words into the listening air, making no record, causing no record to be made, leaving what of them survived in pious recollections to descend to later times. But the seeming carelessness was divinest wisdom, secured that men should not substitute the easy worship of the letter for the nobler service of the spirit. With Mohammed all was different. His ideas of what a revelation ought to be were not derived from the Hebrew or Christian Scriptures, but from the depraved Judaism, and still more depraved Christianity he knew; his claims were framed after their notions, embodied their worship of the letter. Allah swears by the glorious Koran; "It is a revelation of the Lord of the worlds," come down to mortals from on high. It was to live forever, and be forever an inviolable divine authority. His word is, as it were, his spirit petrified, the thoughts of the man turned into imperishable stone. And so Islâm is bound to the Koran as Christendom is not bound to either the Old or the New Testament, as indeed no other religion is bound to its sacred books. The Koran has frozen Mohammedan thought; to obey it is to abandon progress.

3. Islâm is a political rather than an ethical monotheism. It is, indeed, ethically the poorest and the lowest of the instituted religions. It is far inferior in moral elevation and endeavor to Zoroastrism, in moral earnestness, benevolence, and purity to Buddhism. And this is the more extraordinary as the older Semitic monotheisms were eminently ethical. Mosaism had its "Ten Words," a notable moral code for a people just struggling out of a nomadic into a settled life. The prophets were great preachers of righteousness, who enforced, by the most dread sanctions of their faith, clean hands, pure hearts, and right spirits. Christ not only impersonated but enjoined the noblest virtues, and inspired with an enthusiasm for goodness that made good, with a love of himself that involved the love and service of humanity. But Mohammed was, as we have seen, curiously deficient in

moral sense. While he seized with almost unexampled strength the idea of a one God, he was curiously destitute of insight into the spiritual nature of man, and into the relation that ought to exist between faith and action. The religious duties of Islâm are too formal, its virtues too simply sensuous. They spring out of the idea of the State or society rather than out of the idea of God. His first great duty — belief in God and his apostle — was a condition of citizenship. The daily prayers, fasting, alms, and the pilgrimage to Mecca are in nature and worth more political than religious. Mohammed has been praised for creating in Islâm the spirit of brotherhood; but many an ancient system or society had within similar limits done a similar thing, while centuries before Sakya Muni in India and Jesus in Judea had created the grander spirit of humanity — as great love for those who were not of our kind, as for those who were. He has been praised, too, for his success in making men clean and temperate, and he deserves it; but his temperance was without the fine comprehensiveness of the Greek *σωφροσύνη* or *ἐγκράτεια*. If the Moslem practises any religious virtue it is resignation, but he does it in a way that proves his blindness to the highest moral qualities of both God and man. Evil and good, sin and holiness, are ideas which Islâm can hardly be said to possess. It is without the sympathy with the sorrow of man, without the insight into it and its causes, which made the royal mendicant and preacher of India so winsome as a person, so powerful as a moral and reforming force, and which makes the divine sufferer of Christianity a so unique and splendid spiritual and ameliorative power.

The translation of the ethical into the political monotheism made Islâm a splendid historical success, but inflicted on it the gravest moral disaster. Mohammed, at Mecca, was a prophet; at Medina, a statesman; he founded at the former a religion, at the latter a State. The religion had three fundamental doctrines — (1) a supreme, sovereign God; (2) his government by rewards and punishments here and hereafter; and (3) the divine authority of the word that came through the prophet. Now in these there were great ethical possibilities, the germs of a moral theism akin to the one that we find in the Hebrew Scriptures. But Medina was fatal to the higher capabilities of Islâm. Mohammed became there a king; his religion was incorporated in a State, and

a State that had to struggle for its life in the fashion familiar to the rough-handed sons of the desert. The prophet was turned into the legislator and commander; his revelations were now laws and now military orders or manifestoes. The mission of Islâm became one that only the sword could accomplish, robbery of the infidel became meritorious, and conquest the supreme duty it owed to the world.

We may then thus describe the essential and distinctive character of Islâm. It is a monotheism based on and bound to the word of its founder; a religion embodied in a State. The formal are here as essential as the material elements. Faith in God is possible only where there is faith in his Prophet. The great duties of the Moslem are ceremonial and political, can be fulfilled without the man being in the proper sense moral and humane. It has been termed the simplest,* but could be described with more truth as the most inflexible, of all positive religions. A religion to be permanent must be progressive, but to be progressive it must be capable of formal without essential change, able at once to evolve and organize the latent spiritual, ethical, and rational elements alike in man and society, assimilating the new good while expelling the new as well as the old evil, filling out and enlarging its original scheme of thought and life with the new wealth and wonders which mind is ever adding to the old. But the system in which the form is as divine as the spirit, the institution as the truth, is a system which can allow no change and no progress. Now Islâm is an elastic spirit placed in an iron framework. The spirit has now and then struggled hard to escape from its prison, has once or twice almost done so; but the founder had done his work thoroughly, and the prison was too secure. The progressive was sacrificed to the stationary, and in things religious the stationary becomes the stagnant. Failure was perhaps inevitable: success might have spared the religion of Islâm, but must have doomed the religion of Mohammed.

We are now in a position to understand and exhibit the action and interaction of the theology and polity in Islâm, their influence on each other, on the development and behavior of the religion, on the systems and States it has formed. And here it is necessary clearly to recognize what

* Dozy, *Hist. des Musulmans d'Espagne*, vol. i., p. 13.

has been already intimated, that Mohammed left behind, not simply a book, but a State, not only a doctrine to be believed, but a polity embodied in an actual and active empire. He was at once a prophet and a king, became a king because he was a prophet, made his prophecies the basis of his regal authority, but used his regal power to enforce his prophetic claims. The sudden birth of the polity, while it arrested the growth of the ethical spirit, and secularized what of it was spared, secured to Islâm an organized existence, a corporate being as a compact and aggressive State. The immediate result was one of the most extraordinary triumphs in history. The Arab tribes, hitherto divided by ceaseless and bloody feuds, were fused into a united and enthusiastic brotherhood. A multitude of wandering hordes, who distrusted and even hated each other, and who had never owned obedience to any king or emperor, were suddenly by the creative word of one man built into a complete and well-knit political organism. The theocracy which had been the dream of the Hebrew prophet, became a reality in the hands of the ignorant and sensuous Arabian. He was the vicar of God, the divine word and will incarnate; his simplest sayings had a divine authority, his aims a divine sanctity. He ruled in a spirit and manner which the wild Arabs could thoroughly understand. If his oldest friend denied his claims and defied his authority, he was shown no mercy; if his worst enemy became a disciple, he was treated as a friend. He was at feud with every man or clan that refused faith or submission. Where he conquered he levied tribute, where his supremacy was acknowledged, protection was granted. When he died, a most unwonted peace reigned in Arabia, his religion seemed to have created unity and conquered hate; and an army was waiting to be sent into Syria to bring the Gentile infidels into obedience to the new faith. The religion that lived an unprospering and precarious life so long as it depended on the prophetic word alone, became an aggressive and victorious power so soon as it was embodied in a State.

In order to estimate rightly the nature and active spirit of the Mohammedan State, we must note two things—the influence of the personal conduct and character of the founder on his religion, and the historical importance of the society he founds. Buddha has become the deity of Buddhism. He is the ideal of all its

virtues; the source of all its light; the impersonation of the qualities his people most love and admire. The grand aim of the Buddhist is to attain a perfection like Buddha's. And Christ's personal power is a matter of familiar experience. Men who have fallen from faith in dogmatic Christianity, feel a charm thrown over them by the beautiful harmony, soft strength, exalted and lovely purity of Christ. The last thing men lose, as the first thing they gain, is love of him. Perhaps his personal influence is at this moment the one really strong power that holds Christendom to its belief. And as is the founder of a religion, so is the society he founds. It is as nearly as possible his multiplied and more or less perfect image. Buddha, the ascetic and preacher, makes preachers and ascetics. His faith is a faith that spreads by preaching, and by the manifestation in the preachers of their master's spirit. Christ, the teacher come from God, the non-political rabbi, who renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's, creates a society or kingdom of the truth, which lives by faith and grows by teaching. Christianity penetrated the Roman Empire without questioning its authority, without assaulting its government. The earliest Christian missionaries, innocent of political aims and ambitions, lived but to teach the truths they had received.

And the law that has operated in other religions operated also in Islâm. Mohammed's personal influence has been enormous. His good and evil qualities, his enthusiasm for his great idea, his fanaticism against idolatry, his treachery, cruelty, self-indulgence, and sensualism have all powerfully acted on Mohammedan conduct and character. And his society or State was the mirror of his mind. In it he was supreme. And as he was the ideal man, his State became the ideal State. It was the duty of the individual and the society to possess the faith and realize the aims of the Prophet — to realize them, too, in the Prophet's way. The dependence on him, on his written or reported word, was absolute. The Koran was soon found to be insufficient for the needs of the State, and had to be supplemented by the Sunna, — *i.e.*, the record of those sayings and acts of Mohammed which oral tradition had at first preserved. The second is as authoritative as the first, and makes the imitation of the Prophet's conduct and character a duty as absolute as the belief of his word.

Mohammed thus left a highly organized religion. It had a sacred book, which was the final and infallible word of God. It had oral traditions, a complete picture of the living and speaking man, as sacred as the written word. It had a State which he had constituted and drilled in the work it had to do. And these all stood in the most vital and organic relation to each other, penetrated by the faith in the unity of God. The first result of Mohammed's death was the paralysis of his system. The apostasy was general, and it seemed as if the State must die with its founder. But the converts he had made in his earlier and nobler period rose to the occasion. The splendid sincerity of his first disciples is the most invincible proof of his own. He was to them in word and act the revealed will of God. What he had designed to do, they must accomplish. The army he had intended for Syria was sent into Syria. It soon returned victorious, and the spirited foreign policy acted as a vigorous tonic on home politics. Arabia rallied to the green banner of the Prophet, and rushed to the conquest of the world. Persia, Syria, Egypt, northern Africa, fell each an easy prey to its sons, and they carried, with a swiftness almost incredible, the faith in the divine unity eastward to the Hindu Cush, and westward to the Atlantic.

A much more extraordinary thing than this rapid conquest was the rapid development of the Mohammedan polity, and its application to the conquered peoples and lands. The success was so great as to be almost disastrous; the sudden extension of the State might well have proved its ruin. But the ideal of the Prophet was wonderfully adapted to the changed conditions, and the State, which here means the religion, was saved. The empire of the Arabs, as illustrative of the polity and theology of Islâm, comes before us in three great divisions, (1) under the first four caliphs, the successors who had been companions of Mohammed; (2) under the Ommayyades; (3) under the Abbasides. The capital of the first was Medina, the second Damascus, of the third Bagdad; and the changes of place were significant. The significance may be thus represented: the first empire was true to the spirit and purpose of Mohammed; the second was but the veiled revival of the ancient Arabian feuds and paganism; the third was the revolt of the Persian against the Arabian mind. The effects of these successive developments

on Islâm and its polity we must now attempt to exhibit.

1. Islâm under the first four caliphs, the successors who were also the companions of Mohammed. The empire at this period was, as Kremer says,* "nothing else than a great religio-political association of the Arabian clans for general robbery and conquest under the religious banner of Islâm, and with the watchword, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his apostle.'" It was but an application to the world of the system he had set a-going in Arabia. The caliph was the successor, "the vicar of the apostle of God;" his soldiers were his missionaries. Religion and State were identical, every civil act was sacred. Supreme religious involved supreme regal dignity. The same man interpreted and applied the divine laws, written and oral, controlled the army, administered the finances, led the prayers, and directed the consciences of the people. The policy of the period stands impersonated in Omar. He is the greatest of the companions of Mohammed — possibly did more for the success of the faith than its founder. He combines, as it were, the parts of its Peter and Paul. He is as impetuous and outspoken as the first; as far-sighted, courageous, independent, as loyal to conscience and truth as the second. He rebukes and remonstrates with the Prophet when others dare hardly dissent in silence; he develops with the severest logic, and applies with the most daring consistency, the principles of his master. The State income was held to be the property of the faithful, and to exist for their behoof. The Prophet had distributed four-fifths of the booty taken in wars, retaining but a fifth for his own and State purposes. Their conquests enormously enriched the Arabs and the empire. The movable goods that were captured were divided on the Prophet's principle between the army and the State, but the lands of the conquered were not allowed to be so divided. If a country capitulated, the people were permitted to hold their lands, but had to pay both a poll and a land tax. If a country was vanquished, and had to surrender without conditions, the lands became the State's, but the people were allowed to remain as tenants, their rents going into the imperial exchequer. The vast wealth which came to the State from these various sources was, after Mohammed's ex-

ample, distributed among the believers. It was theirs; they were brethren. A census was taken, an order of merit established, and according to it each man, woman, or family received. The idea was generous; the creation of a noble religious enthusiasm. Kremer says,* "In ancient Asiatic empires, as in the Roman, there had been general enumerations of the people, but every such census was only intended to introduce harder conditions and heavier taxes, and to prevent any forlorn lambkin of the human flock escaping the shears of the tax-gatherer. Omar took his census for an opposite purpose, in order that there might from the State income be distributed to all those who believed the Koran the share that the then prevalent opinion held to be their rightful due." But while the act stands alone in civil history, it does not stand alone in religious. Communism seems to the new-born religious society but the proper social expression of its brotherhood. Islâm was but illustrating on an immense scale, and in a civil form, the action of principles that Buddhism and Christianity had each in its own way also illustrated centuries before.

But much more was necessary than an equitable division of the spoil; the people had to be preserved from conquest and from its more obvious dangers. Conquest scattered the faithful. They were spread over many countries. They might settle, marry, be absorbed into the older population, lose their faith, and be lost to it. Or they might be enervated by foreign influences, weakened by frequent subdivisions and new interests, be too far and too long distant from the seat of empire, the home of the Prophet, and the birthplace of their faith. So it was necessary that the polity should be so interpreted and applied as to secure the purity and unity of the brotherhood. It had to be protected against dispersion and division. And hence it was decreed that no Moslem Arab could possess or cultivate the soil in any conquered land. He was not to build or purchase a house in any city. He was not to learn or use any foreign speech, or imitate any foreign costume or custom. The distinction between the races and the religions was emphasized to eye and heart; the Moslem was made to feel a conqueror, a soldier, and a superior, living among subject peoples while his home was elsewhere. And Arabia was as jeal-

* *Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Chalifen*, I., p. 353.

* *Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Chalifen*, I., p. 70.

ously guarded against alien taint as her sons. She was made a holy land, sacred to God and his Prophet. In it there was to be no religion but Islâm. Every idolater, every Jew and Christian, must, even though of Arab blood, leave the consecrated soil. It was to bear none but the soldier missionaries of Mohammed, to be a source whence the pure and undefiled faith could perennially flow. The son of the desert loves his home, thinks that the city depraves man, and bears but sickly and feeble children. And so the purity of the desert was to guarantee the purity at once of the faith and the brotherhood; the Arabian air, polluted by no alien or infidel breath, was to nurse and inspire the men who were for the glory of Islâm to conquer and rule the world.

But what of the subject peoples? The Arabs had qualities that might have made them good governors. They were chivalrous, generous, open-handed, qualified by their native tendencies and instincts to be nobler masters than the men who ruled the exhausted empires of Persia and Rome. But the religious difficulty or temper did not allow the native spirit free play. So it was decreed that the religions that had sacred books, Judaism, Christianity, and Zoroastrism, might, as Mohammed had declared, be tolerated. And tolerated they were, but on what terms? The Christians were to build no new churches or monasteries, were not even to repair those that had fallen into decay. They were to allow the Moslem soldiers to be quartered for three successive nights, if necessary, in their churches; to erect no cross on spire or turret; to show no sacred or religious book in a street where Moslems were; never to sing or pray aloud in the churches when any were near; to bury in quiet places, and avoid public processions. They were not to attempt to make proselytes, to imitate the Arab dress or manners, to sit while a Moslem stood, to ride while one walked, or to hold one as a slave. They were not to speak Arabic, bear Arabic names, grave Arabic words or characters upon their signet rings, or instruct their children in letters. And if any one of these conditions was violated, the conqueror was free to do as he willed with the disobedient person, city, or province.

This polity represents the Mohammedan spirit in its purity and strength. It was the creation of the men who best knew the Prophet, who had been made by him, who were possessed by his ideas and fanatically loyal to his memory and pur-

poses. We have here the ideal doing its utmost to command the actual; a later age will show the actual assuming command of the ideal. When a faith is young enough to inspire self-forgetful enthusiasm, the disciple lives for his master; when it is old enough to have learned prudence and studied profit, the master is too often made to live for the disciple. It is a true instinct that makes a religion seek its age of greatest purity in its hour of freshest life. Our deepest controversies are but controversies as to the interpretation of Christ and new-born Christianity; our apostolic is our golden and ideal age. And as with us so with the Mohammedan. The lives of the successors, who were also the companions, of Mohammed are his Acts of the Apostles; their letters and laws his canonical Epistles. His faith has its highest, because its purest, expression in its earliest age. The polity of Omar is the ideal of Mohammed applied to the conquest and government of the world.

2. Islâm under the Ommayyades. In Omar the attempt to realize the political or theocratic ideal culminated; his death marks the beginning of many changes. Personal ambitions and aims began to emerge, and found room enough for the most vigorous life. While Mohammed had lived, he had been a most absolute autocrat. He was the impersonated authority of God. The believers were brothers, but he was the absolute master of their minds and lives, maker of them, not made by them. But once he was dead, the brotherhood remained; no man could claim pre-eminence, he could only receive it. The community alone had the right to say who should rule it; the *vox populi* was here the *vox Dei*. In the day of small things the choice was easy, the most trusted friends of the Prophet were well known. But success and time made the choice increasingly difficult. Othman, Omar's successor, was elected, and ruled in the spirit of the old clanship rather than in that of the new faith. His successor was Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law. Ali's election revived old feuds and caused new wars, which resulted in his death. His adversary and successor was the son of Abu Sofian, Mohammed's oldest and bitterest enemy, latest convert and coldest friend. But he was the representative of the ancient aristocracy of Mecca, and so in the new caliph its prescriptive rights were vindicated. He was a capable enough man, and had the skill to make the office hereditary in his house,

A forced convert is not always a gain, a good enemy may be better than a bad friend; and the original sin of their forced conversion adhered to the house of Om-maya. Of the thirteen caliphs it gave to Islâm, there was but one a saint, and he was "a sair saint for the crown." The others were but ill-disguised heathens, luxurious, bibulous, unfaithful to both the real and the ideal aims of their office. Where the man who is at once prophet, priest, and king is bad, the people can hardly be good. Sudden wealth means sudden waste. Conquest enriched the Arabs; riches created luxury; and luxury is fatal to a pure enthusiasm, either religious or martial. The ancient ideas ceased to penetrate the polity; it was administered less as a religion and more as a civil system. The State was no longer a communal brotherhood. The revenues were raised for the court, not distributed among the faithful. Arabia was not guarded as of old; Medina was forsaken for Damascus. The democratic, communistic, and puritanical elements of the polity were thus eliminated; and while their theocratic base remained, it was without the old stability and strength.

Into the causes of this change it is neither necessary nor possible to inquire here. It is enough to say that the deepest cause lay in the essential nature of the religion. It was too much a civil polity, too little an ethical faith, it existed more as a sensuous form than as a moral force. The Moslems themselves recognized the distinction here implied, as the following tradition may show:—

Once the Angel Gabriel came in the form of an Arabian to Mohammed and placed himself so that his knees touched the knees of the Prophet. Then he said:

"Apostle of God. What is Islâm?"

"It is," answered Mohammed, "to confess that there is no God but Allah, and that I am his apostle, offer the prescribed prayers, give alms, fast in the month Ramadhan, and perform the pilgrimage as often as possible."

"You are right; and what is Imân?"

"It is that you believe in God, in His angels, in His Book, in His Apostle, in the day of judgment, in the predestination of the good and the evil."

"You are right; and what is Ihsân?"

"It is that you serve God as if you saw Him; for although you do not see Him, He sees you."*

The first represents the religion which the polity incorporated; the second its more, and the third its most, spiritual

forms. In historical order, the highest was, as already indicated, the first, the lowest the last. Mohammed's earliest converts were converted to his simple sublime monotheism, but his latest were simply received into his State, naturalized by a merely external act. The faith was everything to the former, but its accidents too often satisfied the latter, and allowed the ambitious to use the enthusiasm and organization which the Prophet had created, for their own selfish ends.

But the period of political decline was also a period of theological activity. In it schools were formed that were destined to exercise a powerful influence on the history of the Mohammedan States, and the evolution of Mohammedan thought. The rise of dogma is always a great moment for a religion, indeed almost as great as the moment of its birth. It marks the hour when reason awakens, and turns its eye upon the face of faith. It marks, too, the beginning of the conflict in which reason strives to make faith reasonable, and no conflict could be more fruitful of good or ill for the future.

Mohammedan thought had a glorious future before it; and as it was for centuries to hold aloft the torch of science, and light the world through its dark ages into a brighter day, we may as well mark the conditions under which it was born and began its career. In Islâm, itself the creation of an ignorant man and people, there was no spirit that could have created sweet and reasonable science. It gave without doubt an enormous impulse to the Arabian mind, but the impulse was political rather than intellectual. Mind, indeed, quickened in one faculty is quickened in all, and the Arabian mind was wonderfully enlarged by the larger world it so suddenly confronted. But it was thus made receptive rather than creative: the mind that created the science of the Arabs was not the Arab mind. The captive has before now led his captor into captivity.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit.

The Arabs had never been thinkers; they had the whole art of thinking to learn. In Syria and Persia they found peoples who had known many faiths, many systems, who had latent and expressed ideas, habits, and tendencies of thought formed by centuries of culture. Many of these passed over into Islâm, but did not become in it as the sensuous, unreflecting Arab. They studied the new faith with intellects trained to other systems, through

* Dozy, *Het Islamisme*, p. 120.

inherited thoughts and modes of the spirit that make its atmosphere and set its object in dim or distinct outline before the eye. Two notable things, often illustrated in the history of religions, are the influence of an old race upon a new faith, and the influence of a strong and flexible and growing faith upon a fresh and unformed people. Of the latter the action of Christianity on the Teutonic nations is an example; of the former the action of Persia on Islâm. The Persian had already exercised immense influence on other faiths. Judaism, in its doctrine of good and evil, of angels, of the resurrection, in much of its symbolism and in its methods of interpretation, had been made to feel the force and fascination of the Magian mind. So had Christianity in the sects that stood midway between it and heathenism, on the one hand, and Judaism on the other. Gnosticism, with its theories of the abyss, the *πλήρωμα*, the æons, with its hatred of matter and love of the spirit, which alone could know; Manichæism, with its crude and convenient dualism, its attribution of all evil to matter, of all good to spirit — were, it may be said, irruptions of the Persian mind within the domain of forming and half-formed Christianity. But its most signal and complete victory was within Islâm. Into the monotonous and prosaic system of the Arabian it introduced the wealth of its own rich and fantastic and pantheistic mysticism, a mysticism enriched not simply by the ancient native wealth, but by the speculations of the more distant Orient. Then, as Islâm was more generous to the men of alien blood on its intellectual than on its political side, they were of the brothers that studied rather than of those that ruled, the Church, as it were, offering a freer path to a profession and preferment than the State. The Arab was jealous of the alien in the court, but not in the school. Hence, in the region of thought, the foreign became the creative mind; while the faith was made in Arabia, the theology was made in Syria and Persia under the influences from the dead and living that there reigned. As the Arab historian, Ibn Chaldoun, said, "The majority of those who, to the great advantage of Islâm, taught and preserved the sacred traditions were Persians, and the same is true of our systematic theologians and commentators on the Koran." What the Greek and Latin minds did for Christian thought and polity, the Syrian and Persian did for Mohammedan. Then, too, the classical philosophy, driven from

the last refuge of its fallen fortunes in Greece, had found what of a home it needed in the land of the once hated Persian, and with his fall remained to the Arab. Into his schools it passed, lived its old self under new forms and conditions, giving to his thought critical and scientific method, receiving from it a new and noble impulse. And then Islâm tolerated Judaism, Christianity, and Parseeism, or rather the many curious sects that, living under one or other of these names, had grown out of the intermingling of the Indian, Persian, and Judæo-Christian faiths. Their schools co-existed. Damascus, the seat of Mohammedan authority and thought, was also the great Christian school of Syria. In Babylon the Jew, the Manichee, and the Moslem lived and discussed together. The problems of the one school became those of the other, and into the Koran ideas were interpreted that would have puzzled or shocked the untutored mind of the Prophet. Simple sentences became the symbols of abstruse thoughts, native to the Greek or Syrian but alien to the Arab intellect. Here, as elsewhere, the book was made to prove a system it had not produced, and texts were turned into proofs of what the mind had given rather than what it had received. The theistic ideas of the Semite and the scientific ideas of the Aryan, were brought into new and living relations, and the combination was the creative germ of the new, as distinguished from the ancient, world of thought.

The theological schools that now arose became the factors of important political changes. The identity of the theology and the polity made thought a great practical force. Ghazzali says: "Just as men must have a prince to rule them, so the prince needs a law to rule him." Most true, but if the man who interprets the law may interpret it, not only so as to show how the prince ought to rule, but whether he has any right to rule at all, the consequences to the prince may be more serious than agreeable. And it was characteristic of Islâm that its earliest theological were its deepest political problems, concerned the person, rights, and authority of the ruler. There were two great schools which may be termed respectively the theo-autocratic, and the theo-democratic. The one had as its basis the divine authority of the Prophet and the revelation he created, the other the divine rights and relations of the State he instituted. The first took its

stand on the supremacy and inspiration of Mohammed; argued that these implied divine favors and gifts, infallibility of word and deed, that the rights he possessed he could transmit, that he had transmitted them to his son-in-law Ali, and his descendants. The second took its stand on the notion of brotherhood; argued that the Prophet had declared all Moslems brothers, that the brothers had the right to say who should rule them, that the property of the State belonged to them, and that each ought to receive from its treasury the share his services and merits deserved. The former school, which became the Shi'ite sect, was essentially Persian, the latter, which became the sect of the Charigites, as essentially Arabian. In Persia theories of apotheosis had a congenial home; there the ruler had been a more or less deified despot. In Arabia the Bedouin was a democrat, allowed no man to be his ruler by divine or hereditary right, made by his own act the only chief he could condescend to obey.

3. The growth of these schools proved fatal to the house of Ommaya. The one hated it because it had usurped a position and authority that were held to be the inalienable rights of the Prophet's family, the other hated it because it had usurped powers and possessions that were held to be the inalienable property of the people. It offended against the theory that magnified the person and kin of the Prophet by the supersession and treacherous destruction of his descendants; it offended against the theory that magnified the community by its abolition of the elective caliphate and the appropriation to its own use of the communal wealth. The more these theories spread the more insecure became the empire of the Ommayades. And so the evolution of theological thought irresistibly tended to create political revolution. In it the Persian was victorious. His doctrine of apotheosis, investing the Prophet with divine dignity and honor, carried the descendants of his uncle, Abbas, to the throne, and so the Persian avenged his defeat by the Arab, by translating his own thought into the speech and system of the Prophet. The veiled pantheism of Persia superseded the revived paganism of Arabia, and by introducing a whole army of minor deities or saints, modified and softened the rigid deism which had awed and satisfied the Semites of the desert.

To attempt to carry the discussion further would take us far beyond our avail-

able limits. Enough has been written to show the place of polity in Islâm, the necessity of considering and handling it not simply as a monotheism, a religion based on a simple and rudimentary theology, but as a theocracy, a theism incarnated in a political system. Its burning questions have all been connected with the structure or nature of this system, the forms and agencies under and through which its political being and ideals were to be realized. These have stirred, still stir, its fiercest fanaticism, have created its sects, occasioned its bloodiest intestine feuds, inspired its foreign and missionary wars. These questions divide the Mussulman world of to-day, agitate it with strange hopes of a Messiah, a descendant and heir of the Prophet, who comes to fulfil his work. It is a delusion to imagine that the sultan of Turkey is the Moslem *Pontifex Maximus*. The one-half of the Mussulman world does not recognize him; the other half doubts his authority, and is at any moment prepared to deny it. They do not forget how he came by it, and that he does not fulfil any one of the conditions necessary to a true caliph. It came to him in consequence of the conquest of Egypt by Selim I., in 1516. That ambitious and warlike sultan captured the last of the Abbasides, and carried him to Constantinople. There he was constrained or persuaded by the bribe of his freedom and an annual pension to hand over his title and office to Selim, and ever since the Turkish sultans have claimed and have by a section been acknowledged to be the successors of Mohammed, and head of his orthodox Church. But the acknowledgment was never universal, and was always largely dependent on victory attending the banner of the Prophet. The caliphate of the sultan is too purely political, is without the theological basis which could alone give it legitimacy and authority to the conscience of the truer Islâm. He owes it neither to the voice and votes of the faithful, nor to his descent from the Prophet or the Prophet's family or tribe, but to the skill of his diplomacy and the success of his sword. And these form a rather insecure basis for a great religious claim, especially in the eyes of those who will not forget that the man who makes it is an alien, while they strongly believe that the man to whom alone it can belong of right must be of their own blood. The sultan of Turkey may indulge in Panislamic dreams, but he will never realize them. The world of Islâm is too

deeply divided, and too deeply divided about him, to be unified and vivified by him. His caliphate is to the sections most radically opposed, alike to those most loyal to the Prophet and to those most loyal to the people, to the men who most love the holy book, and the men who most love the holy land, a deep offence, an act of worst usurpation. Everywhere throughout Islām the passions and aspirations and hopes are at work that create a revival or a revolution in religion, but where these are strongest Turkey is least loved, the sultan's authority either little regarded or openly denied. In an historical religion, fanaticism always assumes the form of a return to the primitive type; and at this moment the true believers in Mohammed turn from the exhausted and depressing present to seek their ideal in that inspiring period of the past when their faith lived in newborn purity and victorious strength; and then they lift their eyes to the future, in the fond hope that one of the Prophet's blood shall come, in the Prophet's name, mighty to save.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XIX.

(continued.)

"I HOPE, after this, you won't go on howling about your bad luck, Marescalchi," growled Lord Salford, as they parted at the corner of St. James's Street. "Never saw a fellow hold such cards in my life!"

"Good-night," answered Philip curtly, too sick at heart and disgusted with the whole business to resent the very unfounded accusation brought against him.

He hurried home, and, letting himself in with his latch-key, stole up-stairs, oppressed by that guilty sensation which even the least henpecked of husbands must experience in coming in between three and four o'clock in the morning. A thread of light proceeding from beneath the drawing-room door did not serve to diminish this feeling of compunction. He turned the handle softly, and peeped in. Fanny was lying in her arm-chair beside the empty fireplace, fast asleep. Her head had fallen back a little, and Philip could not help noticing how sharp the outline of her chin, which had

once been so prettily rounded, had become. There were lines, too, about the corners of her mouth, and she moved uneasily in her sleep, uttering, every now and then, a low moan which went straight to the listener's heart. He drew nearer, and stood looking down upon her. One of her hands was hanging down by her side; the book which it had held had fallen from it on to the floor. It was not Lindley Murray nor the "History of England," as of yore; it was a child's picture-book, which Philip remembered to have bought, some weeks before, in the Burlington Arcade. He picked it up, and put it on the table beside a small heap of broken toys, a photograph, and a curl of fluffy golden hair that were lying there; then he laid his hand gently on the sleeper's shoulder.

She woke with a violent start, and, knitting her brows, looked about her for a moment in a scared, puzzled way. "Oh, Philip, is that you?" she said at last. "You were so long in coming, and I fell asleep; and now the fire has gone out, and you will be cold. I am so sorry!"

Then she caught sight of the little collection of treasures on the table, and swept them hastily into her work-basket. It was an unlucky movement. Philip, who, a minute before, would have been ready to drop on his knees before this poor little neglected wife of his and implore her forgiveness, understood the meaning of it—the withdrawal of confidence and tacit reproach that it implied—and was offended.

"I am not cold," he answered; "but you are, and no wonder! You really must give up this ridiculous habit of sitting up till I come in. It is not often that I am so late as this; but it would be impossible for me to promise to be at home at any given hour; and I can't have you making yourself ill by doing without your proper amount of sleep. Don't do it again, there's a good girl."

"Very well, Philip," answered Fanny meekly.

"And look here, Fan," continued Philip, feeling that he was behaving rather badly, and therefore the more out of humor, "I do think you might try to stop grieving over what can't be helped. If you mourn from now to the last day of your life, you won't bring the poor little man back: and what good does it do you to make others uncomfortable and wretched?"

Fanny shook her head, and made no answer. The tears were running down her

cheeks; but she had turned her back to Philip, and was staring at the black cinders in the grate; so he did not see this, and thought her obstinate.

"Oh, I'm awfully hard-hearted, of course," he cried impatiently. "I ought not to leave you alone all night and all day; but I can't help it. My good girl, don't you see that you simply drive me away? I should go mad if I were to sit here by the hour together without daring to open my lips."

Fanny burst suddenly into loud weeping. "Oh, I wish I was dead too!" she exclaimed. "I wish I was!—I wish I was! You don't care for me any more—I have known it for a long time, and I don't blame you—what is there to care for in me? Only I wish I could go to baby. I feel as if he *must* want me; and nobody wants me here. Perhaps, if I prayed very hard to die, God would let me go."

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said Philip, passing his arm round her waist and drawing her head down on to his shoulder; "you mustn't talk like that, and you must never say again that I don't care for you; because it isn't true. I spoke crossly to you just now, and I am sorry I did; but you don't know how many things I have to worry me. Come, now, don't cry any more, Fan, and let us kiss and be friends."

Fanny allowed herself to be soothed and comforted, like the child that she was; and Philip went on.

"You are upset and off your balance altogether, you poor little soul. You ought to get away, and have a complete change. You would like that, wouldn't you? You would like to get out of this dismal, choking town into the fresh air?"

Fanny drew in her breath. "Oh, how I should like it! But we can't go, can we, Philip?"

"Why not? I am sick of London myself, and I should ask for nothing better than to shake off the dust from my shoes against it, and depart—at all events for a time. Signora Tommasini was mentioning Italy to me to-day; do you remember how we used to talk of going to live in Italy? What should you say to Florence, now? Do you think a fine warm sun and blue skies would bring the roses back into your face?"

A pink flush had already mounted into Fanny's cheeks, and her eyes had grown brighter. "I don't think I should mind

where we went," said she; "any place would suit me that suited you, dear—any place, except this dreadful London. But Italy!—oh, it would be like Heaven! And perhaps, if we were there—perhaps —"

"Well?"

"Perhaps—don't be angry, Philip," murmured Fanny, glancing up into his face as she twisted one of his coat-buttons nervously between her thin fingers; "but I was thinking that perhaps, if we were there, you wouldn't have such a great many friends, and then —"

"And then I shouldn't always leave you to your own devices, as I have done lately. Ah, Fan, I have been a selfish brute, I'm afraid; but I'm going to turn over a new leaf now, and we'll forget all our troubles, and go and live in Arcadia—you never heard of Arcadia, did you? Well, my dear, it's the place where the Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses live when they're at home—a delightful country, where it is always spring, and the sheep trot about with broad blue neckties on, and everybody goes to bed at sunset, and love is eternal, and latch-keys are unknown. You won't discover it in your atlas; but I dare say you and I may manage to find our way there, if we try."

Philip went on talking this pleasant nonsense until he succeeded in making his wife laugh for the first time since her great sorrow. He was perfectly sincere at the moment, and was greatly enamored of the notion of escape from all the vexations and vanities of a cold-hearted metropolis; but of course, when he thought it over in the prosaic daylight, he perceived that nothing short of a miracle could render such escape possible. Who was to defray the cost of a journey to Florence? Who was to pay the tradesmen's bills? Above all, who was to pay Lord Salford?

So, although he continued to talk in a vague way about Italy, no preparations for immediate departure were made; but he did so far redeem his promise of turning over a new leaf that for ten successive days he contrived to reach home before midnight, and he was so kind and thoughtful and like his old self that, during those ten days, poor Fanny lived in a fool's paradise. It was a sort of St. Martin's summer; the last gleam of pale sunshine that was to fall upon a life which had hardly had its fair share of brightness.

CHAPTER XX.

FREE.

PHILIP MARESCALCHI, like some other adventurers who have thrown the dice with Fortune for more important stakes, had a vague confidence in his star. He had so often been upon the verge of a catastrophe, and had been preserved just in the nick of time by some lucky accident or other, that he more than half believed that chance must have a favor for him, and that in his case the worst would never really come to the worst. In luck, and out of luck — that was his theory of life; and the one state must in the long run follow the other, just as the red must eventually follow the black at roulette. But now for a long time his star had been under a cloud; one stroke of bad luck had been succeeded by another, and at last the dreaded climax came.

"Look here, Marescalchi," said Lord Salford, meeting him one morning at the club and taking him aside; "this sort of thing's utter rot. You haven't paid me for Lord knows how long, and all the time I've got to pay other fellows, don't you see? If you can't settle, say so, and then I shall know where I am."

"I don't know what you mean," said Philip; "of course I shall settle. I haven't got the money in my waistcoat pocket. One hardly expects to be dunned in this way."

"I ain't dunning you," returned the other. "All I know is that when I lose, I have to pay; and I don't see why other fellows shouldn't do the same. Of course if they *can't* pay, they can't. Only, when that's the case, I think it ought to be known."

"All right; you shall have your money in two or three days," answered Philip desperately. "You don't expect me to sit down and write you a cheque straight off the reel, I suppose."

Lord Salford smiled in a peculiarly exasperating manner, stuck his hands in his pockets, looked up at the ceiling, and whistled a tune. "Let's see," he said presently; "this is Wednesday. Shall we say Saturday morning?"

Philip nodded, left the club, and walked straight off to Signora Tommasini's hotel with the resolute step of a man who has made up his mind to have a tooth out, and feels that the sooner the operation is over the better. There were, as he plainly perceived, but two alternatives open to him: he must apply either to the signora or to Margaret; and he chose the course

which seemed likely to be productive of the least misery to himself.

The signora was at home and alone; and in the course of about an hour Philip had made his predicament fully known to her. He did not at once state the object of his visit, nor disclose the whole amount of the sum which he would have to raise by hook or by crook before the Saturday morning, but allowed these details to be drawn from him little by little, bewailing himself bitterly the while, calling himself by many opprobrious epithets, and vowing that he would have nothing to do with Lord Salford for the future. When he had quite done, the signora, who had listened to some parts of his recital with a rather grave face, thanked him for having fulfilled his part of what she was pleased to call their agreement.

"I told you I would help you," said she, "and I will, with all my heart. Only, to be candid, I did not think you would want quite so much at one time. I don't say that to blame you, or because I shall have any difficulty in providing you with what you require, but because it will be necessary for me to see my stockbroker before I can give it to you."

Philip groaned dismally.

"Now, now, now," said the signora, "you are not to make a fuss about it. What is money meant for except to be spent? And surely I, who have not a near relation in the world, may invest my money as I think fit. But, for all that, I am a woman of business; I know what things are worth, and I mean to have an equivalent for my loan."

Philip looked interrogatively at her broad, good-tempered face.

"You say," she continued, "that you don't intend to play cards with Lord Salford any more. Now you are in my power, and I shall make you go further than that. You must give up play altogether."

"My dear Signora Tommasini, you may impose any conditions you please upon me, except that. If I give up cards, how in the world am I to repay you your loan?"

"You will repay me, with interest at the rate of five per cent., when you are receiving as large a salary as I am now. I look upon your voice as excellent security; but I am not going to allow you to encumber the property any further. See what a woman of business I am! There is no occasion for you to thank me," she added, as Philip began, rather shamefacedly, to stammer out some expressions of gratitude. "It is true that I am doing

you a small service; but I am giving myself a great deal of pleasure at the same time."

This singular woman was radiant. Nothing could be more obvious than that she was about to make a free gift of a sum which very few people in England could part with and not miss; but we mortals are so constituted that even the most clear-sighted of us can easily be brought to shut our eyes to humiliating facts, and it is by no means certain that Philip did not leave the house with an impression that the signora knew what she was about, and was placing her money, if not advantageously, at least securely.

Two days later he called upon her again, by her request, and found her waiting for him, with a cheque for four figures, duly written out and signed, before her.

"It's all wrong, you know; I have no business to be taking this from you," said he, at the same time allowing the slip of paper to be thrust into his hand.

"Give it back to me, then," she answered calmly. "Perhaps, after all, I should do better to invest it in the funds."

"I am quite sure you would," said Philip, with a long face; and he held out the cheque, which, however, the signora did not take.

"No," she said; "it would not be worth while to trouble my broker again. As you have got it, you may as well keep it."

"And suppose I were to drop down dead to-morrow?"

"I should still have enough left to buy mourning with. And, besides, I hope I should be too sorry for the loss of my friend to think much about the loss of my money."

Philip sighed deeply, but pocketed the cheque. "I don't know how or why it is," he remarked meditatively, "but women have been awfully good to me all my life. I believe you are superior to us men in every way. You are certainly more generous than we are."

"And less just," said the signora, with a laugh and a shrug of her fat shoulders. "Bah! we are generous to-day and shabby to-morrow. Take care how you let a woman get you into her power. That is good advice; but it is thrown away upon you, for you will always be in the power of some woman, my friend."

"You told me the other day that I was in yours," observed Philip, smiling.

"So you were, for the moment; and did I not take advantage of my opportunity?"

But I am what they call *bonne diablesse*; I wish you may never fall into worse hands than mine."

"So do I, with all my heart," answered he fervently.

Lord Salford, to his evident surprise, was paid in full on the following morning; and, as Philip descended the steps of the club, after discharging his debt, he promised himself that he would hardly take the value of his subscription out of that establishment for the future. Henceforth his evenings should be spent at home. From card-playing he was debarred by a promise which he was determined to keep; and he resolved also to renounce evening parties, or at all events only to attend such of them as it would be really wrong, in view of ultimate professional advancement, to neglect.

"I see the woods of Arcadia looming in the distance, Fan," he said, the same night, to his wife, after dining contentedly with her off burnt mutton chops and rice-pudding; and she smiled faintly, and answered, "Do you, dear?" in that pathetic way which had lately become habitual to her.

Perhaps it was the removal of the pressure of debt from his mind, perhaps it was his increased leisure, that enabled Philip to notice something which he might have noticed long before, and which now began to cause him serious anxiety. Fanny was growing paler and thinner every day; she had no appetite, slept very little, and, in spite of all efforts to appear cheerful, there was a listlessness in her every movement which would have told its own tale to a less observant spectator than her husband. He, now that his tardy apprehensions had been roused, was even more alarmed than the occasion seemed to warrant, and would not listen to her assurances that there was nothing the matter with her. He insisted upon calling in the doctor, who, after a somewhat lengthy examination, had no very satisfactory report to give of his patient.

"There is not any definite disease," he said; "but I should be wrong if I did not warn you that there may be something definite before long. In cases of this kind drugs are of very little service. I have, however"—and here the usual two half-sheets of note-paper scrawled over with hieroglyphics were handed to Philip. "What I should advise," continued the doctor, "would be complete change of air and scene. You should take Mrs. Marescalchi down to the seaside, or, better still, to the Continent.

Italy, for instance, would be a good country to go to at this season of the year. In her present state, a chill might be a serious matter." And so forth, and so forth.

As soon as the doctor was gone, Philip went straight into his dressing-room, locked himself in, and gave way to despair. At that moment he felt firmly persuaded that Fanny was going to die, and the bare idea of such a catastrophe overwhelmed him with grief and remorse. There had not been much sympathy between them of late, and it was not so very long since he had been lamenting his folly in having ever married her; but for these very reasons his pain was the greater now. He was in no mood for self-scrutiny; but if he had got to the bottom of his emotion he would have found that it was not so much the dread of his possible loss as intense pity for Fanny herself that was bringing the tears into his eyes. Death was to Philip the greatest of all possible ills, the one misfortune for which no consolation could be found, the end of everything. If he had been offered his choice between death and penal servitude for life he would have accepted the latter alternative without an instant's hesitation, and immediately begun calculating his chances of getting out on a ticket-of-leave. And if, indeed, this terrible thing should happen to poor Fanny, would it not be in a great measure his fault? What evil spirit had prompted that doctor to mention the word Italy? Italy! as if a journey to Italy were as simple a thing as taking a hansom to Oxford Street! What inhuman brutes doctors were! "Idiot that I was!" thought Philip; "why, while I was about it, didn't I ask the signora for another thousand pounds, instead of telling her the exact amount that I had to hand over to Salford the next day? I can't go back to her and ask her for more now. No, hang it all, I *can't* do that. And my poor little Fan must die because I haven't the money to pay for railway-tickets! There's Meg—but she sent me money only a week ago; and what excuse could I make?"

At this moment there came a tap at the door, and presently Fanny herself entered.

"Philip," said she quietly, "the doctor thinks I shall never get any better, doesn't he?"

"Never get any better!" cried Philip, immediately assuming an air of great cheerfulness; "my dear child, what rubbish have you been taking into your head?"

He says there is nothing in the world the matter with you."

Fanny smiled. "You need not be afraid of telling me," she said; "I don't mind."

"I do, though, whether you do or not—at least, I *should* mind. But I give you my word of honor that he assured me you had no disease at all, and one can't die without a disease, can one? What he said was that you were out of sorts and wanted a change. He spoke of the seaside, or—well, he suggested Italy, oddly enough."

And then Philip broke out into lamentations. Italy, he said, was out of the question. He had not liked to say so before; but he had been thinking it over, and he had found that Italy would be altogether beyond them. He had been careless and extravagant, and there were a number of small bills hanging over him which he could not well leave the country without paying. And, worse than that, the money-box was pretty nearly empty. He was going on to express much self-reproach; but Fanny interrupted him, and relieved him greatly by saying that she, too, had been thinking things over, and that she had come to the conclusion that she would not at all care about Italy just now. There was no pleasure in travelling when one was out of health, and she dreaded the fatigue; and, in short, a week at Margate, if that could be managed, would suit her a great deal better.

Philip had not contrived to deceive her, but she was perfectly successful in deceiving him. Her first glimpse of his face, as she came into the room, had shown her his distress, and it was not to be thought of that he should distress himself on her account. She therefore addressed herself to the task of convincing him that her illness was an imaginary one; and the task was easy enough, seeing that he asked nothing better than to be convinced. Perhaps he suspected that the activity which she displayed during the next few days was the result of an effort, that her loquacity was scarcely natural, and her laughter a little forced; but what then? If she was struggling to free herself from the state of lethargy into which she had sunk since the child's death, so much the better. Was not her sickness, after all, rather one of the mind than of the body? Women were like that; their spirits always told upon their health. It did not take Philip long to reach the point of laughing at his first fears.

In the course of the following week he took Fanny down to Margate according to her wish, and the effect of the change was so speedily beneficial as to be almost startling. Margate is hardly what most people would consider a cheerful spot in the winter time; but the clear air, the broad stretch of sea, and the sight of the breakers tumbling in were full of life and refreshment to a country-bred girl, who for twelve mortal months and more had had nothing but bricks and mortar to look at and only the smoke-laden atmosphere of London to breathe. It chanced also that there came in this month of February, as there often does, a fortnight of mild, spring-like weather, so that it was even possible to sit out on the sands in the sunshine, and, if the bathing-machines had not been hauled up out of sight, it would not have seemed an absolutely outrageous thing to contemplate a dip in salt water. There was now no longer any occasion for Fanny to make believe. The fresh breezes brought the color into her pale cheeks; she felt her strength returning day by day; she was able to take long walks with the best and kindest of husbands; insensibly she was becoming reconciled to her great sorrow; she, too, began to see glimpses of the woods of Arcady. Doctors are not always reassured by these very rapid improvements, which have something in common with the quick rise of the barometer after a fall; but neither Philip nor Fanny knew much about doctors and disease, and were as anxious as everybody is to keep such subjects out of their minds.

It was a very pleasant and a very successful holiday, as far as it went; but it did not go very far, nor could it last very long. Lack of money; the remonstrances of Steinberger, who could not for the life of him understand what his pupil wanted to do at Margate at that season of the year; a sudden shift of the wind into the north-east, with flying grey clouds and cat's-ice in every puddle — all these things combined to sound the recall, and to warn the wanderers that London, though it might have been forgotten, had not moved from its position, and was waiting to receive them back into its grimy embrace. That bleak north-easter accompanied them on their homeward journey; it made its way through the ill-fitting windows of the railway-carriage, chilling the travellers to their bones; and it was the means of providing poor Fanny with a very definite complaint in the form of a sharp attack of bronchitis.

For a short time after their return to Conduit Street it seemed as if this attack was not likely to prove a serious one; but afterwards the symptoms became more acute, and it was soon evident that the patient was in for a long and perhaps dangerous illness.

"Ah," said the doctor, who had again been summoned; "you ought to have taken my advice, Mr. Marescalchi; you ought to have left England. I warned you, as you may remember, of the risk of these spring winds."

"It is a pity that you did not insist more upon the point," said poor Philip meekly; "but there is not much good in talking about that now. The question is, will she get over it?"

"Now, my dear sir," remonstrated the doctor, who was certainly a very irritating person, "what an unreasonable thing that is to ask! How can I possibly tell what turn an illness may take? Your wife's age should be in her favor; on the other hand, her state of debility is such that — that, in short, we must consider it an anxious case. Careful nursing may do much for her."

This latter need was supplied by the advent of Aunt Keziah, who now once more took up her abode under Philip's roof; and it must be said for Aunt Keziah that she came out strong under the circumstances, sitting up all night, taking but a few hours' rest during the day, and absolutely refusing all professional assistance.

"None of your 'orspital nurses for me," cried she, with the inveterate prejudice of her class. "No stranger shall come near my sister's child so long as I have the use of my arms and legs, and that's flat. So you'll be so good as not mention the subjeck again to me, Philip, if you please."

Philip no longer objected to be addressed by his Christian name. He was a great deal too miserable to pay attention to such trifles, and Mrs. Webber herself was moved to pity a man whom she secretly despised by the sight of his utterly woebegone aspect. He was not allowed to be much in the sick-room, where in truth he did no good and only got in the way; he could not bring himself to go out, and probably the hours that he spent in these days, standing at the window of the dingy drawing-room in Conduit Street and staring blankly at the passers-by and the cabmen on the stand below, were the most wretched of his whole life. He told Mrs. Webber that he only wished he were

dying too; and though she did not believe him, she was sorry for him, and she confided to the landlady, with whom she had struck up a friendship by the bedside of the sufferer, that she would say for that nevy of hers that he had a feeling heart.

It was not, however, in the man's nature to grieve long after this fashion. A slight improvement in Fanny's condition afforded him an excuse for recovering his spirits, for declaring that she would pull through now and be as well as ever again, and for resuming his neglected singing lessons. Throughout her long illness he alternated thus between the depths of despair and extravagant hopefulness; but, as time went on, the latter became his usual state of mind. It was so much pleasanter to hope than to despair, and, as Mrs. Webber sagely remarked, hope was a thing as did harm to nobody.

Philip, then, began to go about and to see his friends much as before. He looked in at the club occasionally; had Walter Brune to dine with him once or twice, "lest Meg should fancy that something had happened," he said to himself; he called at certain houses where he did not wish to be forgotten, and was persuaded to sing at a few afternoon entertainments. One person, however, he persistently avoided. It has passed into a proverb that the surest way to lose sight of a friend is to lend him money; but it was not an overburdening sense of obligation alone that caused Philip to steer clear of Signora Tommasini, inventing Heaven knows how many cunningly devised fables to account for his neglect, and despatching them to her by post. He was afraid that if he were to find himself alone with this sympathizing and generous ally, she might get his secret out of him. His nerves, he knew, were not to be depended upon at this time, and a kind word might cause him to betray himself in a manner which he would probably afterwards regret. Philip had seen more of women than of men during his life, and had perhaps learnt to understand some of their peculiarities. He hardly believed in the common report that the signora harbored matrimonial designs upon him; but at the same time he felt very sure that she would not be pleased to hear that he was already married. Therefore he judged it best to keep out of danger's way.

Meanwhile Fanny was growing slowly better. Better, that is, in a certain sense; for, although all risk from the bronchitis was over, she was still too weak to get

up. Those who watched her said that she would be up in another week; then, when that time had elapsed, they put the event off for yet another week, and after that the subject of her leaving her bed was dropped altogether. She herself was well aware that she would never leave it alive; and one morning she said as much to Philip, begging him not to be angry with her for telling the truth.

Philip, nevertheless, made a great show of being angry, scolded her for giving way to gloomy fancies, pointed out that, if she were as ill as she supposed, she would never have got over the bronchitis, and declared that she was doing all that she could to retard her recovery by allowing herself to think that there was any doubt about it. But she laid her thin hand on his arm, looking up at him deprecatingly, and his voice died away.

"We can't always go on pretending, can we, dear?" said she. "I know you will be sorry at first; and I should like to stay with you—for some things. But I don't mind going. Before I was so ill—at the time just after dear baby died—I used to be very miserable, and sometimes I fancied that you—well, that you did not care for me quite so much as you once did. But that is all over, and we won't talk about it. I used to be wicked enough to think that you would be rather glad to get rid of me; I don't think that now. But, Philip, while I have been lying here I have thought over a great many things, and I can see that it is better—oh, ever so much better!—as it is. You will think so, too, some day."

Didn't he almost think so already? The question flashed across Philip's consciousness, and was gone before he had time to fix it there.

"Some day," Fanny went on, "you will see that it would have been impossible ever to change me into a lady. Though I think I *have* improved a little," she could not help adding; "I don't leave out my h's now, do I? And my hands are not red any more—but perhaps that is because I am so ill."

"Fan!" exclaimed Philip, half laughing, half crying, "you are the greatest goose that ever lived. You break my heart when you talk like that. Did I ever accuse you of not being a lady?"

"No, dear," she answered consideringly; "I don't know that you ever did. But of course I thought about it a good deal; and then Aunt Keziah used to go on about silk purses and sow's ears. Poor Aunt Keziah! we should have had

to cut her, I suppose; and I don't think I could have borne to do that. Nobody knows how good and kind she has been to me all this time."

Philip dropped on his knees by the side of the bed, exclaiming, "Oh, hush, my darling! you are not going to die; you are not going to have any more trouble. I will work all day for you, and you shall have everything you can wish for, and your Aunt Keziah shall be welcome whenever she chooses to come to us, if only you will get well and be my own bright little Fan again."

Perhaps he would not have been so overcome, perhaps he would not have said so much as this, if he had not felt that there was no hope. Fanny, for her part, was not at all overcome. She looked at him half wonderingly and with a great kindness and pity, as she passed her wasted hand over his hair. Already the hand of death was upon her, and she saw the world with the clear eyes of those who are passing forever beyond the reach of its pettinesses. She understood her husband better now than she had ever done in the happy days that were past: but she did not love him the less because she understood him. There was a certain helplessness about the man which endeared him to all women, and made them hate to see him suffer, even though they might know that his suffering would not last long.

"It is much better as it is," she repeated. "We have had a very happy time together, my dear, and there's nothing to regret—no quarrels nor cross words; nothing, except baby's death. And now I am so glad—oh, so *glad* that I have not left him behind me." Her face lighted up and the tears came into her eyes, as she thought of this. "And, Philip, you must not make yourself miserable about me after I am gone. You must see plenty of people, and be always busy; and then, after a time, if you wished—if you thought that you——"

She broke off, and glanced up inquiringly.

"I mean, if you ever thought of marrying again, you must not suppose that I should mind. I think I should like you to have some one to take care of you; I think, perhaps, some day, you will marry that Nellie Brune whom you used to talk to me about sometimes. Your people rather wished it, didn't they?"

"My people?" said Philip, "I have got no people. Meg—Mrs. Stanniforth, you knew—has an idea of something of the

kind, I believe; but I don't want to marry Nellie—or anybody. Besides, she has no money."

"Hasn't she?" said Fanny dreamily. "But you will make money; and it would never do for you to marry a woman for the sake of her fortune; she would find it out, and then you would both be miserable. No, you will marry Nellie Brune; and you needn't tell her anything about me, and so it will all pass away and be forgotten." She repeated several times "all be forgotten—all forgotten."

Philip stood silently watching her for a long time. Once or twice she murmured Nellie Brune's name, and once or twice his own, and so fell asleep with a smile upon her lips.

After this day many weeks elapsed during which Fanny grew apparently neither better nor worse. She suffered no pain, slept a great deal, and during her waking hours seemed quite content to lie still and listen to Aunt Keziah, who had produced a well-thumbed Bible, and would read long extracts from it in a loud, unmodulated voice. Seeing her so calm, Philip, too, became easier in mind. The violence of his first grief had spent itself, and was beyond his recalling; he began to admit, as Fanny had done, that all was for the best. Acquiescence in the inevitable was with him not so much a part of philosophy as of nature, and when one thing was past hoping for, he could not for the life of him help turning his eyes towards something else. There even came a time when he almost wished for the end of the present state of affairs. The doctor apprehended no immediate danger, would not yet say that the case was an absolutely hopeless one, thought it quite possible that his patient might linger on through the spring and summer months, and so forth; and in the mean time Philip's bills were mounting up; Margaret was writing anxious and urgent letters, begging him to come down and see her, if it were only for a few days; Walter Brune, too, seemed to suspect that there was some mystery afoot. Perhaps it was hardly strange that Philip should half long for the liberty that might be so near. He only half longed for it; he was ashamed of the thoughts that would sometimes force their way into his mind, and a chance word or look from Fanny sufficed to convert him, for the time, into as heart-broken a husband as Aunt Keziah could have wished to contemplate.

After all, he had not long to wait for the end. When it came, it seemed to have

come suddenly, though, in truth, nothing could have been more gradual than its approach. Little by little the dying woman's brain had been giving way, for some days she had scarcely recognized any one and had been somewhat excited at times, "talking a deal of rubbish," as Mrs. Webber said, and asking constantly for her baby to be brought to her. Still, it was not supposed that she was much worse than she had been until one evening when she began to complain of being cold, and nothing that they could do would warm her; and then Mrs. Webber, who, as she mentioned with a sort of pride, "had seen many a one die afore now," knew what was coming.

"She'll go off quite quiet, you'll see," said this person of experience, nodding at Philip, who was holding Fanny's hand, "they mostly in general do. There's some as die hard, as you might say, and there's some as die easy; there's them as is ready to meet their Maker, and them as didn't ought for to feel so. But, lor, dear me! when it comes to the last, 'tis much the same with them all."

But Philip was not listening to the results of Mrs. Webber's observations, for he had felt a sudden pressure of his hand; and now Fanny's eyes were opened wide, she was looking at him in a troubled way, and was evidently trying to say something. He bent down his head to catch any faint whisper that might pass her lips; but all at once her voice came back to her, and she spoke quite loud, though with long pauses between the words.

"Dear — I wanted to say — I'm so sorry — I let the fire out — that night."

"She's a-wandering, poor dear!" said Aunt Keziah. But Philip understood what that fond and foolish little wife of his was thinking of. With her feet upon the very brink of the dark river, she had been confusedly trying to examine her conscience, and it had accused her of no worse offence than this.

Those were her last words. She closed her eyes as soon as she had uttered them; and so faint was her breathing that neither of the bystanders could have told the precise moment at which her heart ceased to beat.

They buried her beside her baby in the saddest, dreariest cemetery in the world, not excepting Père-la-Chaise. A fine, drizzling rain was falling while the brief rite was hurried through; and as Philip turned away from the grave he shuddered from head to foot, muttering, "I shall never be able to come back here again."

"I don't think as you ever will come back, sir," said Mrs. Webber quietly.

Mrs. Webber was quite respectful now; and if there was any sarcasm in her speech, it was only sarcasm of that deferential kind which inferiors may permit themselves to use towards their superiors. Philip was Mr. Marescalchi again now; he was no longer her nephew, no longer a man over whom she had the smallest hold; and, being a sensible woman, she recognized the change.

Philip walked hastily out of the burying-ground, and hailed the first hansom that he met. The sun burst out as he was whirled through the crowded streets back to London, back to the world, back to life and liberty. He tried to feel unhappy, but he could not. His spirits rose in spite of himself; a great weight was off his mind; he was free! When he reached Conduit Street the blinds had been drawn up, the sun was streaming through the open windows into the shabby little drawing-room, which had been swept and made tidy during his absence. There was nothing here to remind him that he had ever been a husband and a father; all poor Fanny's things had been carried away by Aunt Keziah; Aunt Keziah herself was gone back to Islington, never to cross his path again. He was like the widower in the ballad, "a youth light-hearted and content." Truly his star had been favorable to him. He had done a foolish thing, but no disgraceful one. At that moment Philip was not very far from thinking that he had had such wonderful luck because he had deserved to be lucky. Would not any one who had heard the history of his relations with Fanny have said that he had behaved like a gentleman throughout? How many men would have married a girl from a confectioner's shop? How many, having married her, would have remained true to her from first to last, risking detection for her sake, risking ridicule, risking social ruin, and hardly giving so much as a thought to these dangers?

Then, while he yet exulted, there came upon him a sudden and complete revulsion of feeling. He remembered that he was alone; that it was not in the least a question of what others might say of him, but of what he might be able to say of himself to himself. For one moment he saw the truth — saw that he was glad that Fanny was dead; glad that that kind and faithful heart would never flutter with delight again when he came home at night to recount his triumphs; glad that

he should never again throughout all eternity hear the sound of the childish laughter which had once been so sweet to him. He saw that he had never really cared for her — nay, that he had never really cared for any single person or thing in the wide world but himself.

There is something so hideous, so revolting in utter selfishness that it is a very good thing indeed for some of us that it usually brings mental blindness with it. Philip was so scared by the spectre which he had raised that the thought of spending an evening alone with it was one that he could not by any means face. Therefore he dined at his club, and afterwards went to the opera, where he saw and spoke to Signora Tommasini for the first time for many weeks.

"I have been ill," he said shortly, in answer to her pertinacious inquiries as to where he had been during all this long interval; and she believed him, for, in truth, his face looked pale and drawn, and he seemed altogether unlike himself.

From The Scottish Review.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S APPRENTICESHIP.*

THERE is probably nothing in literary history so remarkable as the sudden reaction of feeling which was caused by the publication of Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences." The prejudice against him which had been excited by the peculiarity of his style, the boldness of his utterances on social and political questions, and the uncertainty of his attitude in relation to religion, had all but disappeared long before the date of his death. Signal evidence of its disappearance had been given so early as 1865, in his election to the lord rectorship of Edinburgh University, and in the ovation which he received when, in the spring of the following year, he delivered his inaugural address in presence not only of the college dignitaries and of representatives of Scottish literature, but of grave divines of the Free and other Churches, who came in gown and hood to do him homage.

* *Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life, 1795-1835.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. In Two Volumes, with Portraits and Etchings. London, 1882.

Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. In Two Volumes. London, 1881.

Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. In Three Books. By THOMAS CARLYLE.

From that date to the time of his death, his influence over the minds of his fellow countrymen deepened and extended, till, as the end approached, his fame mellowed into a reverent love which accorded to the old man living at Chelsea a place among the sages, if not among the saints, of history. Every sentence he could be induced to write was eagerly read, copied into all the newspapers and commented on in their leading columns. People's editions of his works were called for and scattered broadcast over the land. When he attained his eightieth birthday he was greeted by an address to which were appended the most illustrious contemporary names in politics, in literature, in science, and in theology; and a medal was struck to commemorate the event. When at last, and in a good old age, he was gathered to his people, the universal interest awakened was as when kings die. To no one would the gates of the national sanctuary, where we treasure up the dust of those who have served us best, been more gladly opened: and it is no exaggeration to say that when the little group of chosen friends stood by his grave in the churchyard of Ecclefechan, among the February snows, the whole nation uncovered as mourners. The tributes paid to the dead were peculiarly affectionate — criticism was disarmed and his right to a place in the foremost ranks was unquestioned. From every town and hamlet the pulpit brought the well-worn offering of a funeral sermon and cast it on his tomb. Men found in his own words the fittest expression of their feeling, and spoke of how "the changeful life picture . . . had suddenly become completed and unchangeable" — how it had "been dipped in the æther of the heavens and shone transfigured to endure even so forever;" of how "the week-day man, who was one of us, had put on the garment of eternity and become radiant and triumphant."

In less than a month the "Reminiscences" appeared. Whispers as to their existence had gone abroad, and eager expectancy was aroused. This, to some extent, accounts for the disappointment with which they were received. It was acknowledged that they were deeply interesting; that the greater portion of them could have been written by no feebler hand; and that as material for wise biography, they were beyond all price. But published by themselves, and, as a whole, they hardly seemed to sustain the reputation of the author of "The Diamond Necklace," "The French Revolu-

tion," and the "Life of Sterling." As contributions to literature they are great, though not so great as a nation mourning the loss of her greatest had expected them to be. Every wise man, however, would have welcomed even the unfinished productions of the master hand, if they had brought no disenchantment with regard to him whom venerable age and honorable death had transfigured to our eyes. But it was distressing to have the curtain of the retirement in which the sage had so long elected to live rudely drawn aside, and to have the great preacher of the worth of unconsciousness and silence revealed in the guise of one morbidly nursing, and incontinently telling his grief. Carlyle had never paraded his personality. Except in the "*Sartor Resartus*"—and even that is not avowedly, though it is really autobiographical—he had not told the world anything of his outer or of his inner history; and now we found ourselves taken all at once into his most immediate confidence. We were introduced to the secrets of his domestic life; we saw him at his worst in his sorrow and bitterness of soul. We could not of course expect that when biography came forward to perform its function, "the week-day man" would continue to wear "the garment of eternity" in which death had clothed him; but we were entitled to expect that at least the old week-day raiment would be restored, and that he would not be utterly unclothed.

But the disenchantment was mainly due to the apparent recklessness with which other people are spoken of in the "Reminiscences." There were many who, in their enthusiasm for Mr. Carlyle, had been accustomed to regard the few who were admitted to his friendship with feelings akin to those with which the Queen of Sheba regarded the attendants on King Solomon, "Happy are thy men, and happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee and hear thy wisdom." It was now felt that if Mr. Carlyle's friends had enjoyed an exceptionally great privilege, they were paying for it an exceptionally heavy price. He is not more reticent as to their domestic relations than as to his own. He is painfully candid, if not contemptuous, in dealing with their character and conduct. It seemed hard that because he had gone to his grave, a multitude of inoffensive people who had lain in theirs for many years, should be exhumed and have their bones exhibited to pitiless gaze. There are savage lands in which, when a great man

dies, they honor him by the sacrifice of a multitude of people of inferior grade. We were more than willing that Mr. Carlyle should have due honor in his sepulture; we were not prepared to see reputations immolated on his tomb.

The publication of the personal criticism in the "Reminiscences" might be justified, in so far as it deals with public men. In such chapters as that on Coleridge in the "Life of Sterling," Mr. Carlyle allowed himself great freedom in dealing with the reputation of men whose names are public property. His estimate of Coleridge's talk may be deemed too contemptuous; but the fact that that talk was an acknowledged power in the literature and thought of England, made it fair matter of criticism, even on the part of one who had been admitted as a guest to hear it. On this principle little fault can be found with the freedom of treatment to which Edward Irving for example is subjected—even if there were not, as in the paper on Irving there is, a spirit of brotherly kindness pervading the whole. It would surely, however, have been desirable to suppress criticism, even of public men, which is so laconic—so little careful to give a reason for itself—as that which we find applied to Sir James Graham, who is described parenthetically as "a baddish sort of man." And even if Mr. Carlyle did not value so highly as most of us do the genial humor in the essays of Elia, which has helped to make the world a little brighter, if not much wiser or more earnest, the misfortunes of Charles Lamb ought to have protected him from the un pitying words, which are the less pardonable, that they are startlingly vivid and terribly memorable. But it is difficult to think of any possible ground on which the publication of the unkind things which Mr. Carlyle allowed himself to say of private persons, such as Edward Irving's wife, could be justified. We shrink from thought of the pain which these references to the dead, who never challenged the world's opinion, must have inflicted on the living.

It is not wonderful that the reaction caused by the publication of those volumes was deep and general. Among the unreasoning multitude who were joining in the celebration of Mr. Carlyle's obsequies, because his death was the event of the hour, and because it was the correct thing to sound his praises, the effect of the appearance of the "Reminiscences" reminds us of nothing so much, as of the effect of the apparition of Athelstane

among the feasters at his funeral. Had it been permitted to the departed sage to witness it, he would have grimly smiled at the precipitate retreat of the Ephesian crowd who had been proclaiming his greatness. He of all men would have cared least to retain the lip-honour which is paid to the illustrious when they die. But there were those to whom his teaching had been an inspiration, who, when they had read these volumes, went about their work with a burden on their hearts like that which presses upon men whose dearest friend is under some cloud. When they met they spoke with bated breath and sorrowful countenance; they asked anxiously of each other whether the reputation so dear to them would ever recover the wound with which it had been wounded in the house of its friend; whether the rough garment of him who had been taken from them would ever again be recognized as a prophet's mantle. Only a few had the courage to assert that the reaction was temporary; they would comfort themselves by quoting the old inscription on an Arab ring, "This also will pass."

The action of Mr. Froude was freely criticised. He was able indeed to plead Mr. Carlyle's consent to the immediate and separate publication of these papers; but on his own showing the proposal to publish in this form originated with himself. These, along with all his other papers, Mr. Carlyle, "scarcely remembering what they contained, but with characteristic fearlessness," gave him leave to use as he might please.

The "Reminiscences" [says Mr. Froude in his preface] appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own, and I told Mr. Carlyle that I thought they ought to be printed with the requisite omissions immediately after his own death. He agreed with me that it should be so, and at one time it was proposed that the type should be set up while he was still alive, and could himself revise what he had written. He found, however, that this effort would be too much for him, and the reader has here before him Mr. Carlyle's own handiwork, but without his last touches, not edited by himself, not corrected by himself, perhaps most of it not intended for publication, and written down merely as an occupation, for his own private satisfaction.

On Mr. Froude's further showing, the greater part of the papers were written in circumstances quite peculiar, when the writer's mind was distraught by the sorrow into which the sudden death of his wife had plunged him. "So singular was

his condition at this time that he was afterwards unconscious of what he had done; and when ten years later I found the Irving MS. and asked him about it, he did not know to what I was alluding."

It seemed, therefore, that if justification of Mr. Froude were needed, it could hardly be found in the consent of an old man, so feeble that the effort to correct proofs would have been too much for him, to a proposal made by the one to whose discretion he had confided everything, that certain papers, of the very existence of which he had been oblivious, should be published. Mr. Froude was as much bound to act on his own judgment as if he had not opened the papers till after Mr. Carlyle's death. Besides, the consent quoted had the reservation "with the requisite omissions;" and it was felt that this reservation not only justified but demanded the excision of passages which have appeared. A very slight exercise of editorial prerogative in this direction would have spared much needless pain.

In thus describing the reaction of feeling with regard to Mr. Carlyle, and prevalent opinion as to the action of his biographer, we are happily able to speak mainly in the past tense. A counter-reaction has been taking place since the publication in the present year of the two goodly volumes in which, in a manner worthy of his great reputation, Mr. Froude gives a history of the first forty years of Carlyle's life. If these volumes do not entirely vindicate Mr. Froude, and we are among those who think they do not, they at least show that it was on a well-considered plan that he acted. He believed that the worthiest tribute he could pay to the dead, was to let men see him "as he was, with his angularities, his sharp speeches, his special peculiarities, meritorious or unmeritorious, precisely as they had actually been." It was natural that he should have this conviction. He knew all Mr. Carlyle's weaknesses, as well as his great strength; and had learned, spite of his irritability, his severity, his atrabilious moods, to love him with more than filial love. If he could only help men to see him as he saw him, to know him as he knew him, he would gain for him an abiding place in their hearts. He says: "When the Devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle, he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose, and inflexible resolution to do the right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the

account which he would have to render of his talents ;" and so he deemed it best to furnish the Devil's advocate with his brief, and let him do his worst.

The theory of biography on which he proceeded is that which Carlyle approved. "In dealing," he says, "with Carlyle's own memory, I felt myself bound to conform to his own rule." That rule he finds laid down in a familiar passage from the review of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," in which the reviewer thus vindicates the biographer:—

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart, that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear that there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have "received pain." Nay, the very hero of the biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English; hence "personality," "indiscretion," or worse, "sanctities of private life," etc.—How delicate, decent, is English biography, bless its mealy mouth! [It is Carlyle's opinion that] of all the praises copiously bestowed on Mr. Lockhart's work there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not to leave him vague in the white beatified ghost condition.

We have no quarrel with Mr. Froude's theory of biography which is also Mr. Carlyle's. It is the theory generally commended by expounders of Holy Scripture. The candor of Bible biography is justly spoken of as one of its excellencies. The biography of King David, for example, would not be so valuable as it is, if it omitted the matter of Uriah the Hittite. The question at issue is not as to the correct theory of biography, but as to the application of the theory. It is clear that the line must be drawn somewhere. The law of libel draws a line for the biographer who is tempted to carry the principle of freedom too far. In the passage on which Mr. Froude founds, Carlyle recognizes a limit to the freedom of treatment he commends. "In speaking of the man and men he has to do with, he (the biographer) will of course keep all his charities about him, but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught untrue; nay, not to abstain from and leave in

oblivion, much that is true." All that criticism cares to ask as to Mr. Froude's action with regard to the "Reminiscences" is, Did he "keep all his charities about him"? Was it not his duty "to abstain from and leave in oblivion much" of what he found in these papers, which, however true it may be, it did not concern the world to know?

But even if Mr. Froude could be shown to have exercised a wise discretion in resolving to issue the "Reminiscences" as a whole, the question still remains as to the time he chose for publication. The impression they produced would have been different had they followed, rather than preceded the biography. It was desirable that, ere we were permitted to know as much as they reveal, we should have known a good deal more. Now that the story of Mr. Carlyle's early struggle is in our hands, we can bear with much of which before we were impatient; and in view of what we are now told of his relation to certain persons who are somewhat roughly handled in the "Reminiscences," we are constrained to admit the justice of some words which before seemed reckless.

But whatever opinion may be held as to the expediency of the course which Mr. Froude saw fit to adopt in executing the trust committed to him, the volumes in which he tells the story of the first forty years of Carlyle's life entitle him to our warmest gratitude; and with these volumes in our hands, there is no longer room to doubt that when the promised publication of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, illustrative of the London life of herself and her husband, takes place; and when Mr. Froude completes his task by adding a brief account of the last years, Carlyle's name will stand higher than it has ever yet stood, in the estimation of all who can appreciate a life of lofty aim and resolute purpose. Meanwhile these volumes invite us to the study of that period of his life which Mr. Froude fitly names his apprenticeship, when, before he had fairly gained the world's ear, he was gathering strength, and in toil and struggle qualifying himself for his work as a teacher of his generation. In view of other points of resemblance which have led to his being likened to a Hebrew prophet, it is interesting to note that the period of preparation extends to precisely forty years—from 1795, the date of his birth, to 1835, the year following his final settlement in London.

In another particular there is analogy

between Mr. Carlyle and the prophets, to whom he has been likened. He was born of a peasant race, and spent his early years amid the simplicities of country life. The blood which ran in his veins was blood that had been warmed in many a border fray. The spirit of the reiver was specially conspicuous in the grandfather, whose name he bore. "Old Thomas Carlyle was formed after the border type, more given to fighting and wild adventure, than to patient industry." "He did not drink," his grandson says, "but he was a fiery man, irascible, indomitable, of the toughness and springiness of steel." And yet withal there was something of literary sympathy in the rough carpenter and farmer. "He studied Anson's 'Voyages,' and, in his old age, strange to say, when his sons were growing into young men, he would sit with a neighbor over the fire, reading, much to their scandal, the 'Arabian Nights.'"

Ere the Carlyle blood reached our hero's father, it had been somewhat cooled; or at least the fiery spirit of the race was in him tempered by the influence of religion, and the fighting instinct had mellowed into a spirit of patient labor and intelligent industry, by which battle was done with the hard rock and obdurate soil of Annandale, to compel them to useful ends. James Carlyle, first a stone-mason, and then a small farmer, was a man after his son's heart, with "sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed, most quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful." "He had an air of deepest gravity and even sternness. He had the most entire and open contempt for idle tattle — what he called clatter; any talk that had a meaning in it, he could listen to; what had no meaning in it, above all what seemed false, he absolutely could not and would not hear, but abruptly turned from it. Long may we remember his 'I don't believe thee;' his tongue-paralyzing, cold, indifferent 'Hah.'" His second wife, Margaret Aitken, ("a woman of to me the fairest descent — that of the pious, the just and wise,") was Carlyle's mother, "the best of all mothers to whom, for body and soul, I owe endless gratitude." She seems to have brought into the union an element of lighter playfulness which blended with, and at the same time relieved the stern humor of her husband. They toiled together not without outward success, winning under hard conditions some worldly substance and much respect in their little community, and train-

ing their sons and daughters to industry and godliness. For they were distinctively and above all else godly people — members of the Secession Church of Ecclefechan, — a humble meeting-house "thatched with heath," — of which their son says: "That poor temple of my childhood is more sacred to me than the biggest cathedral then extant could have been; rude, rustic, bare, no temple in the world was more so; but there were sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic flame which kindled what was best in one, what has not yet gone out." They had for pastor the Rev. John Johnstone, whom Carlyle describes as "the priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look on." Of the order to which this "teacher of the people" belonged he says, "Very venerable are those old Seceder clergy to me, now when I look back. . . . Most figures of them in my time were hoary old men; men so like evangelists in modern vesture, and poor scholars and gentlemen of Christ, I have nowhere met with among Protestant or Papal clergy in any country of the world." The people who constituted the membership of the Church were equally venerable to him, with "their heavy-laden, patient, ever-attentive faces," their "thrifty, cleanly poverty." Of one of them, "tall, straight, very clean always, brown as mahogany, with a beard white as snow," he tells the following anecdote: —

Old David Hope (that was his name) lived on a little farm close by Solway shore, a mile or two east of Annan — a wet country with late harvests, which are sometimes incredibly difficult to save, — ten days continuously pouring, then a day, perhaps two days of drought, part of them, it may be, of high roaring wind; during which the moments are golden for you, and perhaps you had better work all night as presently there will be deluges again. David's stuff, one such morning, was all standing dry, ready to be saved still if he stood to it, which was very much his intention. Breakfast, wholesome hasty porridge, was soon over, and next in course came family worship, what they call taking the book, *i. e.*, taking your Bible, psalm and chapter always part of the service. David was putting on his spectacles when somebody rushed in. "Such a raging wind risen will drive the stooks (shocks) into the sea if let alone." "Wind!" answered David. "Wind canna get ae straw that has been appointed mine. Sit down and let us worship God."

It was no mere pleasant sentiment which led Carlyle to cherish the memory of the temple of his childhood, and of

those who taught and worshipped within its poor walls. The deepest roots of his life were there. The godly counsels of his mother followed him into the after struggle; and when divergence from the old modes of expression perplexed her, he comforted her by the reiterated assurance that they had the same faith, though they had different forms of uttering it. His reverence for his parents is singularly beautiful. In his feeling toward his father the reverence was not unmixed with awe, — "We had all to complain," he says, "that we could not freely love our father. His heart seemed as if walled in;" but in his relation to his mother, the love was so perfect that it cast out fear. She taught herself to write that she might have the joy of corresponding with him; she subscribed herself "your old minnie;" when he sent her a present, she called it "my son's venison;" even after he had grown to man's estate, she sent him such counsels as these: —

Oh, Tom, mind the golden season of youth, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Seek God while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near. We hear that the world by wisdom knew not God. Pray for His presence with you and His counsel to guide you. Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. I hope you will not be weary, and may the Lord open your understanding. . . . Now, Tom, be sure to tell me about your chapters.

To both parents alike the "honor" of the commandment was unstintedly given. His father's character supplied him with an ideal of industry and capability in work. It was his ambition to write his books as well as the Ecclefechan mason had built his houses; and when sick at heart of what he saw of the self-seeking struggle in the Edinburgh society of 1833, of which he says, "The spirit of Mammon rules all their world," "All are alike of the earth earthy," he writes thus: —

I shall never make any fortune in the world; unless it were that highest of all conceivable fortunes, the fortune to do, in some smallest degree, my All-wise Taskmaster's bidding here. May He, of His great grace, enable me! I offer up no other prayer. Are not my days numbered: a span's thrift in the sea of eternity? Fool is he who could speak lies or act lies, for the better or worse that can befall him for that least of little whiles. I say, therefore, lie away worthy brethren, lie to all lengths, be promoted to all lengths; but as for me and my house we will not lie at all. Again, I say, God enable us! and so there it rests.

Ought not my father's and my mother's son to speak even so?

From the instructions of the village schoolmaster, and of Mr. Johnstone, the Secession minister, who helped him with his Latin, Carlyle passed to Annan Grammar School — the Hinterschlag of "*Sartor*," where he was subjected to terrible suffering from the persecutions of the rude boys who took advantage of his unwillingness, in deference to his mother's injunction, to give stroke for stroke. It was not till nature asserted itself, and he had made good his standing in the school by showing that he could fight for it, that he was permitted to learn in peace. Before he was fourteen he passed from the Grammar School to Edinburgh University, walking all the way from Ecclefechan, nearly one hundred miles, under the guidance of "Palinurus Tom," a student some three years his senior. Though from the distance of more than half a century, he looked back tenderly on his experience at the university, which, when he was an old man, cast its highest honor at his feet, and though he helped to enrich it by bequeathing his wife's estate of Craigenputtock to found scholarships for its students, he seems to have derived little substantial help from its teaching. It hardly admits of doubt that it is the "Nameless" University of the "*Sartor*," of which Teufelsdröckh says: —

Had you anywhere in Crim Tartary walled in a square enclosure, furnished it with an ill-chosen library, and then turned loose into it eleven hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years; certain persons under the title of professors being stationed at the gates to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission fees, you had, not indeed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect substance of our High Seminary.

But "the hungry young," who "looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden eat the east wind," contrived, after the manner of Scottish students, to educate themselves and each other. Carlyle's powers were soon recognized by the members of his little circle of Annandale lads, of whom one "addressed him always as 'Jonathan,' or 'Dean,' or 'Doctor,' as if he was to be a second Swift," — another wrote to him, "knowing how you abhor all affectation," while all looked to him "to direct their judgment and advise them in difficulties. He was the prudent one of the party, able, if money matters went

wrong, to help them out of his humble savings."

At the close of his arts curriculum, he enrolled himself as a student of theology, but, probably because he had already begun to hesitate as to ultimately entering the ministry, he elected to take the longer course of a non-resident, and was appointed to a mathematical tutorship in Annan Grammar School, which he held for two years, finding the chief advantage of the appointment in his nearness to the farmhouse of Mainhill, to which his father had by that time removed. His next appointment was to a school in Kirkcaldy, where, spite of the fact that he was sent there as a rival teacher, he formed the most lasting and influential of his earlier friendships—that with Edward Irving, with whom he had some previous acquaintance. Neither of the friends was specially adapted to the work of "schoolmastering;" neither was able to maintain very cordial relations with the Kirkcaldy burghers, and they both resigned their situations at the close of 1818. Carlyle's residence in Kirkcaldy was memorable from two circumstances. It was while there that he resolved finally to abandon the idea of being a minister; and it was there that he had his first experience of romance, in an attachment to a well-born lady, Margaret Gordon, whose aunt, with whom she lived, prudently interfered to prevent an engagement before there was much damage done on either side, but not before the young lady had recognized the genius of the nameless schoolmaster, and foreseen his future greatness—and not before she had become to him an abiding memory. It was with the intention of studying law that he returned to Edinburgh on leaving Kirkcaldy; but though he read some books in this department, and attended Hume's lectures, his intention was short-lived.

The years which followed were terrible years to Carlyle. It was his lot from first to last to live a burdened life. Even at home the life of his childhood was not joyous. At school, as we have seen, he was made miserable by rude persecutions. To the end he suffered from his dyspepsia, his nervousness, his sleeplessness; and the sins of his generation lay as a cross upon his heart. But the essential agony of his life-battle came on just after he left Kirkcaldy. Edward Irving, the one friend admitted to his confidence, writes to him: "The race which you have run these last years pains me even to think upon it, and if it should

be continued a little longer I pray God to give you strength to endure it." Speaking of Cromwell's hypochondriacal maladies, and "fancies about the Town Cross," Carlyle says, "Temptations in the wilderness, choices of Hercules and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself, and be a man;" but in his own case the wilderness was specially dreary, the conflict was peculiarly severe. The doubts which assailed him with regard to the forms of doctrine which had been interwoven with his most sacred associations, were distressing in proportion to the depth of his reverence for his parents, and for the "temple of his childhood." Not the earth only, but also heaven was shaken. He had to spend many a weary day and sleepless night ere the things which cannot be shaken made themselves clear to him.

Several influences combined to deepen the agony of the spiritual conflict. Foremost among them was the state of his health. After his return to Edinburgh on leaving Kirkcaldy at the close of 1818, he was attacked by the fell disorder which afflicted him through life,— "all his reflections were colored by dyspepsia," and "his doubts were blackening into thunder-clouds." His sense of loneliness, and the difficulty of finding a footing in life, also helped to increase his misery. But it was the state of the country, and the condition of the poor at the close of the great war—when wages were low and food was dear, when thousands were out of work and their families were starving—that forced upon his heart the questions with which saints and psalmists have wrestled,—Is there any moral government in the world where one event comes alike to all—where indeed the righteous suffer and the wicked are exalted? Is there any living God who hears the cry of the destitute? The simple faith of his father and his mother in a Bible, supernaturally inspired as an infallible message from God to bear witness of his love, was no longer possible for him, and he became the victim of a great unrest. He could not settle to work with any definite aim. When he escaped to the country, "he could not read: he wandered about the moors like a restless spirit—his mother was in agony about him—he was her darling, her pride, the apple of her eye, and she could not restrain her lamentations and remonstrances."

The days of darkness which began in

1818 lasted till the midsummer of 1821, when the incident in the "*Sartor*" of the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer — which we have his own authority for accepting as autobiographical — took place in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. He was going to the sea to enjoy the bath which was his daily, and almost his only available solace. He was in utter misery, and reason seemed to be trembling on its throne; when a sudden thought of defiance and victory flashed into his mind. Then, he says, "I shook base fear away from me forever." His misery was not ended, but the temper of it was changed, "Not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance." This, which he speaks of as his spiritual new birth, was at least the first step towards the creed in which he found rest, described in the "*Sartor*" as "The Everlasting Yea," and expounded in the chapter on "The Natural Supernatural."

During the years of unrest, he had earned a scanty livelihood by private teaching and by writing brief articles for "Brewster's Encyclopædia;" but his chief occupation, to which he strove amid his misery to apply himself, was the study of German literature. Schiller first attracted him, and then Goethe gained the power over his thought, which he never lost. It is certain that he was greatly helped to the attainment of a settled belief by those pages in the "*Wanderjahre*" on the position and aims of Christianity, which he was accustomed to the end to say, contained more wisdom than most of what had been written on that high theme.

The understanding of Mr. Carlyle's religious convictions to which every attentive student of the "*Sartor*" is led, has been confirmed by Mr. Froude, who not only tells what he had learned by frequent conversations on these matters, but gives us certain fragments in which the old man had once and again begun to set forth the articles of the creed to which he had clung, since the date of what he describes as his conversion. We have not space fully to explain that creed, nor is it our province to criticise it. Its central doctrine is shadowed forth in the title of the chapter we have referred to, "The Natural Supernatural." He does not deny the supernatural, but he widens its realm and recognizes it in other regions besides those in which men have traced its working. He does not deny that God revealed himself to and by Hebrew men, but the revelation came by use of the faculties with which he endowed them for discovering

his truth; and the like revelation has come, and is coming still to other men in other nations. He does not deny the miraculous, but he believes that all God's universe is a miracle. To him not one but every bush is ablaze with the glory of the divine presence. His position — whatever we may think of it — is to be clearly distinguished from scepticism or unbelief. "He believed as firmly as any Jewish prophet or Catholic saint in the spiritual truths of religion." "The theories which dispensed with God and the soul Carlyle utterly abhorred." "Scepticism on the nature of right and wrong, as on man's responsibility to his Maker, never touched or tempted him." After expounding "the tremendous image of a Doomsday — *dies ira, dies illa*, — when the All-just, without mercy now, with only terrific accuracy now, would judge the quick and the dead, and to each soul measure out the reward of his deeds done in the body — eternal heaven to the good, to the bad eternal hell;" he adds: "My friend, it well behoves us to reflect how true essentially all this still is; that it continues, and will continue fundamentally a fact in all essential particulars — its certainty, I say its infallible certainty, its absolute justice, and all the other particulars, the eternity itself included." With his reverence for the person, and estimate of the character of Jesus Christ, whom he distinguishes from the heroes whose worship he expounds — with his reiterated statement as to the pre-eminence and permanence of the Christian religion, — "the worship of sorrow," — all readers of his works are familiar. From a letter which now appears for the first time, we learn his attitude in relation to the question of prayer. In answer to enquiries, which he characterizes as of "amiably ingenuous character," he says: —

First, then, as to your objection of setting up *our* poor wish or will in opposition to the will of the Eternal, I have not the least word to say in contradiction of it. And this seems to close, and does, in a sense though not perhaps in all senses, close the question of our prayers being *granted*, or what is called "heard;" but that is not the whole question.

For, on the other hand, prayer is, and remains always, a native and deepest impulse of the soul of man; and correctly gone about, is of the very highest benefit (nay, one might say, indispensability) to every man aiming morally high in this world. No prayer, no *religion*, or at least only a *dumb* and lamed one! Prayer is a turning of one's soul, in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and *endeavor*, towards the Highest, the All-Excellent,

Omnipotent, Supreme. The modern Hero, therefore, ought *not* to give up praying, as he has latterly all but done. . . .

Prayer is the aspiration of our poor struggling heavy-laden soul towards its Eternal Father; and, with or without words, ought *not* to become impossible, nor, I persuade myself, need it ever. Loyal sons and subjects *can* approach the King's throne who have no "request" to make there, except that they may continue loyal. Cannot they?

After his father's death, he advised his younger brother, left at home, to maintain the observance of family worship in the house; and he commended another brother because he had begun to observe it in his home.

Whatever may be thought of Carlyle's creed — and its defects are manifest enough — it must be admitted by all that it was the inspiration of a noble life. In the midst of hard struggle and frequent disappointment, he would say: "On the whole I always return to this. As the great Guide orders, so be it. While I can say *His will be mine*, there is no power in earth or out of it that can put me to fear." Again he would say, "For myself, I fear not the world, or regard it a jot except as the task-garden of the Highest, wherein I am called to do *whatever* work the Task-Master of men (wise are they that can hear and obey him) shall please to appoint me. What are its frowns or its favors? What are its difficulties and falsehoods and hollow threatenings to me? With the spirit of my father I will front and conquer them. Let us fear nothing; only being the slaves of sin and madness: these are the only real slaves." His ideal of life was that which is expressed in the word *Entsagen*, the renunciation of personal happiness — a word which, occurring constantly in his letters and in his conversation, greatly perplexed John Stuart Mill. "My main comfort about you," he would write to his younger brother, "is to see the grand practical lesson of *Entsagen* impressing itself in ineffaceable devoutness on your heart; herein it is well said *eigentlich beginnt das Leben*. Whoso is a man, may in all seasons, scenes, and circumstances live like a man. Let us take the world bravely, then, and fight bravely to the end, since nothing else has been appointed us." We might multiply quotations, but the whole story of his life illustrates better than any number of quotations the practical power of the religious convictions to which he had fought his way through the deep darkness.

In the light of what we have ascertained as to these convictions, we have no difficulty in reconciling the confession which Irving drew from him on the edge of the battle-field of Drumclog, that he did not think as his friend did of the Christian religion, and that it was vain to expect that he ever could or would, with the assurance he to the end gave his mother, that their belief was essentially the same, although their language was different. To the scientific theologian of the school to which Irving belonged, the exclusive authority of a revelation authenticated by the exclusively miraculous was essential; to the simple believer the spiritual verities which all revelation teaches, are the food of the soul, as to the source of which he cares less to enquire. Carlyle was assured that in the acceptance of what he believed to be fundamental in his mother's creed, he and she stood on the same ground. When he heard of his father's death, one of the considerations with which he comforted himself was that his father had been spared to him till he was better able to bear his loss; "till by manifold struggles I too, as he did, feel my feet on the everlasting rock, and through time with its death, can in some degree see into eternity with its life."

Just before Carlyle emerged from the darkness he was taken to Haddington by Edward Irving, and introduced to Miss Welsh, with whom his destiny was thenceforward to be linked. Mr. Froude believes that as the disappointment of his hopes in relation to Margaret Gordon had helped to plunge him into the depths, so his introduction to Jane Welsh had something to do with his deliverance. His first relation with his future wife was one of literary friendship. Her keen eye early discovered his commanding ability, and she fearlessly accepted him as her guide and intellectual director. He told her the books she ought to read, and procured them for her. A regular correspondence, and frequent calls on his part when she was visiting her friends in Edinburgh, were the natural results. She did not dream of any closer relation.

She had no thought of marrying him, but she was flattered by his attachment. It amused her to see the most remarkable person that she had ever met with at her feet. His birth and position seemed to secure her against the possibility of any closer connection between them. Then he had a trying time of it. In serious moments she would tell him that their meeting had made an epoch in her history, and had

influenced her character and life. When the humor changed, she would ridicule his Annandale accent, turn his passionate expressions to scorn, and when she had toned him down again, she would smile once more and enchant him back into illusions. She played with him, frightened him away, drew him back, quarrelled with him, received him again into favor as the fancy took her, till at last the poor man said, "My private idea is that you are a witch like Sapphira in the New Testament, concerning whom Dr. Nimmo once preached in my hearing: 'It seems probable, my friends, that Ananias was tempted into this by some spirit more wicked than his wife.'"

When encouraged by some expression of gratitude more warm than she had used before, he ventured to make advances as a suitor, he was met with a repulse quick and apparently decisive. The fact is her heart was still occupied with the image of her former tutor. Edward Irving was passionately attached to her, and his love was as passionately returned; but an early engagement formed during the Kirkcaldy period of his life, and his honorable though perhaps mistaken sense of the absolutely binding nature of such engagements, prevented the realization of their hopes. Had circumstances been other than they were, or had the Kirkcaldy minister and his daughter been wiser and less unyielding, the future of two notable lives would have been widely different. It hardly admits of doubt that with the keen intellect and native shrewdness of Jane Welsh at his side, Irving's career would not have been wrecked by the follies and extravagancies which made him prematurely old, and sent him to the grave before his time. She rightly gauged her influence when she said, "There would have been no tongues had Irving married me."

In that case, of course, Carlyle's suit would have remained hopeless. Would it have been well for him that it had been so? and would it have been well for her, that even with Irving beyond her reach, she had adhered to her expressed resolution to be Carlyle's friend, but never his wife? Mr. Froude would answer these questions in the affirmative. "Two diamonds," he says, "do not easily form cup and socket." He thinks the one indispensable condition of a perfectly happy marriage was wanting. He quotes her words that she loved Carlyle, but that she was not *in love* with him; and he infers from the manner in which Carlyle received his first repulse, as well as from the coolness with which he wrote when the treaty of marriage was being nego-

tiated, that the words were as applicable to him as to her.

With great diffidence we venture to differ from the biographer on the latter point. It seems to us certain that she never loved Carlyle with such love as her early passion for Irving showed her to be capable of, and that while she loyally bore the burden she had taken upon her when she married him, that burden was not lightened by the all-engrossing affection which, if she had had it, would have done much to woo him from his abstractions, and to charm him out of his humors. This has been placed beyond doubt by the words she spoke "in the late evening of her laborious life," — "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him — and I am miserable." But we have been unable to resist the conviction that the best love of his heart was given to her. It may be true that it would have been wiser for him never to have married. The wedding garment does not fit well with the camel's hair and leathern girdle: and it is better for one who has to bear the burdens of his generation in weariness and painfulness, and who has moreover a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, not to lead about a sister, a wife. We have it on the authority of Carlyle's mother that he was "gey ill to live wi'" — and probably the mother of Elijah the Tishbite would have said, in the language of Gilead, the same thing of her son ere he went to stand before Ahab. But so far as the love which warrants and sanctifies marriage was possible to one whose calling was to wildernesses and lonely caves, that love was given by Carlyle to the woman whom he wedded. It is true that when negotiating the marriage, he stands firmly out against successive proposals made by her as to their place of residence and road of life, and is exacting in his demand that if she loves him she must be prepared to accept "his heart and hand, with the barren and perplexed destiny which promises to attend them." He had insight enough to see that it was "not the poor, unknown, rejected Thomas Carlyle that she knew, but the prospective rich, known, and admired:" and it does not seem inconsistent with the deepest affection, that he should seek to test her love by asking that she should be willing to share his poverty and obscurity. In the letter in which we find these "hard sayings," he says, "Oh Jane, I could weep too, for I love you in my dearest heart." The difference in their up-

bringing must be taken into account — he was a peasant's son and had not learned to understand that amenities which it was no privation to him, or to his mother and sisters to want, were necessaries of life to a woman born and nurtured as Miss Welsh had been. It was therefore no evidence of lack of true affection that he did not understand how great to her were the privations involved in their life on the lonely moor; and that there and elsewhere he was so engrossed with the work he had in hand, that she was left much to herself.

But through all their married life — as even in the preliminary correspondence — we see the tenderness of love welling up out of the gloomy depths of his nature. She was his "Goody" — her letters to him in his absence from home were "not unlike what the drop of water from Lazarus's finger might have been to Dives in the flame." Again he says: "And how should we do, thinkest thou, with an eternal separation? O God, it is fearful, fearful. But is not a little temporary separation like this needful, to manifest what *daily* mercy is in our lot which otherwise we might forget or esteem as a thing of course?" Yet again, in a letter written when he was alone in London, and suffering under the discomfort of insect-infected lodgings, was pouring out bitter invective, he appeals to her thus: "But, oh, my dear Jeannie, do help me to be a little softer, to be a little merciful to *all* men, even gigmen. Why should a man, though bilious, never so 'nervous,' impoverished, bug-bitten, and bedevilled, let Satan have dominion over him? Save me, save me, my Goody! It is on this side that I am threatened; nevertheless we *will* prevail, I tell thee; by God's grace we will and shall." All the world knows how overwhelming was his sorrow when the final separation came. We gather, indeed, from the outpourings of his grief, that her death had smitten him with punishment for his unwitting neglect; but every page betokens a deep, true, and tender love.

We have been tempted to dwell at some length on this painfully interesting subject, to which Mr. Froude gives great prominence in the biography. We do not detract from Mrs. Carlyle, when we say that the one indispensable condition of perfectly happy marriage was on her side awaiting. It is rather to her honor that lacking it, she was able with unflinching loyalty to bear the heavy burdens which were to her a cross instead of a joy.

There are few scenes more memorable than that *chiaroscuro* scene, so vividly pictured in a letter written by her thirty years after the incident to which it refers. She tells a friend how she came to learn "that it is not the greatness or littleness of the 'duty nearest hand,' but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doing noble or mean." She describes the isolation of Craigenputtock. She tells of their poverty, and of how, "being an only child, she was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar, and very fair mathematician!" how it behoved her to learn to sew, and to cook, no capable servant choosing to live at such a place, and her husband having bad digestion. She thus continues: —

The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, "soured on his stomach," (oh Heaven!) and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home, so I sent for Cobbett's "Cottage Economy," and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three; and still I was sitting there in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and *degradation*. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to *do* anything but *cultivate my mind*, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a *loaf of bread* — which mightn't turn out bread after all! Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: "After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtock, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread."

I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place, where my two immediate predecessors had gone *mad*, and the third had taken to *drink*.

Whatever view is to be taken of Car

lyle's feelings towards his wife, it seems unquestionable that from his earliest introduction to her these feelings were such as to stimulate to more energetic and persevering exertion. From the day he first visited Haddington his course lay clearer before him. He devoted himself to literature. His efforts to obtain a hearing for the truth he had to speak were at first far from successful. During his Kirkcaldy residence he had sent an article "to some magazine editor in Edinburgh" which "vanished without sign," and again in 1819 or 1820 he wrote with much care and elaboration a review of a French book on gravitation, and left it at Jeffrey's house. There was "absolutely no notice taken, which was a form of catastrophe more complete than even I had anticipated." He was employed by Sir David Brewster, not only to write brief articles for his "Encyclopædia," but to translate a mathematical treatise by Legendre. It is interesting to note that Sir David, who was his earliest patron, was the man who, half a century later, as principal and vice-chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, welcomed him with quavering voice and trembling hand to the lord rector's chair. It was to Irving that Carlyle was indebted for his first important literary engagement, which resulted in the "Life of Schiller."

To Irving, also, he owed the only appointment he ever had which yielded him enough to place him beyond anxiety as to his living, and yet left him some leisure for literary work. This appointment was a tutorship to the sons of Mr. Buller, — one of whom, Mr. Charles Buller, afterwards made for himself a name during his brief Parliamentary career. The salary was £200 a year, which placed Carlyle at once in the coveted position of being able to make some worthier acknowledgment than he had found possible before, of all that the beloved friends at home had done for his education. The first fruits of previous small earnings had gone to them, and now he was in a position to help his brother John to attend medical classes in Edinburgh.

The Buller engagement, which, so far as his liking for the boys and for his work with them was concerned, was quite satisfactory, gave him his earliest glimpse into the world of fashionable life, and led to his first visit to London. His admiration was not excited either by what he saw at Kinnaird House of aristocratic people, or by what he saw in London of literary men. Of the former, he says: "Truly there is not to my plebeian conception a

more futile class of persons on the face of the earth." Of the latter, after scarfing Campbell, Procter, Coleridge, De Quincey, and Hazlitt, and disposing in a sentence of "all the spotted fry that 'report' and 'get up' for the 'public press,' that earn money by writing calumnies, and spend it in punch and other viler objects of debauchery," he says: "Such is the literary world of London; indisputably the poorest part of its population at present."

It was during his tenure of the tutorship that he translated "Wilhelm Meister," and wrote the "Life of Schiller." These books brought him the friendship of one whose slightest approbation he esteemed more precious than much common renown. Goethe wrote to him and asked his friendship, continuing the correspondence, and from time to time sending to him and to his wife graceful little presents. The common renown, which he valued only as a means of bringing him work to do, and fair wages for doing it, he found harder to win. Having parted with the Bullers, he remained for a time in the south, visiting Irving at Dover, running thence to Paris and back, and then settling in London till his books were through the press. A longing came over him for the simpler ways and more congenial fellowships of home, and he returned to Annandale, where, spite of Miss Welsh's remonstrances, he tried at Hoddam Hill the experiment of combining farming with the translating of his specimens of German romance. A great explosion with his landlord brought the experiment to a premature end, and he retreated to the family home at Scotsbrig, where he remained till his marriage, which was accomplished at last, spite of repeated misunderstandings and of proposals on his part too ludicrous to lead to misunderstanding. The beginning of 1826 found him settled with his wife at Comely Bank, on the outskirts of Edinburgh. There the hard struggle for a livelihood, which lasted through nine weary years, began. An introduction to Jeffrey brought him fairly regular work as a contributor to the quarterlies and monthlies; but this is an uncertain dependence for a married man. Other dependence he failed to find. His wife, who had a little fortune of her own before she married him, life-rented her mother in the whole of it; and a gift of £60 which, at an early date, came from the life-renter to aid the household finances at Comely Bank, was returned in such fashion that

the offer of assistance could not be repeated. Again and again efforts were vainly made to obtain vacant professorships in St. Andrews, in Glasgow, and in London; and editorships with a settled income were also sought with like result. In connection with these applications, Carlyle thought that Jeffrey, who claimed kindred with his wife, and was in many respects most friendly, used him hardly. Some of the places sought were in Jeffrey's direct gift. With regard to others, his influence would have been paramount; but Carlyle had the mortification of seeing positions given to others which would at once have placed him above want, and left him with free mind to work at literature. Though he grumbled more than enough, he never lost heart or hope: but bravely wrought at the task assigned him. Almost every payment coming to him from the magazines, was divided with his brother John, whose education he had undertaken; and out of his poverty he helped another brother to stock a farm.

The residence at Comely Bank was short, as available resources were not sufficient to meet the cost of city life; and so, at Whitsuntide of 1827, the two strange persons who had chosen each other for better or for worse migrated to the lonely moors of Dumfriesshire, and took up their abode at Craigenputtock. This step was not so foolish as it seemed. The utter solitude suited well the moody philosopher. Perfect quiet and regular exercise in the free moorland air induced sleep, and thus he was able to write. During the Craigenputtock years his work was regular and thorough. Almost all the essays contained in the first three volumes of the "Miscellanies," the "*Sartor Resartus*," and the greater portion of a work on German literature, which proved unsalable, belong to this period. The amount of labor involved in the production of these "Miscellanies" may be gathered from the fact that for the essay on Diderot alone he read twenty-five octavo volumes. This he accomplished in less than a month. On each week-day he mastered a volume, the Sundays of the month being devoted to the book of Genesis, which he read to his household — his wife, the maid, and the stable-boy. A study of his essays chronologically will show the progress he made in the practice of his chosen craft during these years. "If," says Mr. Froude, "we compare the essay on Jean Paul, which he wrote at Comely Bank, with 'The Diamond Necklace,' his last work at Craigen-

puttock, we see the leap from promise to fulfilment, from the immature energy of youth to the full intellectual strength of completed manhood."

But unquestionably the most noteworthy work of this period is the "*Sartor Resartus*." It is not accidentally but essentially the product of the transition time. It records in mythic guise the history of the conflicts through which he had fought his way to the power wherewith he was girded when he emerged from his retirement — his apprenticeship completed — and set himself to the healthful work of his life in "The French Revolution," the "Cromwell," and the "Frederick." It sums up the struggle of the past and marks the new point of departure when the morbid self-consciousness which up to and including this book runs through his work is left behind, and the strength which had been acquired is applied to the study of history and to the discussion of great social and ethical questions. The reading of these biographical volumes gives a new interest to the "*Sartor*," and the re-perusal of the "*Sartor*" gives additional interest to the biography. They stand related as do the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Grace Abounding" of John Bunyan, for the "*Sartor*" is best understood if it is read as a modern Pilgrim's Progress wherein we are able to trace the path by which, through endless vicissitudes of experience — through sloughs of despond, Sinai thunder-clouds, dungeons of Giant Despair and valleys of the shadow of death, with occasional interludes of flowery meadows, houses beautiful and delectable mountains, a burdened spirit struggles on towards celestial kingdoms. We now know that in the later as in the earlier book, the way is traced by one who had himself trodden it with bleeding feet.

The life in the wild was occasionally diversified by visits from Carlyle's kith and kin, whom also he would go to see, driving over into Annandale in the "clatch," as he called his old gig; and there were occasionally brighter invasions of the solitude, as when once and again Jeffrey came, or when Emerson found his way across the moor to grasp the hand which, by electric thrill of sympathy that distance could not dull, he had recognized beyond the Atlantic as the hand of a fellow worker to the same high ends. When the years were passing, and the solitude was becoming irksome, we find visits to London and to Edinburgh in anticipation of the final resolution to make the former

city his home and scene of work: but it was not till the midsummer of 1834 that he bade adieu to the moorland, and entered the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he remained till the close.

At the beginning of the London life we are called to part with Carlyle for the time, with keen expectancy of the pleasure which awaits us in the promised publication of Mrs. Carlyle's letters. Meanwhile we have learned enough from the volumes in our hands to make us know what manner of man he was, whom his generation first slighted, and then honored above most. His every weakness and all his shortcomings have been revealed to us with needless minuteness and reiteration; and yet the outcome is that we have a higher estimate than before of his nobleness. With all his moodiness, his restlessness, his discontent, no man was ever at heart more entirely submissive to the lot which fell to him, or more devoutly thankful for the good which mingled with it. Sweeping in his condemnations, and apparently reckless in his criticisms, he was yet generous in his view of human conduct and not really uncharitable in his judgments. Apparently inconsiderate of the inconvenience to others caused by the arrangements he deemed it needful in view of his work to make, he was yet singularly unselfish. We have seen how his first scanty earnings were shared with those he loved. At his special request, and while he was still in poverty, his name was omitted from his father's will on the ground that he had received a more expensive education than the rest of the family. And when in later life his income was abundant, he generously gave away the half of all he received. "The stern censor," says Mr. Froude, "was the kindest of Samaritans." Above all, he emerged from the trials of his youth and early manhood with an unsullied moral purity, rare even in the case of the kingliest men. His biographer is able to bear this remarkable testimony: "In the thousands (of letters) which I have read, either written to Carlyle, or written by him, I have found no sentence of his own which he could have wished unwritten, or, through all those trying years of incipient manhood, a single action alluded to by others, which those most jealous of his memory need regret to read, or his biographer need desire to conceal." In him the ancient order of the Nazarites was revived; and the sins of the age were as sternly rebuked by his life as by his teaching.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FACTOR'S SHOOTING.

I AM a factor. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say I *was* a factor, for at the present time I am without occupation. One day, two or three years ago, I set myself down to inquire carefully into my affairs. The problem to be solved was not a difficult one: Given a small capital on which it is impossible to live — granted a certain yearly deduction from it to pay bills with, — how long will it be before the capital vanishes away altogether? I found that this period would occur in about seven years, and the next day I announced to my friends that I was going to look out for "something to do." I had had what is called a first-rate education: a long course of expensive schools and tutors had ended in Oxford, though I left that university without taking a degree. I could read and write, and do easy sums; by the help of a Liddell and Scott and a grammar I could construe all but the hardest passages in Homer and Thucydides; and by making copious use of convenient spondee adjectives, I was capable of turning out immense quantities of correctly scanning Latin verse. My friends all said, "There will be no difficulty in a fellow like you getting a good berth," and at first I shared their confidence. But as time wore on my hopes died away. To begin with, I considered myself debarred from certain kinds of work. Having been accustomed to country life, to freedom from noise and dirt and confinement, I determined that whatever happened I would have nothing to do with anything which would necessitate always living in a town. I had been ploughed for mathematics in "Smalls" and "Mods;" and all the hazy notions about papering rooms, or dividing apples and oranges in certain proportions amongst a given number of children, which once possessed my brain, had long ago deserted it, and I felt myself unequal both in inclination and capability to grapple with accounts. I had, of course, no money to invest in business, and pride prevented me from thinking of anything absolutely menial. As I look back, I sometimes wonder what kind of employment it was I did expect to meet with; but indeed, after a time, I ceased to have any expectations at all. My heart grew sick with waiting; small, mean, pecuniary troubles hemmed me in on every side — ever increasing in inverse ratio to my capital; anxious days followed on weary

nights, and there were hopeless waitings for "something" to come by the post. Then my friends began to change their tone. They said, "You really ought to make an effort—we are afraid your education has been but a poor preparation for your future life." I never could see that they took much trouble in looking out for "things" for me, or indeed did anything but give advice; but perhaps they worked in secret, and were ashamed of their good deeds seeing the light.

Whether this was so or not, there was no visible result, and matters were at their worst when I received an offer from an old Manchester merchant to take charge of a small property he owned in Scotland. I met this old gentleman on a railway journey, did him some small service in looking after his lost luggage, and afterwards in a moment of confidence told him of some of my difficulties. Then he mentioned his want of a factor, and asked for references as to my character and capabilities. I gave him the names of two old friends; and the answers they sent to his inquiries perplexed him so much, that he showed them to me and asked me what they meant. When I read the letters, I was not surprised at the old gentleman's bewilderment—I could not understand them myself,—that is, I could not make out the meaning of the sentences, but I knew well enough *why* they were so mysteriously worded. It was evident that my friends, whilst unwilling to say anything definite against me, were determined to take no responsibility upon themselves; and they had succeeded so well that I would defy any lawyer or expert to attach any responsibility to them, or make out what they really meant. They told me afterwards (not knowing I had seen the correspondence) that they had given me an exceedingly good character; and I thought it best to affect ignorance and thank them, for I did not know how long it might be before I should again require their good offices—such as they were. Whether Mr. Weatherby (that was the merchant's name) was deceived, or whether for some reason or other he really took a fancy to me, I don't know—he gave me the offer of the place.

I had the vaguest ideas of the duties of a factor: as I look back, I must confess I was singularly ignorant of almost everything which belonged to such a post. Though I had spent much of my life in the country, I had done so to little purpose. I could shoot a little, and was an

enthusiastic follower of all kinds of sport. But though health, pleasure, and in some desolate countries profit, is to be got by means of the gun, I could not help feeling that a practical knowledge of its use is not an indispensable qualification to a factor even in Scotland; and, considering the matter carefully over, it seemed my only one. I learnt, by-and-by, that it was part of the duty of a factor to look after woods. I could distinguish, as well as any man, the difference between a larch-tree and a beech, or even between a larch and a Scotch fir. But a silver fir and a spruce seemed to me perfectly alike; and it was after carrying about little sprays of the two kinds with private marks of identity on them for a long time, and playing a kind of guessing game with them, that I was able to rightly name the one from the other. As to being able to distinguish between the timber of these trees when sawn up, I never could, and never shall, be able to do it. Some kinds of wood are to be told from other kinds by a smell of resin; but a Scotch factor cannot well go about smelling planks; and indeed it is not so easy to do naturally as one would think. I was aware that an agent should be more or less intimate with everything connected with land, on it or under it—subsoil, and crops, and cattle, and ploughs, and dairymaids, and pigeons; and I knew about none of these things. Like a distinguished northern politician, I thought all cattle "rather slack about the shoulder;" one plough was as another plough; one dairymaid seemed to me like other dairymaids, except that some were prettier.

I accepted the offer at once. In spite of this long list of negative qualifications, I never hesitated for a moment. I could not bear to face the reproaches of my friends at throwing away a chance. I trusted to practice, to books, to luck, to everything but myself. I remembered that a hundred years hence anything I might do would have been forgotten. I was sorry for Mr. Weatherby, but I closed rabidly and at once with his offer. As I have said, probably some prejudice in my favor, or some small compassion for my position, weighed with the latter. Being a townsman himself, he fancied that all country folk understood all about country matters; and he knew, of course, he could easily get rid of me if I turned out an unsatisfactory character.

I felt very grateful to the old man. He was in many ways difficult to deal with; and yet, on the whole, I did not get on

badly with him; and I may say at once, though I have left his service, I did not do so on account of any proved incapacity on my part for the work. My great safeguard lay in this fact, that he was infinitely more ignorant than I was. If all matters appertaining to land were Greek to me, they were Chinese or Sanskrit to him. He called himself a cloth manufacturer; but I believe his principal business consisted in making bags for artificial manure, though he knew nothing whatever about the various ingredients which filled them. I have seen him carefully examine a pile standing at a station waiting to be trucked; he used to pat them complacently, and search, I thought, for some mark to identify them by. In his middle age he had rented a small bit of rabbit-shooting near Manchester. A year or two before I met him he had bought a small property in a large Scotch county, and he considered himself somewhat of an authority on sport. He may have known something about rabbits, but he was certainly singularly ignorant of all matters connected with grouse. When he got a point he always started off as hard as he could to it — either by the noise he made putting up the birds, or else arriving in such a state of breathlessness that he could do nothing with the easiest chance. If he wounded a hare (and he seldom killed one outright) he used to loo his old setter after it; and nothing pleased him more than a successfully conducted chase of this kind, for, as he said, the process combined the pleasure of shooting with the excitement of a course. And one day on getting a snipe he sent it off immediately to M'Leay's at Inverness to be stuffed. This old man was easily satisfied: two or three head *per diem* to his own gun contented him, and half a dozen made him triumphant; but when, as sometimes happened, he got nothing at all, he became despondent, and made me a kind of scapegoat to vent his disgust on. One day he took me out with him to the moor, and was at first much exercised to find that in shooting, at any rate, I was his superior: indeed, I feared he would not ask me again. But our united bag was naturally heavier than his single one. He always immediately claimed every bird which came down from a brood at which we had both fired, and I never disputed his right to do so — it was not for me as a Scotch factor to argue with my employer. When Mr. Weatherby found out this, he never went on the hill without me.

The property was not large considering

it was in the Highlands. There was a big house, some fifteen hundred acres of moor and wood, and two or three small arable farms lying between the latter and the great loch which formed the march on one side. I entered on my duties with fear and trembling; but as time wore on I became used to the position, acquired a certain amount of confidence in myself, and, on the whole, managed to get on pretty well. It is true I made some terrible mistakes — mistakes which caused me to feel uncomfortable then, but which make me blush now when I think of them sometimes in bed. I spoke to one of the tenants about putting a bandage on the fetlock of a cow; I very nearly bought some oats from another at 70s. a quarter; and I drove almost into frenzy the old man who acted as my lieutenant on the place by proposing to get the surplus water off some lea by drains seven feet deep and ten feet apart. As a rule, I got out of these holes of error. The blank astonishment in the worthy farmer's face, when I offered him for his corn, told me I had made some mistake; and a search in Stephen's "Book of the Farm," made it plain that such drainage as I contemplated would be equally bad for the land and the proprietor. Still now and then I went too far, and Mr. Weatherby suffered. He was, however, so ignorant himself, that I always managed without falsifying anything, or without falsifying to any great extent, to persuade him that all was right — that matters were as they ought to be.

In a measure, I soon got rather to like Mr. Weatherby. He had a sister who kept house for him, and I never could endure her. She was a vulgar, conceited woman, fond of snubbing me whenever she got a chance, and too apt, I thought, to treat me as a servant. Of course I was a servant in a way; but I knew that both by birth and education I was her superior. She could not keep her h's in their proper places, much less make Latin verses; and I thought she might have shown me a little more consideration. I could not afford to quarrel with her openly, and I tried with all my might to affect to misunderstand her sometimes offensive insinuations. She made me go stupid messages which the servants could just as well have carried; and she even tried once to impress on her brother that it was part of my duty to get up and ring the big bell which was supposed to rouse the household — but he stood my friend in this matter, and though, as a rule, pretty

much under the influence of his sister, peremptorily vetoed her suggestion.

I took up my abode in Scotland in January; in August the owner and his family arrived; and about the end of September he announced to me that he should be obliged to cut his stay shorter than he had intended and go south immediately.

"Stoney," (that is my name) he said one morning, "business requires me to go to Manchester at once, and as it is late in the season, I shall hardly come back again this year. I should like you to send me a box of game about the middle of next month — five brace of grouse and two hares. You will find it perhaps difficult to get them without my aid, but you must do your best." And then he added graciously, "You may shoot a grouse and a hare for yourself — a blue hare." Those I had to send him were to be brown. From his cheerful countenance and measured language (when put out he always swore a good deal) I felt sure that the trade in manure-bags was looking up. Before he left he gave me many further directions as to the twelve head of game I was to send him. "And Stoney," he said, "shoot as few hen birds as you can. I won't have any hen birds killed; we can keep the cocks till they are tender." "But," I asked, "how am I to tell a cock from a hen when they are flying?" "You can distinguish them," he replied, — "you can distinguish them — by — their woolly legs." I knew that he knew as much about the sex of a grouse as about the moral character of a salmon, and I cheerfully promised. "And, Stoney," he went on, "don't disturb that stag. I won't have that stag disturbed. If that old scoundrel who lives at" (making a fearful mess of the Gaelic name) "hunts that stag, I'll turn him out of his farm." "But he has a lease," I ventured to interpose, "and there's thirteen years of it to run, and you can't turn him out." Then Mr. Weatherby went off grunting into the house. The farmer was a peaceable old fellow, who had probably never used a gun in his life, and the "stag" was a roe which we had put up one day in going through a wood.

At last the day of departure arrived. I accompanied my employers across the loch to the little station, where they met the train which caught the night mail to the south. We had a big boat-load — servants, luggage, and Miss Weatherby, — herself no inconsiderable weight. As a last chance of making herself disagree-

able, she ordered me, rather than asked me, to row. I think her heart softened a little just as the train was starting, for she put out her hand as if to say good-bye; but at that moment Lord Blackadder, the rich owner of a large deer-forest in the district, came out of the booking-office, and she hastily withdrew it, not wishing to appear on intimate terms with the factor before that nobleman. I could not help feeling rather triumphant when the great man shook hands with me (I had had an interview with him on some question of a disputed march), and spoke pleasantly to me. "You are going to be here for the winter, I suppose, Mr. Stoney. I don't intend to kill any more stags this season; but there will be some hinds wanted about Christmas, and I have told Campbell, the head keeper, to let you know when they go after them." I thought this very kind of Lord Blackadder, and thanked him. I saw Miss Weatherby hold half open the door of her carriage, I saw Lord Blackadder bow to her and get into another compartment further down, and as I watched the train twisting along the shore of the loch I rejoiced within me at the little snub.

When the train was out of sight I rowed home again. I well remember that row. The yellow and red and crimson beeches and larches which fringed the shores of the great loch were repeated in the water without their reflection being disturbed by a ripple. There was a haze in the distance, the sun shone brightly but with little power, and there was a pleasant smell of autumn and frost and dead leaves in the air. I looked with some pride and sense of proprietorship at the little territory over which I was to rule undisturbed for the next nine months. The stooks were still standing in the oat-fields close down by the loch: then there came the trimly squared pastures, each sheltered by its broad belt of wood; and above these the moor, brown now with its faded heather, stretched away for miles till it joined the distant haze. My eyes dwelt longest and with most affection on this moorland, for it was there dwelt the eleven grouse and three hares which I had been directed to slay.

I had made many good resolutions by the time I sculled the heavy old tub into the little landing-place, — that I would really work hard for Mr. Weatherby — harder than I had done before, — that I would make his interests my own, — that I would be courteous to cross old Maggie the housekeeper, — and finally that I

would not shoot more grouse than I had been ordered. Brimful of good intentions, I started, directly I had moored the boat, to the nearest farm to make an appointment for the next day with the tenant to measure some sheep-drains we had been cutting on the hill. He was working amongst his corn: and as I went in at the top of the field I was greeted and startled by a loud whirring noise — a dozen grouse had been feeding on the stubble, and they flew back on to the moor, following carefully in their skimming flight every undulation of the ground. I went down to old Rory, the little farmer, and we chatted together for some time on diverse matters, but I made no appointment with him: I determined, though I made a feeble struggle in favor of the drains, to devote the next day to grouse. My conscience told me I was wrong in this. It is true, Mr. Weatherby had not told me *not* to go out the next day, but he had specified the time when he wanted the game, — a full fortnight hence. I made another attempt on the road home to conquer myself, and nearly turned back, after all, to speak to the farmer; but at that moment I was passing through the stooks, and I saw they were almost all within gunshot of the wall. Before going to bed that night, I in a measure salved my conscience by determining that the grouse I was to slay in the morning should be the grouse that rightly belonged to me, and no other; and having made this compact, I slept the sleep of the just. The morning was keen and bright; there was frost. The dahlias in front of the lodge were cut down by it, and the beds of heliotrope were withered and blackened. I knew that up on the moor the heather would be dry in an hour; and after having devoured hastily my oat-cake and bacon breakfast, I shouldered the gun and was off — feeling far more eager about this, my first attempt *solus*, than I had ever done when acting as bag-carrier and dog-beater to Mr. Weatherby. By ten I was far up on the moor: the men were working amongst the stooks, and there was nothing there. By eleven I had killed my grouse; the day was young, the best part of the ground was untouched, the brood to which my bird had belonged lay like stones, — and yet my work was over. I ought to have thrown all my cartridges into a peat-bog and run home as hard as I could. Alas! I threw away nothing but empty cases that day. The grouse all lay like stones that day; they lay too well. Everything favored me — I found them

easily — I knocked them over as I had never done before: double shots, snapshots, long shots — it was all the same; down came a bunch of rich brown and black and russet feathers. I had no dog except a little skye terrier, and yet I never lost a bird. When I emptied out the contents of the bag at four o'clock, I was almost sick with fright at the display. Six and a half brace lay before me. I had killed on the very first day a brace more than the full allowance for the season for my employer and myself. Old cocks? Not they. I had never thought of the warning that had been given me — I had never looked for the woolly legs. Here was a pretty beginning, — a curious corollary to the resolutions scarcely twenty-four hours old. I had begun by intending to shoot one bird — my lawful bird; then I killed another in lieu of my lawful blue hare, and then — I was very miserable; I felt no pleasure in looking at the bonnie dead birds. I remembered how Christopher North had resuscitated the snipe by blowing down his neb, and longed for his power. What on earth was I to do with my spoil? I put a brace back into the game-bag, and the remainder I buried carefully in a moist peat-hag — eleven as fine grouse as ever man saw: plump, and in perfect plumage, and all with the woolly legs which my master considered the characteristic of a cock. Two pounds' worth of grouse did I stick into that slimy hole, and hate myself for doing so; but no other course lay open to me. I dared not send them away, and Maggie would have betrayed me if I had taken them home. As I lay awake that night, I felt a great change had come over my moral character. Only a few hours had passed since I had been brimming over with virtuous self-complacency. A few hours had changed all. I was a poacher; I had betrayed the trust of my master. I was a coward for burying the birds in a bog — nay, I almost felt as if I was a liar; for I had half made up my mind, as I came down the hill, to account for my many shots by saying I had been firing at a mark. No one had questioned me. But then my uneasy conscience began to inquire whether the intention was not of as much value as the act; and while debating this nice point I fell asleep.

It would not be profitable in any sense to give a daily account of what I did on the moor between that day and the 10th of December. I was often on it. There was not very much work for me on the place, but to a certain extent I neglected

what there was to do if I thought I should have any luck on the hill. I tried sometimes to resist the fascinations of the sport; but I think I must be a little weak-willed — at any rate in that particular direction — for I hardly ever did ultimately fight the temptation successfully. Perhaps I might have succeeded better if it had not been for those fatal stubble-fields. The grouse used to come down every afternoon and feed — confiding things! — within gunshot of the walls. About 3 P.M. they used to arrive — not many, for there were not many on the place. About 3.5 they used to fly off again — some of them; and some would be sprawling on the crisp stubble, or lying quiet in brown feathery masses. The end of this kind of thing was that I did serious injury to the shooting — I almost destroyed it. The marches were narrow, the grouse naturally few. They were exceedingly greedy birds; like myself, they gave way readily to temptation, and the penalty they paid for their sensuality was a heavy one. I consider, if the season had lasted ten days or a fortnight longer, that the *Tetrao Scoticus* would have become extinct so far as that moor was concerned. As it was, a few wary old cocks and one small brood alone escaped.

It will naturally be supposed that this kind of work could not be carried on altogether in secret. Wood-pigeons and crows might account for the firing, and I avoided the farm-folk as much as possible. If ever I enter the diplomatic service, the experience I gained in dealing with the people on this Scotch place will be invaluable to me. And I used to crouch, to lie down, to assimilate my shape to that of a tree, to pay particular attention to the color of a background. The shepherd must have had a pretty good idea of what went on on the moor. But the shepherd hated Mr. Weatherby, who had called him a damned old woman one day, when certain holes in his little hut's walls had been pointed out and complained of; and I used to give him tobacco and whiskey sometimes, and let him help himself liberally to firewood. This man was solemn and reputedly devout; he had an acrid and severe countenance, and he was wifeless. This latter state greatly encouraged me to hope that he would be silent.

I harried the place shamefully, and what grouse were left had good cause to bless the sun which rose on the 11th of December. As for the "stag," I met him one evening when coming home from the

hill in the dusk, and fired two barrels of small-shot at him; and the poor beast was found a week after in the wood, dead and wasted.

So came Christmas; after which festive period, spent by me rather dismally in thinking of my sins, and wondering whether I should be found out, I got a companion at the lodge. I advertised in the *Field* for a pupil; and though when I got an application I was almost frightened at my audacity, the man who made it came. Perhaps he was lured by the good fishing which formed a part of the advertisement. For a time I tried to make him do a little work. I set him down to the estate account-book one day, and persuaded him to make a copy of it, as an example of what such things should be; but he detected a mistake in my adding up in the second or third page, and after that I left him alone so far as money matters were concerned. We both fished a good deal in the loch, and in the small burn which ran through the property; and I should have had a pleasant spring, if it had not been for the fact that summer came next. As the months sped on, I became more and more alarmed. As a proof of how easy it is for a tolerably virtuous young man to become at short notice something distinctly the reverse, I may mention that at one time I seriously contemplated setting the heather on fire just before the season for muirburn ended — of course accidentally — and burning the whole of it; but I discovered in time that such an act is looked on by the law as a criminal offence, and is punished by a long term of imprisonment.

Before Christmas, Lord Blackadder's keeper had come over to tell me of a hind-drive he was contemplating; and I went into the forest for a short visit, and had a pleasant time of it with the jovial gillies. We were on the hills all day, slept at night in a remote and lonely lodge, feasted on fresh venison-steaks, and scones, and whiskey, and in the evening played "catch the ten" with indescribably dirty packs of cards, or "puss in the corner" with bonnie, rosy-cheeked maidens. I never myself got any hinds, for they always seemed to come awkwardly to the places where I was posted; but I enjoyed the "puss in the corner" very much. I was, however, startled, when saying good-bye to the head keeper, at a remark he made, "You'll no' be having many birds o' your groun' for the season?" "Oh, Campbell," I said, "what makes you think that?" "Oh,

it's the weather," he replied; "these black frosts is clean bad for the breeding." This happened before Christmas, and I felt sure grouse would not be thinking of such a thing; but there was a queer look in his eye when he spoke which made me suspect, early as it was, that he had paid a visit to some black bottle; and I was sorry for this, as Campbell was reputed a steady man, and much respected by his master on that account. "Oh no," he said again; "I'm afraid you'll no' make a very heavy bag on Rhian the year."

Summer drew near. It was evident that I was not altogether hardened into crime, for by the end of July I could not sleep at night, and on the first day of August I took Robert (the pupil) into my confidence. He was a nice, open lad. We had got on together very well, and he seemed thoroughly to appreciate the difficulties of my situation. He was quite willing to do anything he could to help; but for a long time I did not see how we could do anything, and I resolved to let matters take their course. Old Mr. Weatherby had been unwell during the summer, and at one time I thought my difficulties would be solved by his not being able to come north at all; but shortly before the twelfth, he wrote saying he was much better, and intended finishing his cure in Scotland. He added he was much pleased to see by the papers that the grouse in our district were strong and plentiful. I wrote in a great hurry to say that this was not at all the case with us, and that the breeding season had been a very bad one (which was a perfectly true statement); but the letter had no effect in changing his resolution, and on the 10th he and his sister and household arrived.

It was with very different feelings that I once more acted as stroke in the family boat, and started for the station. On the way I firmly made up my mind to confess everything. I knew that the grouse all round us *were* plentiful; the oldest inhabitant could not remember a better nesting season. But I had acted as the French sportsman did who killed the hares "Desdemon" and "Alphonse," and left only "le vieux Achille" to breed. I had depopulated the ground.

My employer was looking out of the train as it drew up: his face had lost its ruddiness, and altogether he was feebler than when I last saw him. He was very gracious, and seemed delighted to be once more in Scotland. The sight of his gun-cases and a new setter almost made

me sick. There was no time then to explain matters, and long before we reached the landing-place I once more changed my mind. I *could* not explain things. Mr. Weatherby asked many questions about the grouse, and I gave blurred, indistinct answers to some, whilst others I pretended not to hear, and labored most diligently at the oar. The lapse of another year had not improved the temper of his sister, and what little she did say was disagreeable.

Robert and I had moved out of the big house to a small cottage close by; and as we were sitting by the smouldering peat before going to bed that night, I made a proposition to him. There is a kind of sport to be witnessed amongst the fells of Cumberland which is hardly known in other counties. It consists in dragging a skin steeped in aniseed across country for ten or a dozen miles, for dogs to hunt. This is called a "hound-trail." It takes place after wrestling-matches and pigeon-shootings and shows, and causes great delight to the sturdy, sport-loving northern farmers. I told Robert of this, and asked him if he would be willing to go up on to the hill early in the morning of the twelfth, and put such a skin down here and there; and I explained to him that the dogs would scent it, and work about as if after game, whilst as Mr. Weatherby was short-sighted, we might be able to induce him to believe that the birds had run and got up farther on,—that if this was carried out two or three times, his disgust at their behavior and his weakness from his recent illness, might prevent his going out much more. Robert, after a little demur, agreed to perform his part; and the next morning, under the pretext of getting some remedy for toothache, I went to the little town and bought some of the strong-smelling drug.

It was not with much confidence that I embarked in this desperate course, but it was just possible that it might hoodwink Mr. Weatherby. I knew his extreme ignorance on all matters connected with game. I bethought me of how, the last season, he had perpetually fired at small birds in mistake for snipe; how he had taken a roe for a red deer, an old carrion-crow for a black cock; how, when he had tumbled head over heels into a peat-hag, and plugged up both barrels with black earth, he had wished to clear them by firing his cartridges; and how he had only been saved from destruction by my interposition. I remembered all this, and determined that it was worth while to run

the risk; I could not make things much worse than they were. I gave the shepherd a pair of old boots and half a pound of tobacco, prayed heartily for a stormy morrow, and went to bed in a most unenviable state of mind.

Uneasy snatches of sleep were all I was able to secure; and at a very early hour I awoke Robert, and started him off with his rabbit-skin and little bottle, giving him many and minute instructions as to what he was to do.

Ah! if my conscience had been easy, how glad I should have been at the look of that morning! It was one of those early autumn days which give promise of heat: a heavy dew lay over everything. Robert left broad footprints as he crossed the lawn, and destroyed myriads of gossamer and sparkling spider webs.

There was the usual delay in making a start, the usual collecting of cartridge-bags and flasks, and about ten Mr. Weatherby and myself and the shepherd stood at the gate which opened on to the first bit of moorland. The former was full of cheerful anticipations: my mind, though I acted my part as well as I could, was filled with most dismal forebodings. I experienced, in an intensified form, the feelings of a schoolboy who is called up for a lesson he has not prepared: perhaps the thoughts of a clerk submitting falsified accounts to his employer would be still nearer akin to mine. What the shepherd thought I do not know; his sour face was unreadable by me. I had tried to persuade the old merchant that he (the shepherd) would be an unnecessary encumbrance, and that I could easily carry all the game myself — how easily none but I knew; but Mr. Weatherby was obstinate. He insisted on our both taking enormous game-bags. I thought of the whiskey, and tobacco, and firewood, and boots for which the shepherd was indebted to me, and fervently trusted that he did the same. I had expected Robert home before we started, but he had not made his appearance. The setters were let loose, and in three minutes they ran into a brace of grouse. My mind was so occupied and anxious that my fingers were unready, and I missed. Not so Mr. Weatherby. To the great surprise of the shepherd and myself and the dogs — certainly to his own — he knocked over a bird. He was jubilant: he laughed at my dismal forebodings; he chaffed me for my bad shooting; he brought out his flask and gave us both a small mouthful of whiskey "to wet the luck;" he prophe-

sied an enormous bag, and then he ordered an advance.

I knew those two old birds; I may almost say I knew them by sight, and probably they were as well "acquaint" with me. Many a time had I tried in the previous autumn to circumvent them, and only superior cunning on their part had saved them.

So we went deep into the moor: we waded through rich, blooming heather; we passed by rushy patches, and green burns, and sunny hillocks, where grouse used to love to lie, and it was all as a city of the dead. Mr. Weatherby got hot and fidgety, and tired, and finally cross. He insisted on taking his own course, and would not be guided by my advice, and so we wandered a mile from the place where I had told Robert to cast off. The shepherd's face told nothing — he acted as "Brer" Fox did in the American story, "he lay low." I was wondering what on earth had become of Robert, and was picturing to myself that self-sacrificing individual stuck in a bog or drowning in a burn, when a loud to-ho! startled me. I saw Dash and Meg standing rigid about a hundred yards off, and Mr. Weatherby starting after them as hard as he could go. I was too much accustomed to this proceeding to be much surprised at it. In defiant opposition to all the rules of shooting, the old bag-merchant ran furiously towards his dogs. Whenever he had a little breath to spare he shouted loudly to-ho! — though to all appearance the setters never meant to move again. He reached them in his usual state of mind and body — blown, shaking, and done.

Nothing got up: the dogs refused to budge an inch. I encouraged them, and patted them, and pushed them, and then their master kicked them, but they would not move. "He has been here and made the stuff too strong," I thought, and I almost fancied I could smell it myself. Mr. Weatherby began to swear and hammer the dogs with his gun: and the shepherd — "he lay low."

Suddenly the animals began to move — to draw; we stood round and watched them with much solemnity and anxiety: with slow and stately step and great rigidity of body they advanced, and we followed. Mr. Weatherby, with his forefinger on his right trigger; I with my hammers down, half expecting to see Robert jump up out of a bunch of heather and run for it; and the shepherd with his stick held like a gun, ready to use in a

moment. The dogs went steadily on and on. "They've run," said Mr. Weatherby in a hoarse and excited whisper; "head them, Stoney." So I made a circuit and met the party, and, miserable as I was, could hardly keep from laughing aloud at the appearance it presented to one who was behind the scenes.

The funeral march of the dogs was gradually exchanged for a quicker step. They began at length to trot, to sniff in an excited manner here and there. Then they threw up their heads, they stretched their tails out straight behind them, and set off across the moor; Dash began to "whumper," and Meg fairly "yowled." Now and then they were hidden for a few seconds by a hillock, but they soon reappeared. They took a beeline across the heather; we watched them cross the march, grind up the opposite slope, and then they faded from our view. Talk of a hound-trail — none better was ever seen amongst the fells of Cumberland.

I stared blankly in the direction the dogs had gone. I did not dare to look at Mr. Weatherby; he broke out into a storm of fury, and condemned the dogs, and myself, and the shepherd, and the moor, to the hottest place he could think of. I said nothing in answer to all this — only looked at the shepherd; and the shepherd — "he lay low."

The bag consisted of one grouse that Twelfth. If the dogs had reappeared on the scene by the time we reached home, I think there would have been two setters added to the total; but they did not. I left Mr. Weatherby when near the lodge, telling him the toothache had come on again, and flew to my small dwelling.

There, sitting in the last stage of exhaustion on his bed, was Robert. He was dirty to a degree, and neither his knickerbockers nor stockings showed any signs of their original colors. There was an awful smell of aniseed in the room. It appeared that he had safely reached the place where the scent was to be laid first, and had just arranged the rabbit-skin to his satisfaction, when he became aware of a man crouching down at some little distance, and evidently watching him. Robert said at first that he had walked slowly away, but afterwards admitted he had perhaps run a little, and I soon found out that he had run a great deal. The man started in pursuit, and Robert made the best of his way across the moor. But after proceeding with great rapidity for some time he tumbled over a tump of grass, and the bottle of

aniseed, which he had put for safety in his trousers-pocket, was broken in the fall. He said that this was perhaps what the dogs had been hunting, — and I thought so too: I could have given him an hour's start, and hunted him with great ease myself — he smelt as if he had been dipped in aniseed.

I had barely time to take in all this, still less elaborate any plan for the future, when there was a knock at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, in came a man — the shepherd. He sniffed once or twice with great noise and deliberation, and I thought he grinned, and then he said, —

"The maister's waiting to see Mistar Rowbert in the leebrary."

Robert's face was too dirty to get white, but his lips quivered as they formed the word "Now?"

"Ay, the noo — at wanst," said the shepherd.

"I'll just change my clothes first, I think," said the agitated Robert. "I've — I've — had a little — accident, shepherd."

Once more there seemed a curious struggle in that individual's countenance between austerity and mirth, and again he loudly scented the air. He gave no reprieve. "But he's waiting," he said; and he almost buttonholed the reluctant lad, and took him out of the room.

I had a terrible foreboding as to who that watcher on the moor had been. After a decent interval, I followed the two to the house, and, as I had had no time to communicate with my friend, and was quite ignorant of what he was going to say, I thought it wise to get into the middle of a laurel-bush which stood just opposite the window and garden-door of Mr. Weatherby's smoking-room. I was disappointed in my plan, for I could hear nothing articulate; indeed, after a few minutes, I doubt if there was anything articulate to hear. For a short time I could hear nothing at all, but I knew Robert was in the room, and had gone in by that door, — I could smell him.

Then I heard a loud voice, a stuttering, stammering vociferation, the sound of a struggle, the breakage of something brittle, a plaintive cry in a different key, and then the door was thrown violently open. I, crouching in the laurel-bush, watched. Robert came out first. I saw Mr. Weatherby had him by what seemed the skin of his neck. Breathless, I saw the old bag-merchant poise himself on one leg, and then I experienced a violent concussion

in my leafy hiding-place, — the plotter and the tool met in the laurel-bush. Robert's ideas had been very much confused by his day's work, especially by the last part of it, and I think when he saw me he imagined that Mr. Weatherby had somehow managed to run round the bush to meet him and kick him again: he jumped back with the greatest possible alacrity, and fled like a hare down the avenue.

I instinctively shrank closer to the ground: the old man saw the movement. With what I can only call a howl, he sprang at me; but I was too nimble for him. No one ever ran, or ever will run, faster from that house than I did that fatal day. I upset Miss Weatherby, who was coming up from the farm, and left her sitting wildly gesticulating amongst dozens of broken eggs. I soon distanced her brother, and got out of his territory. I spent a miserable night at a little inn, miles off; and after hovering about the next day, trying to make up my mind to venture back for some clothes, I gave it up, and left that hilly country for good.

It is but justice to Mr. Weatherby to say that he sent me my personal effects, and what he called my "wages." I have never seen him since, or been within a hundred miles of him; but I understand that the sanctimonious shepherd has taken the place of the amateur factor.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FOUR MONTHS IN MOROCCO.

To the tourist who flees from the fogs of London in search of regions where the average duration of sunshine exceeds half an hour *per diem*, the choice of country and climate is often a matter for consideration. So it was with the writer of the present article, who, however, was fortunate in having the momentous question, "Where shall I go to?" decided for him by a timely suggestion from a friend to "try Morocco." There was an old-world flavor about his description of the place that was very much to my taste: so without more ado I packed up my traps, took a berth on board the first P. & O., and in six days found myself at Gibraltar. I will not attempt to describe the "Rock" and its well-known surroundings; its blue bay, and ever-varying hues of mountain, sea, and cloud; its wonderful galleries (not picture-galleries, or the repository of "old masters," as a friend of mine imagined them to be!) — but confine myself

strictly to my subject, and make my way with all speed across the Straits to Tangier. Suffice it to say that, after four days, I had had enough of that uncomfortable fortress, where, every way the traveller turns, he finds a hill, and a different temperature at every corner of its stuffy streets. Accordingly, I availed myself of the first steamer advertised, and after a moderate passage of some four hours through the choppy seas of the "Gut," found myself for the first time on the shores of Africa.

I can never forget my first sight of Tangier. The spectacle could hardly fail to strike the oldest traveller: it is doubly impressive when, as in my case, it forms one's first introduction to the manners and customs of the East. The transition is so complete from all that exists on the other side of the Straits, that one hardly realizes the proximity of Europe. You cross ten miles of sea, and find yourself, as it were, in a new world, where all the modes and conditions of life are changed; and here, in the year 1882, westwards of Piccadilly, one can be transported in imagination to the far East of bygone centuries. Perhaps the impression conveyed by the utter novelty of the scene was best expressed by an American gentleman, who "guessed he felt as though he had been taken up by the scruff of the neck and set down in the Old Testament!" It is a common subject of remark how few people visit Morocco; and it is indeed difficult to conceive how this primitive simplicity can have been maintained so long within such easy reach of civilization. In Tangier there are no roads or vehicles — not a wheel to be found in the place — the only method of locomotion, besides your own legs, being by camel, horse, donkey, or mule. Drainage, it need hardly be said, there is none, except in a few European houses; yet the place is healthy enough. Perhaps, after all, our modern system of sewage is a blunder! All their appliances are of the rudest description, — the very ploughs with which they till the earth being of the same pattern as what Abraham must have used. Harrows do not exist; for it would be an unwarranted interference with the workings of nature not to leave the seed in the ground to shift for itself: so the Arab husbandman scratches the surface of the soil with his apology for a plough, throws in the seed, and lets it lie. "Allah will provide." If the elements are propitious, and there is a bounteous harvest — well. If, on the contrary, the

crop should fail, and famine ensue, he will not complain, but bear his sufferings with the characteristic patience of his race. Why it should be in accordance with the laws of Kismet to use a plough, but not a harrow, it boots not to inquire, for fatalism seldom concerns itself with logic.

But to resume. Our steamer, on heaving to in the bay, was surrounded by the usual crowd of Arabs, gibbering and gesticulating for a fare; and the tourist who is new to it all, feels somewhat embarrassed. After a while, one begins to perceive that the appalling energy a Moor throws into all he says is only his habitual method of conversing; and that, when you think he is threatening to cut your throat, he is probably only wishing you good-morning, or remarking on the fineness of the weather.

My baggage was put on the backs of various porters, and myself in a boat, and we were landed together at what at the time appeared to be the *embouchure* of the main drain. Once on shore, we were, of course, beset by fresh touts, beggars, porters, etc., gibbering at us like lunatics; and I could do nothing but stand still, and swear impartially at every one, till at last a fatherly old Arab, with a green cotton umbrella, and a slight smattering of English, introduced himself as the *commissiounaire* of M. Bruzeaud's hotel, and took me in tow. I was first conducted to the receipt of custom, where a number of grave officials, sitting cross-legged in a row, took stock of my baggage, and passed the things one by one. This done, we left the port by a large gate, and after passing through an ill-paved, and worse-smelling alley, ascended the main street of the town. It was market-day, and we made our way with difficulty through the throng of women and slaves, Moors, negroes, Jews, and Europeans — the motley crowd of various nationalities which make up the population of Tangier. The extraordinary variety of types and shades of complexion, even among the indigenous population, cannot fail to impress the traveller first setting foot in the place. He sees pure-bred Moors, with fine-chiselled features, and skins as white as his own; olive-complexioned Arabs; half-castes of every shade; negroes from Timbuctoo and the Soudan; Riffians, from their mountain fastnesses to the east of Tetuan, resembling North American Indians, with their shaven crowns and long scalp-locks, by which, it is said, Azrael, the Angel of

Death, is to pull them up to heaven on the last day. These Riffians are a division of the old Berber race, the original inhabitants of Morocco, or who, at any rate, must be historically regarded as the aborigines of the country. They are a turbulent, warlike race, and have never been thoroughly subdued.

Arriving at the upper extremity of the town, we passed out into the *soko*, or market-place — a large, open space filled with camels and other beasts of burden, muffled women waiting for their lords, and a buzzing crowd of country people, engaged in barter, or else lying idly about in picturesque groups. M. Bruzeaud's hotel, to which I was recommended, is built on rising ground, a few hundred yards outside the town, commanding a grand view over the bay, with its yellow fringe of sand, and the Straits, bounded by Gibraltar and the purple hills of Spain.

As I arrived the sun was setting in a wondrous blaze of green and gold, the whole landscape being bathed in the glorious light. I began to fancy this was the average sort of Eastern sunset, and that we should be entertained in a similar manner every evening; but it was not so to be, for I have never seen anything equal to it before or since. In the evening I took a stroll up to the *kashah*, or fortress, which is built on an eminence encompassed by a high wall, and constitutes the upper section of the town. Here are the prisons, the palace of the bashaw and his court of justice, a large mosque, the treasury, and the principal fortifications. The latter are now provided with two 18-ton muzzle-loading Armstrongs, purchased from the British government; and there are two similar pieces lying uselessly with their slides on some waste ground outside, awaiting the time when the Moorish authorities shall summon sufficient energy to mount them in the battery. I saw the captain of artillery — an intelligent young Moor — who had studied for two years at Chatham and Woolwich. He told me he had lately fired seven rounds from his new acquisitions, and that, strange to say, the adjoining buildings had not been shattered by the explosion. The prison, as usual in the East, was a loathsome dungeon. The doorkeeper — a ruffianly-looking Moor — was lying asleep in a recess in the wall, but roused himself sufficiently at our approach to demand *backsheesh*, — which, I regret to say, I was weak enough to give. I was directed to look through a small grating, whence issued a noisome stench;

while the sight that met my eyes was scarcely less revolting. The wretched inmates were seated huddled together in dirt and darkness, making baskets and mats, which they were very anxious to sell. I had purposely brought some bread with me; and as I took a loaf from the basket they all crowded to the window, fighting like demons for the first place — their pinched faces and eyes glaring with hunger, telling all too plain a tale of starvation and ill-treatment — as they struggled to obtain the food. No wonder! for they are almost entirely dependent on such charities for sustenance; and they have to drink the filthiest water, collected in goatskins, from any puddles that may be nearest at hand. Here they will remain till such time as it pleases the merciful consideration of "government" to release them; or, more hopeful still, if by their own exertions, or by the charity of friends, they can manage to "square" the bashaw, who in that case will speedily procure their release. That official's salary not exceeding £2 a month, it is not surprising that he finds it expedient to supplement his income in other ways.

Justice can hardly be said to exist in Morocco. Of two litigants, he who has the longest purse prevails; and while petty pilferers are sent by gangs in chains to Fez, whence it is not probable they will ever return or survive the starvation and ill-treatment, murderers who have the means can buy immunity at a very moderate cost. The Court of Justice was sitting, and I had frequent opportunities of observing it afterwards. The procedure, to any one fresh from the Old Bailey, appears a little strange. The bashaw reclines on a comfortable couch listening to the witnesses, who give their evidence with great energy and volubility. Sometimes in the middle of it all the prisoner will jump up and exclaim that he can get a witness on his behalf. He will then run out of court, unattended by guard or policeman, and presently return with his man. No one expresses any surprise at this performance, and it never seems to enter their heads that he should avail himself of the opportunity to escape. The usual punishments, besides fine and imprisonment, are mutilation, by cutting off a hand or foot, — the stump being plunged in boiling pitch to stop the bleeding, — bastinadoing, and putting out the eyes. There used to be a blind beggar constantly demanding *backsheesh* at one of the gates, who had been a noted robber in his day; but falling at last into the

hands of his pursuers had suffered this horrible penalty. There were at least two murders during my stay at Tangier — both perpetrated in the most open manner, though in neither case was any adequate penalty (if any penalty at all) inflicted. The first was from motives of jealousy, and the murderer stabbed his victim in the middle of the town — the body lying out in the street till a guide from the hotel stumbled over it on his way home at night. The second was committed by a Riffian, to wipe out a blood feud that existed in his family. A relation of his had been killed by a man, and from that time the solemn duty devolved upon him of avenging his death. The act may have been committed a generation back; but in that case the mother would daily charge the child upon her knee with the task he had to perform, and when he was grown up, never let him rest till vengeance was exacted. The man has little hope of escape. No Irish agent or landlord under the ban of "Captain Moonlight" could be so certain of his doom; and in Barbary he cannot even avail himself of the doubtful protection of the police. In this case the murderer coolly shot his victim dead as he was sitting in the *soko*, and then brandishing his knife at all who attempted to arrest him, got clear off into the country. A friend of mine once heard the bashaw inflict a fine of eighteenpence on a Moor for the peculiarly cold-blooded murder of a Jew — that impartial functionary observing that the sentence would have been a heavier one, but that it was necessary that Jews should be discouraged!

Tangier, as may be supposed, is full of bazaars, where the tourist may buy embroidery and *curios* from the interior at almost any price he chooses to give. Those who pay what they are asked will lighten their purses in a marvellously short time; but by a little judicious haggling, things may be got at a very moderate rate. There are two principal shops — one kept by a Jew, the other managed by a Moor; and the keenest rivalry subsists between them. They were never tired of heaping abuse and contumely on each other's heads, accompanied by expressions of the most unbounded contempt. "But," exclaimed the Moor one day, speaking of his brethren in the trade, "they are mere flies!" "Besides," he said to me afterwards, with a magnificent gesture of mingled pity and scorn, "I have only to tell the Christians that we Moors did not crucify Christ, and they

will all come to my shop." A subordination of mercantile to religious considerations, that, I fear, the worthy hadj would have found as rare in Christendom as it certainly is in the mutual dealings of Mohammedans.

There is always something new or striking to see in Tangier. From the windows of the hotel we could see all that went on in the soko, as well as the country people coming and going with their caravans from the interior. There is a large Arab cemetery hard by, where one has frequent opportunities of witnessing their funerals. The body is borne on a bier, followed by a long train of mourners chanting a slow, plaintive dirge, unquestionably the most agreeable music one hears in this country, where the art is still in its infancy. The Mohammedan law enjoins burial before sundown on the day of decease; and the grave being ready dug, the corpse is placed in it in a sitting posture with the face towards Mecca, ready to spring up at the sound of the last trumpet. Should he be a Riffian, and possessed of a reliable scalp-lock, he will be saved the trouble, as Azrael will pull him up in the way already mentioned. Perhaps, however, the most interesting ceremony is a Moorish wedding. Walking with a friend one day, we noticed a procession winding along the sands of the bay, so we descended the road leading by the southern wall to the beach to observe what was going on. A Tangierine was taking unto himself a bride from the country, and had sent out to fetch her in with due honors. An advanced guard of Riff warriors, armed with long Moorish guns and picturesquely clad in embroidered garments, led the way. Immediately behind came the lady's dowry — a rather seedy-looking mule, who carried on his back the bridal *trousseau*, consisting of an old mattress and some bed-linen! Next followed the bride herself, cooped up in a kind of ornamented box borne on the back of a donkey, and supported by her kinsmen, dressed in short *gelabs* decked out in various colors. A great band of pipes and tom-toms, the national music of Morocco, brought up the rear, making a fearful din. On reaching the outskirts of the soko the procession and music stopped, and the Riffians, forming in order, executed a sort of warlike quadrille, during which they frequently leapt up in the air with wild shouts and fired their guns with a curious back action into the ground. A juggler next came forward and performed several tricks with

his gun, flinging it up in the air and catching it, and firing it while spinning round like a teetotum. The party then retired in silence to pray at the shrine of a saint hard by, and the ceremony was over. A Jewish wedding is a very different affair. I was enabled to witness two of them, — at least part of the proceedings; for to have attended throughout all the formalities would have been a trifle wearisome, as I believe they last a fortnight. I was taken to the house with some friends, and after making our way with difficulty through the hall and up the stairs, which were thronged with riff-raff of the Hebrew persuasion, we were shown into an upper room. Here the bride was seated motionless on a dais or throne, magnificently dressed, with her eyes closed as if in sleep, and showing no more signs of animation than a statue. The room was filled with female friends and relations, gorgeously arrayed, and showing a very evident desire to captivate the onlookers. The bride's mother took a candle, and holding it so close that I feared she would burn the tip of the young lady's nose, showed us her daughter with all a mother's pride. The girl never blinked or moved a muscle of her face, her heavy breathing alone betokening that she was alive. The next wedding I saw was on a larger scale, but the main features were the same. The bride was seated as before, and there was the same amount of bulky female magnificence visible, though I looked in vain for any of those voluptuous charms for which the Tangier Jewesses are renowned. After considerable delay the rabbi, an infirm, palsied old gentleman, was brought up-stairs and commenced reading a long document, which I supposed was the marriage service. He next took the ring and placed it on the bride's finger, at which she gave very decided proof of being alive by uttering a piercing shriek. She was then led round the room with her eyes still closed, and the company soon after retired to supper, at which I was told the poor bride would not be allowed to open her eyes or taste anything but a little water. There are various other curious details connected with the marriage ceremony amongst the Jews in Morocco which cannot be given here. In the evenings they make much merriment; and from the hotel I could often hear the *taghareet* — peculiar, shrill, wailing cry, uttered by the elder women both among Jews and Moors on these occasions.

There is nothing the Moor loves more

than burning powder; and they gratify their childish delight in firing off their guns on every possible occasion. My first sight of the *laab al barode*, or powder play, was at the christening of the bashaw's son, which ceremony in the Mohammedan religion does not take place till the child is some ten or twelve years of age. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and as there had been a great procession about midday, with music and banners and finery, we strolled up to the kasbah to see what was happening. Here, in an open space outside the prison, we found a crowd of soldiers collected with a heifer led by a cord in their midst preparatory to being sacrificed. There was continuous dancing and jugglery, and a din of gun-firing and music that lasted for several hours. Enough powder must have been burnt to stock a magazine, as they never measure the charge, but simply pour a handful down the barrel and discharge it with the most utter recklessness. Accidents are not unfrequently the result, either from guns bursting or otherwise. The next day the ceremony was continued in the soko, the whole place being crowded with foot and horse soldiery and spectators. Knots of Riff warriors in their wild attire, with turbans formed by twisting their red cloth gun-covers round their heads, were dotted about, and added to the picturesqueness of the scene. The infant in whose honor it all was, clad in splendid green and gold raiment, sat in the midst on a gorgeously caparisoned horse and looked serenely on. A course was cleared among the mob of onlookers, and ten or twelve horsemen forming in line galloped forward at full speed, and raising their guns in one hand over their heads, discharged them simultaneously. This was repeated several times; in fact, the performance lasted the greater part of the afternoon. Not long after this the great festival of the Aissaouias took place, which I regret to say, being absent on a shooting expedition, I failed to witness. The Aissaouias are a sect of fanatics resembling the dancing dervishes of Turkey in some respects, but deriving their origin from the sacred city of Mequinez in Morocco, whence they have spread all over the East. I was told that the town and soko were filled with them, and that in the transports of their fanaticism they gashed themselves with knives and stones, while they imitated wild beasts of various kinds, howling and grovelling on the ground. Europeans should be careful on these occasions, if they go out at

all, at any rate not to approach too near to the processions, or get under the sacred banners, as there is no knowing what mischief the fanatics may do in their delirious frenzy.

Festivals of different kinds are of such frequent occurrence at Tangier, that it is difficult for a stranger to know what they are all about. Looking out one Friday morning I saw what appeared to be a kind of children's *fête*,—the women all wearing embroidery, and the children most prettily dressed. In the soko were a number of merry-go-rounds and curious swings revolving on pivots, on which the youth of Tangier appeared to be trying to break their necks, though without success as far as I am aware. But far the most remarkable incident of the day's proceedings was a great outbreak of *Juden-hets* on the part of the dervish population. During certain hours of this particular day, it seems, Jews were interdicted by custom from appearing in the marketplace. Directly any unfortunate Israelite showed himself outside the walls, the mob raised a yell and went for him with brickbats and paving-stones; so that we were gratified by the frequent spectacle, more amusing to us than the victims, of a Jew dodging in and out among the booths erected at the side of the soko, and screening himself as best he might from the shower of missiles. Occasionally, if very hard pressed, he would ensconce himself inside one of these booths, and his temporary fortress would then be bombarded till he was forced to brave the shower and flee to the next place of shelter. I am not aware that any one was killed, though I saw several Jews with terrible wounds on their heads and the blood streaming from them.

Like many other people, I had come out to Tangier with certain preconceived notions with regard to the country and climate, which subsequent acquaintance with the place was destined to dispel. I expected to find myself, if not exactly in an arid desert, at least in a sandy and comparatively barren country, and to be exposed to the rays of a scorching sun. It was an agreeable surprise, therefore, on making excursions inland, to see a fine alluvial soil, yielding rich and abundant crops, and capable of high cultivation, while the climate is far from being unpleasantly warm. In fact, the extraordinary prevalence of the *Levanté*, or east wind, causes it to be extremely trying to people with weak chests. To show the degree of cold which is experienced some-

times, I may mention that once, while camping out on low ground, within less than a mile of the sea, our servant early one morning brought a good-sized lump of ice into the tent. During the earlier part of my sojourn at Tangier I made several short shooting expeditions into the country. My first experience of camp-life in Morocco was not altogether favorable. It was on a trip with a friend to the lakes of Sharf-al-Akab, some fifteen miles distant from Tangier, where we were told excellent snipe-shooting was to be obtained. The weather was all that could be desired for two days; but on the last evening the sky was lowering, and a watery sunset betokened a change. To describe what befell, I extract a leaf from my diary, and let the inexperienced in camping out take a warning therefrom to slacken their tent-ropes at the approach of bad weather. "1 A.M.—Light rain outside; went to sleep again. 3 A.M.—Tremendous downpour, of 'real Morocco' quality. 4.5.—Woke P——, and asked him to go and dig a trench outside to catch the water, which he very unreasonably refused to do. 4.30.—Water coming through. 4.45.—More water in. 5 A.M.—Sides of tent approaching; felt wet canvas against my left ear. 5.10.—Utter collapse; pole fell over the beds, and both buried under the sopping canvas." After half an hour's struggle with the tent-pole and searching for clothes and valuables, we crawled out in our night-shirts into the rain. We always took a bottle of "Eno" with us (I trust that indefatigable advertiser will not seize upon this as a puff!), and in the confusion the cork came out, and the contents fizzled in the slush. The intense alarm of the Moors, who evidently expected an explosion, was most comical to behold. We learned afterwards that the rainfall was half an inch, but at half past seven it began to clear; so, after getting some breakfast in our sopping clothes, we shot for the rest of the day, and rode back to Tangier in the evening, having bagged in two and a half days' shooting 82½ brace of snipe, with a few extras. The shooting in Morocco is excellent, the game comprising snipe — which, as the Irishman said, are "mostly jostling thereabouts" — hares, rabbits, quail (at certain seasons), duck of all kinds, partridges, and wild boar. There are also jackals in considerable numbers, and in the interior hyænas are sometimes met with.

The sport, *par excellence*, however, of the country is pig-sticking, for which ex-

peditions are periodically organized by Sir John Drummond Hay, the British minister to the court of Morocco; and owing to his kindness and hospitality, I was enabled to see a good deal of this pastime. The other method of boar-hunting is by the *battue* system, the guns being posted in front, and the game driven up to them. This, if not equal to pig-sticking, is likewise excellent fun, — the shrieking and uproar of the beaters, accompanied by the barking of dogs, the braying of horns, and the discharge of guns, rendering it very exciting. The curses and imprecations, mingled with the most bitter sarcasms, that are showered on the unfortunate animals, are enough to oust the most stubborn boar from his lair. An Arab oath is a very elaborate affair, being sustained through a number of parentheses and subordinate phrases to an indefinite length. "May Allah burn the ashes of your great-grandfather, who was the miserable offspring of a brother and sister," etc., etc., may serve as an example. They imagine the unclean animal to be the abode of *jins*, or evil spirits, and maintain sometimes a running conversation with him, every word of which he is supposed to understand. There is a curious ceremony connected with the sport, to which all successful novices are subjected. After killing my first pig the chief hunter came up and took away my gun, and a ring being formed, the piece was put up to auction. After it has been bidden for a while you have to buy it in yourself at a certain price, say four or five dollars. It is a way of paying the beaters, who otherwise contribute their services for nothing. Boar-hunting has its disadvantages, for it is unquestionably a dangerous amusement. There are perils of the pig, which, if wounded, will turn and rend you; perils of the gentleman, who *will* ride with his lance in rest instead of carrying the point in the air, or of the no less objectionable individual who shifts from his post and fires wildly down the line; of the ambushed Moor, who shoots impartially in any direction; while, unless you are well mounted, you have a very tolerable chance of breaking your neck. One accident occurred as follows. While posted one day waiting for boar, we heard a more than usual commotion among the the beaters, which lasted for some time, till at length a huge grey old tusker broke cover, and came across the intervening space up to my left-hand neighbor. He fired and wounded the beast, which immediately charged;

and whether he fell or was knocked over, I never could make out, but the next thing I saw was my friend sprawling on the ground, and the boar jumping clean over him. Several people rushed up to the rescue, and blazed away promiscuously, so that, though no one was injured by the pig, I was more shocked than surprised to find that one gentleman had received a slug in the arm. Fourteen shots were fired at poor piggy, which made off notwithstanding, and was seen crossing a river by one of the Moors, who, in their familiar language of hyperbole, described him as descending the hill "quarrelling with himself, and with a large tree on each tusk!" He added, that though his gun was loaded the charge had been there since a very uncertain date, and it contained what he called a "running bullet," so that he thought it prudent not to fire.

Coursing is another amusement much in vogue, though their method of pursuing it is not strictly suggestive of meetings at Plumpton or the Waterloo Cup. About fifty beaters walk along in a row with a very mixed pack of hounds, consisting of all the curs from the neighboring villages, interspersed here and there with a few real greyhounds. When the hare is started, you gallop after it on horseback, though, owing to the crowd of men and dogs, the poor beast is so bewildered as a rule, that it is soon captured. The Moors take the keenest interest in this as in all other sport,—the love of the chase being quite a national characteristic. While we were shooting in the country they would troop out of the villages to come and beat for us, their well-meant exertions being at times a great nuisance. In the remoter districts, where they seldom or never see a European sportsman, their delight at seeing a bird killed on the wing is unbounded, that being a feat they never attempt with their own clumsy weapons.

During the first two months of my stay at Tangier, I did not extend my excursions to any distance into the country, with the exception of a week's camping in the hilly district of Andjra, which lies to the east of Tangier in the direction of Ceuta. In January, however, four of us arranged an expedition to Larache, a seaport town some seventy miles to the south-west, where we were told that game, especially partridges, in fabulous quantities was to be found. We determined to dispense with the services of guides and dragomen, and arranged everything for ourselves. To that large majority of peo-

ple to whom expense is a consideration, I can recommend this place as being by far the most economical. We spent several busy days in hiring horses, baggage animals, and servants, and getting together our tents, utensils, and other camp requisites. Our retinue consisted of a cook named Salam, a tall, good-natured fellow, only moderately proficient in his art, but rather inclined to be honest as far as is possible in an Oriental; a stolid individual rejoicing in the name of Almarackslai, who acted as escort and general help; and lastly, Jona, the servant, a most comical, bandy-legged creature, and a sad rogue, but always wearing an expression of the most intense injured innocence. The "escort" is always a necessity in Morocco, though to rely on him for purposes of defence would indeed be depending on a broken reed. His chief use appears to be, that in case any one is robbed, or if your throat is cut, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that the Moorish government is responsible.

After the inevitable squabbling and palavering, without which no Oriental can perform the smallest operation, we effected a start at 8 A.M. on the 24th of January, our course being along the broad and well-defined track which constitutes the highroad to Fez. The road for the first few hours lay through a comparatively flat country, nearly destitute of trees, but the greater part cultivated and giving promise of a good crop. Morocco was once densely wooded, but the forests have been almost entirely cut down for charcoal,—the thriftless Moor taking no pains to preserve the timber or plant fresh trees. Here and there a grove of olives remaining untouched marked the tomb of a saint, where religious scruple preserved the trees from destruction. Four or five hours from Tangier we entered a wilder country, studded with low bushes and palm scrub, and began to climb a steep hill by a rough and stony path that rendered our progress very slow. We soon quitted the Fez road for another branching off to the right, which conducted us to our first halting-place, Lahabeah,—a collection of a few wattled huts within an enclosure of cactus, politely called a village. Here we passed the night, after some fearful haggling as to the price of provisions and corn, the Moors evidently thinking that they ought to make the most out of such rare birds of passage. We resumed our journey early next morning, so as, if possible, to arrive at our destination the same day.

As we neared Larache, the country became more hilly and variegated, and we passed through some beautiful woods with a rich undergrowth of mosses, ferns, and flowering creepers. Our mules kept up a steady four miles an hour, so that at five o'clock we pitched the tents in the village of El Hamiss, a breezy spot about six miles from Larache. Our camp was on a common near the edge of a high table-land, from which the ground descended, precipitously at first, then in a gradual slope for three miles, to the shore of the Atlantic. The natives brought provisions for sale to our tents, and the same process of bargaining was gone through as on the previous day. It was necessary to be on the *qui vive*, as they were up to all sorts of dodges. We detected one fellow covering up a quantity of bad butter in a jar with a layer of good, and exposed him with ignominy. It requires a certain amount of time to teach a Moor that, according to European notions, butter does not, like wine, improve with keeping, and that the comparative insipidity of the article when fresh is preferable to the strong, rancid flavor which suits their palates. I must confess the prices were not what most people would consider exorbitant: eggs, 3*d.* or 4*d.* a dozen; the like price for a pound of butter; chickens, 6*d.* apiece; and a *moudh* of corn (about fifty pounds) costing less than three shillings. The day after our arrival we divided into two parties, and went out prospecting. The partridges were not in such multitudes as to darken the air with their wings in the way we had been led to expect, but there were quite enough to give us very fair sport. During our absence we had sent Jona into Larache to market for us; and not being satisfied with the account he gave us of his purchases, we interrogated him strictly. Being asked to swear to the truth of his assertions, he replied, "*Por Dios, señor — por Dios,*" which he repeated over and over again; but nothing would induce him to swear by Allah, and so perjure himself with the name of God in his own tongue! His face, however, during the cross-examination, was too much for us, and made it impossible to maintain the judicial gravity which would have befitted the proceedings. The following morning we mounted our horses and rode off to Larache. The town is an unhealthy, fever-stricken spot on some rising ground at the mouth of a big river, and surrounded by extensive marshes. We left our horses on the river

bank, and were ferried across into the town, where we strolled through some of the principal streets and into the soko, which, unlike Tangier, is inside the walls. From here a narrow road conducted us to the southern gate, by which, after passing an old moat at the foot of a lofty wall, we emerged into the open country. The fortifications were built by the Portuguese, and are said to be in imitation of the side of a line-of-battle ship, though for my part I never could trace the resemblance. Before leaving we made a number of purchases, and started home with a fresh stock of provisions and fifty pounds of corn, which was rolled up in the soldier's gelab, and placed on my horse, half of it being lost on the homeward journey through the bursting of the cloth. During dinner the same evening we heard a great commotion in the village, and on looking out saw one of the adjoining Moorish houses on fire, every one standing round and screeching, but not a soul making the slightest effort at extinguishing the flames. We all ran out and assisted in the rescue of effects (consisting chiefly of a few old pots and stools) from the burning mansion. It was warm work; and while endeavoring to drag out a lot of bamboo canes which they were anxious to save, we noticed that all the thatch roof over our heads was in a blaze. We just had time to bolt out when the whole affair fell in with a crash, giving us a rather narrow escape. The owner bore his loss with characteristic equanimity, accepting it as the decree of fate; that strange fatalism of theirs, which is the fatal bar to all progress, teaching them, by way of compensation, at least to endure misfortune.

A few days after we joined in a boar-hunt, which had been organized in some adjoining hills. It was the day of the Aissaouia festival, and we heard a great din of music and gun-firing at three o'clock in the morning. It had been settled that the sheikh of the village should be ready for us with the hunters and dogs at 9 A.M., — a rather futile kind of arrangement in a country where time is not regulated by clock or watch. After waiting an hour and a half we sent up to inquire when they were likely to put in an appearance. The messenger returned to say that the sheikh was engaged at his devotions, but that he had nearly done, and then, after he had had his breakfast, he would be very much at our service. There was nothing for it but to wait; and at length, some hours after the appointed

time, we made a start. The first few beats were in a wild, hilly country covered with dense bushes. As the day wore on we were joined by numbers of hunters from the villages round about, all armed with their long guns, the consequence being, that while waiting for the boar we were surrounded by these fellows all standing with their guns "at the ready" in attitudes of the most intense expectation. If the boar appeared at a safe distance they blazed away at him anywhere, and for a while we seemed to carry our lives in our hands; only if he came their way they all fled in the direst terror without firing a shot. They never touched the pig by any chance, but simply jeopardized their neighbors; so that next time we stipulated that no native sportsmen should be allowed, or at least that they should be kept under proper control. The best of it was, that when we came to the payment of the beaters, the uninvited gentlemen with the guns claimed their share of remuneration for their kindness in having endangered our lives and spoilt our sport. Needless to say, they did not get much.

Before we had been encamped nearly a week, we were fortunate in making the acquaintance of a Moor in the village, named Berghel, who supplied us with all necessaries. He was a most charming old fellow, quite one of nature's gentlemen, and was reported to be extremely rich. His mode of life did not indicate great wealth, but in Morocco any such display would be the height of imprudence. The rapacious governors have a keen scent for such prey, and directly any one is suspected of hoarding riches, they are not long in finding an excuse for relieving him of them. There can be little doubt that much treasure lies concealed in the ground throughout Morocco, the owners having buried it and kept the secret till they died. One afternoon he invited us to his domain in the village, where, after spending some hours in a superb orange-grove, he conducted us to take tea at his house.

Before entering we all took off our Moorish slippers, after the fashion of the country, and leaving them in the porch, walked inside in our stockings. The interior of the house was quite plain, but extremely comfortable. Tea was served with bread and butter in the usual Moorish manner—the teapot being almost filled with sugar, and a small quantity of tea being added, it was then filled with water. As the beverage was concocting,

he put in a few leaves of highly scented, freshly gathered verbena, the result being a pale, syrupy compound, tasting strongly of the verbena; but the flavor of tea was hardly perceptible. However, we managed to swallow it, and a brazier of incense was then passed round till the room was filled with its sickly fumes. We became great friends after this visit, and he used to sit for half an hour in our tent every evening when he brought us our supplies. He never asked for payment at the time, but let us keep the accounts, naively remarking that "we had eaten bread in his house, and he was sure we should not swindle him." Talking of accounts, it became a rather serious matter keeping them in the coin of the country, which consists entirely of copper, and is of very little value. Two of these copper coins (containing nearly as much copper as twopence) make a *blanquillo*, 4 *blanquillos* = 1 *onza*, and 4 *onzas* = 1 (Spanish) *real de Vellon*, about twopence-halfpenny. You may carry sixpennyworth of this money with tolerable ease, but when it comes to pounds, the services of a donkey are required; while to reduce some thousands of *blanquillos* to pounds, shillings, and pence is no joke.

Our guns supplied us with animal food, so that we never had occasion to purchase meat. The only drawback to this was that the Moors refused to eat game killed by Christians. In the Mohammedan religion the slaughter of any animal is regarded as a sacrifice to Allah. Therefore, if this sacrifice is performed by an infidel the flesh is unclean. The only way out of the difficulty is to cut the throat of everything you shoot that is not intended for your own consumption. Accordingly, I always took a knife with me, and directly I shot a partridge, ran up and cut its throat, till I found that this was no use, as the bird, being killed by me, was still unclean, so that we had to employ a Moor for the purpose. Some Moors are not so scrupulous, and will eat wild boar; but most of them are careful to avoid it. I used sometimes to give them any piece of meat that might remain over from luncheon, and after they had eaten it, tell them jokingly that it was *haloof* (boar), when their faces would assume a most serious expression.

One morning, hearing a great commotion outside the tent, we found a woman and her daughter being led along forcibly by several men. The woman was gesticulating violently, and evidently using the choicest Arabic Billingsgate she could

command. I never heard such fearful scolding, the lady's eyes flashing, and her whole body trembling with passion. It appeared that, not agreeing with her spouse, she had fled from the conjugal abode, and a soldier had been despatched to restore her to her lord. The latter stood by smiling, in no way disturbed by the fierce invective launched at him by the virago. He was probably quite used to it at home.

After we had remained nearly three weeks, and the game began to show decided signs of diminishing, we thought it time to make tracks homewards. We had had a most delightful trip, and as good sport as anybody could desire, having bagged between five and six hundred head. The weather was perfect throughout; and I never experienced such a delightful climate, being milder and more equable than that at Tangier, and free from the incessant east wind. We managed to procure some baggage animals (very sorry creatures they were); and after spending half-the morning in squabbling as to the number of mules required, the route we should take, and various other trifles, we at last effected a start. We travelled this time by way of Arzeilah, a small town on the coast. Our old friend accompanied us a short distance from the village, where we all bade him a fond farewell. Before we had covered a mile on our journey, one of the mules came to grief—which, indeed, occurred every half-hour throughout the remainder of the day. Directly one beast was down, and all hands occupied in setting him on his legs, another would think it a favorable opportunity for obtaining a little repose, and promptly lie down also, when the same operation had to be repeated over again. This retarded our progress to such an extent that darkness overtook us some six miles from Arzeilah, where we purposed spending the night. Near the outskirts of the town we entered a gloomy lane, with a high bank on either side topped with trees, pitch-dark, and very boggy at the bottom. Here a mule came down in the mud, and the greatest confusion ensued. The Moors all began to swear and to weep, saying it was hopeless trying to get on, and almost refused to work. However, we bullied them on, and by striking lucifer-matches, managed to throw a little light upon the scene, and so get the mule unloaded. Part of the cargo was put on the backs of the men; and in that way we arrived under the walls of Arzeilah—an old Portuguese

fortress, whose half-ruined battlements stood out in picturesque relief against the starlit sky. The gates were locked, and not a soul stirring; so we made our servants, sorely against their will, move on in search of a place to encamp. We soon came on what looked a tolerably open spot, and ordered them to pitch the tents. At this they all broke out afresh, cursing each other and ourselves, and gibbering like madmen, and for a while nothing could be done. When they had quieted down a little, we discovered the cause of all this commotion. The place was a Mohammedan graveyard, and we were desecrating the tombs of the dead. However, there was no help for it, as it was nearly pitch-dark, the grass reeking with dew, and one of our party seriously unwell; so by dint of great exertions, and doing half the work ourselves, we got the tents fixed for the night. There was a tombstone under my bed, but no ghost disturbed my slumbers. The Mohammedans say that the souls of the departed are disturbed if a Christian walks over their graves, and one should be careful to avoid doing so. What dire commotion there must have been among the souls of the defunct faithful, with four infidels sleeping above their last resting-place, I hardly like to imagine. We were truly sorry to thus offend the scruples of our servants; but, under the circumstances, we could not have done otherwise. The muleteers told us we should have to be up betimes next morning, as a tidal river had to be crossed, and we should be unable to ford it later than 3 A.M. Accordingly, I turned in for a few hours in my clothes, and at two o'clock rose and went over to our servants' tent. I found them all curled up in their gelabs, and snoring loud enough to wake the dead at their feet. It required several good hard kicks to rouse them, when they sat up and rubbed their eyes, swore they had been awake all the time, and were just coming to call me! I said it was time to start; whereupon they all began to make excuses, saying it was too late, the beasts weren't fed, and we should certainly break down on the way. This was unanswerable: so I went back to bed. We did not get off till nearly two o'clock the next afternoon, and arrived at Tangier the evening of the following day, after an absence of more than three weeks.

My next trip was to Tetuan. I was unwilling to quit Morocco without visiting this interesting place, and the result proved it to be well worth the trouble.

My friends having left for Italy, I procured the services of an escort—a fine-looking barbarian—and a baggage mule, and started off alone. The distance is about forty-five miles, which we accomplished in eleven hours, including the customary halt for an hour at midday. We passed several heaps of stones, or murder-cairns, by the wayside, marking the spot where some poor wretch had been sent to his last account; and pious wayfarers should never omit to add their stone to the pile. Our stopping-place was at the *fundak*, or caravanserai, a square stone building erected for the accommodation of travellers near the top of a wild mountain-pass. Here we regaled ourselves with Moorish coffee and such provisions as we had brought with us. From the summit of the pass there is a grand view of Tetuan with its white-roofed houses glistening in the sun, and the blue Mediterranean beyond. The town is magnificently situated in a valley watered by the Wād Martin, which, unlike the generality of Morocco rivers, always has some water in its channel. To the east, a plain some five miles wide extends to the seashore; while in front the hills of the wild Riff country rise to a height of three thousand feet, backed by the loftier spurs of the northern Atlas range. The lower slopes of the hills are dotted with numerous white Moorish villas, and covered with luxuriant orange-groves. Outside the western gate I found two friends encamped, and spent the evening in their tents. As the environs of the town were said to be infested by Riffian bandits and marauders, and the gates were closed at sundown, it became necessary to obtain permission to stay out after dark. At nine o'clock, however, just as I was settling down for a smoke in a very comfortable chair, a letter arrived from the bashaw to say the *caballero* (myself) was to come in at once. There was nothing to be done but to obey, and on going outside the tent I found an imposing guard of Riff soldiers waiting for me, who encompassed me about and conducted me to the town. On reaching the gate they all halted and grounded arms, while I marched through their midst into the street with my sense of self-importance immeasurably increased! Not that I ever imagined it was done out of any personal regard, but simply from a fear that if anything happens to an Englishman, there is likely to be a fuss and inquiry, and trouble will come of it. It is very desirable that this wholesome feeling of respect should be pre-

served among Orientals, wherever Europeans come in contact with them.

Tetuan resembles Tangier in many respects, but it is larger and more interesting as a type of the ideal Eastern city, and remaining, if possible, in a more fossilized condition. The streets are dirtier and worse paved, while the comparative absence of the European element in the population lends it a more primitive air. A considerable part of the town is in ruins from the bombardment of 1859, when the Spaniards under Marshal O'Donnell captured and took possession of the place. It is remarkable for the number of its mosques, some of which are of great size and beauty—though here, as elsewhere in Morocco, no Christian or Jew dare set foot within them. The Jewish quarter, where I was lodged, was remarkable for its extraordinary squalor and filth, and the generally wretched appearance of its inhabitants. The Jews of Tetuan are treated with great harshness, and subjected to numerous indignities. A separate quarter of the town is assigned to them, wherein they are strictly confined after sundown under severe penalties; and various disqualifications, marking them off as a separate and inferior race, help to embitter their existence. They are universally bullied, brow-beaten, and despised, and betray the effects of such treatment in their bearing and in every line of their faces. While the poorest Moor deports himself with an air of independence, and walks with a kind of manly swagger, a Jew, however rich, is always timid and cringing, and steals along with an abject air of submissiveness and dejection. The same system of persecution prevails against them in every city of the empire, except Tangier, where they are tolerably independent. It is impossible to defend such conduct on the part of their oppressors; but when one considers the peculiarities of the Jewish character, one must admit the fact that it is calculated to exasperate a semi-civilized people like the Moors in almost every conceivable manner. Their strange and outlandish customs, their tribal exclusiveness, their obnoxious habits of amassing wealth, and the brutality with which they use such power as they may become possessed of, all serve to subject them to the odium of those who, while they are their undisputed masters, yet feel they cannot get on without them. "Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe," and the conventional idea of the Jew exemplified by Shylock, is, I take it, very often the correct one in

these countries; and while human nature remains what it is, we must not be surprised at their being periodically the victims of popular outbreaks, however much we may deplore the fact. "Frenchman good, German good, Englishman very good — Jew no good," a polite donkey-boy remarked to me one day; and he was only expressing the sentiments of the vast majority of his compatriots.

I had some capital shooting the first day, and devoted the evening and following day to sight-seeing, — my host, Mr. Isaac Nahon, being most obliging in his attentions, and accompanying me through the town. There are no less than three sokos, or market-places, inside the walls. The first of these, as I walked through, was filled with women from the country selling embroidery and richly worked vestments. As I was bargaining with them one lady waxed quite festive, and, slightly lowering her veil, seemed disposed to commence a flirtation, whereat she was sternly reproved by a bystander for her undue familiarity. Perhaps it was her husband. The shops in the town were very curious, the two chief trades being in leather-work and Moorish guns. The manufacturers of the latter occupy a large section of the town, and here these antique weapons are turned out by hundreds, the whole of Morocco being supplied from Tetuan. It was a most interesting process to watch: rude hand-work, unassisted by machinery of any kind, with the single exception of a large wheel, which, turned by hand, served to roll the barrel into shape. One set of workmen made the barrels, another the hammers and locks, and a third the woodwork. A plain gun will fetch about five dollars, but some of them are beautifully worked in ebony and ivory, and sell for a much higher price. From the gunsmiths' shops we walked down to the ancient palace of Tetuan, once the residence of the court, but now for the most part in an uninhabitable condition. There was a fine Moorish court in the centre, with some beautiful wood-carving and mosaics on the walls, but the latter were defaced by the white-wash, which is the bane of all Moorish architecture, though they would deem it sacrilege to remove it. As we passed out I caught a glimpse of the bashaw and his suite in a room near the entrance, but did not venture to look long at his Highness. Returning through the street we met a noisy procession of men and boys on the way to pray for rain, which was sorely needed, at the tomb of a patron saint.

One man directed the proceedings, and tried to keep every one in his proper place, occasionally administering sound knocks to youths whose movements were unduly erratic. It is customary to place dishes of *kus-kussoo* (the national dish of Morocco) upon the tomb in the evening. The next morning the grave is revisited, and if, as in famine time is not unlikely to happen, the food has disappeared, it is considered a favorable sign that the saint will incline his ear to their prayers. We next made our way up to the kasbah, and thence through a large Arab cemetery, where, it being Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath), white-robed women were fitting about like ghosts, weeping and praying at the tombs of departed relatives. On the way down I saw a black slave following his master like a sheep, being cried through the streets for sale. This was the only occasion on which I actually witnessed the process, though I was told that slave-markets are frequently held on the quiet at Tangier, while they are of frequent occurrence at Larache. It is strange that this hateful institution, while rigorously suppressed in remoter countries, should flourish in such close proximity to Europe. Slavery, however, in Morocco is far from being the brutal system that existed in Christian countries; for the Mohammedans as a rule treat their charges well, and the slaves are happy and contented.

Through the courtesy of the owner I was permitted to visit the house of a rich Moor of Tetuan, and at two in the afternoon presented myself at the door. I was received in a very cordial manner by my host, and conducted through a court richly decorated with mosaics and tile-work and a fountain in the centre, into an inner room. Here he pointed to a luxurious divan, and seating himself opposite me proceeded to pump me quite dry on a most astonishing variety of subjects. He was an elderly man — of a grave and intelligent cast of countenance, and with that air of well-bred dignity which seems habitual with Orientals. He had travelled a great deal for a Moor, and spoke French with tolerable fluency. He was anxious to know if the French were still in Tunis, and expressed his dislike and contempt for them in no measured terms — saying they were good enough to fight against half-armed Arabs, but that the Germans could beat them any time they liked. He felt certain, moreover, that they had designs upon Morocco, and inquired if there was any truth in the rumors of a recent

engagement on the frontier. He was much interested in England, and said he had been in London, where he had seen the queen, and wanted to know her Majesty's mode of life and all about her, till it became necessary to explain that, not being an intimate at court, I was hardly qualified to answer. At this point my host's brother came in and followed the conversation with evident interest — suggesting questions for his relation to put to me, my replies being translated to him in Arabic. A wonderful string of interrogatories here followed. "Was there not much sugar and corn in London?" (two great necessities of Moorish existence). What was the extent of the British empire? and how many subjects had we in India? When I replied that her Majesty ruled over two hundred million natives, with forty million Mohammedans, they opened their eyes; and I think it was only native politeness that prevented their expressing incredulity at the statement. What was my age and profession? Was I a Protestant or a Roman Catholic? and what was the difference between them? Did the Protestants believe in Jesus Christ? and was he the author of the Bible? On my replying in the negative, a slight pause ensued, after which he wanted to know how old the world was according to the Bible. I said that by strictly following the Bible narrative we made the world out to be six thousand years old. He was greatly pleased at this, and said that coincided with the Koran. "But," he went on, "can you tell me how it is that while the Koran and the Bible both agree in saying that the world is six thousand years old, the Chinese book, on the contrary, declares it to be thirty-three thousand?" This was rather a stumper; so I replied cautiously, that I really could not say, but that many wise and learned men in Europe thought that the world was a great deal older even than that. At this they both relapsed into silence, and became a while absorbed in reflection. The celibacy of the clergy was also a question that interested him, and he appeared quite relieved when I told him that our priests might marry like other people. After some further conversation we adjourned up-stairs into a little room on the second story, commanding a beautiful view eastwards over the plain. The whole house was richly furnished; and he showed me an American "Champion Regulator" clock with especial pride, though he did not say by what means he regulated the time. I was

afterwards informed, on excellent authority, that my friend's name was Kteeb, and that he was of very ancient lineage — being, in fact, a direct descendant of Boabdil. His uncle still keeps the keys of the gate in the Alhambra by which that monarch sallied forth to meet Ferdinand at the final conquest and surrender of Granada, and which the latter granted him at his special request. It is said that several of the Moors in Tetuan still retain the keys of their ancestors' houses, and the title-deeds to their estates in Granada — that earthly paradise to which, every Friday, they devoutly pray they may one day be restored.

I should have liked to make an excursion in the mountains to the south of Tetuan, but it is said to be unsafe, and "the escort" would not hear of it; so after one more good turn at my friends the snipe, I rode back to Tangier. My stay in Morocco was now nearly at an end, and it was with genuine regret that I soon after bade farewell to this delightful country, with its never-failing sources of amusement, its curious people, and all its interesting ceremonies of the past. I do not suppose the present state of things will long continue. The foot of the British tourist has not left its impression very deeply upon Morocco as yet; but doubtless ere long we shall hear of Tangier as a regular winter watering-place, or, I should say, a "fashionable health resort," when the seeker after nature will have to turn his back upon it and betake himself elsewhere.

From Temple Bar.

A RELIC OF SWIFT AND STELLA.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

A PORTION of Stella's life — long or short I cannot tell — was passed in a *villeggiatura*, of which no record appears in any of the biographies of Swift. The little which is known about the matter may be briefly told.

On the eastern coast of Ireland, about ten miles north of Dublin, there is a kind of peninsula, commonly called by the inhabitants the "Island of Donabate." It lies between two estuaries, one opposite the little town of Malahide, the other opposite the village of Rush. The four or five miles of intervening shore is singularly varied and (for so flat a country) picturesque. At first, at the southern

extremity, it consists of a long range of unusually lofty and broken sand-hills, with their sides covered with bent-grass; the intervening miniature valleys being veritable wild gardens of dwarf white roses, horned-poppy, sea-starwort, blue and yellow pansies, and grass of Parnassus. A long, smooth beach stretches beneath the hills, and there, upon the "yellow sands," fairies might make their assignations in perfect confidence of remaining undisturbed by inquisitive human witnesses of their frolics. The spot is still one of the loneliest in the kingdom, and in the days when Stella may have strolled along it, must have been utterly solitary. Of the shells, wherewith the shore is strewn, there are thousands, especially after the autumn storms — beautiful double pectens and spined cockles, and the large, black Iceland Venus, trochuses, mactras, pholases, and a hundred others. After two or three miles the sand-hills cease, and rocks appear gradually rising to fine black cliffs, beneath which the waves boom and roar as the tide rolls up to their base. At one point, in certain states of the wind, an immense column of foam is thrown into the air above the level of the cliff, like a geyser. There are many caves in the rocks; one of them, not easily accessible, contains a holy well, always full of the freshest and purest water, though overflowed every tide by the salt brine. Another, a really noble cavern, with a grand dark mouth opening on the sea, runs back some distance inland, and from the top of the cliff a long passage has been cut down into it by smugglers, to enable them to haul up, at convenient hours, the bales of illicit merchandise which were, no doubt, landed in the cave by boats from below.

Still farther, beyond the rocks, the coast again sinks to sands, and near this point stand two ruins. One is close to the shore, and is an old, roofless church, with a tower containing the mullions of a small decorated window; a grey, picturesque ruin standing among a few trees and many humble graves. The other tower is an old "castle of the Pale," standing two or three hundred yards behind the church. In this old castle Stella dwelt — whether for several years, or only for a single summer, tradition is silent. That she actually resided in the castle, however, is a matter of certainty, so far as any tradition can be certain; and the relic of her sojourn, of which I shall presently speak, has remained in a neigh-

boring house from that time to the present.

It was a singular abode for a woman of Stella's condition. These old castles (of which there is another and larger one at Lanistown, three miles off, and several more scattered over the country) are all of one pattern, and may have been built at any period between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are of stone, cemented with mortar still harder than the stone; and consist in every case of a solid and lofty square tower, with one or more still loftier turrets at the angles, both tower and turret-walls being surmounted by battlements. Below is a large vaulted chamber, with huge yawning chimney, and a spiral stone stair ascending to the room of equal size above. This last room has a recess so contrived as that the flagstone wherewith it is paved may at any time be easily raised, thereby commanding the entrance to the castle immediately within the great door, and enabling the defenders to drop anything they might please (stones, melted lead, or burning pitch, for example) on the head of an intruder. Still higher up the tower were one or more chambers, of which the floors have all fallen in; and, in Lanistown castle, there is a secret stair through the wall opposite the entrance, leading down to a small postern a few feet above the ground.

Till the early part of the present century these old "castles of the Pale" were still inhabited by peasants, who used the arched rooms below as their kitchens and dwelling-place, and perhaps kept some sort of roof over those above, which now are open to sun and rain, with ivy creeping everywhere within and without. Perhaps in Stella's time some farmer's family occupied Portrane Tower, and received her as a lodger; but more probably she rented the desolate abode for a trifle, and lived there with a servant or two, alone by the "sad sea waves."

It is rather interesting to think of the poor lady wandering over those solitary and beautiful cliffs, where the samphire and sea-lavender, the sea-pink and the sea-spleenwort grow, passing her quiet hours in watching the waves breaking on the rocks, and the sea-gulls and cormorants dipping and flying hither and thither, and perhaps bathing herself in the sweet little coves, with the solemn cavern for a dressing-room. Opposite her, across a few miles of sea to the south, she could see the bold promontory of Howth, and the picturesque rock of Ireland's Eye,

like a solitary isle of the Egean drifted into northern seas; and farther away the two pointed mountains called by the poetic Celt the "Golden Spears," and by the prosaic Saxon, the "Sugar-Loaves." Just opposite her, only three miles off, rose the Island of Lambay, where, somewhere between the years 500 and 600, St. Columbkil had founded one of the first churches in the British Isles.

To these vague guesses respecting the occupation of poor Stella's time at Portrane, we can add one certainty. She either employed herself in making some sort of garden beneath her grim old tower, or else undertook some geological explorations of the neighboring rocks (limestone and porphyry and conglomerate) before such researches were by any means common. For her amusement in this way, Swift, either then or previously, presented her with a singular little tool of the nature of an axe, which might be used for either purpose. It is a very dainty and lady-like affair, having a handle of cherry wood elegantly turned, about sixteen inches long, and a double blade of iron of a T form, nine inches long: each blade ending in a point suitable for breaking small stones. Into the handle of the axe is neatly inserted a longitudinal slip of lighter-colored wood, and on this is inscribed the line (doubtless of Swift's own composition),—

"RIDENT VICINI GLEBAS ET SAXA MOVENTEM."

The pretty little axe was left, it seems, at Portrane by Stella. Some years afterwards it became the property of an Englishman, who just then had bought the greater part of the Island of Donabate—Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin (1742), grandson of Richard Cobbe, colleague of Richard Cromwell as knights of the shire for Hampshire in Oliver Cromwell's Parliament of 1656. Archbishop Cobbe interested himself, it would seem, considerably in the contemporary reminiscences of Swift, and commenced some collection of them which still exists in his handwriting. Stella's axe, brought by him from Portrane to his then new abode, Newbridge House, Donabate, has remained there for five generations, and is at present the property of the archbishop's great-great-grandson, Charles Cobbe, D.L.

(POSTSCRIPT.)

Since writing the above, I have been favored with the following very interest-

ing letter on the subject from Mr. Leslie Stephen:—

"In the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum are preserved a series of note-books of Swift, containing accounts of his personal expenses, and occasional entries of other kinds. A facsimile of some of the accounts is given in Forster's 'Life,' p. 254.

"One of the note-books contains Swift's accounts from Nov. 1, 1709, to Nov. 1, 1710, in the same form as those facsimilied by Forster. One entry notes that he landed in England on Sept. 1, 1710. He stayed there till the spring of 1713. The remainder of the book is filled up by a statement of accounts, in the same form as Swift's, but in a different hand, which I take to be Stella's. She was no doubt imitating her master, and probably obeying his precepts. He had (one may guess) sent her the book as a model of account-keeping.

"It begins with an entry of Nov. 1, but with no year given. As, however, the entries seem to be continuous (with occasional gaps), it is probably Nov., 1711.

"In the next year there are the following entries, which I copy in the original spelling. (Swift, it may be remembered, reproves Stella for her eccentric spelling, in the famous 'Journal.')

From Augt. 16 to —23.

	£	s.	d.
Tripe, &c., 6. Pepper, 1d.			
Roles, 2d.	0	0	9
Crabs, 3. Ale and Beer, 6.			
Rabits, &c., 8d.	0	1	5
17. A Turkey, 11d. Bread, 4d.	0	1	3
— Butter	0	10	0
	0	13	5

We went to Portraun Augt. 20 and returned home Sepr. 9.

Spent while we were there:

	£	s.	d.
To servants	0	11	0
To Margaret	0	3	11
	0	14	11

"After another statement of accounts, there follows on the next page:—

We went to Portraun the second time, Sepr. 18; returned home, Nov. 26, 1712.

Spent in that time:

	£	s.	d.
To servants	1	1	9
Spent and laid out by Margaret	0	16	1
	1	17	10

"This date is the only year distinctly

mentioned in the book. In the (apparently) preceding winter is an entry:—

“‘From Jany. 23 to Feby. 1st we were at Bally-Gall.’ and this is followed by a hieroglyphic which looks like 1710, which would be 1710-11. But it might be M.D., Swift’s pet name for the two ladies, Stella and her companion Mrs. Dingley.

“The handwriting agrees with the only autograph of Stella that I have seen; but if there could be any doubt from the book itself, it would be removed by the endorsement of Swift’s letter to Stella of Nov. 15, 1712, namely ‘Received Novr. 26, just come from Portraine,’ which exactly tallies with the statement in the account-book.

“Portraine is, I presume, the place referred to in his letter of Oct. 9, 1712.

“‘You “thought to come home the same day and staid a month;” that was a sign the place was agreeable; I “should have such a sort of jaunt.”

“Some curious illustrations of contemporary spelling and prices might be found in the note-book, as *e.g.* ‘Currans 2d. A Fowle 1s. 4d. Cabage 1d. Raisons 6d.’ and so forth; but the note-book is in any case interesting as combining Swift’s and Stella’s handwriting.”

From Chambers’ Journal.

BABOO ENGLISH.

THE following specimens of letters and petitions are taken from a large collection made by a gentleman during a six years’ residence in British Burmah. It should be borne in mind that the habit of the Oriental, when he has a request to make, is usually to hand in a written petition in lieu of asking by word-of-mouth. Those of the documents quoted below which are from Chinamen and Burmese, are written by their own hands; while those from natives of India are mostly written by professional petition-writers, who may be seen sitting under an umbrella, at a light trestle table, beneath a tree, near the entrances to the law-courts.

The things that chiefly agitate the Oriental mind are (1) desire to obtain an appointment; (2) desire to obtain increase of pay; (3) desire to obtain leave of absence on account of the death of some relative. It is no uncommon thing for a clerk to request leave of absence half-a-dozen different times to bury the same mother, truthfulness being an unknown

quality in many parts of the “gorgeous East.”

The following mass of incoherence is from a Burmese “gunner” to the superintendent of a sawmill. His desire is to obtain a bonus — on the number of squared logs of teak which he is able to turn out — in addition to his pay.

To G. MUIR Esqr. Chief Manager.

The humble petition of Ko Youk respectfully sheweth to represent that; I have loyally, and diligently served under mercantile service in various capacities since 1870 during which I invariably earned the approval, and commendations of all my superiors. That while several persons are now and then promoted gradually increasing in the subordinate; That in 1880 when I was proposed to station at Moulmein the best European Manager serving in the Moulmein district I was selected by the Chief Manager Mr. R. S. Jones for the post as Head Clerk at Mr. Gregory’s Mill and I could act as Manager in any of the mills that are Trading in the Town of Moulmein I understand that my manager is prepared to reconsider the claims of all the subordinate who have not hitherto receive due promotion in the service I therefore pray that my manager may carefully inquire of my approved past service and can forward my Certificate bound as Manager having been served under your service daily respectfully beg to inform these few request that I am also liable to get some extra money on account of my Square Conversion which has been given by the Former manager’s on the Squaring Mill I conclusion having a large family to support with I have to thank your esteem favor and hoping to favor with the above request for which I shall ever thankful to your honors gratitude; Hoping to be excused at your honors valuable time *P.S.* Therefore having served under your service many Head Clerks who have not had any a English education in case of necessity I could do any kinds of English account in the Timber Trading line and *being very curious in my consideration of getting extra money in the Old Mill is somewhat like hatching a great many eggs-without a Hen* If I dont try hard in conversion of Squares how can you expect to get the Slabs for Scantling &c. — I remain, &c.

The passage we have italicized is particularly lucid. The next specimen is from a Madrassee Christian who has benefited by an English education.

RANGOON, 3rd January 1881.

To J. CONNELL, Esquire,
B. B. T. C. Limited & Co.
Rangoon.

GENTLEMAN — I beg most respectfully to bring these following few lines to your benign consideration Hoping to Satisfy my confused mind.

Sir, I have come from Madras some months ago, and I have tried in many places for a post

except this Office I am Sorry proved unsuccessful. Having heard that you are a Liberal Generous and Pitiable gentleman towards poor. I have made up my mind to come and ask your honor for a post under your controlability in the Firm or in the Mills.

Praying to comply my request for which act of charity and kindness I shall in duty bound shall ever pray — I beg to remain, Gentleman, your most obedient and humble Servant, V. REUBEN JACOB.

By the following amusingly ambiguous epistle, a Burmese clerk states his incapacity for work, and expresses a hope that further sick-leave may be granted him:—

SIR— Having the fever again more than before I wish you will not have the vexation to permit me further. — I Remain Yr obed.

MG CHIT OO.

The following speak for themselves:—

MOULMEIN, 9th April 1881.

SIR— We are exceeding glad in penning you these few lines, suspecting the holidays of the Burmese new year. During this time all the Burmese offices or of — the foreigners ought to be closed. Because there is custom over the whole communication not to do even the least important work. Therefore will you kindly grant us leave for three or four days. We hope that you will grant us leave without any discontent. — We are yours most Obedient servant, &c.

SIR— We the undersigned beg to inform, that on Tomorrow our Burmese Lent beginning Feast will be fell, so we shall most humbly beg of you will be pleased to allow us an holiday as usual. — We remain, Sir, Your Most Obedient Servants, &c.

HONOURED SIR— I beg most respectfully prays that your honor will be kindly pleased allow me an advance of R30/- being of our Chinese new year, but, I am short of expense for that day. — I beg to remain, Gentleman Sir, Your Most Obedient Servant,

MAY SHAIING.

[Chinese]

RANGOON 6th February 1880.

SIR— I have the honor to inform you that I was sunstruck and Fever on account of that Your servant could not attend to work. — I remain, &c.

The humble and respectful petition of K. B. B—.

Most respectfully sheweth — That your petitioner, an under graduate of the Calcutta University has formerly lived in credit in the world, but through a variety of losses in several law-suits and through the *sudden death of some lively young members of the family*, is reduced with his family to the lowest state of poverty and destitute of the necessaries of life; and being desirous to discharge his duty as a sole guardian, he has presumed to address

himself to your honor for one of the present vacant place of clerkship in your Office, and for which he can make it appear, he is properly qualified, and will produce certificates of his education, capacity and good moral character, and if so happy as to seem worthy of your notice, he shall, on all occasions observe the strictest fidelity, and make it appear to the world that he has not been unworthy of your favour; And as in duty bound shall ever pray.

On the 24th of October, 1881, the writer promised a Burman, Moungh Khyin, to employ his brother-in-law, Moungh Shway Yee, if he would come round to the office. This is the letter of introduction which Shway Yee brought: the meaning is, that Moungh Khyin will be much obliged if Shway Yee is employed according to promise:—

DEAR SIR— Herewith I send you the bearer Moungh Shway Yee, was employed under you in the Office, when you promised me Yesterday in Our Yard. I shall be much oblige and thankful to you. — Yours faithfully,

MOUNG KHYIN.

Boon Paw, a Chinese tally-clerk, being laid up with fever, his brother, Ah Lowe, writes for permission to send him to his father in Moulmein, and wants to know if he is to receive half-pay or none at all while he is ill. This is how he puts it:—

SIR— My brother Boon Paw Tally clerk, suffering by fever since about 20 days ago, and he is taking our Docter advise, but sorry still very bad, so begging of you be pleased to allow him to go back Moulmein on Tomorrow by his father to cure there. And also please let me have an order the 15 Days he is in fever in one month of Augst is to be cut all or 1-2 to be paid. — Yours obediently, &c.

The final specimen we shall here give is an application for work, made by a native of India, to a merchant of Rangoon, and was thought so comical by the recipient, although he was — like all other residents in Rangoon — daily deluged with strangely worded petitions, that it was published in the *Rangoon Gazette* of February 14, 1879.

"There is life for a keen look."

LIFE SUPPORTING SIR — The bearer of this begs to bring his most deplorable case before you trusting you to be his parent and guardian. That he is brought to such a low circumstances that he can hardly support himself and his family. Now your humble petitioner begs to say that if there be even a petty post in clerks under kind control please try your utmost to confer the same on him. Sure he is in an unutterable trouble that this life is heavier to him, nay, the shades of death are happier to him

than those of life. Let it not be hidden that as in these days he is out of employment it would be your great kindness to confer some good and supportable post on him and as he is a man of large family to please for your blessed name's sake be a father to him and his family. Please lose not this good opportunity out of your all powerful hands of making a room for him under you'in clerks. Surely in such a hard circumstances your refusal will be the case of real death and your kind reception the real cause of life for him.

Now let any one go, but please try your utmost to save him, pass by any one, but pass not by him, reject some one, but reject not him, and put asunder some one, but make him adhere close by in any way you can. Please take him in your kind honor's office as soon as possible. Nay, sooner than the twinkling of an eye.

As one has the source of his life in this and another in that way but he alone has none except thee and God alone. O Thou high-ranked man of good humour. For this act of your over running you shall both be blessed and rewarded from heavens.

P.S.—A drowning man will catch at a straw. Pour not water on a drowned mouse. Give and it shall be given unto you. The measure we mete to others shall be meted to us again. A withered purse, a withered face. Sorrow's best antidote is employment, &c.

He begs to remain,
most honoured Sir,
with much gratitude
your most obedient and
foot-kissing servant
ILLAHIE BUKSH.

18-7-78.

From St. James's Gazette.
AN AUTUMN FLOOD.

OVER the lowering grey sky great masses of darker cloud began to drift. The wind rose suddenly: and, as if the heavens had opened, the rain rushed down in long, slanting lines that seemed as if they never would come to an end. Every now and then the wind threw itself against the house, hurling streams of water, as if some one were busy with a bucket. The trees bent hither and thither; and with every motion lost handfuls of the deep red or yellow or brown leaves that were making the wood beautiful even in the very hour of death. The poor late flowers were now no more; and a late yellow rose clung close to the window until the rain was too much even for it, and it fell, a sodden heap of dank brown petals, and was drowned in an ever-increasing pool in the gravel walk below.

But if the garden became a scene of

desolation after twenty-four hours of such rain as surely never fell before out of the tropics, beyond the garden, which is raised a little above the rest of the world by reason of its being the site of an old castle, the scene was curious indeed. At first the river was only troubled, seeming worried and anxious with its extra work; but presently its ordinary pale-grey countenance began to change into a deep muddy brown color. Miniature waves, that grew bigger and bigger as more water came down from the hills, began to quarrel with the banks, where thin reeds shivered and moaned in the tempest; soon the banks gave way by imperceptible degrees; and then a deep brown sheet of water crept slowly but steadily over the wide valley between our garden and the line of hills. It was strange to see how rapidly green meadows disappeared; how suddenly fences but just now high and dry, and three-quarters of a mile from the banks, stood miserable and creaking as the ever-increasing bulk of water eddied and crept through the flats, twining strange water weeds and broad, dead lily leaves round the posts that in an ordinary season stood knee-deep in kingcups or cuckoo-blossoms; and strange it was to fancy the great elms gazing meditatively down at their leaves falling and circling in the river which had heretofore existed for them only in the distance. The willows along the little channels cut through the meadows to drain them were quite in their element; and as their spare yellow leaves left them — first in regular showers and then one by one — almost appeared as if they would like to follow them, and leaned and swayed backwards and forwards, their long, thin arms tossing about as a banshee's are supposed to do.

But now the river has crossed the road, and leaping headlong into the farther fields, has set afloat the carefully thatched peat-stacks that were to serve as fuel for yonder cottages all through the coming winter. Now it catches up and whirls round in its course sundry baskets and hencoops left out in the meadows by the village; and now it swoops round one of those queer, slate-colored boxes that are supposed by the ordinary intellect to represent a shepherd's hut, but that are known to the initiated as constituting a vote for their possessors in the neighboring borough-town. But even the river in flood is powerless to remove one of these abuses — it is too well rooted for that; and on the water rushes, leaving the little house standing solitary and miserable,

surrounded by a waste of waters. The rain falls, and falls, and falls. At the end of the third day the road is beginning to be washed into holes; and it is no longer safe to ride out on either side of the town, or to drive either; while walking is impossible, and has been since the early part of the second day. Only the willows now mark the boundaries of the fields, as the fences have gone or are else completely submerged; and if it were not serious it would be comic to stand on the bridge — almost as old and as strong as the hills themselves — and note the divers queer "fish" that swim gallantly down with the stream, bound for the sea. But when piggy's body floats by no one can help remembering that he was to have gone towards making Christmas merry in some poor home. And when drowned hens and a cat or two (doubtless hardened poachers, by the way, and deserving of their fate) drift under and come up on the other side of the bridge, it is not pleasant to recognize, or fancy we recognize, some well-known friend. Yet it is even more terrible to watch a mysterious heavy something coming along, caught every now and then in a current and hemmed in against some obstruction, only to come on quicker than ever as the main body of the stream again takes it; until by the time it is heaved against the piers of the bridge we are almost afraid to look, for fear that it is some laborer or child, caught — as they have, alas! been caught — in well-known lapses now turned into watercourses. But the something turns out to be nothing save a huge bundle of reeds, and soon drifts away, looking more human than ever as it passes over the flooded meadows.

And now boats begin to appear on the scene. Adventurous boys put out to sea on rudely-made rafts, steering them by the aid of an oar protruding from behind. But this is dangerous work, and soon ended by their elders, who — excusing themselves to themselves by saying it is to take care of the youngsters — get out

all the available boats in the place; and soon the meadows are dotted by red and brown sailed flat-bottomed boats and by small grey canoes that go cautiously about the fields. It is difficult work, too. Unknown stumps of trees or remnants of fences unseen in the muddy depths are perilous objects to steer against; but as the rain stayed for a while, and it was necessary to see if help were wanted in any of the cottages dotted about the heath, canoes went forward as pioneers for larger craft; while between the little villages and the town a regular ferry-boat began to ply. It is a wild scene, if a picturesque one, that becomes miserable when the floods begin to subside, and promises to be worse when the water has drained away altogether. But of that there seems no chance at present; for a lovely day now and then is succeeded by a regular downpour that keeps matters in *statu quo*. On Sunday we have a day when the air seems like liquid gold, and a deep blue sky is repeated in the expanse of the flood; on Monday we wake again to the wild rush of the rain and the eager war of the wind as it tears down the valley. It has not been so bad for more than thirty years, and it is to be hoped that thirty more years will elapse before we are inundated again; but they were worse off then than even we are now, if we can credit the oldest inhabitant, for then the greyhounds were drowned in a stable where we find it extremely trying to have a couple of inches of water. And, farther away by the shore, the whole front of a cottage was washed out and an old bed-ridden woman was taken out to sea in her bed and drowned in it. But, recollecting all we imagine we saw and yet fancy we see, especially at twilight, and allowing for the lapse of time and the extraordinary way in which history is enlarged by being talked over, we are inclined to think that the present specimen of an autumn flood is as bad as any, either in ancient or modern times.

FRENCH PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION. — The French Presbyterian congregation, which for three centuries has worshipped in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, has been holding special services in commemoration of the Reformation. Bishop Oxenden, preaching on the occasion, said the Reformation was not the erection of a new Church, but rather the restoration of the old one. They did not be-

long to a Church which only had its origin three hundred years ago; they claimed identity with the one living Church, not founded by St. Augustine in the seventh century, or by Cranmer in the sixteenth century, but with the Church of eighteen centuries ago. The same Church that existed in the time of St. Peter and St. Paul existed now.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLII. }

No. 2013. — January 20, 1883.

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Vol. CLVI.

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SNOWDRIFTS.

LISTEN to the plaintive stories
Sung by moorland winds to-day !
Dirges ring o'er vanished glories,
Love and hope have flown away.
Where are summer's airy minstrels,
Where, our warblers debonair ?
Can they sing one strain prophetic,
Can they consolation bear ?

Guild of faith ! What promise golden
Nestles 'neath your drooping wing ?
We would bear its balm enfolden
In our hearts until the spring.
Saith it, "Not a sparrow falleth
On the dreary, dreary snows,
But its cry to Heaven calleth,
And our Heavenly Father knows."

I am caught in crystal showers,
Feathery flakes and fairy blooms,
Winter flings her scentless flowers
O'er her dark, unlovely toms !
Airy whispers float around me,
"Trust his love and perfect rule,
Though his keenest arrows smite thee,
Lo ! he giveth snow like wool."

Royal touch and flashing token
Kingly presence here reveal,
Faith in Him may be unbroken,
Love may smile in woe or weal.
By the splendor of his pathway —
Diamond flash in triple ray —
Sure I am that he is near me,
That a King hath passed this way !
Sunday Magazine. CLARA THWAITES.

AT THE GARRICK CLUB.

Dissolve frigus, heap the logs ;
I hate these chill December fogs,
The hard-bound earth, the dreary sky,
The torpor as if death were nigh.
What shadows fill the darkening room !
What well-known faces pierce the gloom ! —
Wine, waiter ! Ere the vision fades,
I drink to the familiar shades.
And now old echoes reach my ear.
Dreaming, with half-shut eyes, I hear
Trollope's full voice, while loud and long,
He talks of politics or song ;
Ending discussion with a stroke,
Like woodman cleaving heart of oak ;
Manliest of men, yet gentlest, too,
For Lily Dale we owe to you ;
And many a charming English lass
Is mirrored in your magic glass,
Wherein is nothing foul or base.
Ah ! never in the accustomed place
Shall we this genial spirit see.
Hail and farewell, dear Anthony !

Now, Lewes, tiger-like in features,
But kindest of human creatures —
Unless some ignominy low
Sent all the color to his brow —
Talks of George Eliot's gift in story,
And proudly prophesies her glory.
While Forster, sitting at his ease,
Dogmatic, but not slow to please,
And holding Dickens king of men,
Praises with voice as well as pen,
Or passing back to Swift and Stella,
Forgets his Pecksniff and Sam Weller.
And Shirley Brooks, whose handsome face
Made sunshine in the shadiest place,
Sends jets of wit about at pleasure,
Indulging in his well-earned leisure.
And Bell, whose hospitable board
Welcomed the tyro and the lord,
Cheery, and rich in English lore —
All these upon the silent shore
Have met ; and, wiser far than we,
Have solved life's deepest mystery.
What do we know, who linger here ?
Dead voices speak no word of cheer,
Dead eyes send forth no ray of light,
Dead hearts have lost their human might,
And all the genius writ or spoke
Lies silent in a box of oak.

Thus did I speak in my despair,
Thus cried in despicable fear ;
As if the fog that hid the sky
Had entered heart, and brain, and eye ;
As if the soul that tends to heaven
Were stifled by its earthly leaven ;
As if the in-born sense of right
Had failed to reach the Infinite ;
As if, when dust is turned to dust,
No room were left for hope and trust.
Spectator. J. D.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

"Now, tell me, tell me, Lady Venus,
What unkind thought has stept between us,
That you should seek to cross me so,
In face of all the world below ?"

"No unkind thought has stept between us,"
Softly answered Lady Venus,
"But those dear spots upon your face
Are watched by all the human race,
And this for years has been my dream, —
A moment on your cheek to gleam,
That in your glory men might see
More beauty than before in me."

"You touch my heart, O Lady Venus !
And though the space is great between us,
My beams shall kiss you as you go,
And men shall ever after know
That Venus richer beauty won
By having dared to cross the Sun."
Spectator. J. D.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ALCWIÑE.

THE earliest beginnings of our common life as Englishmen can hardly fail of a perennial interest for us. And to return to the fountain-head of English history, to the period when England was in the making, and to the study of one among these great and early Englishmen, is no unprofitable nor uncongenial task. Among the illustrious of that early period the name of Alcwine stands high. Coming, as he did, between the father of English learning, the venerable Bede, and Aelfred, the first great English king, his historical position makes him interesting from two points of view. He is the outcome of that earliest period of English intellectual development which was the work of Northumbria, before internal discords completed its ruin and compelled it to submit to Mercia under Offa. And he is an Englishman of an England whose political capital was not London but York, whose religious centre was Lindisfarne not Canterbury, whose fathers of the Church were Aidan and St. Cuthbert, not Theodore or St. Dunstan. Alcwine belongs to the Northumbrian epoch of English evolution. And it is important to bear this in mind, for his character and the color of his imagination were essentially northern. But Alcwine differs from the great scholar who preceded him and the great king who followed him in this. He is the first Englishman who directly affected the movement of the Continent, and whose influence has remained a permanent factor in European history. Bede never left his convent of Jarrow, by the mouth of the Wear; Aelfred's days were employed in repelling the Danes and in making Wessex supreme in England. But the active period of Alcwine's life was passed chiefly in France. His fame is bound up with the court and the work of Charlemagne, or Karl, as we must call him. To that work he brought an English temper and a Northumbrian training. These are his spiritual pedigree; the conditions which formed the man, and gave to his life the color which it wears. To understand that life we must consider

what this English temper and Northumbrian training meant.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of their parent land in the formation of the English character. The grim and sombre plains, at that time unclaimed, which border on the northern ocean; the hopeless grey sky, swept by a wrack of clouds scudding before the north; the illimitable monotony of the marshy levels; the *truculentia cæli*, the *vis turbinum*, which struck the Roman mind with such a terror, — these were the characteristics of the Englishman's first home. On the shores of Northumbria, when conquest had led them thus far, they found the same forbidding glance of nature — the long stretches of down, grey beneath an east wind, the longer reaches of the grey ocean tumbling or rolling on the rocks of Farne, or on the sandy ridge that joins the holy island to the mainland. Such a stern dwelling-place could not fail to grave a gloomy imagination deep into the nature of this people. Their visionaries saw the blinding snowdrifts of Nifheim, the home of the hostile powers of ice, falling in endless swirls, stifling and thick as wool. The fires of Muspel, the nether region of flame, are not yellow or orange with any natural heat, but black globes, forever thrown up and forever falling back into a bottomless pit. Alcwine paints among the terrors of hell the *frigoris immanitas*, the *infinita misera spatia*, the endless halls of doom. All that the imagination conjures up is vast, dim, and undefined. If a limit be found, the fancy is ever ready to overfly the fact. The outlines of the vision are lost and confounded in the mists which hide the undiscovered horror beyond; just as the driving sea-fog shrouds and blurs the landscape that surrounded these men. How different from the imagination of a southern people; of the Italians Dante, Orcagna, or Angelico, dealing with almost identical fancies! With them all is dry, hard, and defined; as clear and perspicuous as the sunlight in which they daily lived.

Denied the brightness and the laughter of nature, the human spirit in these northern men was rejected upon itself to find

its sustenance. It sought its relief in intoxicating emotions; in the triumph of endurance and fervid determination, of teeth set and will resolved in the face of pain, failure, and death. And this temper ran through the whole fibre of the race. In contemplative natures the severity of discipline in which they sought their joy, this tightening of the spiritual muscles, fitted them admirably for accepting the sterner qualities of Christianity. The unknown end, the undefined reward, the injunction to look beyond, the endless conflict here, the victory achievable through endurance and denial alone, were components of a religious idea which these men might accept with passionate earnestness. The men of active temper, on the other hand, sought their sustenance in the fierce excitement of battle, in the grim delight of victory, the inebriation of blood and wounds and hacking steel. Odin, the war-god, is their chief. Their battle-songs throb with the madness of fight. Each verse, in its violent spasm, shoots like a jet of blood thrust from the beating heart, and tingles to the very hands that clutch the sword. The rhythm is broken by the gasp and the sob of over-mastering sensations. This is a deep-rooted quality in the English, and lives all down our literature; in the border ballads, in Drayton's rollicking trooper's chaut of victory for Agincourt; even in Burns it survives; and the battle fury, its delight and glory, find expression as he tells us how the Scottish went "red-wetshod" through the carnage and the gore.

But whether this fierce and sombre temper of the English manifested itself in a life of contemplation or a life of action, its characteristic of strife and endeavor remains. For the warriors their bards sang of war or of battle with monstrous forms, dragons and loathsome snakes, vague, unformed, and terrible, haunting misty meres, gorged with human blood, poisonous and rank. While for the men of reflective bias Beowulf's dragon, by no violent or difficult change of fancy, became transformed into some perilous and besetting vice, gorged with lost souls. For one and for the other the fight remains; the quality of fierce and hot

endurance is required if victory is to be achieved. And through the glory of the spiritual as of the physical victory there ever runs the same unvarying undertone of sadness. It is singular how little of confident hope and outlook Christianity brought to Alcwine. His mind dwells chiefly on the *volatilis umbra*, the fleeting shadow of all earthly things; *sic transit*, is written across the face of all he sees; and of the end whither all is hastening he has no knowledge, *per vallem lachrymabilem ad incertum properamus finem*. From the very first the grimness of the English temper had fastened upon this point of transitoriness. The mythology of the English spared not even its own gods; their heroes may be victorious, but they must die. Neither Beowulf, their paladin, nor Balder, their god, the loveliest and the best, escape the spite of Loki and the dark realm of Hela, where all lost things must lie. Nothing brave or fair may last against the hatred of the older gods of chaos, the monstrous and malignant powers. So Asgard, the golden glorious home, and all its gods, fail and perish, and are lost in the ocean whence they sprang. Yggdrasil, the ash-tree of existence, has its roots deep down in Hel, the region of death, whither its leaves and branches shall fall. And nothing remains but endless strife, for which is required undying endurance.

With this tragic conception of life as the heritage of their birth, the English settled down in the country they had conquered. But constant warfare among themselves kept the fighting spirit alive and graved its characteristics deeper into the nature of the people. No conversion to Christianity, no imposition of monasticism, could alter the temper of the English, however much they might modify its exhibition. The spirit of the fighting men was in St. Cuthbert as he wandered over the lonely Lammermoor. It urged him to seek the solitudes of the rock of Farne; "a place," as Bede has it, "without water, corn, or trees; infested by evil spirits, and very ill-suited for human habitation." But for Cuthbert there was nature to struggle with and to subdue; the devils to be fought, and the long,

grey, infinite ocean with its unknown shores for constant company. Heroism was required no less in the conflict with the powers of darkness, than against the visible foe in the field. The spasm of the war-song became converted to the spasm of prayer; the wild tunes of the one served equally well for the other. The mystery of existence, the question of the beyond, still fascinated the English imagination. The beautiful allegory of the sparrow, preserved to us by Bede, shows us the northern temper approaching the problem of life from the new point of view, and endeavoring to arrive at the Christian attitude. It was in these words that an earl of Eadwine's court urged his king to consider the new religion: "The life of man, O king, seems to be as the flight of a sparrow through the hall where you sit at meat with your soldiers and your ministers, and a warm fire burning in the midst, while outside are driven the storms of rain and snow. The sparrow flies in at one door and finds shelter from the wintry storm without. For a while it tarries in the warmth and light, and then flies out again to the darkness whence it came. So is the life of man. But what went before or what cometh after we know not. If this new doctrine tells us aught certain thereof, let us follow it." And it was in the hope of this knowledge that Northumbria turned to Christianity.

But the new religion, taught by foreigners, by Paulinus and the followers of St. Augustine, did not bite thoroughly into the tough Northumbrian nature. With the English the tie of blood had always been deeply binding. And their conversion could be worked out by men of their own stock only; speaking the same language and knowing the chords to touch if they would reach the heart and make it respond. Aidan, Cuthbert, Herebert of Derwentwater, and Hilda of Streaneshalch are the real apostles of Northumbrian conversion. But when the country had once been impregnated with the ideas of the new faith the whole fiery and mystic ardor of the people was poured into the new mould. Bands of wandering missionaries or solitary preachers crossed the land in all directions. Monasteries

began to rise. Hilda built her famous Abbey of Whitby; Boisil founded Melrose; Benedict Biscop his twin convents of Wearmouth and Jarrow. From Rome he brought the designs for his church, pictures for the screens, singers for his choir, books, too, for the convent library. Each of his five journeys added some wealth of art or literature to his store. Through the life of the monasteries the closest intimacy was established between Northumbria and Rome. The fervor of religious zeal burst beyond the bounds of England. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, set sail to convert the countries newly conquered by the Franks, and his mission stations spread the name of Britain abroad. A spirit of cosmopolitanism, of common brotherhood for all who were inside of the Church, was created, and this rendered it possible for Alcwine to pass, as he did, from his cathedral school at York to the intellectual government of Karl and his empire.

And this fervor of the religious life led to a quickening of the intellectual life. It was impossible for the English to study the language and the spirit of the Old Testament without responding to a temper so similar to their own. They could answer to the Hebrew battle-cry, "Jehovah, Lord of Hosts." They could sympathize with the endless strifes of Israel. The mystery of the valley of dry bones was not unintelligible to them. The pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night appealed to their own mythologic instinct, which made them fashion their ancient gods out of the forces of nature, the summer thunder, the power of ice, and the power of fire. And so the first burst of English song was inspired by the Old Testament story. Caedmon, the cowherd at Hilda's abbey, fastened upon the history of Israel and chanted it in the English tongue. The convent libraries also produced their sure result. The brothers became students first, and then turned themselves to the business of writing. Bede, in the convent of Jarrow, wrote the earliest history of England with a freshness and vigor of color that make it still delightful to read. Northumbria had thus passed from paganism through religion to

literature. But the national temper still remained as the common ground upon which this literature was planted, and which gave its color to the work. This was the condition of the world into which Alcwine was born; and we have now reached the opening of his life.

Alcwine was born near York — it is said, of noble parents — in the year 735, the year of Bede's death, though on that point there rests some doubt. Archbishop Ecgberht had founded a school in connection with his church of York; and here, too, he was collecting, after the manner of Benedict Biscop, the first great English library. Alcwine was sent by his parents to the cathedral school. He was a delicate, sensitive boy, given to seeing visions and falling into trances. One day, as his class was studying the Gospels, when they came to the passage where St. John is sitting at the Last Supper, Alcwine's eyes closed and he fell into a trance. He said, afterwards, that he had been carried up on high, and had seen the whole world lying at his feet, revolving in a sea of blood. Such visions were by no means uncommon; and only a short time before, a brother of Melrose had journeyed through Heaven and Hell in a trance. Alcwine remained at York, studying in the library, reading the Greek and Latin authors that he found there, and chiefly Virgil, who fascinated him by the beauty and finish of his style, as he had fascinated Bede at Jarrow. In later life Alcwine dreaded this attraction for his pupils. He feared that they would forsake sacred studies to follow the Roman. Two of his scholars, whom he found secretly reading the poet, received a severe reprimand; and to Rigbod, Bishop of Treves, he wrote, "I wish you would study the four Evangelists and not the twelve Æneids." But the dread of the *luxuriosa sermone Virgilii facundia* was not the result of an illiberal mind so much as of a desire to keep in check the excessive passion for the classics which his own teaching had done so much to awaken. For himself, his devotion to pagan poets did not interfere with an earnest pursuit of the Old Testament authors. His writing bears the marks of these early studies, and he owes the richness of his epistolary style chiefly to his acquaintance with the Bible. His imagery is inspired by or copied from the books of Job and Ecclesiastes; or, in its more florid passages, by the Song of Songs. Jerome was his model; and the exquisite flavor of the monkish Latin had

as much attraction for his literary sense as the grim theology of the Old Testament had for his national instinct.

When the office of librarian and head of the school at York fell vacant in 766, the appointment was conferred upon Alcwine; and he began that apprenticeship as a teacher which was to serve him in such good stead at the Frankish court, and which fitted him to exercise the influence he did upon the course of European learning. For fourteen years he labored quietly at his post; mastering the contents of the library, and laying in those stores of learning from which he was to satisfy the exorbitant appetite and curiosity of Karl. In these studious occupations the years went by till Archbishop Ecgberht died, and Alcwine's contemporary and fellow-student, Eanbald, was elected to the see. The new archbishop sent Alcwine as his delegate to Rome, to ask the pallium from the pope. It is uncertain whether Alcwine had made a previous journey to the holy city in the company of his old patron, Ecgberht. However that may be, this journey of 780-781 forms the turning-point in Alcwine's life; for on his way back to England he met Karl at Parma, and received an invitation to attach himself to the emperor's court.

Alcwine was forty-five years of age, in the very prime of his vigor, and fully matured by his training at York. His fame as the head of a great ecclesiastical school had already spread beyond Britain. And circumstances were so happily arranged that, in this meeting of the greatest conqueror and the greatest teacher of the age, there was something dramatically opportune. It was the union of two "noble barbarians" to put an end to barbarism, to arrest the long declension of Europe, and to set the nations once more upon the upward path. Karl was in the middle of his meteoric course across the world's history. Impelled by great appetites, intellectual no less than physical, and a desire for universal sovereignty, he was steadily pursuing the two branches of his career. On the one hand, the whole of Europe seemed a field not too vast for his military enterprise. He did succeed in conquering the larger part of it, and strove to stamp it with the impress of his own organization. But all his elaborate system of centralization was doomed to fail and disappear with Karl himself. It was cast off, as a serpent casts its slough, leaving Europe fashioned upon its modern lines of development. The emperor's work served merely for a

shelter from chaos; and behind this shelter Europe gathered force to follow a course very different from that intended by Karl. No less ambitious was the emperor's attempt to conquer the world of barbarism and ignorance, and to assert his sovereignty over the human spirit. It was a task sufficiently vast to stimulate his appetite for domination, and he applied himself with his wonted fervor to the work. He summoned to his aid the learned of every nation: Theodulf, the Goth; Leidrad from Gaul; Paul Warnefrid and Peter of Pisa from Italy. But his scheme of intellectual regeneration for Europe was still incomplete. The emperor himself could not attend to every detail of the educational system. It was only by a division of labor and a subordination of duties that the work could be carried to a successful issue. And Karl was still in search of a first minister of education when he met Alcwine at Parma in 781.

Alcwine accepted the proposal then made to him, that he should undertake the direction of Karl's educational scheme. The two men agreed in loyalty to their object, but the difference of their temperaments compelled them to regard their prospects of success in different lights. Karl, as a man of action and a great conqueror, had unbounded confidence in his own ability. The vision of a vast empire, secure from foes outside, based on a perfect legislative system within, and intellectually supreme and universal, intoxicated his imagination, and seemed hardly beyond his powers. But the emperor was a child in his perception of what was required to make an age of intellectual giants. On this point Alcwine, the student, the solitary, contemplative man, had a juster view. "It rests not with you or me," he said to Karl, "to make of France a Christian Athens." Karl, however, believed that it did rest with him, provided that he could find the fitting instruments, and he had the whole of Europe from whence to draw his teachers, his poets, his philosophers; but it was an ignorant and a barbarous Europe. "Oh, had I but twelve clerks as wise as Jerome and Augustine!" he cried; and Alcwine answered him, "The Lord of Heaven and Earth has not another like to them, and do you call for twelve?" Karl, the conqueror, had not the word "impossible" in his vocabulary; Alcwine, the student, knew how rare and how divine a bird a wise man was. But Alcwine, with his English temper, was

loyal though diffident; willing to do all and expect little. And, by one of those curious pieces of irony which history sometimes displays, the work which especially belongs to Karl, his conquests and his legislation, which he believed to be so permanent, fell away almost immediately after his death. While the work which especially belongs to Alcwine, the restoration of the classics and the salvation of learning, that work undertaken in diffidence almost amounting to despair, endured and became the chiefest glory of his master the emperor.

The difficulty of the task which Alcwine had undertaken justified his doubts of absolute success. Learning was at its lowest ebb. The few students who read the classics read them in copies that were corrupt; the Latin of the sacred office had, in the mouth of ignorant priests, become an unintelligible gibberish. Nor was there any apparatus ready to Alcwine's hand to enable him to affront the problem. He was obliged to begin from the very beginning. One circumstance alone he had in his favor, but that was a circumstance of great moment. An ardent desire for knowledge pervaded the atmosphere in which he was called to work. Karl himself concentrated the spirit of his time, and showed it at its highest power. And the robust intellectual appetite, the insatiable curiosity, which drove him pell-mell through all the range of science that was open to him, found expression among his subjects. The age exhibited a foreglow of that passion which characterized the later revival of learning. It was a kind of *aube du jour*; a first attempt of the spirit in that direction which it afterwards pursued so vigorously in the fifteenth century.

Relying upon this universal temper, upon the impetuous determination of the emperor, and also on his own resolute power of labor, Alcwine applied himself to the various departments of his work. And certainly no man ever found a better master to work under than Karl, for he was now a fellow-laborer with his minister; now, where need was, a patient pupil; and now a powerful sovereign on whose authority his servant might rely for support. Karl's political connection with Rome directed his first attention to the restoration of the Church and its services. The Latin of the liturgy was corrected, and the emperor and Alcwine together undertook a revision of the sacred books. Side by side with this resto-

ration of the Bible, a restoration of the classics was begun, in which Alcwine took his share by editing the plays of Terence. An imperial decree ordained the foundation of public schools on the model of York, attached to the great cathedrals or abbeys, and under the superintendence of the bishop or abbot. And the emperor, with his keen desire to centre in himself all the threads of his vast designs, required from these bishops or abbots a letter of stewardship and an account of the work done. In one of these reports, Alcwine himself gives an account of his work at Tours. The letter is written in his own peculiar vein of florid imagery, and proves the width of his scheme as a teacher. "Some of my scholars," he says, "I strive to inebriate with the old wine of ancient disciplines; and some I passionately desire to illumine on the order of the stars that stud the heavens, as it were the ceiling of some mighty house. But I miss the more exquisite books of scholarship. Let me, therefore, I pray you, send some of my boys to bring to France the flowers of Britain, that the west wind may come and may blow on the gardens of Loire, and all their balmy odors may flow out. . . . In the morning of my days I sowed good seed in Britain. And now my blood runs chill, and evening draws on apace, yet I cease not to labor in France." In these public schools, besides the Bible and the classics, the boys studied singing and the art of illumination. And through the schools of miniaturists the practice of design was handed down to the workers in glass; and from these flowed one of the principal streams that went to feed the great flood of Italian painting.

But Karl did not trust to reports only. He sometimes made a personal inspection of his schools. The monk of San Gallen has preserved a vivid picture of one of these imperial visits. At the close of a long journey Karl came to a school which he had established under a certain master named Clement. At this school, as at all the others throughout the empire, the sons of nobles and of commoners alike were required to attend, and no distinction of birth was allowed to interfere with the discipline of the pupils. The emperor called all the boys to him and made them read their exercises. The sons of poor parents had done excellent work, but the young nobles had nothing at all to show. Thereupon the emperor divided the boys into two groups, placing the industrious on his right and the idle

on his left. Then turning to the former he said: "I give you thanks, my children, that ye have so well answered to my desire, and I will reward you." Then he turned to the young nobles and spoke in anger: "You pampered darlings, you have relied upon your birth and your possessions, and have neglected your studies to delight yourselves in luxury, and sport, and idleness, or useless games." Then, shaking his hand on high, "your nobility and birth shall be as naught to me. Unless you mend your ways, look for no favors from Karl." The story, whether true or not in its details, bears witness to the thoroughness of Karl's determination to make every one learned. He had seen his aim, and resolved to achieve it. With such a temper in his master Alcwine could never have had to complain of coldness or want of support. But whether Karl's great nobles, his fighting men and generals, relished having their lads turned into clerks is perhaps doubtful.

Whether they relished it or not, they were obliged to feign acquiescence, not for their sons alone, but for themselves as well. For not only did the emperor establish public schools throughout the empire, but inside his own palace the fever of instruction raged more than elsewhere. It was a part of Alcwine's duty to give daily lessons to the court, to the emperor himself, to his sons, his sisters, and his nobles. It must have been a strange sight to see those amazons, the emperor's daughters, fresh from the hunting-field, attended each by her lover; the emperor's sons and his mistresses; all the crowd of a free and warlike court gathered round the desk where the master sat, answering questions on every conceivable subject — on the eclipses of the moon; on the principles of rhetoric; on the gender of *rubus*, on the distinction between eternal and immortal: and Karl himself, grimly in earnest, stimulating all with his superabundant vitality; insisting that this work of learning, as well as the other of war, of the chase, or of love, shall be serious and genuine work. Consider for a moment the position of this teacher, called upon alone and from the wells of his own knowledge to satisfy a vast spiritual craving, a knowledge-hunger that seemed insatiable — for this quickening of the curiosity was perfectly genuine in Karl himself, and he imposed his will on all who came within his reach — and the master himself in their midst, a wiser but a sadder man than any of these his vigorous and ravenous pupils; with eyes that

looked far out over a sea of time in which this great empire, so vital around him, seemed but a speck growing ever less and less upon the ocean.

In this palace school they pleased their fancy by taking fictitious names, chosen from the Bible or the classics, as the men of the later Renaissance were wont to do. Alcwine called himself Flaccus, Karl was named David; others bore the names of Pindar, Homer, Eulalia, Damoetas. Several instances of Alcwine's method in giving his lessons, "disputes" as they were called, remain to us preserved among his works. One is of special interest. The interlocutors in the dialogue are Alcwine himself and Pipin, son of Karl. Alcwine asks the questions and Pipin answers as he had been taught; thus: "A. What begets a word?—P. The tongue. What is the tongue?—A scourge of brass. What is life?—The joy of the happy, the misery of the wretched; a waiting for death. What is death?—An inevitable issue; a doubtful voyage; the fear of the living; the thief of men. What is the brain?—The storehouse of memory. What is the blood?—The humor of the veins. What are the veins?—The fountains of the flesh. What is cold?—The tormentor of plants, the destroyer of leaves. What is man?—The slave of death; a passing wayfarer; a guest of his home. How is he placed?—As a lamp in a wind. What is the earth?—The universal devourer. What is the sea?—The pathway of the brave; the home of rivers; a refuge in danger; a delight among pleasures. What is as sleep to a waking man?—Hope." And so on, question and answer for, running over all branches of human interest. This is the early struggling of the spirit to grasp and understand its surroundings, the human intelligence commencing to walk, setting out on its endless voyage of discovery impelled by curiosity. And, as in all early efforts of the spirit, a quaint mingling of poetry and science runs through the dialogue. The poetry of the world has not yet become myth; the science has not yet become fact; the borders of the two are not yet distinguished. And the vagueness, vastness, the sadness of some of these answers—earth, the universal devourer, not the universal mother; death, the uncertain voyage—these were to be expected from Alcwine. They are the outcome of his northern nature. Their note is a common note in English poetry.

In these labors, scholastic and literary,

Alcwine passed the larger part of his days in France. On his first arrival there the emperor had given him the charge of three abbeys, Ferrieres, St. Loup, and St. Josse. The task of reforming and governing these monasteries proved no easy one. They were corrupt, "woody brakes of luxury," as Alcwine calls them; and the brothers were given to the pleasures of the table and extravagance in dress. They were too wealthy to remain simple. Alcwine himself, as abbot of Tours, had twenty thousand serfs attached to his abbey lands. But Karl attacked the vices of the monks as vigorously as he attacked their ignorance. And Alcwine acted as his principal minister in framing and enforcing the "Capitularies." No one who served the emperor could look for much leisure. And in addition to this work in France, Alcwine was also employed in important foreign affairs. In 790 he returned to England, as Karl's ambassador to Offa, the Mercian king. It was a sad journey for Alcwine, for he found his old home broken up and the lordship of Northumbria rapidly passing away forever. His efforts to pacify his own countrymen failed, but through his exertions a war between Karl and Offa was avoided, and England negotiated her first commercial treaty. Six years later the emperor presented Alcwine with the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours; and thither he retired to pass the rest of his life in directing his monastery school and in composing his commentaries on the Bible, his exposition of the Song of Songs, his liturgic and controversial works, his treatises on rhetoric, grammar, and astronomy.

Through all this mass of erudition it is needless to follow Alcwine. Most of it is dead now, and devoid of interest. It is rather our object to see what manner of man this courtly life and contact with the great world had left him, how far it had destroyed or modified his English character. And here, almost for the first time, Alcwine speaks for himself in his letters, written chiefly after he had retired to Tours. "*Le style c'est l'homme*," says M. Renan, and it is as much in the style as in the matter of a writer that we catch those indications of character which enable us to portray a man. Alcwine himself, when apologizing for the imperfections of his writing, gives us a glimpse of his inner nature which reveals the fervor and passion of his temper. "It is the *velocitas animi*, the swift flight of the mind," he says, "that makes my pen run wrong." But it is just this

velocitas animi which gives his style its peculiar charm, its richness and strength of phrase, and its variety of imagery. When he is deeply moved, his words run and burn like fire. Yet it is when he is writing prose, not when he is engaged on verse, that his mind moves most freely and attains its greatest swiftness. While working in verse he is working in fetters; the chains of Latin tradition are upon him; the lyricism of the English spirit finds itself hampered and confined. In Alcwine's hands Latin had not attained its mediæval fluidity, as of molten gold, which altered its ancient character and made it such a splendid vehicle for lyrical outbursts as it became in the hands of the wandering students. The language was still too rigid, iron, and Roman. But so strong was this English instinct of lyricism in Bede, Alcwine, and their contemporaries, that, though caged, they do attempt to sing. And in spite of frequent failure these efforts are interesting to us, for they belong to the earliest movement of the English spirit of song. Perhaps the happiest among the many attempts, and best, because his mind was moving most swiftly, is Alcwine's lament over his friend and pupil Oswulf, nicknamed Cuculus. Spring and Winter, contending for the lad, sing an amœbean ode; and the poet cries, —

Non pereat Cuculus, veniet sub tempore veris;
Et nobis veniens carmina læta ciet.

The note of "Lycidas" runs through the poem; it is an elegiac outburst between Theocritus and Milton.

The fervid spirit of Alcwine attached him warmly to his friends. His letters run over with affection. He turns to friendship as a relief from the native gloom of his temper. "This age," he writes, "is racked with many miseries; and there is no refuge to be found in it, save through the pity of God and the loyalty of friends." Over his pupil Oswulf, who left him to follow a vicious life, he utters two passionate cries in two successive letters, entreating, adjuring, imploring him to return. Then in a third and briefer letter he closes his heart and steels it to endure: "If you will go, go!" And this fervor of emotion finds frequent expression in his poetry. Some lines of his, a veritable sonnet on friendship, called "*Ad amicum absentem suspiria*," are too long to quote here, and it is almost impossible to preserve the delicate flavor of this mediæval Latin in the process of translation.

Mingling with the sombre fervor of his English temper, the note of sadness also runs through Alcwine's character. He dwells on nothing else in nature with so much love as on the stars. He and Karl spent nights together watching the movement of the planets; and the *delicia poli, semperque manantia regna* had an endless attraction for him. He warned his monks against the injuries wrought by excessive sleep in lines written above their dormitory door; and among these injuries is this, that "sleep will close the eyes, and they will never see the splendors of the star-illuminated sky." With this habit of contemplation came the inevitable questioning of the unknown beyond. The curiosity of his intellect attacked its confines, broke through its bounds, and shrank before the illimitable void which, by its own act it had discovered, and which, in self-defence, it was compelled to conquer and inform. And Alcwine, not through his temper only, but also by force of circumstances, was peculiarly susceptible to this sadness of the pioneering spirit. For all around him there was a widening of the human horizon, and to this result he more than any man was contributing. Such epochs of expansion must always be charged with melancholy for the contemplative man. The human spirit in its growth has burst its cover and abandoned its shelter. It feels the unwonted airs chill about. Out of those strange airs and changed conditions it will build itself a larger home. But that is for the eye of faith to discern, and for hope to believe. Alcwine, living at the very heart of this movement, was perplexed at the change. He could not grasp the mighty order of the things to be, nor confidently base his hopes upon the future.

Alcwine was still English in temper, fervid and sombre. But over all this, the groundwork of his character, we see an accumulation of wisdom and knowledge of the world, the outcome of his long and active life. He was aware of the dangers attending his besetting sadness, and himself attacks it in words of warning that are as true now as then for those whom Dante saw in the fourth circle of Inferno. The words were addressed to Count Guy, who wished to take with him to the wars an "Enchiridion" on the virtues and vices. "Melancholy," says Alcwine, "is of two sorts. The one healthy, the other poisonous. That melancholy is healthy whereby we repent of sin and turn to God. The other sort is the melancholy of this world; which opens the door of the soul to death;

which sets its hand to no good work; which terrifies the soul and often drives it into desperation, and robs it of all hope of future good. From this is begotten malice, spite, a coward heart, sourness, and despair." And speaking of this same melancholy, Alcwine offers a diagnosis of its cause drawn from the observation of himself. "There is this difference," he says, "between the eternal and the temporal state: that in this life we love and desire what we have not; in the next we shall love what we have because we have it." This is, for him, the blessing of heaven. What Alcwine suffered from, what all people must suffer from who live at a period of intellectual growth and are alive to its impulse, was the desire of the unattainable, which is the very growing pain of the spirit, without which it would not move. "Blessed is he who converts necessity into a ready will." This is Alcwine's remedy; his statement of true freedom, as it was Dante's after him. "*In la sua volontade è nostra pace.*"

This was the delicate instrument that Karl employed to perfect his scheme of intellectual regeneration. But with the remorseless egotism of a great genius, who sacrifices all to the object he has in view, the emperor wore out his servant. Soon after reaching Tours, Alcwine began to complain of failing health, and begged to be relieved of his duties. But Karl would not consent. He wished to take Alcwine with him to Rome to be present at his coronation in 801. In spite of all the emperor's insistence, however, his minister refused to leave the "smoky roofs of Tours for all the golden palaces of Rome." Alcwine still hoped to return to England, and to be buried at York. "Never forget me as I shall not forget you, be it in life or death," he wrote to the brothers there. "And it may be that God will have pity on me; so that in his old age you may bury him whose youth you fostered. And should another resting-place be ordained for this my body, yet, through God's grace, I trust my soul may be granted rest with you." But it was not to be. He never saw England again. The end of his life's labor had come; he was to embark on a voyage not for England but for that more distant country to whose bourn his eyes had been so often turned. He died at Tours on the day of Pentecost, May 19, 804, after a few days' fever.

Our chief interest in Alcwine has lain in the consideration of him as one of the

first great Englishmen; in observing the strong character given to him by the circumstances of his birth, and how that character remained permanent. But Alcwine was more than a great Englishman; his name belongs to European history. It is singular that of all the peerage of warriors who surrounded Karl, that peerage which inspired so deep a sentiment of romance, hardly one name except the name of Roland survives in any authentic contemporary record. The peerage of letters has fared better; the Fontarabbia of time has dealt more tenderly with them. Alcwine and Theodulf, and Leidrad and Eginhard, still stand out in comparative clearness through the dim half-light of that early dawn. Of these figures, by far the most distinguished is that of Alcwine; and it is not too much to say of him that "he was the finest and most active intellect of the eighth century after Karl himself." H. F. B.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE LADY'S WALK.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS on a visit to some people in Scotland when the events I am about to relate took place. They were not friends in the sense of long or habitual intercourse; in short, I had met them only in Switzerland in the previous year; but we saw a great deal of each other while we were together, and got into that cosy intimacy which travelling brings about more readily than anything else. We had seen each other in very great *déshabillé* both of mind and array in the chilly mornings after a night's travelling, which perhaps is the severest test that can be applied in respect to looks; and amid all the annoyances of journeys short and long, with the usual episodes of lost luggage, indifferent hotels, fusses of every description, which is an equally severe test for the temper; and our friendship and liking (I am at liberty to suppose it was mutual, or they would never have invited me to Ellermore) remained unimpaired. I have always thought, and still think, that Charlotte Campbell was one of the most charming young women I ever met with; and her brothers, if not so entirely delightful, were nice fellows, capital to travel with, full of fun and spirit. I understood im-

mediately from their conversation that they were members of a large family. Their allusions to Tom and Jack and little Harry, and the children in the nursery, might perhaps have been tedious to a harsher critic; but I like to hear of other people's relations, having scarcely any of my own. I found out by degrees that Miss Campbell had been taken abroad by her brothers to recover from a long and severe task of nursing, which had exhausted her strength. The little ones had all been down with scarlet fever, and she had not left them night or day. "She gave up seeing the rest of us and regularly shut herself in," Charley informed me, who was the younger of the two. "She would only go out for her walk when all of us were out of the way. That was the worst of it," the young fellow said, with great simplicity. That his sister should give herself up to the nursing was nothing remarkable; but that she should deny herself their precious company was a heroism that went to her brothers' hearts. Thus, by the way, I learned a great deal about the family. Chatty, as they called her, was the sister-mother, especially of the little ones, who had been left almost in her sole charge since their mother died many years before. She was not a girl, strictly speaking. She was in the perfection of her womanhood and youth—about eight-and-twenty, the age when something of the composure of maturity has lighted upon the sweetness of the earlier years, and being so old enhances all the charm of being so young. It is chiefly among young married women that one sees this gracious and beautiful type, delightful to every sense and every requirement of the mind; but when it is to be met with unmarried it is more celestial still. I cannot but think with reverence that this delicate maternity and maidenhood—the perfect bounty of the one, the undisturbed grace of the other—has been the foundation of that adoring devotion which in the old days brought so many saints to the shrine of the Virgin Mother. But why I should thus enlarge upon Charlotte Campbell at the beginning of this story I can scarcely tell, for she is not in the strict sense of the word the heroine of it, and I am unintentionally deceiving the reader to begin.

They asked me to come and see them at Ellermore when we parted, and, as I have nothing in the way of a home warmer or more genial than chambers in the Temple, I accepted, as may be supposed, with enthusiasm. It was in the first week of

June that we parted, and I was invited for the end of August. They had "plenty of grouse," Charley said, with a liberality of expression which was pleasant to hear. Charlotte added, "But you must be prepared for a homely life, Mr. Temple, and a very quiet one." I replied, of course, that if I had chosen what I liked best in the world it would have been this combination: at which she smiled with an amused little shake of her head. It did not seem to occur to her that she herself told for much in the matter. What they all insisted upon was the "plenty of grouse;" and I do not pretend to say that I was indifferent to that.

Colin, the eldest son, was the one with whom I had been least familiar. He was what people call reserved. He did not talk of everything as the others did. I did not indeed find out till much later that he was constantly in London, coming and going, so that he and I might have seen much of each other. Yet he liked me well enough. He joined warmly in his brother's invitation. When Charley said there was plenty of grouse, he added with the utmost friendliness, "And ye may get a blaze at a stag." There was a flavor of the north in the speech of all; not disclosed by mere words, but by an occasional diversity of idiom and change of pronunciation. They were conscious of this, and rather proud of it than otherwise. They did not say Scotch, but Scots; and their accent could not be represented by any of the travesties of the theatre, or what we conventionally accept as the national utterance. When I attempted to pronounce after them, my own ear informed me what a travesty it was.

It was to the family represented by these young people that I was going when I started on August 20, a blazing summer day, with dust and heat enough to merit the name of summer if anything ever did. But when I arrived at my journey's end there was just change enough to mark the line between summer and autumn: a little golden haze in the air, a purple bloom of heather on the hills, a touch here and there upon a stray branch, very few, yet enough to swear by. Ellermore lay in the heart of a beautiful district full of mountains and lochs, within the Highland line, and just on the verge of some of the wildest mountain scenery in Scotland. It was situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, not of any very exalted height, but of the most picturesque form, with peaks and couloirs like an Alpine range in little, all glowing with the purple blaze

of the heather, with gleams upon them that looked like snow, but were in reality water, white threads of mountain torrents. In front of the house was a small loch embosomed in the hills, from one end of which ran a cheerful little stream, much intercepted by boulders, and much the brighter for the interruptions, which meandered through the glen and fell into another loch of greater grandeur and pretensions. Ellermore itself was a comparatively new house, built upon a fine slope of lawn over the lake, and sheltered by fine trees—great beeches which would not have done discredit to Berkshire, though that is not what we expect to see in Scotland: besides the ashes and firs which we are ready to acknowledge as of northern growth. I was not prepared for the luxuriance of the west Highlands—the mantling green of ferns and herbage everywhere, not to say the wealth of flowers, which formed a centre of still more brilliant color and cultivation amid all the purple of the hills. Everything was soft and rich and warm about the Highland mansion-house. I had expected stern scenery and a grey atmosphere. I found an almost excessive luxuriance of vegetation and color everywhere. The father of my friends received me at a door which was constantly open, and where it seemed to me after a while that nobody was ever refused admission. He was a tall old man, dignified but homely, with white hair and moustache and the fresh color of a rural patriarch, which, however, he was not, but an energetic man of business, as I afterwards found. The Campbells of Ellermore were not great chiefs in that much-extended clan, but they were perfectly well known people and had held their little estate from remote antiquity. But they had not stood upon their gentility, or refused to avail themselves of the opportunities that came in their way. I have observed that in the great and wealthy region of which Glasgow is the capital the number of the irreconcilables who stand out against trade is few. The gentry have seen all the advantages of combining commerce with tradition. Had it not been for this it is likely that Ellermore would have been a very different place. Now it was overflowing with all those signs of ease and simple luxury which make life so smooth. There was little show, but there was a profusion of comfort. Everything rolled upon velvet. It was perhaps more like the house of a rich merchant than of a family of long descent. Nothing could be more perfect

as a pleasure estate than was this little Highland property. They had "plenty of grouse," and also of trout in a succession of little lochs and mountain streams. They had deer on the hills. They had their own mutton, and everything vegetable that was needed for the large profuse household, from potatoes and cabbage up to grapes and peaches. But with all this primitive wealth there was not much money got out of Ellermore. The "works" in Glasgow supplied that. What the works were I have never exactly found out, but they afforded occupation for all the family, both father and sons; and that the results were of the most pleasing description as regarded Mr. Campbell's banker it was easy to see.

They were all at home with the exception of Colin, the eldest son, for whose absence many apologies, some of which seemed much more elaborate than were at all necessary, were made to me. I was for my own part quite indifferent to the absence of Colin. He was not the one who had interested me most; and though Charley was considerably younger than myself, I had liked him better from the first. Tom and Jack were still younger. They were all occupied at "the works," and came home only from Saturday to Monday. The little trio in the nursery were delightful children. To see them gathered about Charlotte was enough to melt any heart. Chatty they called her, which is not a very dignified name, but I got to think it the most beautiful in the world as it sounded all over that cheerful, much-populated house. "Where is Chatty?" was the first question every one asked as he came in at the door. If she was not immediately found it went volleying through the house, all up the stairs and through the passages—"Chatty! where are you?"—and was always answered from somewhere or other in a full, soft voice, which was audible everywhere though it never was loud. "Here am I, boys," she would say, with a pretty inversion which pleased me. Indeed, everything pleased me in Chatty—too much, more than reason. I found myself thinking what would become of them all if, for example, she were to marry, and entered into a hot argument with myself on one occasion by way of proving that it would be the most selfish thing in the world were this family to work upon Chatty's feelings and prevent her from marrying, as most probably, I could not help feeling, they would. At the same I perceived with a little shudder how entirely the

whole thing would collapse if by any chance Chatty should be decoyed away.

I enjoyed my stay beyond description. In the morning we were out on the hills or about the country. In the evening it very often happened that we all strolled out after dinner, and that I was left by Chatty's side, "the boys" having a thousand objects of interest, while Mr. Campbell usually sat in his library and read the newspapers, which arrived at that time either by the coach from Oban or by the boat. In this way I went over the whole "policy," as the grounds surrounding a country house are called in Scotland, with Chatty, who would not be out of reach at this hour, lest her father should want her, or the children. She would bid me not to stay with her when no doubt it would be more amusing for me to go with the boys; and when I assured her my pleasure was far greater as it was, she gave me a gracious, frank smile, with a little shake of her head. She laughed at me softly, bidding me not to be too polite or think she would mind if I left her; but I think, on the whole, she liked to have me with her in her evening walk.

"There is one thing you have not told me of," I said, "and that you must possess. I cannot believe that your family has been settled here so long without having a ghost."

She had turned round to look at me, to know what it was that had been omitted in her descriptions. When she heard what it was she smiled a little, but not with the pleasant mockery I had expected. On the contrary, it was a sort of gentle smile of recognition that something had been left out.

"We don't call it a ghost," she said. "I have wondered if you had never noticed. I am fond of it for my part; but then I have been used to it all my life. And here we are, then," she added as we reached the top of a little ascent and came out upon a raised avenue, which I had known by its name of the Lady's Walk without as yet getting any explanation what that meant. It must have been, I supposed, the avenue to the old house, and now encircled one portion of the grounds without any distinct meaning. On the side nearest the gardens and house it was but slightly raised above the shrubberies, but on the other side was the summit of a high bank sloping steeply to the river, which, after it escaped from the loch, made a wide bend round that portion of the grounds. A row of really grand

beeches rose on each side of the path, and through the openings in the trees the house, the bright gardens, the silvery gleam of the loch were visible. The evening sun was slanting into our eyes as we walked along; a little soft yet brisk air was pattering among the leaves, and here and there a yellow cluster in the middle of a branch showing the first touch of a cheerful decay. "Here we are, then." It was a curious phrase; but there are some odd idioms in the Scotch — I mean Scots' — form of our common language, and I had become accustomed now to accept them without remark.

"I suppose," I said, "there must be some back way to the village or to the farmhouse under this bank, though there seems no room for a path?"

"Why do you ask?" she said, looking at me with a smile.

"Because I always hear some one passing along — I imagine down there. The steps are very distinct. Don't you hear them now? It has puzzled me a good deal, for I cannot make out where the path can be."

She smiled again, with a meaning in her smile, and looked at me steadily, listening, as I was. And then, after a pause, she said, "That is what you were asking for. If we did not hear it, it would make us unhappy. Did you not know why this was called the Lady's Walk?"

When she said these words I was conscious of an odd enough change in my sensations — nay, I should say in my very sense of hearing, which was the one appealed to. I had heard the sound often, and, after looking back at first to see who it was and seeing no one, had made up my mind that the steps were on some unseen byway and heard them accordingly, feeling quite sure that the sound came from below. Now my hearing changed, and I could not understand how I had ever thought anything else: the steps were on a level with us, by our side — as if some third person were accompanying us along the avenue. I am no believer in ghosts, nor the least superstitious, so far as I had ever been aware (more than everybody is), but I felt myself get out of the way with some celerity and a certain thrill of curious sensation. The idea of rubbing shoulders with something unseen startled me in spite of myself.

"Ah!" said Charlotte, "it gives you an — unpleasant feeling. I forgot you are not used to it like me."

"I am tolerably well used to it, for I have heard it often," I said, somewhat

ashamed of my involuntary movement. Then I laughed, which I felt to be altogether out of place and fictitious, and said, "No doubt there is some very easy explanation of it—some vibration or echo. The science of acoustics clears up many mysteries."

"There is no explanation," Chatty said, almost angrily. "She has walked here far longer than any one can remember. It is an ill sign for us Campbells when she goes away. She was the eldest daughter, like me; and I think she has got to be our guardian angel. There is no harm going to happen as long as she is here. Listen to her," she cried, standing still with her hand raised. The low sun shone full on her, catching her brown hair, the lucid clearness of her brown eyes, her cheeks so clear and soft, in color a little summer-brown, too. I stood and listened with a something of excited feeling which I could not control: the sound of this third person, whose steps were not to be mistaken though she was unseen, made my heart beat: if, indeed, it was not merely the presence of my companion, who was sweet enough to account for any man's emotion.

"You are startled," she said with a smile.

"Well! I should not be acting my part, should I, as I ought, if I did not feel the proper thrill? It must be disrespectful to a ghost not to be afraid."

"Don't say a ghost," said Chatty; "I think *that* is disrespectful. It is the Lady of Ellermore; everybody knows about her. And do you know," she added, "when my mother died—the greatest grief I have ever known—the steps ceased? Oh! it is true! You need not look me in the face as if there was anything to laugh at. It is ten years ago, and I was only a silly sort of girl, not much good to any one. They sent me out to get the air when she was lying in a doze; and I came here. I was crying, as you may suppose, and at first I did not pay any attention. Then it struck me all at once—the lady was away. They told me afterwards that was the worst sign. It is always death that is coming when she goes away."

The pathos of this incident confused all my attempts to touch it with levity, and we went on for a little without speaking, during which time it is almost unnecessary to say that I was listening with all my might to those strange footsteps, which finally I persuaded myself were no more than echoes of our own.

"It is very curious," I said politely. "Of course you were greatly agitated and too much absorbed in real grief to have any time to think of the other: and there might be something in the state of the atmosphere —"

She gave me an indignant look. We were nearly at the end of the walk; and at that moment I could have sworn that the footsteps, which had got a little in advance, here turned and met us going back. I am aware that nothing could sound more foolish, and that it must have been some vibration or atmospheric phenomenon. But yet this was how it seemed—not an optical but an aural delusion. So long as the steps were going with us it was less impossible to account for it; but when they turned and audibly came back to meet us! Not all my scepticism could prevent me from stepping aside to let them pass. This time they came directly between us, and the naturalness of my withdrawal out of the way was more significant than the faltering laugh with which I excused myself. "It is a very curious sound indeed," I said, with a tremor which slightly affected my voice.

Chatty gave me a reassuring smile. She did not laugh at me, which was consolatory. She stood for a moment as if looking after the visionary passenger. "We are not afraid," she said, "even the youngest; we all know she is our friend."

When we had got back to the side of the loch, where, I confess, I was pleased to find myself, in the free open air without any perplexing shadow of trees, I felt less objection to the subject. "I wish you would tell me the story; for of course there is a story," I said.

"No, there is no story—at least nothing tragical or even romantic. They say she was the eldest daughter. I sometimes wonder," Chatty said, with a smile and a faint increase of color, "whether she might not be a little like me. She lived here all her life, and had several generations to take care of. Oh no, there was no murder or wrong about our lady; she just loved Ellermore above everything; but my idea is that she has been allowed the care of us ever since."

"That is very sweet, to have the care of you," I said, scarcely venturing to put any emphasis on the pronoun; "but, after all, it must be slow work, don't you think, walking up and down there forever? I call that a poor sort of reward for a good woman. If she had been a bad one it

might have answered very well for a punishment."

"Mr. Temple!" Chatty said, now reddening with indignation, "do you think it is a poor thing to have the care of your own people, to watch over them, whatever may happen — to be all for them and their service? I don't think so; I should like to have such a fate."

Perhaps I had spoken thus on purpose to bring about the discussion. "There is such a thing as being too devoted to your family. Are they ever grateful? They go away and marry and leave you in the lurch."

She looked up at me with a little astonishment. "The members may vary, but the family never goes away," she said; "besides, that can apply to us in our present situation only. *She* must have seen so many come and go; but that need not vex her, you know, because they go where she is."

"My dear Miss Campbell, wait a bit, think a little," I said: "where she is! That is in the Lady's Walk, according to your story. Let us hope that all your ancestors and relations are not there."

"I suppose you want to make me angry," said Chatty. "She is in heaven — have you any doubt of that? — but every day when the sun is setting she comes back home."

"Oh, come!" I said, "if it is only at the sunset that is not so bad."

Miss Campbell looked at me doubtfully, as if not knowing whether to be angry. "You want to make fun of it," she said, "to laugh at it; and yet," she added with a little spirit, "you were rather nervous half an hour ago."

"I acknowledge to being nervous. I am very impressionable. I believe that is the word. It is a luxury to be nervous at the fit moment. Frightened you might say, if you prefer plain speaking. And I am very glad it is at sunset, not in the dark. This completes the round of my Highland experiences," I said; "everything now is perfect. I have shot grouse on the hill and caught trout on the loch, and been soaked to the skin and then dried in the wind; I wanted nothing but the family ghost. And now I have seen her, or at least heard her —"

"If you are resolved to make a joke of it I cannot help it," said Chatty, "but I warn you that it is not agreeable to me, Mr. Temple. Let us talk of something else. In the Highlands," she said with dignity, "we take different views of many things."

"There are some things," I said, "of which but one view is possible — that I should have the audacity and impertinence to laugh at anything for which you have a veneration! I believe it is only because I was so frightened —"

She smiled again in her lovely, motherly way, a smile of indulgence and forgiveness and bounty. "You are too humble now," she said, "and I think I hear some one calling me. It is time to go in."

And to be sure there was some one calling her: there always was, I think, at all hours of the night and day.

CHAPTER II.

To say that I got rid of the recollection of the Lady of Ellermore when I went up-stairs after a cheerful evening through a long and slippery gallery to my room in the wing would be untrue. The curious experience I had just had dwelt in my mind with a feeling of not unpleasant perplexity. Of course, I said to myself, there must be something to account for those footsteps — some hidden way in which the sounds could come. Perhaps my first idea would turn out to be correct — that there was a by-road to the farm, or to the stables, which in some states of the atmosphere — or perhaps it might even be always — echoed back the sounds of passing feet in some subterranean vibration. One has heard of such things; one has heard, indeed, of every kind of natural wonder, some of them no more easy to explain than the other kind of prodigy; but so long as you have science with you, whether you understand it or not, you are all right. I could not help wondering, however, whether, if by chance I heard those steps in the long gallery outside my door, I should refer the matter comfortably to the science of acoustics. I was tormented, until I fell asleep, by a vague expectation of hearing them. I could not get them out of my mind or out of my ears, so distinct were they — the light step, soft but with energy in it, evidently a woman's step. I could not help recollecting, with a tingling sensation through all my veins, the distinctness of the turn it gave — the coming back, the steps going in a line opposite to ours. It seemed to me that from moment to moment I must hear it again in the gallery, and then how could it be explained?

Next day — for I slept very well after I had succeeded in getting to sleep, and what I had heard did not by any means haunt my dreams — next day I managed to elude all the pleasant occupations of

the house, and, as soon as I could get free from observation, I took my way to the Lady's Walk. I had said that I had letters to write—a well-worn phrase, which of course means exactly what one pleases. I walked up and down the Lady's Walk, and could neither hear nor see anything. On this side of the shrubbery there was no possibility of any concealed path; on the other side the bank went sloping to the water's edge. The avenue ran along from the corner of the loch half-way round the green plateau on which the house was planted, and at the upper end came out upon the elevated ground behind the house; but no road crossed it, nor was there the slightest appearance of any mode by which a steady sound not its own could be communicated here. I examined it all with the utmost care, looking behind the bole of every tree as if the secret might be there, and my heart gave a leap when I perceived what seemed to me one narrow track worn along the ground. Fancy plays us curious pranks even when she is most on her guard. It was a strange idea that I, who had come here with the purpose of finding a way of explaining the curious phenomenon upon which so long and lasting a superstition had been built, should be so quickly infected by it. I saw the little track, quite narrow but very distinct, and though of course I did not believe in the Lady of Ellermore, yet within myself I jumped at the certainty that this was her track. It gave me a curious sensation. The certainty lay underneath the scepticism as if they were two things which had no connection with each other. Had any one seen me it must have been supposed that I was looking for something among the bushes, so closely did I scrutinize every foot of the soil and every tree.

It exercised a fascination upon me which I could not resist. The Psychical Society did not exist in those days, so far as I know, but there are many minds outside that inquisitive body to whom the authentication of a ghost story, or, to speak more practically, the clearing up of a superstition, is very attractive. I managed to elude the family arrangements once more at the same hour at which Miss Campbell and I had visited the Lady's Walk on the previous evening. It was a lovely evening, soft and warm, the western sky all ablaze with color, the great branches of the beeches thrown out in dark maturity of greenness upon the flush of orange and crimson melting into celestial rosy red as it rose higher, and flinging

itself in airy masses rose-tinted across the serene blue above. The same wonderful colors glowed in reflection out of the loch. The air was of magical clearness, and earth and sky seemed stilled with an almost awe of their own loveliness, happiness, and peace.

The holy time was quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration.

For my part, however, I noticed this only in passing, being intent on other thoughts. From the loch there came a soft tumult of voices. It was Saturday evening, and all the boys were at home. They were getting out the boats for an evening row, and the white sail of the toy yacht rose upon the gleaming water like a little white cloud among the rosy clouds of that resplendent sky. I stood between two of the beeches that formed a sort of arch, and looked out upon them, distracted for an instant by the pleasant distant sound which came softly through the summer air. Next moment I turned sharply round with a start, in spite of myself—turned quickly to see who it was coming after me. There was, I need not say, not a soul within sight. The beech leaves fluttered softly in the warm air; the long shadows of their great boles lay unbroken along the path; nothing else was visible, not even a bird on a bough. I stood breathless between the two trees, with my back turned to the loch, gazing at nothing, while the soft footsteps came quietly on, and crossed me—passed me! with a slight waft of air, I thought, such as a slight figure might have made; but that was imagination perhaps. Imagination! was it not all imagination? or what was it? No shadows or darkness to conceal a passing form by; full light of day radiant with color; the most living delightful air, all sweet with pleasure. I stood there speechless and without power to move. They went along softly, without changing the gentle regularity of the tread, to the end of the walk, growing fainter as they went further and further from me. I never listened so intently in my life. I said to myself, "If they go out of hearing I shall know it is merely an excited imagination." And on they went, almost out of hearing, only the faintest touch upon the ground; then there was a momentary pause, and my heart stood still, but leaped again to my throat and sent wild waves of throbbing to my ears next moment: they had turned and were coming back.

I cannot describe the extraordinary

effect. If it had been dark it would have been altogether different. The brightness, the life around, the absence of all that one associates with the supernatural, produced a thrill of emotion to which I can give no name. It was not fear; yet my heart beat as it had never in any dangerous emergency (and I have passed through some that were exciting enough) beat before. It was simple excitement, I suppose; and in the commotion of my mind I instinctively changed the pronoun which I had hitherto used, and asked myself, would *she* come back? She did, passing me once more, with the same movement of the air (or so I thought). But by that time my pulses were all clanging in my ears, and perhaps the sense itself became confused with listening. I turned and walked precipitately away, descending the little slope and losing myself in the shrubberies which were beneath the range of the low sun, now almost set, and felt dank and cold in the contrast. It was something like plunging into a bath of cold air after the warmth and glory above.

It was in this way that my first experience ended. Miss Campbell looked at me a little curiously with a half smile when I joined the party at the lochside. She divined where I had been, and perhaps something of the agitation I felt, but she took no further notice; and as I was in time to find a place in the boat, where she had established herself with the children, I lost nothing by my meeting with the mysterious passenger in the Lady's Walk.

I did not go near the place for some days afterwards, but I cannot say that it was ever long out of my thoughts. I had long arguments with myself on the subject, representing to myself that I had heard the sound before hearing the superstition, and then had found no difficulty in believing that it was the sound of some passenger on an adjacent path, perhaps invisible from the walk. I had not been able to find that path, but still it might exist at some angle which, according to the natural law of the transmission of sounds—bah! what jargon this was! Had I not heard *her* turn, felt her pass me, watched her coming back? And then I paused with a loud burst of laughter at myself. "Ass! you never had any of these sensations before you heard the story," I said. And that was true; but I heard the steps before I heard the story; and, now I think of it, was much startled by them, and set my mind to work to

account for them, as you know. "And what evidence have you that the first interpretation was not the right one?" myself asked me with scorn; upon which question I turned my back with a hopeless contempt of the pertinacity of that other person who has always so many objections to make. Interpretation! could any interpretation ever do away with the effect upon my actual senses of that invisible passer-by? But the most disagreeable effect was this, that I could not shut out from my mind the expectation of hearing those same steps in the gallery outside my door at night. It was a long gallery running the full length of the wing, highly polished and somewhat slippery, a place in which any sound was important. I never went along to my room without a feeling that at any moment I might hear those steps behind me, or after I had closed my door might be conscious of them passing. I never did so, but neither have I ever got free of the thought.

A few days after, however, another incident occurred that drove the Lady's Walk and its invisible visitor out of my mind. We were all returning home in the long northern twilight from a mountain expedition. How it was that I was the last to return I do not exactly recollect. I think Miss Campbell had forgotten to give some directions to the coachman's wife at the lodge, which I volunteered to carry for her. My nearest way back would have been through the Lady's Walk, had not some sort of doubtful feeling restrained me from taking it. Though I have said and felt that the effect of these mysterious footsteps was enhanced by the full daylight, still I had a sort of natural reluctance to put myself in the way of encountering them when the darkness began to fall. I preferred the shrubberies, though they were darker and less attractive. As I came out of their shade, however, some one whom I had never seen before—a lady—met me, coming apparently from the house. It was almost dark, and what little light there was behind her, so that I could not distinguish her features. She was tall and slight, and wrapped apparently in a long cloak, a dress usual enough in those rainy regions. I think, too, that her veil was over her face. The way in which she approached made it apparent that she was going to speak to me, which surprised me a little, though there was nothing extraordinary in it, for of course by this time all the neighborhood knew who I was and that I

was a visitor at Ellermore. There was a little air of timidity and hesitation about her as she came forward, from which I supposed that my sudden appearance startled her a little, and yet was welcome as an unexpected way of getting something done that she wanted. *Tant de choses en un mot*, you will say — nay, without a word — and yet it was quite true. She came up to me quickly as soon as she had made up her mind. Her voice was very soft, but very peculiar, with a sort of far-away sound as if the veil or evening air interposed a visionary distance between her and me. "If you are a friend to the Campbells," she said, "will you tell them" — then paused a little and seemed to look at me with eyes that shone dimly through the shadows like stars in a misty sky.

"I am a warm friend to the Campbells; I am living there," I said.

"Will you tell them — the father and Charlotte — that Colin is in great trouble and temptation, and that if they would save him they should lose no time?"

"Colin!" I said, startled; then, after a moment, "Pardon me, this is an uncomfortable message to entrust to a stranger. Is he ill? I am very sorry, but don't let me make them anxious without reason. What is the matter? He was all right when they last heard —"

"It is not without reason," she said; "I must not say more. Tell them just this — in great trouble and temptation. They may perhaps save him yet if they lose no time."

"But stop," I said, for she seemed about to pass on. "If I am to say this there must be something more. May I ask who it is that sends the message? They will ask me, of course. And what is wrong?"

She seemed to wring her hands under her cloak, and looked at me with an attitude and gesture of supplication. "In great trouble," she said, "in great trouble! and tempted beyond his strength. And not such as I can help. Tell them, if you wish well to the Campbells. I must not say more."

And, notwithstanding all that I could say, she left me so, with a wave of her hand, disappearing among the dark bushes. It may be supposed that this was no agreeable charge to give to a guest, one who owed nothing but pleasure and kindness to the Campbells, but had no acquaintance beyond the surface with their concerns. They were, it is true, very free in speech, and seemed to have

as little *dessous des cartes* in their life and affairs as could be imagined. But Colin was the one who was spoken of less freely than any other in the family. He had been expected several times since I came, but had never appeared. It seemed that he had a way of postponing his arrival, and "of course," it was said in the family, never came when he was expected. I had wondered more than once at the testy tone in which the old gentleman spoke of him sometimes, and the line of covert defence always adopted by Charlotte. To be sure he was the eldest, and might naturally assume a more entire independence of action than the other young men, who were yet scarcely beyond the time of pupilage and in their father's house.

But from this as well as from the still more natural and apparent reason that to bring them bad news of any kind was most disagreeable and inappropriate on my part, the commission I had so strangely received hung very heavily upon me. I turned it over in my mind as I dressed for dinner (we had been out all day, and dinner was much later than usual in consequence) with great perplexity and distress. Was I bound to give a message forced upon me in such a way? If the lady had news of any importance to give, why did she turn away from the house, where she could have communicated it at once, and confide it to a stranger? On the other hand, should I be justified in keeping back anything that might be of so much importance to them? It might perhaps be something for which she did not wish to give her authority. Sometimes people in such circumstances will even condescend to write an anonymous letter to give the warning they think necessary, without betraying to the victims of misfortune that any one whom they know is acquainted with it. Here was a justification for the strange step she had taken. It might be done in the utmost kindness to them, if not to me; and what if there might be some real danger afloat and Colin be in peril, as she said? I thought over these things anxiously before, I went down-stairs, but even to the moment of entering that bright and genial drawing-room, so full of animated faces and cheerful talk, I had not made up my mind what I should do. When we returned to it after dinner I was still uncertain. It was late, and the children had been sent to bed. The boys went round to the stables to see that the horses were not the worse for their day's work. Mr. Campbell retired to his library. For a

little while I was left alone, a thing that very rarely happened. Presently Miss Campbell came down-stairs from the children's rooms, with that air about her of rest and sweetness, like a reflection of the little prayers she has been hearing and the infant repose which she has left, which hangs about a young mother when she has disposed her babies to sleep. Charlotte, by her right of being no mother, but only a voluntary mother by deputy, had a still more tender light about her in the sweetness of this duty which God and her good-will, not simple nature, had put upon her. She came softly into the room with her shining countenance. "Are you alone, Mr. Temple?" she said with a little surprise. "How rude of those boys to leave you!" and came and drew her chair towards the table where I was, in the kindness of her heart.

"I am very glad they have left me if I may have a little talk with you," I said; and then before I knew I had told her. She was the kind of woman to whom it is a relief to tell whatever may be on your heart. The fact that my commission was to her, had really less force with me in telling it, than the ease to myself. She, however, was very much surprised and disturbed. "Colin in trouble? Oh, that might very well be," she said, then stopped herself. "You are his friend," she said; "you will not misunderstand me, Mr. Temple. He is very independent, and not so open as the rest of us. That is nothing against him. We are all rather given to talking; we keep nothing to ourselves — except Colin. And then he is more away than the rest." The first necessity in her mind seemed to be this, of defending the absent. Then came the question, From whom could the warning be? Charley came in at this moment, and she called him to her eagerly. "Here is a very strange thing happened. Somebody came up to Mr. Temple in the shrubbery, and told him to tell us that Colin was in trouble."

"Colin!" I could see that Charley was, as Charlotte had been, more distressed than surprised. "When did you hear from him last?" he said.

"On Monday; but the strange thing is, who could it be that sent such a message? You said a lady, Mr. Temple?"

"What like was she?" said Charley.

Then I described as well as I could. "She was tall and very slight; wrapped up in a cloak, so that I could not make out much, and her veil down. And it was almost dark."

"It is clear she did not want to be recognized," Charley said.

"There was something peculiar about her voice, but I really cannot describe it, a strange tone unlike anything —"

"Marion Gray has a peculiar voice; she is tall and slight. But what could she know about Colin?"

"I will tell you who is more likely," cried Charley, "and that is Susie Cameron. Her brother is in London now; they may have heard from him."

"Oh! Heaven forbid! oh! Heaven forbid! the Camerons of all people!" Charlotte cried, wringing her hands. The action struck me as so like that of the veiled stranger that it gave me a curious shock. I had not time to follow out the vague, strange suggestion that it seemed to breathe into my mind, but the sensation was as if I had suddenly, groping, come upon some one in the dark.

"Whoever it was," I said, "she was not indifferent, but full of concern and interest —"

"Susie would be that," Charley said, looking significantly at his sister, who rose from her chair in great distress.

"I would telegraph to him at once," she said, "but it is too late to-night."

"And what good would it do to telegraph? If he is in trouble it would be no help to him."

"But what can I do? what else can I do?" she cried. I had plunged them into sudden misery, and could only look on now as an anxious but helpless spectator, feeling at the same time as if I had intruded myself upon a family affliction; for it was evident that they were not at all unprepared for "trouble" to Colin. I felt my position very embarrassing, and rose to go away.

"I feel miserably guilty," I said, "as if I had been the bearer of bad news; but I am sure you will believe that I would not for anything in the world intrude upon —"

Charlotte paused to give me a pale sort of smile, and pointed to the chair I had left. "No, no," she said, "don't go away, Mr. Temple. We do not conceal from you that we are anxious — that we were anxious even before — but don't go away. I don't think I will tell my father, Charley. It would break his rest. Let him have his night's rest whatever happens; and there is nothing to be done to-night —"

"We will see what the post brings to-morrow," Charley said.

And then the consultation ended abruptly by the sudden entrance of the

boys, bringing a gust of fresh night air with them. The horses were not a preen the worse though they had been out all day; even old grumbling Geordie, the coachman, had not a word to say. "You may have them again to-morrow, Chatty, if you like," said Tom. She had sat down to her work, and met their eyes with an unruffled countenance. "I hope I am not so unreasonable," she said with her tranquil looks; only I could see a little tremor in her hand as she stooped over the socks she was knitting. She laid down her work after a while, and went to the piano and played accompaniments, while first Jack and then Tom sang. She did it without any appearance of effort, yielding to all the wishes of the youngsters, while I looked on wondering, how can women do this sort of thing? It is more than one can divine.

Next morning Mr. Campbell asked "by the bye," but with a pucker in his forehead, which, being now enlightened on the subject, I could understand, if there was any letter from Colin. "No," Charlotte said (who for her part had turned over all her letters with a swift, anxious scrutiny). "But that is nothing," she said, "for we heard on Monday." The old gentleman uttered an "Umph!" of displeasure. "Tell him I think it a great want in manners that he is not here to receive Mr. Temple." "Oh, father, Mr. Temple understands," cried Charlotte; and she turned upon me those mild eyes, in which there was now a look that went to my heart, an appeal at once to my sympathy and my forbearance, bidding me not to ask, not to speak, yet to feel with her all the same. If she could have known the rush of answering feeling with which my heart replied! but I had to be careful not even to *look* too much knowledge, too much sympathy.

After this two days passed without any incident. What letters were sent, or other communications, to Colin I could not tell. They were great people for the telegraph, and flashed messages about continually. There was a telegraph station in the little village, which had been very surprising to me at first, but I no longer wondered, seeing their perpetual use of it. People who have to do with business, with great "works" to manage, get into the way more easily than we others. But either no answer or nothing of a satisfactory character was obtained, for I was told no more. The second evening was Sunday, and I was returning alone from a ramble down the glen. It was Mr. Campbell's

custom to read a sermon on Sunday evenings to his household, and as I had, in conformity to the custom of the family, already heard two, I had deserted on this occasion, and chosen the freedom and quiet of a rural walk instead. It was a cloudy evening, and there had been rain. The clouds hung low on the hills, and half the surrounding peaks had retired altogether into the mist. I had scarcely set foot within the gates when I met once more the lady whose message had brought so much pain. The trees arched over the approach at this spot, and even in full daylight it was in deep shade. Now in the evening dimness it was dark as night. I could see little more than the slim, straight figure, the sudden perception of which gave me—I could scarcely tell why—a curious thrill of something like fear. She came hurriedly towards me, an outline, nothing more, until the same peculiar voice, sweet but shrill, broke the silence. "Did you tell them?" she said.

It cost me an effort to reply calmly. My heart had begun to beat with an excitement over which I had no control, like a horse that takes fright at something which its rider cannot see. I said, "Yes, I told them," straining my eyes, yet feeling as if my faculties were restive like that same horse and would not obey me, would not look or examine her appearance as I desired. But indeed it would have been in vain, for it was too dark to see.

"But nothing has been done," she said. "Did they think I would come for nothing?" And there was again that movement, the same as I had seen in Charlotte, of wringing her hands.

"Pardon me," I said, "but if you will tell me who you are? I am a stranger here; no doubt if you would see Miss Campbell herself, or if she knew who it was——"

I felt the words somehow arrested in my throat, I could not tell why; and she drew back from me with a sudden movement. It is hard to characterize a gesture in the dark, but there seemed to be a motion of impatience and despair in it. "Tell them again Colin wants them. He is in sore trouble, trouble that is nigh death."

"I will carry your message; but for God's sake if it is so important tell me who sends it," I said.

She shook her head and went rapidly past me, notwithstanding the anxious appeals that I tried to make. She seemed to put out a hand to wave me back as I stood gazing after her. Just then the

lodge door opened. I suppose the woman within had been disturbed by the sound of the voices, and a gleam of firelight burst out upon the road. Across this gleam I saw the slight figure pass quickly, and then a capacious form with a white apron came out and stood in the door. The sight of the coachman's wife in her large and comfortable proportions gave me a certain ease, I cannot tell why. I hurried up to her. "Who was that that passed just now?" I asked.

"That passed just now? There was naeboddy passed. I thought I heard a voice, and that it was maybe Geordie; but nobody has passed here that I could see."

"Nonsense! you must have seen her," I cried hastily; "she cannot be out of sight yet. No doubt you would know who she was—a lady tall and slight—in a cloak——"

"Eh, sir, ye maun be joking," cried the woman. "What lady, if it werna Miss Charlotte, would be walking here at this time of the night? Lady! it might be, maybe, the schoolmaster's daughter. She has one of those ulsters like her betters. But nobody has passed here this hour back; o' that I'm confident," she said.

"Why did you come out, then, just at this moment?" I cried. The woman contemplated me in the gleam from the fire from top to toe. "You're the English gentleman that's biding up at the house?" she said. "'Deed, I just heard a step, that was nae doubt your step, and I thought it might be my man; but there has naeboddy, far less a lady, whatever she had on, passed my door coming or going. Is that you, Geordie?" she cried suddenly, as a step became audible approaching the gate from the outer side.

"Ay, it's just me," responded her husband out of the gloom.

"Have ye met a lady as ye came along? The gentleman here will have it that there's been a lady passing the gate, and there's been no lady. I would have seen her through the window even if I hadna opened the door."

"I've seen no lady," said Geordie, letting himself in with considerable noise at the foot entrance, which I now remembered to have closed behind me when I passed through it a few minutes before. "I've met no person; it's no an hour for ladies to be about the roads on Sabbath day at e'en."

It was not till this moment that a strange fancy, which I will explain hereafter, darted into my mind. How it came I

cannot tell. I was not the sort of man, I said to myself, for any such folly. My imagination had been a little touched, to be sure, by that curious affair of the footsteps; but this, which seemed to make my heart stand still and sent a shiver through me, was very different, and it was a folly not to be entertained for a moment. I stamped my foot upon it instantly, crushing it on the threshold of the mind. "Apparently either you or I must be mistaken," I said with a laugh at the high tone of Geordie, who himself had evidently been employed in a jovial way—quite consistent, according to all I had heard, with very fine principles in respect to the Sabbath. I had a laugh over this as I went away, insisting upon the joke to myself as I hurried up the avenue. It was extremely funny, I said to myself; it would be a capital story among my other Scotch experiences. But somehow my laugh died away in a very feeble sort of quaver. The night had grown dark even when I emerged from under the trees, by reason of a great cloud, full of rain, which had rolled up over the sky, quenching it out. I was very glad to see the lights of the house gleaming steadily before me. The blind had not been drawn over the end window of the drawing-room, and from the darkness without I looked in upon a scene which was full of warmth and household calm. Though it was August there was a little glimmer of fire. The reading of the sermon was over. Old Mr. Campbell still sat at a little table with the book before him, but it was closed. Charlotte in the foreground, with little Harry and Mary on either side of her, was "hearing their paraphrase."* The boys were putting a clever dog through his tricks in a sort of clandestine way behind backs, at whom Charlotte would shake a finger now and then with an admonitory, smiling look. Charley was reading or writing at the end of the room. The soft little chime of the children's voices, the suppressed laughter and whispering of the boys, the father's leisurely remark now and then, made up a soft murmur of sound which was like the very breath of quietude and peace. How did I dare, their favored guest, indebted so deeply as I was to their kindness, to go in among them with that mysterious message and disturb their tranquillity once more?

* The Paraphrases are a selection of hymns always printed along with the metrical version of the Psalms in use in Scotland, and more easy, being more modern in diction, to be learnt by heart.

When I went into the drawing-room, which was not till an hour later, Charlotte looked up at me smiling with some playful remark as to my flight from the evening reading. But as she caught my eye her countenance changed. She put down her book, and after a little consideration walked to that end window through which I had looked, and which was in a deep recess, making me a little sign to follow her. "How dark the night is!" she said with a little pretence of looking out; and then in a hurried undertone, "Mr. Temple, you have heard something more?"

"Not anything more, but certainly the same thing repeated. I have seen the lady again."

"And who is she? Tell me frankly, Mr. Temple. Just the same thing — that Colin is in trouble? no details? I cannot imagine who can take so much interest. But you asked her for her name?"

"I asked her, but she gave me no reply. She waved her hand and went on. I begged her to see you, and not to give me such a commission; but it was of no use. I don't know if I ought to trouble you with a vague warning that only seems intended to give pain."

"Oh yes," she cried, "oh yes, it was right to tell me. If I only knew who it was! Perhaps you can describe her better, since you have seen her a second time. But Colin has friends — whom we don't know. Oh, Mr. Temple, it is making a great claim upon your kindness, but could not you have followed her and found out who she was?"

"I might have done that," I said. "To tell the truth, it was so instantaneous and I was — startled."

She looked up at me quickly with a questioning air, and grew a little pale, gazing at me; but whether she comprehended the strange wild fancy which I could not even permit myself to realize I cannot tell; for Charley seeing us standing together, and being in a state of nervous anxiety also, here came and joined us, and we stood talking together in an undertone till Mr. Campbell called to know if anything was the matter. "You are laying your heads together like a set of conspirators," said the old gentleman with a half-laugh. His manner to me was always benign and gracious; but now that I knew something of the family troubles I could perceive a vein of suppressed irritation, a certain watchfulness which made him alarming to the other members of the household. Charlotte

gave us both a warning look. "I will tell him to-morrow — I will delay no longer — but not to-night," she said. "Mr. Temple was telling us about his ramble, father. He has just come in in time to avoid the rain."

"Well," said the old man, "he cannot expect to be free from rain up here in the Highlands. It is wonderful the weather we have had." And with this the conversation fell into an easy domestic channel. Miss Campbell this time could not put away the look of excitement and agitation in her eyes. But she escaped with the children to see them put to bed, and we sat and talked of politics and other mundane subjects. The boys were all going to leave Ellermore next day — Tom and Jack for the "works," Charley upon some other business. Mr. Campbell made me formal apologies for them. "I had hoped Colin would have been at home by this time to do the honors of the Highlands; but we expect him daily," he said. He kept his eye fixed upon me, as if to give emphasis to his words and defy any doubt that might arise in my mind.

Next morning I was summoned by Charley before I came down-stairs to "come quickly and speak to my father." I found him in the library, which opened from the dining-room. He was walking about the room in great agitation. He began to address me almost before I was in sight. "Who is this, sir, that you have been having meetings with about Colin? some insidious gossip or other that has taken ye in. I need not tell you, Mr. Temple, a lawyer and an Englishman, that an anonymous statement —" For once the old gentleman had forgotten himself, his respect for his guest, his fine manners. He was irritated, obstinate, wounded in pride and feeling. Charlotte touched him on the arm, with a murmured appeal, and turned her eyes to me in anxious deprecation. But there was no thought further from my mind than that of taking offence.

"I fully feel it," I said; "nor was it my part to bring any disagreeable suggestion into this house — if it had not been that my own mind was so burdened with it and Miss Campbell so clear-sighted."

He cast a look at her, half affectionate, half displeased, and then he said to me testily, "But who was the woman? That is the question; that is what I want to know."

My eyes met Charlotte's as I looked up. She had grown very pale, and was gazing at me eagerly, as if she had di-

vined somehow the wild fancy which once more shot across my mind against all reason and without any volition of mine.

CHAPTER III.

MR. CAMPBELL was not to be moved. He was very anxious, angry, and ill at ease; but he refused to be influenced in any way by this strange communication. It would be some intrusive woman, he said; some busybody — there were many about — who, thinking she might escape being found out in that way, had thought it a grand opportunity of making mischief. He made me a great many apologies for his first hasty words. It was very ill-bred, he said; he was ashamed to think that he had let himself be so carried away; but he would hear nothing of the message itself. The household, however, was in so agitated a state that, after the brothers departed to their business on Monday, I made a pretext of a letter calling me to town, and arranged my departure for the same evening. Both Charlotte and her father evidently divined my motive, but neither attempted to detain me: indeed she, I thought, though it hurt my self-love to see it, looked forward with a little eagerness to my going. This however, explained itself in a way less humiliating when she seized the opportunity of our last walk together to beg me to "do something for her."

"Anything," I cried; "anything — whatever man can."

"I knew you would say so; that is why I have scarcely said I am sorry. I have not tried to stop you. Mr. Temple, I am not shutting my eyes to it, like my father. I am sure that, whoever it was that spoke to you, the warning was true. I want you to go to Colin," she said abruptly, after a momentary pause, "and let me know the truth."

"To Colin?" I cried. "But you know how little acquainted we are. It was not he who invited me but — Charley —"

"And I; you don't leave me out, I hope," she said with a faint smile; "but what could make a better excuse than that you have been here? Mr. Temple, you will go when I ask you? Oh, I do more — I entreat you! Go, and let me know the truth."

"Of course I shall go — from the moment you bid me, Miss Campbell," I said. But the commission was not a pleasant one, save in so far that it was for her service.

We were walking up and down by the side of the water, which every moment

grew more and more into a blazing mirror, a burnished shield decked with every imaginable color, though our minds had no room for its beauty, and it only touched my eyesight in coming and going. And then she told me much about Colin which I had not known or guessed — about his inclinations and tastes, which were not like any of the others, and how his friends and his ways were unknown to them. "But we have always hoped this would pass away," she said, "for his heart is good; oh, his heart is good! You remember how kind he was to me when we met you first. He is always kind." Thus we walked and talked until I had seen a new side at once of her character and life. The home had seemed to me so happy and free from care; but the dark shadow was there as everywhere, and her heart often wrung with suspense and anguish. We then returned slowly towards the house, still absorbed in this conversation, for it was time that I should go in and eat my last meal at Ellermore.

We had come within sight of the door, which stood open as always, when we suddenly caught sight of Mr. Campbell posting towards us with a wild haste, so unlike his usual circumspect walk, that I was startled. His feet seemed to twist as they sped along, in such haste was he. His hat was pushed back on his head, his coat-tails flying behind him — precipitate like a man pursued, or in one of those panics which take away breath and sense, or, still more perhaps, as if a strong wind were behind him, blowing him on. When he came within speech of us, he called out hurriedly, "Come here! come here, both of you!" and turning, hastened back with the same breathless hurry, beckoning with his hand. "He must have heard something more," Charlotte said, and rushed after him. I followed a few steps behind. Mr. Campbell said nothing to his daughter when she made up to him. He almost pushed her off when she put her hand through his arm. He had no leisure even for sympathy. He hurried along with feet that stumbled in sheer haste till he came to the Lady's Walk, which lay in the level sunshine, a path of gold between the great boles of the trees. It was a slight ascent, which tried him still more. He went a few yards along the path, then stopped and looked round upon her and me, with his hand raised to call our attention. His face was perfectly colorless. Alarm and dismay were written on every line of it. Large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. He

seemed to desire to speak, but could not ; then held up his finger to command our attention. For the first moment or two my attention was so concentrated upon the man and the singularity of his look and gesture, that I thought of nothing else. What did he want us to do? We stood all three in the red light, which seemed to send a flaming sword through us. There was a faint stir of wind among the branches overhead, and a twitter of birds ; and in the great stillness the faint lap of the water upon the shore was audible, though the loch was at some distance. Great stillness — that was the word ; there was nothing moving but these soft stirrings of nature. Ah ! this was what it was ! Charlotte grew perfectly pale, too, like her father, as she stood and listened. I seem to see them now : the old man with his white head, his ghastly face, the scared and awful look in his eyes, and she gazing at him, all her faculties involved in the act of listening, her very attitude and drapery listening too, her lips dropping apart, the life ebbing out of her, as if something was draining the blood from her heart.

Mr. Campbell's hand dropped. "She's away," he said. "She's away" — in tones of despair ; then, with a voice that was shaken by emotion, "I thought it was, maybe, my fault. By times you say I am getting stupid." There was the most heartrending tone in this I ever heard — the pained humility of old age, confessing a defect, lit up with a gleam of feverish hope that in this case the defect might be a welcome explanation.

"Father, dear," cried Charlotte, putting her hand on his arm — she had looked like fainting a moment before, but recovered herself — "It may be only a warning. It may not be desperate even now."

All that the old man answered to this was a mere repetition, pathetic in its simplicity. "She's away, she's away !" Then, after a full minute's pause, "You mind when that happened last?" he said.

"Oh, father ! oh, father !" cried Charlotte. I withdrew a step or two from this scene. What had I, a stranger, to do with it? They had forgotten my presence, and at the sound of my step they both looked up with a wild, eager look in their faces, followed by blank disappointment. Then he sighed, and said, with a return of composure, "You will throw a few things into a bag, and we'll go at once, Chatty. There is no time to lose."

They went up with me to town that night. The journey has never seemed

to me so long or so fatiguing, and Mr. Campbell's state, which for once Charlotte in her own suspense and anxiety did not specially remark, was distressing to see. It became clear afterwards that his illness must have been coming on for some time, and that he was not then at all in a condition to travel. He was so feeble and confused when we reached London that it was impossible for me to leave them, and I was thus, without any voluntary intrusion of mine, a witness of all the melancholy events that followed. I was present even at the awful scene which the reader probably will remember as having formed the subject of many a newspaper article at the time. Colin had "gone wrong" in every way that a young man could do. He had compromised the very existence of the firm in business ; he had summed up all his private errors by marrying a woman unfit to bear any respectable name. And when his father and sister suddenly appeared before him, the unfortunate young man seized a pistol which lay suspiciously ready to his hand, and in their very presence put an end to his life. All the horror and squalor and dismal tragedy of the scene is before me as I write. The wretched woman, whom (I felt sure) he could not endure the sight of in Charlotte's presence, the heap of letters on his table announcing ruin from every quarter, the consciousness so suddenly brought upon him that he had betrayed and destroyed all who were most dear to him, overthrew his reason or his self-command. And the effect of so dreadful an occurrence on the unhappy spectators needs no description of mine. The father, already wavering under the touch of paralysis, fell by the same blow, and I had myself to bring Charlotte from her brother dead to her father dying, or worse than dying, struck dumb and prostrate in that awful prison of all the faculties. Until Charley arrived I had everything to do for both dead and living, and there was no attempt to keep any secret from me, even had it been possible. It seemed at first that there must be a total collapse of the family altogether ; but afterwards some points of consolation appeared. I was present at all their consultations. The question at last came to be whether the "works," the origin of their wealth, should be given up, and the young men dispersed to seek their fortune as they might, or whether a desperate attempt should be made to keep up the business by retrenching every expense and selling Ellermore. Charley, it was

clear to me, was afraid to suggest this dreadful alternative to his sister; but she was no weakling to shrink from any necessity. She made up her mind to the sacrifice without a moment's hesitation. "There are so many of us — still," she said: "there are the boys to think of, and the children." When I saw her standing thus, with all those hands clutching at her, holding to her, I had in my own mind a sensation of despair. But what was that to the purpose? Charlotte was conscious of no divided duty. She was ready to serve her own with every faculty, and shrank from no sacrifice for their sake.

It was some time before Mr. Campbell could be taken home. He got better indeed after a while, but was very weak. And happily for him he brought no consciousness of what had happened out of the temporary suspension of all his faculties. His hand and one side were almost without power, and his mind had fallen into a state which it would be cruel to call imbecility. It was more like the mind of a child recovering from an illness, pleased with, and exacting constant attention. Now and then he would ask the most heartrending questions: what had become of Colin, if he was ill, if he had gone home? "The best place for him, the best place for him, Chatty," he would repeat; "and if you got him persuaded to marry, that would be fine." All this Charlotte had to bear with a placid face, with quiet assent to the suggestion. He was in this condition when I took leave of him in the invalid carriage they had secured for the journey. He told me that he was glad to go home; that he would have left London some time before but for Chatty, who "wanted to see a little of the place." "I am going to join my son Colin, who has gone home before us — isn't that so, Chatty?" "Yes, father," she said. "Yes, yes, I have grown rather doited, and very very silly,"* the old man said, in a tone of extraordinary pathos. "I am sometimes not sure of what I am saying; but Chatty keeps me right. Colin has gone on before; he has a grand head for business; he will soon set everything right — connected," he added, with a curious sense which seemed to have outlived his other powers, that somehow explanation of Colin's actions was necessary — "connected with my retirement. I am past business; but we'll still hope to see you at Ellermore."

* Used in Scotland in the sense of weakness of body-invalidism.

I ought perhaps to say, though at the risk of ridicule, that up to the moment of their leaving London, I constantly met, or seemed to meet — for I became confused after a while, and felt incapable of distinguishing between feeling and fact — the same veiled lady who had spoken to me at Ellermore. Wherever there was a group of two or three people together, it appeared to me that she was one of them. I saw her in advance of me in the streets. I saw her behind me. She seemed to disappear in the distance wherever I moved. I suppose it was imagination — at least that is the most easy thing to say: but I was so convinced at the moment that it was not imagination, that I have hurried along many a street in pursuit of the phantom who always, I need not say, eluded me. I saw her at Colin's grave: but what need to linger longer on this hallucination, if it was one? From the day the Campbells left London, I saw her no more.

CHAPTER IV.

THEN there ensued a period of total stillness in my life. It seemed to me as if all interest had gone out of it. I resumed my old occupations, such as they were, and they were not very engrossing. I had enough, which is perhaps of all conditions of life, if the most comfortable, the least interesting. If it was a disciple of Solomon who desired that state, it must have been when he was like his master, *blasé*, and had discovered that both ambition and pleasure were vanity. There was little place or necessity for me in the world. I pleased myself, as people say. When I was tired of my solitary chambers, I went and paid visits. When I was tired of England, I went abroad. Nothing could be more agreeable, or more unutterably tedious, especially to one who had even accidentally come across and touched upon the real events and excitements of life. Needless to say that I thought of the household at Ellermore almost without intermission. Charlotte wrote to me now and then, and it sometimes seemed to me that I was the most callous wretch on earth, sitting there watching all they were doing, tracing every step and vicissitude of their trouble in my own assured well-being. It was monstrous, yet what could I do? But if, as I have said, such impatient desire to help were to come now and then to those who have the power to do so, is political economy so infallible that the world would not be the better for it? There was not

a word of complaint in Charlotte's letters, but they made me rage over my impotence. She told me that all the arrangements were being completed for the sale of Ellermore, but that her father's condition was still such that they did not know how to communicate to him the impending change. "He is still ignorant of all that has passed," Charlotte wrote, "and asks me the most heartrending questions; and I hope God will forgive me all that I am obliged to say to him. We are afraid to let him see any one lest he should discover the truth; for indeed falsehood, even with a good meaning, is always its own punishment. Dr. Maxwell, who does not mind what he says when he thinks it is for his patient's good, is going to make believe to send him away for change of air; and this is the artifice we shall have to keep up all the rest of his life to account for not going back to Ellermore." She wrote another time that there was every hope of being able to dispose of it by private bargain, and that in the mean time friends had been very kind, and the "works" were going on. There was not a word in the letter by which it would have been divined that to leave Ellermore was to the writer anything beyond a matter of necessity. She said not a word about her birthplace, the home of all her associations, the spot which I knew was so dear. There had been no hesitation, and there was no repining. Provided only that the poor old man, the stricken father, deprived at once of his home and firstborn, without knowing either, might be kept in that delusion — this was all the exemption Charlotte sought.

And I do not think they asked me to go to them before they left the place. It was my own doing. I could not keep away any longer. I said to Charlotte, and perhaps also to myself, by way of excuse, that I might help to take care of Mr. Campbell during the removal. The fact was that I could not stay away from her any longer. I could have risked any intrusion, thrust myself in anyhow, for the mere sake of being near her and helping her in the most insignificant way.

It was, however, nearly Christmas before I yielded to my impatience. They were to leave Ellermore in a week or two. Mr. Campbell had been persuaded that one of the soft and sheltered spots where Scotch invalids are sent in Scotland would be better for him. Charlotte had written to me, with a half despair, of the difficulties of their removal. "My heart almost fails me," she said; and that was

a great deal for her to say. After this I could hesitate no longer. She was afraid even of the revival of life that might take place when her father was brought out of his seclusion, of some injudicious old friend who could not be staved off, and who might talk to him about Colin. "My heart almost fails me." I went up to Scotland by the mail train that night, and next day, while it was still not much more than noon, found myself at Ellermore.

What a change! The heather had all died away from the hills; the sunbright loch was steely blue; the white threads of water down every crevice in the mountains were swollen to torrents. Here and there on the higher peaks there was a sprinkling of snow. The fir-trees were the only substantial things in the nearer landscape. The beeches stood about all bare and feathery, with every twig distinct against the blue. The sun was shining almost as brightly as in summer, and scattered a shimmer of reflections everywhere over the wet grass, and across the rivulets that were running in every little hollow. The house stood out amid all this light, amid the bare tracery of the trees, with its Scotch-French *tourelles*, and the sweep of emerald lawn, more green than ever, at its feet, and all the naked flower-beds; the blue smoke rising peacefully into the air, the door open as always. There was little stir or movement, however, in this wintry scene. The out-door life was checked. There was no son at home to leave traces of his presence. The lodge was shut up, and vacant. I concluded that the carriage had been given up, and all luxuries, and the coachman and his family were gone. But this was all the visible difference. I was received by one of the maids, with whose face I was familiar. There had never been any wealth of male attendants at Ellermore. She took me into the drawing-room, which was deserted, and bore a more formal look than of old. "Miss Charlotte is mostly with her papa," the woman said. "He is very frail; but just wonderful contented, like a bairn. She's always up the stair with the old gentleman. It's no good for her. You'll find her white, white, sir, and no like hersel'." In a few minutes Charlotte came in. There was a gleam of pleasure (I hoped) on her face, but she was white, white, as the woman said, worn and pale. After the first greeting, which had brightened her, she broke down a little, and shed a few hasty tears, for which she excused herself, faltering that everything came

back, but that she was glad, glad to see me! And then she added quickly, that I might not be wounded, "It has come to that, that I can scarcely ever leave my father; and to keep up the deception is terrible."

"You must not say deception."

"Oh, it is nothing else; and that always punishes itself. It is just the terror of my life that some accident will happen; that he will find out everything at once." Then she looked at me steadily, with a smile that was piteous to see, "Mr. Temple, Ellermore is sold."

"Is it so — is it so?" I said, with a sort of groan. I had still thought that perhaps at the last moment something might occur to prevent the sacrifice.

She shook her head, not answering my words, but the expression of my face. "There was nothing else to be desired," she said; and, after a pause, "We are to take him to the Bridge of Allan. He is almost pleased to go; he thinks of nothing further — oh, poor old man, poor old man! If only I had him there safe; but I am more terrified for the journey than I ever was for anything in my life."

We talked of this for some time, and of all the arrangements she had made. Charley was to come to assist in removing his father; but I think that my presence somehow seemed to her an additional safeguard, of which she was glad. She did not stay more than half an hour with me. "It will be dull, dull for you, Mr. Temple," she said, with more of the lingering cadence of her national accent than I had perceived before — or perhaps it struck me more after these months of absence. "There is nobody at home but the little ones, and they have grown far too wise for their age, because of the many things that they know must never be told to papa; but you know the place, and you will want to rest a little." She put out her hand to me again — "And I am glad, glad to see you!" Nothing in my life ever made my heart swell like those simple words. That she should be "glad, glad" was payment enough for anything I could do. But in the mean time there was nothing that I could do. I wandered about the silent place till I was tired, recalling a hundred pleasant recollections; even to me, a stranger, who a year ago had never seen Ellermore, it was hard to give it up; and as for those who had been born there, and their fathers before them, it seemed too much for the cruelest fate to ask. But nature was as indifferent to the passing away of the human inhab-

itants, whose little spell of a few hundred years was as nothing in her long history, as she would have been to the falling of a rock on the hillside, or the wrenching up of a tree in the woods. For that matter, of so small account are men, the rock and tree would both have been older dwellers than the Campbells; and why for that should the sun moderate his shining, or the clear skies veil themselves?

My mind was so taken up by these thoughts that it was almost inadvertent that took me, in the course of my solitary rambles about, to the Lady's Walk. I had nearly got within the line of the beech-trees, however, when I was brought hurriedly back to the strange circumstances which had formed an accompaniment to this family history. To hear once more the footsteps of the guardian of Ellermore had a startling effect upon me. She had come back then! After that first thrill of instinctive emotion this gave me a singular pleasure. I stood between the trees and heard the soft step coming and going with absolute satisfaction. It seemed to me that they were not altogether abandoned so long as she was here. My heart rose in spite of myself. I began to speculate on the possibility even yet of saving the old house. I asked myself how it could be finally disposed of without Mr. Campbell's consent and signature; and tried to believe that at the last moment some way might open, some wonderful windfall come. But when I turned back to the house, this fantastic confidence naturally failed me. I began to contemplate the other side of the question — the new people who would come in. Perhaps "some Englishman," as Charley had said with a certain scorn; some rich man, who would buy the moors and lochs at many times their actual value, and bring down, perhaps, a horde of Cockney sportsmen to banish all quiet and poetry from Ellermore. I thought with a mingled pity and anger of what the lady would do in such hands. Would she still haunt her favorite walk when all whom she loved were gone? Would she stay there in forlorn faithfulness to the soil, or would she go with her banished race? or would she depart altogether, and cut the tie that had bound her to earth? I thought — for fancy once set out goes far without any conscious control from the mind — that these were circumstances in which the intruders into the home of the Campbells might be frightened by noises and apparitions, and all those vulgarer powers of the unseen of

which we hear sometimes. If the Lady of Ellermore would condescend to use such instruments, no doubt she might find lower and less elevated spirits in the unseen to whom this kind of play would be congenial. I caught myself up sharply in this wandering of thought, as if I were forming ideas derogatory to a dear friend, and felt myself redden with shame. She connect her lovely being with tricks of this kind! I was angry with myself, as if I had allowed it to be suggested that Charlotte would do so. My heart grew full as I pursued these thoughts. Was it possible that some mysterious bond of a kind beyond our knowledge connected her with this beloved soil? I was over-awed by the thought of what she might suffer, going upon her solitary watch, to see the house filled with an alien family — yet, perhaps, by-and-by, taking them into amity, watching over them as she had done over her own, in that sweetness of self-restraint and tender love of mankind which is the atmosphere of the blessed. All through this spiritual being was to me a beatified shadow of Charlotte. You will say all this was very fantastic, and I do not deny that the sentence is just.

Next day passed in something the same way. Charlotte was very anxious. She had wished the removal to take place that afternoon, but when the moment came she postponed it. She said "To-morrow," with a shiver. "I don't know what I am afraid of," she said, "but my heart fails me — my heart fails me." I had to telegraph to Charley that it was deferred; and another long day went by. It rained, and that was an obstacle. "I cannot take him away in bad weather," she said. She came down-stairs to me a dozen times a day, wringing her hands. "I have no resolution," she cried. "I cannot — I cannot make up my mind to it. I feel that something dreadful is going to happen." I could only take her trembling hand and try to comfort her. I made her come out with me to get a little air in the afternoon. "You are killing yourself," I said. "It is this that makes you so nervous and unlike yourself." She consented, though it was against her will. A woman who had been all her life in their service, who was to go with them, whom Charlotte treated, as she said, "like one of ourselves," had charge of Mr. Campbell in the mean time. And I think Charlotte got a little pleasure from this unusual freedom. She was very tremulous, as if she had almost forgotten how to walk, and leaned upon my arm in

a way which was very sweet to me. No word of love had ever passed between us; and she did not love me, save as she loved Charley and Harry, and the rest. I think I had a place among them, at the end of the brothers. But yet she had an instinctive knowledge of my heart; and she knew that to lean upon me, to show that she needed me, was the way to please me most. We wandered about there for a time in a sort of forlorn happiness; then, with a mutual impulse, took our way to the Lady's Walk. We stood there together, listening to the steps. "Do you hear them?" said Charlotte, her face lighting up with a smile. "Dear lady! that has always been here since ever I mind!" She spoke as the children spoke in the utter abandonment of her being, as if returning for refreshment to the full simplicity of accent and idiom, the soft native speech to which she was born. "Will she stay after us, do ye think?" Charlotte said; and then, with a little start, clinging to my arm, "Was that a sound — was that a cry?"

Not a cry, but a sigh. It seemed to wander over all the woods and thrill among the trees. You will say it was only the wind. I cannot tell. To me it was a sigh, personal, heartrending. And you may suppose what it was to her. The tears dropped from her full eyes. She said, speaking to the air, "We are parting, you and me. Oh, go you back to Heaven, and let us trouble you no more. Oh, go back to your home, my bonnie lady, and let us trouble you no more!"

"Charlotte!" I cried, drawing her arm more closely through mine. She cast me a glance, a smile, like one who could not even in the midst of the highest thoughts neglect or be unkind, but drew her hand away and clasped it in the other. "We are of one stock," she said, the tears always falling; "and the same heart. We are too anxious, but God is above us all. Go back to your pleasant place, and say to my mother that I will never leave them. Go away, my bonnie lady, go away! You and me, we must learn to trust them to God."

We waited, and I think she almost expected some reply. But there was none. I took her arm within mine again, and led her away trembling. The moment, the excitement had been too much for me also. I said, "You tell her to go, that she is too anxious, that she must trust you to God — and in the same breath you pledge yourself never to leave them. Do you think if God does not want her, he

wants you to stand between him and them?" I grasped her arm so closely and held it so to my side in my passion that I think I almost hurt her. She gave me a startled look, and put up her hand to dry her wet eyes.

"It is very different," she said; "I am living and can work for them. It has come to me all in a moment to see that she is just like me after all. Perhaps to die does not make a woman wise any more than life does. And it may be that nobody has had the thought to tell her. She will have imagined that she could stop any harm that was coming, being here; but if it was not God's pleasure to stop it, how could she? You know she tried," said Charlotte, looking at me wistfully; "she tried—God bless her for that! Oh, you know how anxious she was; but neither she nor I could do it—neither she nor I!"

At this moment we were interrupted by some one flying towards us from the house, calling, "Miss Charlotte, Miss Charlotte! you are wanted," in a wild and agitated tone. It was the woman who had been left in charge of Mr. Campbell, and Charlotte started at the sight of her. She drew her hand from my arm, and flew along the path. "Oh, Marg'ret, why did you leave him?" she said.

"It was no blame of mine," said the woman, turning, following her mistress. I hurried on, too, after them, and the explanation was addressed to both of us. "He would come down to the library: nothing would stop him. I tried all I could; but what could I do? And there is nothing to be frightened for, Miss Charlotte. Ah! I've nae breath to tell it. He is just real like himself!"

Charlotte flew along the path like a creature flying for life. She paused an instant at the door of the house to beckon me to follow her. The library, the room where her father had gone, was one of those which had been partially dismantled. The pictures had been taken down from the walls, a number of books which she meant to take with her collected on the tables. Mr. Campbell had displaced some of the books in order to seat himself in his favorite seat. He looked at her curiously, almost with severity, as she came in anxious and breathless. He was greatly changed. He had been robust and hale, like a tower, when I first entered Ellermore, not yet six months since. Now he had shrunken away into half his size. The coat which he had not worn for months hung loosely upon him; his

white hair was long, and he wore a beard which changed his appearance greatly. All this change had come since the time I parted with him in London, when he told me he was going to join his son Colin; but there was another change more remarkable, which I with awe, and Charlotte with terror, recognized at a glance—the prostration of his mind was gone. He looked his daughter in the face with intelligent, almost sternly intelligent eyes.

"Oh, father, you have wanted me!" Charlotte cried. "I went out for a mouthful of air—I went out—for a few minutes—"

"Why should you not have gone out, Chatty?" he said. "And why was Marg'ret left in charge of me? I have been ill, I make no doubt; but why should I be watched and spied about my own house?"

She gave me a glance of dismay, and then she faltered, "Oh, not that, father—not that!"

"But I tell you it was that. She would have hindered my coming down-stairs, that woman"—he gave a little laugh, which was terrible to us in the state of our feelings—"and here are you rushing in out of breath, as if there was some cause of fear. Who is that behind ye? Is it one of your brothers—or—"

"It is Mr. Temple, father," she said, with a new alarm.

"Mr. Temple," he said, with a shade of displeasure passing over his face. Then he recovered himself, and his old-world politeness. "I am glad to see ye," he said. "So far as I can remember, the house was much disorganized when you were here before, Mr. Temple. You will think we are always out of order; but I've been ill, and everything has fallen out of gear. This is not a place," he added, turning to Charlotte, "to receive a stranger in. What is all this for?" he added, in a sharp tone, waving his hand towards the books, of which some were heaped at his feet on the floor.

Once more she made a pause of dismay. "They are some books to take with us," she said; "you remember, father, we are going away."

"Going away!" he cried irritably. "Where are my letters? Where are your brothers? What are you doing with a gentleman visitor (I beg ye a thousand pardons, Mr. Temple!) and the place in such a state? It is my opinion that there is something wrong. Where are my letters? It is not in reason that there should be no letters. After being laid aside from

business for a time, to have your letters kept back from you, you will allow, Mr. Temple," he said, turning to me with an explanatory air, "is irritating. It is perhaps done with a mistaken notion that I am not equal to them; but if you think I will allow myself to be treated as a child —"

He stammered a little now and then, in his anger, but made a great effort to control himself. And then he looked up at us, once more a little severely, and brought confusion to all our hopes with one simple question. "Where is Colin?" he said.

What could be more natural? Charlotte gave me one look, and stood, white as death, motionless, her fingers twisting together. How truly she had said that falsehood was its own punishment, even such falsehood as this! She had answered him with ambiguous words when he was in the state of feebleness from which he had thus awoke, and he had been easily satisfied and diverted from too close inquiry. But now she was confounded by the sudden question. She could not confront with a subterfuge her father's serious eyes; her head drooped, her hands caught at each other with a pitiful clasp, while he sat looking at her with an authoritative, but as yet unalarmed look. All this time the door had been left ajar, and Marg'ret stood waiting outside, listening to all that went on, too much interested and anxious to feel herself out of place. But when she heard this demand the woman was struck with horror. She made a step within the door. "Oh, Ellermore!" she cried. "Oh! my auld maister, dinna break her heart and mine. To hear ye asking for Colin! and Colin in his grave this four long months, poor lad, poor lad!" She threw her apron over her head as she spoke, and burst forth into loud sobs and tears. Charlotte had put out a hand to stop the revelation, but dropped it again, and stood by speechless, her head bent, and wringing her hands, a silent image of grief and guilt, as if it had been she from whom the blow came.

The old man sat and listened with a countenance growing ashy pale, and with intent eyes, that seemed to flicker as if beyond his control. He tried to speak, but in the trembling of his lips could articulate nothing. Then he slowly raised himself up and stood pallid and dizzy, like a man on the edge of a precipice.

"My son is dead, and I knew it not," he said slowly, pausing between the words.

He stood with his trembling lips falling apart, his countenance all moving and twitching, transfixed, it seemed, by a sort of woeful amaze, wondering at himself. Then he turned upon Charlotte, with a piteous appeal. "Was I told, and have I forgotten?" he asked. The humiliation of that thought overpowered his reawakened soul.

She came to him quickly and put her arm round him. "Father, dear, you were so ill, they would not let us tell you. Oh, I have known, I have known it would be so much the worse when it came!"

He put her away from him, and sat down again feebly in his chair. In that dreadful moment he wanted no one. The horror of the individual humiliation, the idea that he could have heard and forgotten, was more terrible even than the dreadful news which thus burst upon him. "I'm glad," he said, "I'm glad," babbling with his loose lips. I shrank away, feeling it a profanation to be here, a spectator of the last mystery of nature; but Charlotte made a faint motion that kept me from withdrawing altogether. For the first time she was afraid; her heart had failed her.

For some minutes her father continued silent in his chair. The sunset had faded away, the misty twilight was falling. Marg'ret, guilty and miserable, but still unable altogether to subdue her sobs, throwing her white apron from her head, and looking round with a deprecating, apologetic glance, had withdrawn to the other side of the room. All was silence after that broken interchange of words. He lay back, clasping and unclasping his hands, his lips and features all moving, whether with a wish to speak or with the mere workings of emotions unspeakable, I cannot tell. When suddenly, all at once, with the voice of a strong man loud and full, he broke out into the cry which has sounded through all the world — the utterance of every father's anguish. "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son! Would God that I had died for thee, my son, my son —"

We both rushed towards him simultaneously. He did not remark me, fortunately; but again he put Charlotte away. "What are you afraid for?" he said, almost sternly; "that I will fall back and be ill again? That is not possible. Ye think sorrow kills; but no, it stings ye back to life: it stings ye back to life," he repeated, raising himself in his chair. Then he looked round him solemnly. "Marg'ret, my woman, come here, and

give me your hand. We're partners in trouble, you and me, and never shall we part. As long as this is my house there is a place in it for you. Afterwards, when it goes to—ah! when it goes to Charley," he cried, with a sudden burst of unforeseen sobs.

Charlotte looked at me again. Her face was white with despair. How was this last news to be broken to him?

"Father," she said, standing behind him, "you are sorely tried. Will you not come back to your room and rest till tomorrow, and then you will hear all? Then we will tell you—about all that has happened—"

Her voice shook like a leaf in the wind, but she managed to show no other sign of her terror and despair. There was a long pause after this, and we stood waiting, not knowing how the moment would terminate. I believe it was the sight of me that decided it after all. A quick movement of irritation passed over his face.

"I think you are right, Chatty," he said; "I think you are right. I am not fit, in my shattered state, and with the information I have just received, to pay the attention I would like to pay—"

He paused, and looked at me fixedly. "It is a great trouble to me that we have never been able to show you proper attention, Mr. Temple. You see, my son was detained; and now he is dead—and I've never known it till this moment. You will excuse a reception which is not the kind of reception I would like to give you." He waved his hand. "You were my Colin's friend. You will know how to make allowances. Yes, my dear, I am best in my own chamber. I will just go, with Mr. Temple's permission—go—to my bed."

A faint groan burst from him as he said these words; a kind of dreary smile flickered on his lips. "To my bed," he repeated; "that is all we can do, we old folk, when we are stricken by God's hand. Lie down, and turn our faces to the wall—our faces to the wall." He rose up, and took his daughter's arm, and made a few steps towards the door, which I was holding open for him. Then he turned and looked round with the air of one who has a favor to bestow. "You may come too, Marg'ret," he said. "You can come and help me to my bed."

This strange interruption of all plans, which it was evident filled Charlotte with despair, gave me much to think of, as I stayed behind in the slowly darkening

room. It was evident that now nothing could be concealed from him; and who was there so bold as to tell the bereaved father, in his first grief for his first-born, what horrors had accompanied Colin's death, and what a penalty the family had to pay? It seemed to me that the premonition of some fresh calamity was in the air; and when Charlotte came down about half an hour later, like a ghost through the dim-coming shadows, I almost expected to hear that it had already occurred. But even in these depths of distress it was a happiness to me to feel that she came to me for relief. She told me that he had gone to bed without asking any further questions, and that Margaret, who had been Colin's nurse, seemed almost more agreeable to him than herself. He had turned his face to the wall as he had said, and nothing but a long-drawn, occasional sigh told that he was awake. "I think he is not worse—in body," she said. "He has borne it far better than we could have thought possible. But how am I to tell him the way it happened, and how am I to tell him about Ellermore?" She wept with a prostration and self-abandonment which alarmed me; but she stopped my remonstrances and entreaties with a motion of her hand. "Oh, let me cry! It is the only ease I have," she said.

When she had gone away from me, restless, anxious, afraid to be out of hearing, I went out, myself, as restless, as incapable of banishing all these anxieties from my mind as she. The night was almost dark, soft and mild. It was one of those nights when the moon, without being visible, softens and ameliorates the gloom, and makes of night a sort of twilight. While I went pacing softly about, to occupy myself, a soft small rain began to fall; but this did not affect me in any way. It was rather soothing than disagreeable. I went down to the side of the loch, where the pale light on the water was touched by innumerable dimplings of the rain, then up again, round and round the house, not caring where I went. At this hour I had always avoided the Lady's Walk, I can scarcely tell why. To-night, in my strange familiarity with everything, and carelessness of all but one subject, I suddenly turned into it with a caprice I could not account for, perhaps with an unexpressed wish for company, for somebody who might understand my thoughts. The mystic footsteps gave me a sort of pleasure. Whether it was from habit or some new sense of human fellowship

which Charlotte's impassioned words had caused, I can scarcely tell; but the excitement with which I had always hitherto regarded the mysterious watcher here was altogether gone out of my mind. I felt a profound and tender pity for her rising in me instead. Was it possible that a spirit could be "over-anxious," as Charlotte said, endeavoring vainly, and yet not undutifully, to take God's supreme guardianship out of his hands? The thought was new to me. To think that a good and blessed creature could so err, could mistake so humanly and persevere so patiently, though never able to remedy the evils, seemed somehow more possible than that a guardian from Heaven could watch and watch for generations with so little result. This gave me a great compassion for the lonely watcher thus rebelling in a heavenly way of love against the law of nature that separated her from visible life. My old idea, that it might be Charlotte herself in an unconscious shadow-shape, whose protecting motherly love made these efforts unawares, glided gratefully into the feeling that it was an earlier Charlotte, her very kin and prototype, who could not even now let God manage her race without her aid. While I was thus thinking, I was startled once more by the same sigh which I had heard with Charlotte. Yes, yes, it might be the wind. I had no time to bandy explanations with myself. It was a soft long sigh, such as draws the very breath out of an over-laden bosom. I turned half round, it was so near to me; and there, by my side, so close that I could have touched her, stood the lady whom I had seen so often — the same figure which I had met in the London streets and in the woods of Ellermore. I suppose I stepped back, with a little thrill of the old sensations, for she seemed to put out a hand in the pale gloom, and began to speak softly, quickly, as if there was scarcely time enough for what she had to say.

"I am going away like the rest," she said. "None of them have ever bid me go before; but it is true — it is true what she says. I have never done any good — just frightened them or pleased them. It is in better hands — it is in better hands."

With this there came the familiar movement, the wringing of the hands, which was like Charlotte, and she seemed to weep; but before I could say anything (and what could I have said?) she cried with eagerness, "I came to you because you loved her, but you were too late —

and now again, again! you may help if you will. It will be set before you to help, if you will."

"How can I help?" I cried. "Tell me, lady, whoever you are; I will do it, I will do it! — but how can I do it? Tell me —"

I put out my hand to touch her dress, but it melted out of my hold. She withdrew with a swift, shy movement. "It will be set before you," she said, with a breathless faintness as if of haste; and already her voice was further off, breathing away. "It will be set before you — I must not say more. One can never say more."

"What can I do?" I cried; so much had I forgot the old terror that I put myself in her path, stopping the way. "Tell me how, how! Tell me, for God's sake, and because of Charlotte!"

The shadowy figure retreated before me. It seemed to fade, then reappeared, then dissolved altogether into the white dimness, while the voice floated away, still saying, as in a sigh, "You may help, you may help, you may save —" I could hear no more. I went after this sighing voice to the end of the walk; it seemed to me that I was pursuing, determined to hear her message, and that she softly fled, the hurrying footsteps becoming almost inaudible as they flew before me. I went on hotly, not knowing what I did, determined only to know what it was; to get an explanation, by what means I did not care. Suddenly, before I knew, I found my steps stumbling down the slope at the further end, and the pale water alive with all the dimplings of the rain appearing at my very feet. The steps sank upon the lochside, and ceased with a thrill like the acutest sound. A silence more absolute than any I have heard in nature ensued. I stood gasping, with my foot touching the edge of the water; it was all I could do to arrest myself there.

I hurried back to the house in a state of agitation which I cannot describe. It was partly nervous dread. I do not disguise this; but partly it was a bewildered anxiety and eagerness to know what the chance was which was to be set before me. That I had the most absolute faith in it I need hardly say. "You may help them if you will! You may help them if you will!" I said it over and over to myself a thousand times with a feverish hurry and eagerness. Indeed, I did nothing but repeat it. When Charlotte came down late to tell me her father was asleep, that the doctor who had been sent for had

pronounced his recovery real, I was walking up and down the half-lighted drawing-room, saying these words over and over to myself.

"He says it is wonderful, but it may be complete recovery," Charlotte said; "only to tell him nothing we can help, to keep all the circumstances from him; especially, if it is possible, about Ellermore. But how is it possible? how can I do it? 'Help if you will?' Mr. Temple, what are you saying?"

"It is nothing," I said; "some old rhyme that has got possession of me."

She looked very anxiously into my face. "Something else has happened? You have seen or heard —" Her mind was so alive to every tone and glance that it was scarcely possible to conceal a thought from her.

"I have been in the walk," I said, "and being excited and restless, it was more than my nerves could bear."

She looked at me again wistfully. "You would not deceive me, Mr. Temple," she said; then returned to her original subject. The doctor was anxious, above all things, that Mr. Campbell should leave Ellermore to-morrow, that he should go early, and above all that he should not suspect the reason why. She had the same dread of the removal as ever, but there was no alternative, and not even a day's delay was to be thought of, for every day, every hour, made the chances of discovery more.

"But you cannot keep up the delusion forever," I said, "and when it is found out?"

Again she wrung her hands. "It is against my judgment; but what can I do?" She paused a moment, and then said, with a melancholy dignity, "It can but kill him, soon or syne. I would not myself have my life saved by a lie; but I am weak where my father is concerned, and God understands all. Oh, I am beginning to feel that so, Mr. Temple! We search and search, and think what is best, and we make a hundred mistakes, but God sees the why and the wherefore. Whoever misunderstands, he never misunderstands."

She went away from me in the calm of this thought, the secret of all calm. It seemed to me that I, in my blind anxiety guessing at the enigma that had been given to me, and my poor lady vagrant from the skies, still trying to be the providence of this house, were left alike behind.

Next morning Charlotte came down to

breakfast with me, which she had not done before. She told me that her father had passed a good night, that he had shed tears on awaking, and began to talk tenderly and calmly of Colin, and that everything seemed to promise that the softening and mournful preoccupation of grief, distracting his mind from other matters, would be an advantage to him. He was pleased to be left with Margaret, who had adored her nursling, and who had been fully warned of the necessity of keeping silence as to the circumstances of Colin's death. The post-bag came in while we were talking. It lay on the table for a few minutes untouched, for neither of us was anxious for our correspondence. We were alone at table, and Charlotte had rested, though I had not, and was almost cheerful now that the moment had arrived for the final severance. The necessity of doing inspired her; and perhaps, though I scarcely dared to think so, this tranquil table at which we sat alone, which might have been our table, in our home, in a new life full of peace and sober happiness, soothed her. The suggestion it conveyed made the blood dance in my veins. For the moment it seemed as if the hope I dared not even entertain, for one calm hour of blessedness and repose, had come true.

At last she gave me the key, and asked me to open the bag. "I have been loth to disturb this peaceful moment," she said, with a smile which was full of sweetness and confidence, "and nothing outside seems of much consequence just now; but the boys may have something to tell, and there will be your letters — will you open it, Mr. Temple?" I, too, was loth, more loth than she, to disturb the calm, and the outside world was nothing to me, while I sat here with her, and could fancy her my own. But I did what she told me. Letters are like fate, they must be encountered with all that is good and evil in them. I gave her hers, and laid out some, probably as important to them, though they seemed to me so trifling and unnecessary, that were for the servants. Then I turned to my own share. I had two letters, one with a broad black border, which had been forwarded from one place to another in search of me, and was nearly ten days old; for, like most people, I examined the outside first; the other a large, substantial blue letter which meant business. I can remember now the indifference with which I opened them, the mourning envelope first. There were so many post-

marks on it, that that of its origin, which would have enlightened me at once, never struck me at all.

Heaven above! what was this that met my eyes? An announcement, full of the periphrasis of formal regret, of the death of my old cousin Jocelyn ten days before. I gave a sort of fierce cry — I can hear it now — and tore open the second, the official letter. Of course I knew what it was; of course I was aware that nothing could interfere; and yet the opportuneness of the announcement was such, that human nature, accustomed to be balked, would not allow me to believe in the possibility. Then I sprang from my seat. "I must go," I cried; "there is not a moment to lose. Stop all proceedings — do nothing about the going, for God's sake, till I come back."

"Mr. Temple, what has happened? Charley" — cried Charlotte, blanched with terror. She thought some other catastrophe had happened, some still more fatal news that I would not tell her. But I was too much absorbed in my own excitement to think of this.

"Do nothing," I said; "I will meet Charley on the way, and tell him. All will be right, all will be right, only wait till I come back." I rushed to the door in my haste, then came back again, not knowing what I did, and had caught her in my arms before I was aware — not in my arms, but with my hands on her shoulders, holding her for one wild moment. I could hardly see her for the water in my eyes. "Wait," I said, "wait till I come back! Now I can do what she said! Now my time is come; do nothing till I come back." I let my hands drop down to hers, and caught them and kissed them in a wild tremor, beyond explanation. Then I rushed away. It was a mile or more to the little quay where the morning boat carried communications back to the world. I seemed to be there as on wings, and scarcely came to myself till I descended into the noise, the haze, the roar of the damp streets, the crowds and traffic of Glasgow. Next moment (for time flew and I with it, so that I took no note of its progress or my own) I was in the clamor of the "works," making my way through the grime and mud of a great courtyard, with machinery clanging round me on every side from the big skeleton houses with their open windows, into the office, where Charley, in close converse with a stranger, jumped up with terror at the sight of me. "What has happened?" he

cried; "my father?" I had scarcely breath enough to say what I had to say. "Your father," I cried, "has come to himself. You can make no sale without him — every arrangement must be stopped at once." All that I was capable of knowing was with a certainty, beyond all proof, that the man with whom Charley was talking, a sportsman in every line of his countenance and clothes, was the intending purchaser of Ellermore.

I remember little of the conversation that followed. It was stormy and excited, for neither would Charley be convinced nor would the other consent to be off his bargain. But I made my point clear. Mr. Campbell having recovered his faculties, it was clear that no treaty could be concluded without his consent. (It could not have been legal in any case, but I suppose they had in some way got over this.) I remember Charley turning upon me with a passionate remonstrance, when, almost by violence and pertinacity, I had driven his Cockney sportsman away. "I cannot conceive what is your object, Temple," he said. "Are you mad? my father must give his consent; there is no possibility of a question about it. Ellermore must be sold — and as well to him as to another," he said, with a sigh. I took out my blue letter, which I had huddled into my pocket, and laid it before him. "It is to me that Ellermore must be sold," I said.

My inheritance had come — there was nothing wonderful about it — it was my right; but never did inheritance come at a more suitable moment. Charley went back with me that afternoon, after a hurried conference with his young brothers, who came round me, shaking my arms nearly off, and calling to each other in their soft young basses, like rolls of mild thunder, that, whatever happened, I was a good fellow, a true friend. If they had not been so bashful they would have embraced me, less I verily believe from the sense of escape from a great misery which they had scarcely realized, than from generous pleasure in what they thought a sort of noble generosity: that was their view of it. Charley perhaps was more enlightened. He was very silent during the journey, but at one point of it burst out suddenly upon me. "You are doing this for Chatty, Temple. If you take her away, it will be as bad as losing Ellermore." I shook my head. Then, if never before, I felt the hopelessness of the position. "There is but one

thing you can do for me: say not a word of that to her," I said.

And I believe he kept counsel. It was of her own accord that Charlotte came up to me after the hurried interview in which Charley laid my proposal before her. She was very grave, though the sweetness of her look drew the heart out of my breast. She held out her hands to me, but her eyes took all warm significance out of this gesture. "Mr. Temple," she said, "you may think me bold to say it, but we are friends that can say anything to one another. If in your great generosity there may yet be a thought—a thought that a woman might recompense what was done for her and hers——" Her beautiful countenance, beautiful in its love and tenderness and noble dignity, but so pale, was suddenly suffused with color. She took her hands out of mine, and folded them together: "That is out of my power—that is out of my power!" she said.

"I like it better so," I cried. God help me! it was a lie, and so she knew. "I want no recompense. It will be recompense enough to know you are here."

And so it has remained ever since, and may, perhaps, forever—I cannot tell. We are dear friends. When anything happens in the family I am sent for, and all is told to me. And so do I with her. We know all each other's secrets—those secrets which are not of fortune or incident, but of the soul. Is there anything better in marriage than this? And yet there is a longing which is human for something more.

That evening I went back to the Lady's Walk, with a sort of fanciful desire to tell her, the other, that I had done her bidding, that she had been a true guardian of her race to the last. I paced up and down through the dim hour when the sun ought to have been setting, and later, long into the twilight. The rain fell softly, pattering upon the dark, glistening leaves of the evergreens, falling straight through the bare branches. But no soft step of a living soul was on the well-worn track. I called to her, but there was no answer, not even the answer of a sigh. Had she gone back heartsick to her home in heaven, acknowledging at last that it was not hers to guard her race? It made my heart ache for her to think so; but yet it must have been a sweet grief and easily healed to know that those whom she loved were most safe in God's only care when hers failed—as everything else must fail.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT MRS. OLIPHANT.

IN A LETTER FROM AN ISLAND.

DON'T bear malice,—there's a good fellow. I know perfectly what you are going to say; and every word is true—that's the worst of it. It is the simple truth that one of the most delightful books on English literature* that has been written for some years, has been lying on my table for six months, not unread indeed—for it is a book that one reads without break or pause, the interest is so skilfully sustained, and the characters are treated with such living sympathy—but without eliciting those words of welcome which Maga delights to use when one of her favorite children enters the crowded lists, and carries off the big prize, or one of the big prizes, of the day. And of all living men or women, who deserves better of Maga than Mrs. Oliphant? That unwearied and facile pen has been constantly at work now for more than thirty years; even the historical pen in Castle Street which so fascinated the onlooker across the road was not more prolific; but the delightful story of "Katie Stewart"—the first and in some respects the freshest of all her fictions†—is not yet forgotten, nor is likely to be, so long as the old Castle of Kellie keeps one stone upon another, and the blue-eyed, yellow-haired fisher lads of St. Monance, launch their slim craft upon that Mare Tenebrosum which still maintains its ill-repute.

Buy my caller herrin'—
Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin'—
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men,

is a verse of an old Scottish song—not so very old by the way—which Charles Kingsley delighted to repeat; and much of its pathetic homeliness is embodied in "Katie Stewart." Every one, whether born in "the Kingdom," or out of it, recognizes the force and picturesqueness with which a life that has passed away is reproduced; but its essential truthfulness can be adequately appreciated by those only whose boyish horizon was rounded by Largo Law, and to whom in later years the links of St. Andrews have become a sacred shrine, who belong, if not by kith

* The Literary History of England, 1790–1835. By Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan, 1882).

† First at least in the sense that Katie was the earliest of the heroines who made her *début* chaperoned by Maga. "Katie Stewart" appeared during the year 1851.

and kin yet by sentiment and association, to the shrewd old Kellie stock, which David Wilkie has immortalized in his great picture of the last lord—a picture which Titian or Velasquez would have been proud to paint; and indeed I know no Spanish *hidalgo* by the one, or Venetian *doge* by the other, in which so much of the high mature sagacity of a serene but vigilant old age has been so nobly expressed. It is probably heresy to say so, and the kindly old man himself was of the commonest Scotch type; yet there is that unmistakable distinction of style about the picture which is characteristic of the very highest work only. Wilkie with his brush, and Mrs. Oliphant with her pen, have made the plain hard shrewd features of the obscure Fife folk—the lairds and the ladies, the farm lads and the fisher lasses—very visible to many a reader who has never been north of the Tweed; and it is to be hoped that the most bitterly Radical of Scotch counties is duly grateful for the honor that has been done it. The Fife which they have portrayed, to be sure, belonged to the good old Tory times, when the gentlemen of the shire were represented in Parliament as well as its weavers and its cotton-spinners; when there was something distinctive and idiomatic in our national character, and habits, and speech; when Scotland was a keen independent force in politics as in letters, and not a colorless reflection of the Birmingham Caucus and the Liberation Society. If we are to believe Sydney Smith, it was always difficult to get a joke into our countrymen; but of late years they have got worse and worse. Life has become “fu’ o’ sariousness” to them as to their collies; and even the deadly liveliness of Lord Rosebery’s jokes can only elicit a grim and bitter smile from the burgh Tadpoles and the parochial Tapers who never get “enuch o’ fechtin’,”—the dreary and dismal fechtin’ of fanatical radicalism and the bigotry of dissent. It was Charles Lamb—was it not?—who said that the greatest pleasure of life was to do good by stealth, and have it found out by accident. The innocent little quip of the most delightful and whimsical of our humorists was cruelly sat upon the other night by a severe champion of the political and municipal privileges of her sex to whom I ventured to repeat it. The morality of such a sentiment appeared to her to be far from elevated,—utterly unbecoming and indefensible in short. What a change from the lively, witty, graceless old ladies who

were dear to the dean and the doctor!*

Katie Stewart is apt to run away with those who have loved the bright, clever little woman nearly as long as they can remember; and you are still, I see, ominously silent and unconvinced. Hang it, man, when a convicted contributor goes down figuratively on his gouty knees, and clothes himself in allusive sackcloth and ashes, what more can he do? Magnanimity is a feminine virtue; but I forgive you, in the finest spirit of charity to which a male creature can attain, your uncharitable constructions. My dear fellow (there now, that’s right—you will find these Manillas not bad, and the Sergeant’s whiskey is undeniable), my dear fellow, this happy island is just a hundred times too lovely. *And the water was wet*, Heine says in his unapproachable way; but somehow the Arran rain don’t wet us. It rains more or less every day, I suppose; but some of our finest sky and cloud effects are due to the storms which visit us from sea and mountain with praiseworthy punctuality; and it would be base ingratitude to the clerk who looks after the weather in these parts if we were to stay in-doors when an almost incredible rainbow is arching Ben Ghoil, or a thunder-cloud trailing across the bay. And then when a really fine day arrives—heralded by the loves and the graces and the golden hours and all the rest of them—any kind of work is distinctly out of the question. The man who can put pen to paper on such a morning is a poor creature. Don’t admit him into the sanctum. Trust him not—he is fooling thee. Whatever professions he may make, you will discover sooner or later, that instead of being a fit comrade for the good fellows who sit down at Maga’s hospitable table, he is a Birmingham communist, a Pittenweem bailie, or a member of the present Cabinet.

The charms of this Island of the Saints (and the dear creatures are splashing in the water or paddling about the rocks all day long) will be dwelt upon more fully on another occasion—you will let me sing its praises, by-and-by, when the proper opportunity occurs. There are one or two charming volumes on the natural history of the wild beasts and the wild birds which haunt these coasts, lying in the corner there under the waterproofs, which I would like to recommend to your

* Swift in one of his pieces speaks of “the Dean and the Doctor;” but *our* Dean and Doctor are of course Dean Ramsay and Dr. John Brown.

attention; and I have a deal to say about white and purple heather, and filmy ferns and eider ducks, and the solans on Ailsa, and the *Phoca vitulina*, and the duke's muckle hart, which may stand over in the mean time. But doesn't the mere table of contents make your mouth water? And do you think the readers of *Maga* will be able to restrain themselves till next month. On my word of honor, they won't be disappointed — though the duke himself should ask me to shoot his choicest covers — which, by the way, he hasn't done yet. That's an oversight of course; for I have a great regard for his Grace, and don't at all go along with the Glasgow Radicals, who wish to have the island "opened up" (as they call it) by dividing it among themselves. Let us rather be thankful that there is one spot within easy hail of civilization that is as rude and unreclaimed to-day as it was in good King Robert's day, or in the aboriginal Adam's for that matter. You are free to wander from Ben to Ben without a creature looking at you — except the deer and the grouse. You may lie about among the heather in a hundred glens — smoking numberless pipes, and "tasting" unnumbered "trams" — without a gillie to say you nay. You may wear your shabbiest knickerbockers; and even a hat without a brim will not be the signal for social annihilation. The truth is that there is no society to speak of, — at least no such society as anybody in Glasgow out of the Saltmarket and the Gallowgate would condescend to recognize. The duke has his friends, no doubt; and occasionally a bevy of unzoned graces — *solutis Gratia zonis* — on unkempt mountain ponies startle the maidens of the villagery or flutter the doves of Invercloy; but there are no stuck-up autocrats of Stock Exchange or sugar market to shut you out of their "policies," and hurt, with their befrizzled flunkies and gaudy trappings and the toilette of the *demi-monde*, the simplicity of our pastoral life. Long life to the duke, say I, — and may his shadow never grow less!

These are the facts of the case, my lord; and even the most candid of friends must admit that the evidence for the defence is complete and overwhelming. The prisoner is dismissed from the bar without a stain upon his character. So let us shake hands, and set to work. The yellow leaves are careering wildly before the October blast; the hillsides are damp and sodden; the Graces have bound up their zones, and flitted elsewhere with the

swallows. There is no more to be done outside, — foxes as well as snakes having been banished from our blessed island (only among the inaccessible corries of Cashtelabel a few of them may still consort with the eagles, but riding up there would be very rough); the grouse have grown as shy as hawks or tinkers; and "the plaintive creatures who pity themselves on moorlands," and who are always very wideawake, are particularly so at this season. The time of the singing (and shooting) of birds is past, — the time for idly dallying with idleness, for chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies (and there an end), for lazily flirting with the sirens of sky and sea and meadow. So bolt the front door, Betty, and light the study fire. Winter is upon us.

Each of us has his pet ambition and his pet hero — his Napoleon, his Goethe, his William the Silent, his Cromwell, his Shakespeare. As we grow older our tastes become simpler, and I sometimes fancy now that the fame of Isaak Walton is that which I would most covet. What a safe immortality his innocent prattle enjoys! Such fame as his is altogether pure and lovely. One cannot perhaps entirely understand its persistent vitality — this fragile nautilus on the stormy, boundless Atlantic; but the conviction that it would be a thousand pities if so much mildness, and sweetness, and indefinable content with trifles were to be shipwrecked on the shore of oblivion, and lost to living men, may possibly explain it more or less. *Grata quies*. The turbid, restless world is soothed and mollified by this simple picture of goodness which never changes. It is like those rustic pictures on the urn which Keats must have seen somewhere, — what would that urn bring at Christie's to-day, I wonder, if it could be found in Borghese Palace or elsewhere?

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

But if Isaak Walton's is something unique and out of reach, the fame of a writer like Mrs. Oliphant, who has done much in her long day's work to make our common life brighter and sweeter, is surely very enviable. Just think of the millions she has made happy — if for an

hour only! I declare to you in all honesty, that the reputation of the great captains who have marched with conquering banners across a continent seems to me poor and shabby in comparison. Soldiers, like poor-laws and prisons and the hangman, are necessary evils; but this is the finest bloom and blossom of life, which suffices in itself and needs no justification. What a debt we owe her! How much pure pleasure she has given us! When we talk of the great benefactors of our race, let not the poor story-teller be forgotten. And during these many years of eager activity in our service, how loyal and constant she has been to truth and beauty and goodness! I do not suppose that Mrs. Oliphant is one of the writers who consciously entertain or profess what is called, in the jargon of the day, "high views of the literary calling," but it may certainly be said of her that she has never written a page which she would wish unwritten, and which is not perfectly sweet and clean and wholesome. The *vastness* of some of our female novelists is simply amazing; it sins against art as much as against good morals and good manners; it leaves a bad taste in the mouth for weeks afterwards; yet the most prolific and the most brilliant of the sisterhood, who has had the widest experience and shows the clearest insight, never once fails to preserve her womanly reticence, never hurts the most shrinking modesty, never violates the finest code of honor. The value of such an example is incalculable,—it is to the England of letters what Queen Victoria (might I not add Lord Beaconsfield?) has been to that other England which, in spite of craven counsels and infatuation in high places, is still strong and of a good courage.

Mrs. Oliphant is of course specifically a story-teller,—as Walter Scott and the Homer who wrote the *Odyssey* were story-tellers. There is an air of almost garrulous ease about her best work which is highly characteristic. She is not a "painful" preacher—she does not care overmuch for that curious felicity in the construction of sentences to which the Thackerays and the Matthew Arnolds attain—she does not polish her periods till they shine like old silver. We are told nowadays that Scott was no poet, and that his prose style was abominably ungrammatical. Mrs. Oliphant is never so slovenly as Scott can be when he likes; but we learn when we read her books, as we do when we read his, that there is something better than style. The man

who is sensitively and finically fastidious about the arrangement of words is generally good for little else. He grows weary before he gets to real business. There are whole pages of "The Antiquary" and "Quentin Durward," where not a single erasure or correction appears on the manuscript. Would "The Antiquary" and "Quentin Durward" have been what they are if the writer had been harder to please? I doubt it; and even the style would have lost something. It would have lost not merely its easy, un-studied charm, but something more—something that recalls the sigh of the wind, the murmur of the sea, the plash of the waves. "The Lord of the Isles" is said by one eminent critic to be no better than a big blunder; but the breeze blows all about it, it sparkles as the waves sparkle, and through its spontaneous, un-systematic, natural music there breathes the true spirit of the stormy Hebrides. Mrs. Oliphant's style at its best has something of the same outdoor charm. It belongs to the conservatory and the hothouse as little as Sir Walter's. It does not surprise us therefore that in particular her description of natural scenery should be brightly picturesque. She does not know much of our brilliant west, with its orange and purple sunsets, across the wide Atlantic; but the bleak charm of the east of Scotland, of breezy headlands and level links, is dwelt upon and emphasized with the true artist feeling. An *édition de luxe* of "Katie Stewart" with cuts by George Reid would be a book to prize. Her English landscape too is admirable,—the gracious wealth and richness of the midland summer—

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees—

has seldom been rendered with more genuine joy and sympathy.

All this of course belongs more or less to the outside; but in the essential elements of her craft, Mrs. Oliphant has few rivals. When we remember that, for at least thirty years, not a summer has passed without its romance in three volumes, its thrilling ghost-story, its seaside ramble, we get some measure of the amazing fertility of her invention. And take them all in all, how good they are! There may be no Uncle Toby or Jonathan Oldbuck among the characters; but what variety, what delicate discrimination, what a keen sense of the subtler lights and shades of human nature! She treats the male sex, it must be admitted, with

habitual tolerant good-humored contempt, — these big, unwieldy, awkward creatures, who are so much in the way, who don't know what to do with themselves of a wet morning, but stand about with their hands in their pockets before the fire and yawn in your face, are apt to provoke a soft breezy laughter, that after all has no malice in it, — but the girls are invariably attractive. The estimable Miss Marjoribanks (why not spell it Marchbanks at once?) who is so resolved to do her duty to her dear papa, is in many ways, to be sure, little better than a man, and is therefore regarded at first with a certain implicit suspicion; but Mrs. Oliphant cannot harden her heart for long against a woman, and even Miss Marjoribanks is ultimately allowed to escape. They are none of them by any means faultless; they practice the engaging ruses, and are not superior to the charming foibles of their sex; but yet with infinite diversity of superficial trait, how tender and gracious and womanly they are! Mrs. Oliphant's ideal of English girlhood, kept constantly before us for so long, has done a world of good to our girls, who begin to see that to be loud and fast and *risqué* is essentially bad style. And the *talk* — how unaffected and natural it is — no one saying what he ought not to say, but just the right thing — never strained or rhetorical, though often nervous and sparkling, and rising at a tragic crisis to an almost monumental simplicity. There are whole passages of dialogue in the more intense and dramatic situations which for close sustained excellence of mere writing could hardly be surpassed.

Love must always be, as it has always been (from Helen of Troy to Hetty Sorrel), the main theme of the story-teller.

Of all the follies that I know
The sweetest folly in the world is love,
says an old singer;* and though Mrs.

* The lines are to be found in one of Aytoun's poems — not your fast friend and so long valued contributor, William Edmonstone, — but Sir Robert of Inchdairnie, who lived, if I remember rightly, in the reign of Charles I. The *vers de société* of that modish Muse, — though quite forgotten now — are as terse and epigrammatic as Austin Dobson's. That on the tender passion — bland, courteous, cynical, musical — is a real gem; and the readers of Maga at least may have a glimpse of it in passing: —

"There is no worldly pleasure here below
Which by experience doth not folly prove,
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love;
But not that passion which with fools' consent
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.

Oliphant sometimes treats the complaint more seriously, I fancy she is half inclined to agree with him. She has hardly ventured, at least except once and again, to touch its deeper chords. On the other hand it must be admitted that love with her, even at its slightest, is always a fine and noble pastime. It is never materialized into mere animal instinct, — never made cynical sport of, as even a Thackeray could make cynical sport of it. It may be fooling; but it is tender and gracious fooling — such as befits pure maidens and wholesome lads. For none of her works appeal to the moody satirist or the cynic whose text is *Vanitas*; or only to the very gentlest of the craft; they are addressed to a simpler audience — *virginibus puerisque*.

But a story-teller who cannot invent a good story cannot after all be said to be a good story-teller. Wherein consists the excellence of a good story? That it should proceed in its development in strict obedience to natural laws — unfolding itself in the sure, instinctive, inevitable way in which the lily or the rose unfolds itself — is, I should fancy, the main condition of excellence. The Greek tragedians, it is supposed, rightly or wrongly, were supreme in this difficult art. The definition assumes of course that nothing abnormal, nothing extraneous, is to be introduced, and so does not cover what may be called the "grotesque" in story-telling — Don Quixote, and Tristram Shandy, and Pantagruel, which are as discursive

No, that is not the humor I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion:
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion;
For it has no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend:
If all that say they dy, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.
Besides we need not love but if we please;
No destiny can force men's disposition,
And how can any die of that disease,
Whereof himself may be his own physician?
But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin,
To take some of those innocents that sit
In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in.
Yet some men, rather than incur the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove:
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.
Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice:
Now for to love too little or too much,
Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.
Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea I have dy'd for love as others do,
But, prais'd be God, it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And find no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherways will do,
His courage is as little as his wit."

as they are whimsical. But with this exception the definition may be accepted as tolerably comprehensive; and judged by this standard, Mrs. Oliphant is, upon the whole, a first-rate story-teller. Homer sometimes nods; and so does Mrs. Oliphant. "The Chronicles of Carlingford" mark in various keys the highest level she has reached; nowhere else has she given us such close and strenuous work; the picture of the reticent, high-strung, youthful Nonconformist divine, surrounded by the vulgar Tozers and Pigeons of the Dissenting sheepfold, is humorous as well as pathetic in the highest sense; but as stories they are by no means faultless. A not inconsiderable amount of irrelevant incident is introduced, which tends to spoil the simplicity of the interest. The sensational needle-woman, and all her connections, male and female, have no business in a quiet place like Carlingford. They belong distinctly to a quite different class of fable, and the entanglements, and complications they give rise to interrupt the orderly development of the relations between Vincent and his flock, and, as factors in the inevitable rupture, mar an otherwise almost perfect design.

It may be the system indeed — not Mrs. Oliphant — that is to blame. That a story cannot be told except in three octavo volumes is surely a monstrous and degrading superstition. Of this malignant fetish of the book trade Mrs. Oliphant (in common with many others) has been the victim. When the brains were out the man would die, and there an end; but the British novel-writer is denied this wholesome privilege. His work is done; his story is finished; but fifty pages of volume three remain to be written. How can he make bricks without straw? Is it surprising that the interest should flag? or that, knowing what a voyage is before him, he should economize his resources, and deal out the very smallest ration on which the crew can be kept going? It must be sorrowfully confessed that Mrs. Oliphant sometimes gets the least little bit weary of her sweetest heroines; and then perhaps she is apt to communicate a shade of her own weariness to the reader. But it is simply marvellous, all things considered, how seldom this happens, — on the contrary, from the first page to the last, what spirit! what animation! what *verve!*

While I cheerfully recognize that the imaginative force of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot is in certain respects inimitable, I am often inclined to maintain that

Mrs. Oliphant is the most remarkable woman of her time. Charlotte Brontë wrote three novels before she died; a long interval separated "Silas Marner" from "Middlemarch," and "Middlemarch" from "Daniel Deronda." Each of these great romance-writers concentrated all her faculties for months (I might say for years) upon a single work. Mrs. Oliphant has never had leisure for this absorbing devotion, this almost fierce concentration. Many a year she has written three or four novels at least, to say nothing of essay, history, and criticism — the mere trifles of an unfrequent holiday. Yet Tozer is not far below Mrs. Poyser, and pretty Rosa Elsworthy is just as naïvely natural and foolish as Hetty Sorrel. Had Mrs. Oliphant concentrated her powers, what might she not have done? We might have had another Charlotte Brontë or another George Eliot, with something added which neither of them quite attained, — the soft, gracious, and winning charm of mature and happy womanhood. And this leads me to say that the pitiless and searching anatomy of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" — of Hetty in the one, and Tito in the other — is not so much beyond Mrs. Oliphant's power, as outside her inclination. We feel that she might try it — not without fair hope of success; but that she does not care to try it. I hesitate to affirm that this modest restraint — the womanly reticence and delicacy which refuses to probe the festering sores of humanity — is, even from the exclusively artistic point of view, an error to be condemned, though in the serene impartiality of a Goethe or a Shakespeare, there is, I suppose, something of the moral insensibility of the great surgeon who does not shrink from vivisection. The artist, however, who seeks his subjects in the pest-house and the prison incurs serious risk, — the imaginative realism of a Balzac or a Hugo being apt to degenerate into the brutal indecorum of a Zola. There is, no doubt, as wide a gulf between the anatomy of "Adam Bede" and the anatomy of that dismal "Comedy of Human Life," as there is between Balzac and Zola; still they are on the same plane, and are capable of being pushed to the same conclusions by a vile and vulgar imagination. Mrs. Oliphant never incurs this risk; she keeps resolutely aloof from the criminal classes — detected or undetected. From the earliest to the latest, from "Katie Stewart" to "The Ladies Lindores," her books smack of the bracing and whole-

some air which blows across the heather and the sea.

The sustained and serious interest of "The Chronicles of Carlingford" entitles them to a foremost place in the long catalogue of Mrs. Oliphant's writings; but considered simply as the story-teller, she is at her best, I think, in her shorter tales,—in "Katie Stewart," "A Rose in June," "The Beleaguered City," "The Curate in Charge." The readers of *Maga* are familiar with more than one of her weird and gruesome excursions into that unseen world which is so remote and yet so real. The conditions of the spiritual life have been apprehended by Mrs. Oliphant with really startling vividness; and the pathetic loneliness of the unclothed soul—separated by an invisible but impregnable barrier from all that it loves—has seldom been more sympathetically portrayed.* "The Curate in Charge" is one of the simplest but most perfect of these shorter pieces. There is only the slightest scrap of narrative; but how fresh, how tender, how true to nature it is—a village idyl, in which the simple English life and the simple English landscape are touched with a softly pathetic light. It is a distinct conception—absolutely graceful because absolutely simple—like a soap-bubble or a Greek play or a Raphael. There is nothing by the way or out of the way; nothing that does not lend itself to the progressive development of the history. If life could record itself as on a photographer's glass, we know

* Except perhaps in some of the old ballads, which in this, as in other respects, are not easily distanced.

"And sad and silent was the night
That was between thir twae,"

is an exquisite touch; so also for what I have called its "pathetic loneliness" is that wild and eerie but strangely homely dirge:—

"This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle light,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou away from hence are passt,
Every night and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christe receive thy saule."

But Sir Walter, here as elsewhere, and in spite of Mr. Matthew Arnold, is very great:—

"Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away; . . .
Fear not snowdrift driving fast,
Sleet or hail or levin blast; . . .
Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast and time draws on—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking."

that this is the record which it would leave; there is the unambitious exactness, the homely sincerity, the inevitableness. And yet there is something more, there is the imagination which realizes the immense pathos of human life,—of life, that is to say, into which no special adventure or misadventure enters, but which simply as *life* is so fundamentally sad, so intrinsically a tragedy. *For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*

So much for Mrs. Oliphant as the novelist. But much remains to be said; for the versatility of her intellect is as remarkable as its fertility. She is not a story-teller only,—she is a critic, a biographer, a historian.* "The Makers of Florence," the "Life of Edward Irving," her "Cervantes," her "Molière," her "Dante," are brilliant contributions to literary and artistic criticism. Her sound and admirable common sense is seldom at fault; and in her animated narrative the forgotten writers of past times become real and credible to us again. Her latest and most elaborate work in this department—"The Literary History of England from 1790 to 1825"—is also in some respects her best. It is more complete, more thorough, consistent, and sustained; and by it, I fancy, she would wish to be judged.

The revival of the literary, or at least of the poetical spirit, which took place

* In the list which follows, most of Mrs. Oliphant's reprinted works will be found; but of those which have not been separately printed (the critical essays contributed to *Maga* alone would fill many volumes) not even an approximate estimate can be given.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S WORKS.

Adam Graeme—Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays—Harry Muir: A Story of Scottish Life—The House on the Moor—Katie Stewart—Mrs. Margaret Maitland—Lilliesleaf—Conclusion of do.—Magdalen Hepburn—Merklend—Caleb Field—The Orphans—The Quiet Heart—Sundays—The Athelings—Zaidee—Agnes—The Brownlows—Salem Chapel—Miss Marjoribanks—The Rector, and the Doctor's Family—The Perpetual Curate—John—Madonna Mary—The Minister's Wife—A Son of the Soil—Squire Arden—Three Brothers—Carita—Lucy Crofton—The Primrose Path—Young Musgrave—Mrs. Arthur—Phoebe Junior—The Curate in Charge—Days of my Life—Heart and Cross—Whiteladies—A Rose in June—For Love and Life—The Last of the Mortimers—May—Ombrá—The Story of Valentine; and his Brother—Innocent—At his Gates—The Greatest Heiress in England—Within the Precincts—He that Will not when he May—A Beleaguered City—"The Graphic," Christmas Number, 1880—Life of Edward Irving—Francis of Assisi—Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.—Dante, Molière, and Cervantes (3 vols. of the Series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers")—The Makers of Florence—Dress (Art at Home Series)—Montilembert's Memoir—Laird of Norlaw—Harry Joscelyn—Literary History of England, 1790—1825.

towards the close of last century, has been much discussed of late. This revival is the real theme of Mrs. Oliphant's new work; and while I agree with many of her conclusions, there are others to which I should feel inclined to indicate a more or less decided dissent. Let me say at once, however, that there are certain points on which disagreement is impossible. The dainty little cabinet pictures — that of "The Swan of Lichfield," being perhaps the choicest — which she has given us of the literary coteries of the eighteenth century, are handled with the most perfect grace and delicate effect. Her narrative of the lives of the great men to whom the larger share of her canvas is devoted, as distinct from her criticism of their writings, is extremely vivid: as *biography*, in fact, nothing could be better than her Burns, her Cowper, her Wordsworth, her Coleridge, her Byron, her Scott. We feel that here at least the genius of the creative artist has been at work. Whether exactly accurate or not, she has formed in each case a vital conception of the character and surroundings of the man, and she brings him before us in his habit as he lived. The book is admirably arranged. Mrs. Oliphant disposes her forces like a skilful general, and groups them with the eye of an artist. And when we remember that among a host of smaller men she has to introduce us to Burns, Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Cowper, Crabbe, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Keats, Landor, Moore, Scott, Shelley, Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth (all the letters of the alphabet, in fact), it will be obvious at once how much this "genius for order" conduces to the comfort of the reader. It may be added that her criticism of Wordsworth and Coleridge among poets, and of Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier among prose writers, leaves little to be desired, — is adequate as well as appreciative. I do not know where we can find anything better in its way than her rapid and brilliant sketch of the great Lake poets: —

Such were the two young poets who, after all preludes and symphonies were completed, opened a new and noble chapter, a great era, of poetry in England. Wordsworth brought to the sweet, and fair, and real English landscape, rediscovered with all its genial breezes and wholesome freshness by Cowper, his own deeply reasoning spirit, full of lofty perception of the mysteries, and sorrows, and doubts of nature, and a high sympathetic philosophical faculty for the solution of these doubts and mysteries. Instead of the stale moralities and

reflections of which the world had grown so weary, he brought back to human nature that high vindication of the ways of God to man which Milton and his angels had held in Eden, and taking — what mattered the outside? — a poet or a peasant indifferently, expounded the agency of human sorrows in the economy of life, and put forth his hand to grasp "the far-off interest of tears." Coleridge, on the other hand, opened up all that mystic world of suggestion in which the human spirit lives conscious but bewildered, "the world not realized," the wonderful unknown to which no soul is a stranger, which no man has ever interpreted, but which, breathing mysteriously upon us in tremors of the blood and thrills of spiritual curiosity, attracts more or less every conscious soul. The mystic wanderer who has lived among the dead, and carries about the world the burden of his strange punishment: the undisclosed secret of that darkness out of which the lady who is "beautiful exceedingly," the "angel beautiful and bright," who is nevertheless a fiend, glides suddenly when the victim thinks no evil: and all the powers of the heights and the depths thus came back upon the world which had forgotten any spiritual creatures more entrancing or mysterious than the Nymphs and Muses, and those little vulgar spirits that managed Belinda's petticoat. New voices were yet to rise, and new lights to appear, in the firmament before the epoch was accomplished, but it had come to its full and splendid beginning, with all its paths made straight and all its foundations laid, when Wordsworth and Coleridge published the "Lyrical Ballads," and came forth from their solitudes upon the world.

There are one or two points, however, on which I am rather inclined to try conclusions with Mrs. Oliphant, — her disparaging estimate of the eighteenth century, for instance, as well as the precise significance of that renewal of the poetical spirit, the earliest manifestations of which it is thought are to be found in the poetry of Cowper and Burns. What in short are the characteristics of the modern Renaissance? Was it a verbal reform only? or did it indicate a new and better life?

It seems to me that the poor eighteenth century has been rather unfairly treated of late — not by Mrs. Oliphant alone. It has been said that its poetical style and methods were stilted and artificial; and it is condemned accordingly. No ridicule can be too keen for a generation which went into raptures over Pope's balanced couplets. But if we regard it as an age in which the rational as opposed to the romantic temper was skilfully and sedulously cultivated, it seems to me that a good deal may be said for the defence. The English literature of the eighteenth

century reached its highest level in its *prose*. Hardly before the reign of good Queen Anne, had Englishmen obtained a perfect mastery of their mother tongue. Of course there were great prose-writers before her time — the prose of Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne is luminous and splendid — but in the mere elementary matter of constructing sentences they are often (if not as a rule) cumbrous and involved. They want ease, simplicity, and directness. Now the prose of Swift, of Addison, and of Goldsmith, is eminently easy, simple, and direct; and I do not think that we can be said to have made any appreciable advance, in these respects at least, since they wrote. The tracts which Mr. Gladstone discharged at Lord Beaconsfield are not to be compared for finished invective with those which Lord Bolingbroke directed against Walpole. But what of its poetry? The finest poetry of Pope, it may be admitted at once, is just the finest talk of the day, done into epigrammatic invective and epigrammatic eulogium. It is the didactic and rationalistic spirit of the time presented to us in a new form — the metrical. I cannot think, however, that poems which, though utterly destitute it may be of the true lyrical movement, yet represent in a not ignoble fashion, but on the contrary with the brilliant distinction of brilliant and potent pens, the great movement of a great age — its soldiers and its statesmen, its philosophy, its politics, and its social life — are unworthy of our admiration. On the other hand, let it be frankly recognized that the substance of this poetry is prose, and that it seldom or never ascends into the pure heaven or the imagination. That the political style of Wordsworth is more natural and unaffected than the poetical style of Pope, may be admitted even by those who doubt whether it is as natural and unaffected as (let us say) the prose of Swift and Goldsmith. So that the change which Cowper and Burns and Wordsworth effected, by substituting a more direct simplicity of speech for the French polish of their predecessors, does not go very deep — if that were all. But the change of style was only a *symptom*, — a symptom of a change of spirit. The romantic idealism which Puritanism and the Whig Revolution had crushed into country parsonages and Border peels was once more to make itself felt — not in Border ballads only. The nation which had been feeding itself for fifty, or sixty, or seventy years upon the arid husks

of Whig constitutionalism, was suddenly roused by the first Pitt into the conception of a warmer and more ideal patriotism. It has been said that Lord Chatham was almost the only man of his time who read "The Faerie Queene;" and it would not perhaps be over-fanciful to maintain, that to him and to what he did the renewal of our poetical life can be not remotely ascribed. But the genius of modern poetry, "sole sitting by the shores of old Romance," did not draw her inspiration exclusively or even mainly from the past. She was taken possession of by a fiercer spirit, which gave fire to her imagination and intensity to her music. She represents the modern democracy as well as the mediæval minstrelsy. This child of the Revolution, who might have preached a Crusade, belongs to neither age, or rather to both. She has the mystical aspirations of the one and the passionate directness of the other. What would the contemporaries of Pope have thought of such a verse as this? —

This song was made to be sung at night,
And he who reads it in broad daylight
Will never read its mystery right,
And yet — it is childlike easy.

Of all that is here implied they knew nothing, — they were absolutely ignorant of those dim and obscure pathways of the spiritual life on which the light of common day does not shine. Yet without its mystery and its gloom, without its ideality and its romance, modern poetry would cease to be characteristic. But then a revolutionary gospel, such as democracy is, insists upon a solemn and almost monumental simplicity of feeling and directness of expression. A rotten dynasty of kings and poets might be permitted to invoke the Loves and the Graces and the Muses; but those who proclaimed that human nature was always and everywhere the same, and who saw in the meanest hind a man and a brother, had no patience for laborious trifling. The tragedy of life could play itself out in a hovel as in a palace; and the characters in which it was recorded should be such as all could read. From these contrasted but interwoven influences none of the new poets escaped. The romantic force might be stronger in one, the revolutionary in another; but Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, as well as Byron, Shelley, and Keats obeyed, consciously or unconsciously, and each in his own fashion, the inevitable impulse.

They are all great names to us still,

however the tide of fame may ebb or flow hereafter. Mrs. Oliphant has said many true and admirable things about each of them; but it strikes me that she is less than just to Scott and Keats. The greatness of Scott as a novelist, indeed, she abundantly recognizes and as against the ungracious and ungenerous carping of Carlyle she defends her mighty countryman in a passage of genuine and unanswerable eloquence. But she has allowed Mr. Matthew Arnold to persuade her that Scott was "no poet," and she assures us quite gravely that Wordsworth's poem, entitled "Anecdote for Fathers" (in which the sententious parent, after putting the question a dozen times, ultimately worries his unfortunate boy into admitting that he prefers Kilve to Liswyn —

At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that's the reason why)

is, compared with "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a miracle of poetic insight. Mrs. Oliphant is good enough to admit that there are "unenlightened readers who are entirely puzzled by its seeming simplicity;" and I frankly confess for my own part that I could never exactly make out what all the pother was about. Whether the lad had a grudge against the weathercock, or whether he simply fell back upon the weathercock as the most obvious mode of escape from the importunities of his didactic relative, I have not yet satisfactorily determined, — though it does occasionally occur to me that in its "grand abstruseness" it may possibly belong to Lord Dundreary's well-known category of "things no fellow can understand." "How different was Scott!" Mrs. Oliphant goes on; "he has his perceptions too, but they throw no shadow of over-profound thought upon the sunshiny tale." So much the better, say I; especially as it was this same Scott, with his not over-profound perceptions, who wrote "Proud Maisie is in the Wood" — to say nothing of a score of others, where the "wild-wood music" is just as rare.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye!"

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady."

In a later volume Mrs. Oliphant renews her complaint. Scott became as rapidly popular as Byron; but whereas Byron's is complete and lasting, "Scott's can hardly be called a *genuine* poetical fame."* "Don Juan" is, I admit, the most plastic, brilliant, and vigorous "criticism of life" in our language, and Sir Walter certainly could not have written "Don Juan." In that tremendous outbreak of the cruelly wounded spirit we have, unfortunately, Byron at his best, and I cannot at all agree with Mrs. Oliphant when she says that "according to all the laws of growth and development Juan should have come first and Childe Harold later."† Compared with the mature art and the bitterly incisive insight of Don Juan, Childe Harold is absolutely boyish; and so also are the Giaours, and the Laras, and the Corsairs, and the Parasinas who took the world by storm. If Mrs. Oliphant means to maintain that this sickly and monotonous refrain upon a single string is superior in any way to "Marmion," and "The Lord of the Isles," and "The Lady of the Lake" (with their bright and varied life and their high and martial music — as of the sound of a trumpet) all I can say is that I do not agree with her. Byron like Shelley was one of the distinctly revolutionary forces of the age — a mighty elemental force; and after a period of neglect we are again beginning to admit that he is also one of our greatest singers; but in the placid strength and garrulous simplicity of Sir Walter there is something of the Homeric calm to which Byron, restlessly and recklessly egotistical, never attained.

Nor do I think that Mrs. Oliphant has formed any quite adequate conception of the immense greatness of Keats. That this apothecary's apprentice should have given us, before he was well out of his teens, some of the most absolutely faultless poems in the language — faultless as a shell or a crystal — does not seem to strike her as very wonderful. It is hardly too much to say that not one immature line came from his pen; that his lyrical perfection of style and form has never been excelled; that the unfinished "Hyperion" moves on in nobly sustained majestic march, until the pen is dropped

* Vol. iii., p. 25.

† Vol. iii., p. 92.

with an unavailing sigh, and the poet disappears into darkness like his own dejected king of day:—

Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

Of those extraordinarily mature and finished poems Mrs. Oliphant remarks that they are "more preludes and overtures in poetry than anything else;" and that their author is specifically "the favorite of *young* readers." Take any stanzas of the "Ode to a Nightingale," and the inadequacy of such an estimate will be apparent at once.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

That is not the sort of poetry popular with "young people" only; that is not "more a prelude or overture than anything else;" that is performance of a kind which the most skilful and consummate art in the old world or the new has never very much surpassed.*

Mrs. Oliphant is of opinion that Shelley's work is more mature than Keats's, and many critics (especially at the present moment when Shelley is being raised to a higher pedestal, and a copy of the original edition of "Adonais" brings fifty guineas) will be ready to agree with her. In one sense the observation is just enough. Shelley, I fancy, had written his best before he died. His nature was passionate, not contemplative; and such poetry as he was capable of ripens early. But there were still vast possibilities for Keats. Had Keats been permitted to live on, it is almost certain that he would have gained steadier constructive force, and a mellow and more meditative insight.

* Since the text was written, I find Mr. Palgrave says finally in a note to "The Golden Treasury,"—"If the fulfilment may ever safely be prophesied from the promise, England appears to have lost in Keats one whose gifts in poetry have rarely been surpassed. Shakespeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London Surgery, passed at once to a place with them of 'high collateral glory.'"

"Hyperion," the last and greatest of the "astonishing remnants of his mind," is the best proof that his poetical powers were still growing. Though each is perfect in its way, there is an immense distance between his earlier and his later work—the famous color picture in "The Eve of St. Agnes," for instance, being to my mind mere surface work when compared with the pure intellectual majesty of "Hyperion." Shelley, on the other hand, however long he had lived, would have changed little. He was too fervid, too eager, too oratorical, too passionate, too unstable to learn how to utilize his gifts. Whether his poetry might have gained greater definiteness and a more distinctly human interest,—whether he could by-and-by have descended from the too rare air which he habitually breathed to the common earth and the common people—is also open to grave doubt; for the vagueness and obscurity of this "beautiful but ineffectual angel" were constitutional, and he would probably have gone on to the end "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," as Mr. Arnold has said with equal truth and beauty.

There is, however, hardly one of the writers I have named, about whom Mrs. Oliphant does not say something that is worth remembering, and calculated to throw a new light upon the character she is discussing. Take any one of these, and consider how good it is.

This on Cowper:—

His fits of insanity give a tragic piteousness to the story, and the extreme misery involved takes all power of judgment and wish to exercise it from the sympathetic spectator; but still the fact remains that Cowper had trained himself to incapacity, as other men do to work. . . . Individual character is far more involved in intellectual aberration than most people are disposed to admit, and it is our conviction that self-will and self-love will almost invariably be found at the bottom of such failures of the brain. . . . What we should have looked for would have been some profound and morbid study of a despairing soul; some terrible pictures like those of Job; some confusion of gloomy skies, and storms, and convulsions of nature. That anatomy of the heart which he gives us in his various narratives of his own feelings—that minute dissection of quivering nerve and tissue—would have been what we should have looked for in his poetry. But lo, when the moment came, and the prophet was softly persuaded and guided into the delivery of his burden, it was no such wild exposition of the terrors and pangs of the soul that came to his lips. These heavy vapours melted and dispersed from the

infinite sweet blueness of the heavens: he forgot himself as if he had never been — and forgot all those miseries of the imagination, those bitter pangs and sorrows, the despair and darkness through which he had stumbled blindly for years. A soft and genial freedom entered into his soul, involuntary smiles came to him, light to his eyes, and to his steps such wandering, careless grace, such devious, gentle ways, as no one had dreamed of.

Or this on Scott: —

He loved the feudal rule, the supremacy of the gentleman, the superiority of race. He was an Edinburgh advocate, a member of a conventional society, very racy and strong, but eminently individual, and with the most marked character and limits. What was it then that made him conceive in homeliest simplicity such a being as that of Jeanie Deans, and set her above all the prettinesses of sentiment, by the side, as we have said, of the Unas and Mirandas? . . . What would any commoner soul have made of it? Victor Hugo's Sister Simplice, — she who was the impersonation of truth, — lied when the moment of trial came, to save the fugitive, and was blessed and applauded for the deed. But noble Jeanie, in her Scotch severity, and purity, and infinite tenderness, was incapable of this. She could have died easily, but to lie she could not. What we should have said of her if she had not been capable of doing more, — if she had not had the fortitude and the spirit to break through all her habits and modest fears, and win by fair means what she could not attain by foul, — it is difficult to say. Should we have forgiven Jeanie if Effie had died? But, anyhow, the best that art has made of such a situation in other hands is downfall: the impersonation of virtue has always abandoned her austere career. As soon as the claims of generosity, of mercy, came in, Truth herself has stained her white garments, and the lie has been justified by being called heroic. Only to Scott — who, thus stabbed in the house of his friends, has been accused of having no noble object, no thought of anything but money in his productions, — only to Scott was the higher grace revealed.

Or this on Blake's poetry: —

The "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" were both the productions of his youth, most artless, sometimes most sweet — striking accidental melodies out of the simplest words, out of an idea half suggested, a sentiment of the ineffable sort, such as an infant, new out of the unseen, might give utterance to, could it give utterance at all. The reader is struck silent by the surprise of the little verse, a sort of babble, yet divine, which is beyond all dogmas of criticism or art, and yet touches the soul with a momentary soft contact as of angels' wings: nay, it is a silly angel, one might suppose a spoiled child of heaven, petted for its tender foolishness, as sometimes a child is on earth, but yet in its

way celestial. The little snatches of verses should be sung by children in fair spring landscapes, among the new-born lambs, or under the blossoming trees, but to criticise them as literary productions is impossible; it would be a kind of offence to simplicity and innocence. Sometimes, indeed, there strikes in suddenly a stronger note, as, when after all that ethereal babble of lambs, and flowers, and little children, the dreamer, in his bewildered Arcadia, suddenly dreams of a Tiger — and running off in his wonder into a few wild, glowing stanzas, asks suddenly, *Did He who made the lamb make thee?*

All this is admirable criticism as well as sound sense and true feeling; and if the magnificent young lions of the London press who bestow their lofty patronage on Mrs. Oliphant — assuring her with charming candor that her work is really very fair *for a woman* — will send you anything half as good, there is just a chance that it won't be pitched into the Balaam-box, — where, I take it, their modest contributions have hitherto gone.

The revival of the romantic and democratic spirit which I have tried to describe was happily not allowed to make much way before it encountered keen and even truculent criticism. The enthusiasm of a religious is not more certain to lead to excess than the enthusiasm of a poetical revival. Francis Jeffrey, who was the literary autocrat of his time, has of late received scant courtesy, and considerably less than justice. The deft little man is assured by our æsthetic youth that he was entirely mistaken about most things. He might possibly have passed muster during the eighteenth century; but he was decidedly out of place in a great age of English poetry. I am rather inclined to hold that it was fortunate both for himself and for the poetical fry, small and great, that he lived when he did. The new gospel had a vein of extravagance in it, — to say nothing of its fantastic humors, its self-sufficiency, its petulance, its pomposity. The wicked little sprite of the *Edinburgh* treated the big, serious creatures, whose gambols were certainly more elephantine than feline — recalling Caliban rather than Ariel — with a good deal of mocking irreverence. This is sacrilege! was the cry of their devotees; but upon the whole it did them good. In letters as in politics there are fortunately always two parties among us, — her Majesty's Opposition as well as her Majesty's Ministers; and the Devil's advocate is a useful functionary elsewhere than at Rome. If the world had gone stark mad about Peter Bell and the Idiot Boy, it

might possibly have failed to appreciate even to-day the sweet and serious music of the greater lyrics. The revolution of course was inevitable; Jeffrey could as little stay it with his sharp pen as Mrs. Partington the Atlantic with her mop; but shrewd, incisive criticism like his steadies the mind, rebukes excess, prevents revolt from rising into a reign of terror, and culminating in a Danton or a Robespierre.

So much Maga will generously allow me to say on behalf of her old enemy; but it would be ungrateful to forget that the sympathetic criticism of his great rival, John Wilson, was upon the whole more permanently and steadily effective. Many harsh and even savage things were said by him as by others. There used to be an amicable controversy whether *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* had killed John Keats; but Wilson loved Wordsworth and the cause that Wordsworth represented, and stood stoutly by him till victory was sure. His passionate advocacy was latterly irresistible; and it deserved to succeed as it did, — for though vehement, it was not irrational, and in his eager and at times tumultuous ardor, there is the keenness of the critic as well as the insight of the poet.

Here I might say good-bye to Mrs. Oliphant, were it not that there is one other incidental matter which she discusses when discoursing of the founders of Maga* and the *Edinburgh*, on which, before the post closes, I would like to add a last word, — the merit or demerit of *anonymity* in periodical writing. Mrs. Oliphant remarks: —

The principle lingers still in some regions, and specially in the only great literary organ which still has its headquarters in Edinburgh. In our own days a different canon has begun

* The sterling sense and shrewdness of the large-hearted and long-headed Scotsman who started "Maga" are, I am glad to observe, cordially recognized by Mrs. Oliphant: —

"But it is curious beyond measure to see the wary and keen man of business, the astute publisher-editor behind these riotous spirits, holding them in an invisible leash, yet, with bold calculation, allowing them to go to the very verge of the impossible, to endanger his purse and risk his venture, just shaving the hem and thin edge between ruin and victory. Had this license gone a hair's-breadth farther *Blackwood's Magazine* would probably have been a six months' wonder, and ended in a crowd of prosecutions for libel, or perhaps in horsewhippings and duels, which were the wilder fashions of the day. But by some instinct which is incommunicable, and as capricious as genius itself, the daring but unseemly guide divined the limit. He was aware that

'Desperate valor oft made good
Even by its daring venture rude,
Where prudence might have failed.'

to be supreme; but we cannot help reverting with approval to the earlier idea. It is true that in the chief circles of literature there is never any great uncertainty as to whose is the hand that administers chastisement, but we believe that criticism is always most free, both for praise or blame, when it is anonymous, and that the verdict of an important publication, whether it be review as in those days, or newspaper as in our own, is more telling, as well as more dignified, than that of an individual, whose opinion, in nine cases out of ten, becomes of inferior importance to us the moment we are acquainted with his name.

This is fairly well put; but it seems to me that one paramount consideration, which entirely justifies the practice, has been hitherto overlooked. The function of criticism is to promote and consolidate a sound public judgment on art, letters, and politics; and the critic who has any other aim must be essentially frivolous. So that the question really resolves itself into this, — In what form is criticism, as an educational force, most effective? Is it well that no restraint should be placed upon the license of individual opinion? Or is it better that the individual should become, so to speak, a member of a venerable corporation, which refuses to give expression to personal lawlessness and caprice, and subordinates the fugitive likes and dislikes of its members to a common tradition? The French Academy, it is maintained by some, has secured a standard of taste for France. That may or may not be; but our experience in this country certainly seems to me to show that when the principle of anonymity is dispensed with, criticism is apt to lose its continuity as a consistent expression of political or literary faith, and to become arbitrary and personal. The community of judgment and feeling which long and close association produces is in itself a good thing. Upon the whole we may expect a sounder verdict from men who have voluntarily submitted themselves to the discipline and self-restraint, in opinion as in conduct, which such association implies, than from a scratch crew of "outsiders" casually brought together. It may be argued that a writer who does not say exactly what he means is a dishonest writer, and that anonymity is thus a cloak for dishonesty. But we know that this is not true, — a writer naturally gravitating to the camp in which he finds the companions with whom he has most in common, and discovering sooner or later that "the weight of too much liberty" is a heavy and unfruitful burden of which it is well to be relieved.

This of course is only one side of a question which will require by-and-by to be maturely reconsidered. But even the advocates of the experiment appear to be losing heart. Throughout Mr. Morley's valedictory address the other day there was a note of discouragement. The sanguine hopes had not been realized — the grand reform had more or less failed. Mr. Morley could not of course speak out his mind with perfect frankness; but Maga can do so with a clear conscience. And, if I am not mistaken, her verdict will be, that from every point of view the practice is demoralizing. It demoralizes the editor — it demoralizes the staff. The quality of the supply must become a quite subordinate consideration with an editor who is mainly occupied in hunting up social or political celebrities. Angling for an archbishop or running into a duke is not a very dignified occupation; yet in the circumstances in which he is placed, he can hardly be blamed if he prefer an article signed by a duke or an archbishop to an article signed by Jones or Smith. Jones and Smith, as it happens, are practised literary artists; but it is big *names* that are needed; and so the really capable craftsmen are thrust aside. Nor need he be restrained by any oppressive sense of responsibility; for the responsibility — the main if not the sole responsibility — confessedly rests with the writer, who comes forward in his own proper person to make his bow to the public. The editor of such a publication, indeed, virtually abdicates the functions of an editor, and becomes little better than the itinerant showman who stands at the door of his caravan of dwarfs and giants and two-headed babies to take the money. And if the system is injurious to honest and hard-working craftsmen who have already earned a modest reputation in the inner circle of literature, how must it operate in the case of the beginner, who has still his reputation to establish? Until a man has obtained some sort of distinction, it is in vain for him to apply at a shop where the only certificate of fitness is notoriety; and it is no exaggeration to say that, under such a system, three-fourths of the men who have made Maga famous, and themselves famous through Maga, would never have had a chance.

The Romantic school still maintains its ascendancy; but how long it may do so, who can tell? The younger men have really more in common with Pope than

with Wordsworth. Belinda is resuming her airy empire, and honest Peter Bell is dismissed, if not with derision, yet with a pretty distinct intimation that he had better try his hand at honest work. The rising generation is falling away from the prophets; we are gently and daintily (for of course anything like violence is bad form) putting Carlyle and Ruskin aside. An age of epigram and table talk, of little comedies and ballades in blue China, is before us. The modish Cupid of the day will shrill his tinsel shaft, and the rustle of Belinda's brocaded petticoat sound sweeter in courtly ears than song of thrush or skylark.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is dead. There is no need for me either to write his life or to criticise his writings. That has been done plentifully already by others. But, as it happened, it was my lot to see very nearly the last of him before the seizure which took him from us, and I feel a kind of call to put on record a few remembrances of him during the present and last years. He was not an old friend of mine, though but for the chances of an examination, he easily might have been. He was eight years older than I; so it must have been about the year 1833 that he stood for a scholarship at Trinity. He was not elected, and Mr. Arthur Kensington, who was tutor in my earliest days, was. Mr. Kensington, if he be still alive, is lost to the world. But he was a fine scholar and a man whom everybody was fond of. Still I think we should have been well pleased to reckon either the creator of Barchester or the champion of Cicero among the scholars and fellows of Sir Thomas Pope.

This little fact in his early life was told me by Mr. Trollope last year. It was then that I made his personal acquaintance at Rome. I saw him there for the first time on March 29th, 1881. I had long wished to see him. Some may remember that, about a dozen years before that time, I had a controversy with him on the question of the "Morality of Field Sports." Mr. Trollope answered an article of mine which appeared under that heading in the *Fortnightly Review*. I cannot say that Mr. Trollope's article at all converted me to an approval of his favorite amusement; but it gave me the

very best personal impression of at least one of its votaries. I need not say that before that I was familiar with a good many of Mr. Trollope's novels, especially the imitable "Warden" and "Barchester Towers." Those tales always spoke specially home to one whose life has somehow been cast a good deal among bishops, deans, and canons, though I must very positively add that it has never been my lot to come across Mrs. Proudie in real life. But I never saw Mr. Trollope himself till that day at Rome. There I met him, and one who was by described the meeting, "They took to one another in a moment." I certainly took to Mr. Trollope, and I have every reason to think that Mr. Trollope took to me. He told me afterwards that before that time he had hated me for two reasons. One was that in the controversy about field sports I had, with special reference to the last moments of the fox, asked the question which Cicero asks about the *venationes* of his time: "Quæ potest homini politico esse delectatio?" I was a little proud of this ground of hatred, as I took it for a sign that I might fairly cry "Habet." The other ground I thought was less reasonable. When one of the last meetings on south-Eastern affairs was held, as late as 1878, while I was away at Palermo, I was asked, as I could not be there, to write something, and what I wrote was read at the meeting. Mr. Trollope hated me because time was spent in reading my letter, which would have been better spent in hearing a living speech — perhaps from Mr. Trollope. I have no doubt that Mr. Trollope was quite right in so thinking; but he should surely have hated those who asked me to write, not me who simply did what I was asked. But these, I fancy, were feelings of a past time. As I certainly never hated Mr. Trollope at any time, neither do I think that Mr. Trollope hated me after that pleasant March 29th.

Rome, Palermo, Ragusa, and Trieste, are all of them, in my experience, good places either for ferreting out old friends or for making new ones. Mr. Trollope is not the only one of a group whom I saw something of last year at Rome who is now lost to us. Another was Mr. Richard H. Dana, who was then busy in his studies of international law. A third was a less known man, but one who deserved to be better known, Mr. C. E. Giles, the architect. I well remember going round the walls of Rome with him and tracing out the extent of the repairs of Belisarius.

He was to have come again from Florence, and to have gone minutely into the whole thing. But it was ordered otherwise. With Mr. Trollope I did not go much about in Rome, but I went with him to the most fitting of all places to go with him, to the hill where once stood the white streets of Tusculum. On the whole, my head was most full of Octavius Mamilius and his of Marcus Tullius Cicero; still we found much kindred matter to think of and talk of. We climbed the *arx* together, and from that Ebal we cursed a common enemy who shall be nameless. And may I tell both Mr. J. C. Morison and his critic in the *Spectator* that, on the slope of that *arx*, hard by the tomb of some prætor or dictator of old Tusculum, I repeated, and Mr. Trollope was well pleased to listen to, the soul-stirring lines which begin, —

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled.

I have indeed lately found myself the subject of a very odd dispute, though certainly in the very best company, with Grote, Mommsen, and Ranke. I blush to reckon myself as one of such a quaternion; but one disputant argues that it would have been a "degradation" to any of us four to have written Macaulay's "Lays," while another answers that it would have been no "degradation" to any of us to have done it, but that we none of us could have done it if we had tried. This last, I fear, is perfectly true of me, whatever it may be of Mommsen or Ranke; but, however Mommsen or Ranke may feel, I at least should be well pleased if it were otherwise. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls Macaulay's "Lays" "pinchbeck," I suppose, because, like Homer, they can be understood, and do not need a society to sit and explain them. I fancy that neither Mr. Morison nor Mr. Arnold can know the delight of going from Thirty-city to Thirty-city — I coin my formula after the pattern of "a Six-Preacher" at Canterbury — of tracking out

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
Velitræ, with the might
Of Setia and of Tusculum,

with the living verse, the marvellously-chosen epithets, in one's mind and on one's lips — of looking forth from the Alban Mount to the spot

where the witches' fortress
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;

of standing by

The still glassy lake that sleeps
 Beneath Aricia's trees ;
 Those trees in whose dim shadow
 The ghastly priest doth reign,
 The priest that slew the slayer,
 And shall himself be slain.

It is something to have such lines ringing in one's ears, even in the attempt to ride from Cora to Norba on the back of an Old-Latin, or possibly a Volscian, ass. And certainly neither Mr. Trollope nor I felt any "degradation," nor did the word "pinchbeck" come into our heads, as from the *arx* of Tusculum we looked on one side to the field where once was Lake Regillus, and on the other to the "southern waters" over which "the sails of Carthage" brought the "purple vest" the "prince of the Latian name." As I said, my head ran most on Mamilius and Mr. Trollope's most on Cicero; but Mr. Trollope was quite willing to hear me talk about Mamilius, and I was more than willing to hear Mr. Trollope talk about Cicero. That was a subject on which he talked well and wisely, both on that day and at other times.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* said the other day of Mr. Trollope, that "it was honorable to his taste for literature that he should have maintained through one of the busiest lives of our generation his taste for the classics; but his books on Cæsar and Cicero are worthless." Now when one hears about "the classics," one knows at once what the argument is worth. When a man opposes "the classics" to something of our own day, say to a "busy life," one knows at once that his "classics" are something apart from the run of real human affairs, scraps perhaps from Horace and Virgil, according to the old "scholar and gentleman" doctrine. Now Mr. Trollope's interest in Roman history was something much higher than this. He took it as something which was a part of the real course of human affairs. I must speak with diffidence as to details; for, though I have talked a good deal with Mr. Trollope about such matters, I have not read his books on Cæsar and Cicero. To confess the truth, I mean to read them, but I have not yet got to them; if they had dealt with Gaius Licinius and Appius the Blind, I should doubtless have mastered them before now. But I can bear witness that two very eminent historical scholars, one English and one German, think quite differently of Mr. Trollope's Roman studies from the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. My English friend held that,

notwithstanding some slips in minute scholarship — which might have been avoided if Mr. Trollope had been elected at Trinity — he had the root of the matter in him, that he thoroughly understood the real life of his period and his characters. My German friend — whose remarks I showed to Mr. Trollope to his extreme delight — took the exactly opposite line to the *Pall Mall* writer; he held that it was just Mr. Trollope's own busy life which enabled him really to enter into the true life of Cicero and his contemporaries. This is indeed hitting the nail on the head; it was because Mr. Trollope had seen a good deal of men and things in England and Ireland and other parts of the world that he was able to understand men and things at Rome also. I know not how it may sound either at Balliol or at Berlin; but nothing is more certain than that Arnold and Grote, simply because they were active citizens of a free State, understood ten thousand things in Greek and Roman history which Mommsen and Curtius, with all their fresh lights in other ways, fail to understand. And, though I have not read Mr. Trollope's Roman books, I have talked enough with him on Roman matters to see that he had read not a little, and that he had made good use of his reading. I dare say he has made slips in detail, but he certainly understood the general state of the case. There was no fear of his thinking that, if a patrician noble married or was adopted into the house of a plebeian noble, he thereby went down into the gutter or mixed himself up with the *canaille*. Mr. Trollope had written stories enough to know that, in England also, there is nothing miraculous in a duke marrying the daughter of a baronet or esquire, or in a baronet or esquire marrying the daughter of a duke. For Cicero Mr. Trollope had a genuine enthusiasm; one might have thought that his life had been given to Cicero and nothing else. It was a subject on which he would harangue, and harangue very well. It was the moral side of Cicero's character, or at any rate of Cicero's writings, that most struck him. Here, he said, was a Christian before Christianity. And certainly that man would be no bad practical Christian who should live according to Cicero's standard of moral duty. I once ventured to whisper, with less knowledge of the subject certainly than Mr. Trollope's, that there was something not quite pretty about the divorce of Terentia and the second marriage with Publilia. But Mr. Trollope

did not forsake his friend at a pinch. Terentia had behaved badly about money matters during her husband's banishment, and to divorce her was quite the right thing.

Mr. Trollope paid me a visit the week before his seizure. I was delighted to have him with me for many reasons, not the least because I wanted to put him on in the geography of Barset and Barchester. I used to chuckle over the names, thinking how lucky the novelist was who had made his shire and his city fit so neatly, as if there really had been *Barsatan*, as well as *Dorsatan* and *Sumorsatan*. (So Macaulay's "Bussex rhine," — which I strongly suspect is simply the rhine of Mr. Busick, — always suggests an otherwise unrecorded tribe of Saxons, *Butsesaxe* or Boet-Saxons, most fitting indwellers for that marshy land.) It was perhaps fitting that, in the short time that Mr. Trollope was with me, the only people we had a chance of introducing him to were two bishops, of different branches of the vineyard. In company with one of them, Bishop Clifford of Clifton, I took him over part of the range of hills between Wells and Wedmore, that he might look out on the land of Barset, if Barset it was to be. It is a land that Mr. Trollope knew well in his post-office days; but he was well pleased to take a bird's-eye view of it again. He enjoyed our scenery; but he did not enjoy either our mud or our stiles, and it was pleasant to see the way in which the bishop, more active than I was, helped him over all difficulties. For then, and even at Rome, Mr. Trollope was clearly not in his full strength, though there was no sign that serious sickness was at all near. This was on October 25th; the next day he was shown Wells and Glastonbury in due order. He allowed Barset to be Somerset, though certainly Gatherum Castle has been brought to us from some other land. But he denied that Barchester was Wells. Barchester was Winchester, where he was at school, and the notion of Hiram's Hospital was taken from Saint Cross. But I argued with him that, if Barchester was not Wells, at any rate Wells, perhaps along with other places, had helped to supply ideas for Barchester. The constitution of the Church of Barchester, not exactly like either an old or a new foundation, and where the precentor has the singular duty of chanting the litany, seemed to imply that ideas from more than one place were mixed together. The little church over the gate could not

come from Wells; but it might come from Canterbury as well as from Winchester, or even from Langport within the bounds of Barset. And was it not "Barchester Towers"? and towers are a feature much more conspicuous at Wells than at Winchester. And if the general ideas of Hiram's Hospital came from Saint Cross, the particular notion of woolcombers must have come from Wells, where a foundation for woolcombers with a becoming inscription is still to be seen. But, no; Barset was Somerset, but Barchester was Winchester, not Wells. He had not even taken any idea from Wells; he had never heard of the Wells woolcombers. Still I cleave to the belief that Mr. Trollope, when he went to and fro in Somerset on behalf of her Majesty's post-office, had picked up some local ideas, and had forgotten where he found them.

We had also talk about other matters, among them, as was not unnatural, about Lord Palmerston. On that subject I could see that Mr. Trollope's Liberalism though very thorough, was more traditional and conventional than mine, and that we looked at things somewhat differently, if only because he was eight years older than I was. I could see that Mr. Trollope felt toward Lord Palmerston as a head of the Liberal party, while to me he was simply the long-abiding deceiver of the Liberal party. Mr. Trollope, I could see, measured things by the remembrances of an older time than I did. Mr. Trollope had much to say about English interests in Syria, about getting the better of Louis Philippe, and such like, which he clearly knew more about than I did. Only I had a vision that, in this case — perhaps not in this case only — English interests meant, when there was only a choice between two despots, putting down the less bad despot to set up the worse. But he seemed a little amazed when I told him that to me Lord Palmerston was simply the consistent enemy of freedom abroad and of reform at home, the abettor of Buonaparte and the Turk, the man who never failed to find some struggling people to bully and some overbearing despot to cringe to. If I was a little dim about Louis Philippe, Mr. Trollope seemed a little dim about those Greek, Rouman, and other south-Eastern questions, in which Mr. Gladstone already stood forth as the champion of good, while Lord Palmerston showed himself no less distinctly the champion of evil than Lord Beaconsfield did afterwards. It was a curious discussion; it was not

so much that Mr. Trollope and I differed about any fact, or in our estimate of any fact, as that each looked at the question from a side which to the other seemed to have very little meaning.

Mr. Trollope left me on October 27th. On November 2nd he dined at Mr. Macmillan's at Tooting, where I was staying. He talked as well and heartily as usual. We all knew, as I had known the week before, that he was not in strong health, and that he needed to take some care of himself. But there was nothing to put it into any one's head that the end was so near. The next day came his seizure, and from that day onwards the newspapers told his tale.

I said that I would not criticise Mr. Trollope's writings. But I will mention one way only in which they have always struck me. I will not do Mr. Trollope such an ill turn as to compare him with George Eliot, the greatest, I suppose, of all writers of fiction till she took to theories and Jews. It was a wonderful feat to draw Romola; it was a wonderful feat to draw Mrs. Poyser; but for the same hand to draw Romola and Mrs. Poyser was something more than wonderful; if the fact were not certain, one would deem it impossible. Now assuredly Mr. Trollope could not have drawn Romola, and I do not think that he could have drawn Mrs. Poyser. Yet the characters of George Eliot and the characters of Mr. Trollope have something in common, something which stands in contrast with the characters, for instance, of Dickens. Those of the latter that I know, seem, to me at least, to be forced and unnatural caricatures — if they belong at all to the *genus* man, it can only be to the species Cockney. I never came across such people, and I do not wish to come across them. But George Eliot's characters are true to the universal nature of man. We know that her English characters are real; we feel that her Florentine characters must be equally real. So, in a lower walk, it is with Mr. Trollope. If his characters have not the depth of George Eliot's, they have equal truth. We have seen people like a great many of them, and we feel that we easily might come across people like the others. Mr. Trollope had certainly gone far to write himself out; his later work is far from being so good as his earlier. But after all, his worst work is better than a great many people's best; and, considering the way in which it was done, it is wonderful that it was done at all. I myself know what

fixed hours of work are and their value; but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appius Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock, and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing. That work is now over; the intellectual wheel that has ground for us so much harmless pleasure has stopped. As Cato in his old age looked forward to seeing the fathers of Scipio and Lælius, so I trust it is not sinning against orthodox theology to hope that there may be some place in the economy of things where Tully may welcome the Anthony who has been his zealous champion.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE CLERGY OF THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY.

A LITTLE book has just been published by Mr. Murray, which affords us a very interesting glimpse into the manners and occupations of the country clergy during the eighteenth century. The popular conception of the Church and the clergy of that much-maligned epoch has not been materially impaired even by George Eliot's pleasant portraits of them. It is true that the Adamses and Trullibers are usually understood to have belonged to the earlier half of the century, before the Wesleyan revival had introduced a somewhat higher standard of clerical conduct, and when the very hatred of Methodism which prevailed among the rural aristocracy had caused the clergy of the Established Church to be treated with greater consideration. But still there is a prevailing idea that the country clergyman of the period was, generally speaking, a secular character, who farmed, hunted, and shot, and gave up to his horses, his pointers, and his pigs the greater part of the time which ought to have been devoted to his parish. Nor indeed is the tradition without its element of truth. Such probably was the life of the majority of the benefited rural clergy down nearly to the death of George IV. But they were far from being all alike: they were not all sportsmen and "good fellows." Miss Austen, who died in 1817, has drawn several cler-

gymen for our instruction, whose manners are confessedly taken from those whom she had known in her youth. Her own father was an excellent specimen of the class, a clerical country gentleman better educated and more refined than the smaller squires round about him, but otherwise very much the same. The mistake that has been made is in supposing that such men were necessarily bad clergymen. Sydney Smith libelled his own order by saying that when he was a young man, if you met a clergyman, the chances were that he was a bad one. We do not believe this, and within the last quarter of a century two writers of pre-eminent genius and exceptional claims upon our confidence have given us a very different description — we mean the authors already named, George Eliot, and Mr. J. A. Froude. The former had abundant opportunities in her youth of observing the lives and manners of the clergymen of the midland counties, among whom fifty years ago must have been many survivors of the eighteenth century; men who might have dined with Dr. Johnson at the rectory at Ashbourne, or have stared at the queer figure of Dr. Parr when he first made his appearance at Hatton. The originals of Mr. Gilfil, Mr. Irwine, and Mr. Crackenthorpe might all have been found within five-and-twenty miles of Griffe. Mr. Froude is the son of a Devonshire clergyman, and it is needless to say that his account of the clergy whom he remembers in his boyhood is implicitly to be trusted. They both bear witness to the influence then exercised by clergymen of the type we have described, and utterly deride the theory which the saying of Sydney Smith has done so much to countenance. It is impossible to read the description of Mr. Irwine in "Adam Bede" without seeing that the writer must have been deeply impressed with the practical efficiency of the clergyman who liked Sophocles and Æschylus better than Isaiah and Amos; who "felt no serious alarms about the souls of his parishioners," but who exercised "a more wholesome influence in his parish than the zealous Mr. Ryde, who came there twenty years afterwards when Mr. Irwine was gathered to his fathers." Language of a similar character may be found in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." And it is clear that from these highly finished portraits, which betray in every line the affection and sympathy of the artist, she means us to learn the same lesson which Mr. Froude teaches in his essays.

We have dwelt on these sketches of clergymen because we feel that in Mr. Twining, the Essex clergyman of a hundred years ago, whose journals and correspondence are contained in the volume we have mentioned, we have in some respects the very counterpart of the rector of Hayslope. He was born in London in 1735, the son of Mr. Daniel Twining, tea-dealer, and, having no turn for the business, was sent to the University of Cambridge when he was in his twenty-first year. He was a scholar and fellow of Sidney, and highly distinguished in the examination for the Chancellor's medal. In 1764 he married and settled down on the curacy of Fordham, near Colchester, to which was shortly afterwards added the small living of White Notley. Here he lived a pleasant, leisurely, literary life, reading the classics and belles-lettres, translating Aristotle's "Poetry," and corresponding with Dr. Burney on questions of literature, politics, and, above all, music, in which he was a great proficient. His parsonage house "was old and irregular, but sufficiently convenient, and his study — the room in which he spent the most part of his time — was extremely cheerful and pleasant, looking into a garden of sweets." Who cannot see both the man and his abode at once? The old, rambling house, all corners and chimneys, covered with moss and lichen, and shrouded among sycamores and horse-chestnuts, the long, low, wainscoted room with its well-filled bookshelves, its casement window, and a pear-tree most likely trained against the wall outside; for of course it had a southern aspect. And then the kitchen-garden and flower-garden all in one; the long grass paths between rows of gooseberries and currants and espaliers, the *copia narium* in the shape of roses, stocks, wallflowers, and sweet peas which filled up every vacant nook, and the old brick wall at the end, dividing it from the orchard, where the flycatcher and the redbreast built their nests from year to year in fearless familiarity and security. Who cannot see it all — and the curate in charge himself sauntering up and down the grass on a fine summer morning, his hands in the pockets of his black or drab "small clothes," his feet encased in broad-toed shoes, his white neckcloth voluminous and starchless, his low-crowned hat a little on one side of his powdered head, and his eye wandering about from tree to flower and from bird to bush, as he chews the cud of some puzzling construction in Pindar, or casts

and recasts some favorite passage in his translation of Aristotle. Men kept early hours in those days, and the curate's breakfast was usually finished by eight; after which he made a point, he tells us, of reading some Greek author "for about an hour." His time seems to have been divided between reading Greek and Latin and English and French literature, playing on the fiddle, and writing to his numerous correspondents; but what was the order of rotation in which these favorites followed each other we are left to conjecture. He would probably dine about three; tea would require him at six, and supper again at nine or ten. But he had no regular occupation. He was not a professed author like Cowper or Crabbe. He published nothing all his life but the "Poetics." He was not a sportsman; he was not a naturalist; he was not an antiquarian. He was a great lover of natural scenery; but he often complains (most unjustly, however) that there was none in Essex worth looking at. We hear nothing of his parishioners, and next to nothing of his duties. He was not deeply interested in any of the philosophical or religious questions of that epoch. We hear nothing of Voltaire or Rousseau; nothing of Wesley or Whitefield. But Mr. Twining contrasts Phædrus with La Fontaine greatly to the advantage of the French author, in whom he finds a grace, a beauty, and a *naïveté* that are totally wanting in the Latin one. When he hears of the Gordon riots he congratulates himself on his safety at Fordham in the verses of Lucretius. The war of 1793 suggests to him a quotation from Isocrates. Amid the horrors of the French Revolution, as he is lamenting the pitiable condition of the queen of France, he hopes Dr. Burney may be able to alleviate his grief by pursuing his translation of Metastasio. Happy the man, it may be said, who can seclude himself in his library from the turmoil and struggles of the world, and hear them only as he hears the wind outside, impressing him at times with a slight and rather pleasant sense of awe, but never for a moment disturbing his comfort or repose.

Illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum
Flexit.

The philosopher of this description is not agitated very much by either patriotism or philanthropy, and it would be unjust to Twining to say that he was exactly that kind of man; for his letters contain some tolerably strong denunciations of

the French Revolution, and he was so frightened in 1803 at the prospect of an invasion, that he fled from Colchester to Cambridge, and there spent the winter. But still he always conveys the impression that in his eyes the world of books was the real one, and the world of action the phenomenal. We have no doubt that to a man of kindred tastes he was an excellent companion, and that as he passed through life he both experienced and diffused a great deal of happiness and enjoyment. But then comes the question, what was he as a clergyman? And we dare say that if we could follow him into those hours of his life of which he kept no account we should find that he was far from inattentive to his duties. We dare say he was just the kind of man to have sent Dame Fripp a piece of bacon or Silas Marners a dish of peccoties. He was fond of good eating himself, and was very likely a genial and welcome visitor in the cottages of the poor. We find him dining with his farmers at a tithe-dinner at White Notley, and riding home afterwards with a hundred pounds in his pocket. In the journal which he kept of his travels he everywhere appears in the light of an amiable and sociable man, with nothing of the bookworm about him; and such men, we venture to believe, must have been common enough even among the rural clergy in the last century. They were not, at all events, mere farmers and fox-hunters. They were scholars and men of letters who might have appeared at the Literary Club with credit. And if their sermons were not very awakening or "spiritual," they recommended that simple course of duty of which, though it is in everybody's power to pursue it, everybody requires to be reminded.

But perhaps one of the most characteristic traits of our great-grandfathers which this volume presents is the observant curiosity with which they travelled about their own country, making remarks on the most commonplace market towns at which they stopped to dine, as if it had been a Spanish or a German one. A country clergyman's "outing" then very often consisted of a tour through two or three counties, taken comfortably and leisurely in his own carriage if he had one, on horseback if he had not. And we find here little sketches of this modest amusement as it was practised to within living memory. Three tours of the kind are recorded by one Essex clergyman. In 1776 he drove his own horse, Poppet, from Colchester into Yorkshire,

vid Huntingdon, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, and Doncaster, following the same line as the Great Northern Railway takes at the present day. He and his wife went together, generally driving a few miles before breakfast, and finding good accommodation at many small places which now probably boast of nothing better than a public house. If any one is tempted by the antique, roomy appearance of one of these decayed hostelries to enter and ask for anything beyond bread and cheese, he will be lucky if he gets it, as also if he gets any reasonably good beer, instead of the vile decoction now sold by many country brewers under that name. Our clergyman, however, never grumbles, and it is easy to see that when people travelled so much in their carriages or on their own horses as they did then, it was necessary that there should be at least one "gentlemanlike, comfortable house," as Twining calls it, in almost every considerable village. Hence a class of landlords, who are now almost extinct, equally removed from the portly well-to-do Boniface, who kept the posting-inn in the country town, or the common publican who deals in little but liquor. They are gone from our gaze, and we will not deplore them; but our travelling clergyman occasionally reminds us of their existence, as he will any one who has even a boyish recollection of the pre-railway period. He writes to his brother minute descriptions of all he sees; compares Newark and Grantham with each other as carefully as if they were Venice and Genoa, and exhibits an interest in every place he passes through totally unknown to the railway traveller. It is curious to see an ordinary English county "done" in the style of a modern tourist in Italy or Spain, and to note the old-fashioned habits which the entries in the diary record. Wherever the traveller might be, the dinner hour is some time in the afternoon, and "drinking tea" is almost always entered as a separate and important meal. In Twining's Welsh tour we are on familiar ground. He describes picturesque scenery as others have described it since. But there is something at once antique and yet novel in his postchaise journey from Fordham to Bitteswell, near Lutterworth in Leicestershire. "We breakfasted at Northampton; we dined at Welford, we lay at Hitchin," etc. Northampton is "one of the neatest and handsomest towns he ever saw." Welford is now a mere village; but fifty years ago it was a flourish-

ing little town, where the principal inn-keeper drove a thriving trade in posting and coaching, and where a good dinner could always be obtained at the shortest notice, and doubtless a hundred years ago it was much the same.

At Bitteswell there was another country clergyman, Mr. Powell, who takes his friend Twining out to tea with him at Cotesbach, Twining taking his fiddle, and spending a very pleasant afternoon with some musical ladies, one of whom gave them a great treat on the harpsichord. One morning Mr. Powell went over to Rugby to invite Dr. James — then headmaster — to dinner. People seem to have been asked to tea in those days as they are to luncheon now. It avoided the formality and expense of a regular dinner-party, and enabled the whole company to stroll about afterwards out of doors, which was an easy way of entertaining them. These tea-parties were specially in vogue among the clergy, neighboring families often walking as much as two or three miles out to tea, and home again through the pleasant hayfields and under the soft summer moon.

There is not even a single chance allusion in the pages of Mr. Twining to any less reputable class of clergy. Playing the fiddle, reading the classics, and attendance at musical tea-parties do not constitute altogether the life of an ideal country clergyman; but they point to the existence of a class quite different from the port-drinking, fox-hunting set to which it is thought there were no exceptions, unless it might be among the Evangelicals. And the country life of the clergy is here taken from the very part of England where such types of secular sinecurists were likely to be most abundant, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Yorkshire, the great sporting counties. But the work now before us is not the only evidence we have that alongside of the more familiar type which greets us in Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and others, there existed a class of men who carried into their country parsonages all the literary tastes they had acquired at the universities, and if, as many would have called them, "little better than pagans," were at least cultivated, and refined, and intellectual pagans, who continued to be students through life from choice, not necessity, and who set an example in their respective spheres which was perhaps little less needed than one of more devotion and asceticism.

There were of course infinite varieties

of country clergy. There were the men like Twining, who, without being of the "suarson" type, had no loftier conception of their spiritual duties than the Rev. Pitt Crawley, who belonged as much to the eighteenth century as the nineteenth, the only difference being that the one postponed them to field sports and the pleasures of the table, the other to books, music, and the fine arts. But these two classes were split again into numerous subdivisions. There was the fox-hunter, who was a good clergyman, and all the better able to counsel his parishioners in their troubles, and compose their quarrels, that he joined in their amusements, had a thorough knowledge of their characters, and was trusted by them in proportion. These men could not hunt every day, and the time that was not occupied in sport, instead of being devoted to Euripides, was given up to visiting their parishioners. They had a word for young and old, and were always welcome to the cottager's wife at that hour of the afternoon when she had made herself tidy, swept up the hearth, and was sitting down by the fire with the stockings of the family before her. He would chat with her about the news of the village, give her a friendly hint about her husband's absence from church, and perhaps before going would be taken out to look at the pig, on whose condition we may be sure he would have some valuable suggestions to bestow. The sermons which he preached at church would be robbed of none of their effect by the example of his own life, which, according to the standard of those days, would be blameless; and that there could be anything intrinsically wrong in his following the hounds, if it did not lead him to neglect other matters, it would never have entered into the heads of his parishioners to conceive. Vice and virtue were divided from each other in those days by very broad lines. If a man committed any of the sins enumerated in the Decalogue, he was a bad man; if not, he was a good one. There might be a line of debatable land between obedience and disobedience in which the majority of mankind dwelt, and whom we were not to judge harshly, for were we not all "poor frail creatures"?—a reflection that on the whole was rather comforting to the ordinary mind. But unless a man was a thief or murderer, an open blasphemer, or notoriously covetous, unjust, or immoral, mere "worldliness" went for nothing in their eyes—no more in the case of a clergyman than in that of any other man.

They did not know what it meant. Then of course there was the country parson who was a bad clergyman, and brought the whole class into discredit—the man who was in the saddle four days a week, passed his evenings in drinking and card-playing, and left the dead who were interred during the week to wait for the burial-service till Sunday. Crabbe bears witness to this. But he shows, on the other hand, that among the country clergy even of that time there were those who did not fear to do their duty by rebuking the vices of the rich both privately and in the pulpit. And the present writer has often heard of a clergyman in the eastern counties who flourished *circa* Mr. Pitt, who must have been in some respects the counterpart of Crabbe's "stern old rector" in "The Squire and the Priest." This remarkable man was in the habit of making very pointed references to an old naval officer who never missed church morning or afternoon, but whose union with the lady who sat at the head of his table had not been sanctified by the Church; upon which, so runs the story, an inquisitive old maid who occupied the adjoining pew invariably rose from her seat and peeped over the top of the partition at the white head of the delinquent just below. Among the more elegant and scholarly of the clergy, like our friend Twining, there were also numerous varieties. Cowper is equally severe upon both kinds,

The cassocked huntsman and the fiddling priest.

So we fear the curate of Fordham must have been included in his censures too. Cowper specially finds fault with concerts on Sunday afternoons, and to those we know that Twining was addicted, seeing no wrong in refreshing himself after the fatigues of the day with the strains of his "sweet Straduarus." The fiddling priest, however, was Cowper's special aversion, and there are some touches in his character of "Occidus" so like Thomas Twining that one might fancy he had sat for the portrait. Fiddling seems to have been particularly fashionable about this period, and Cowper seems to have seen in it only one out of many traits by which the clergyman might be detected who aspired to be a man of fashion. There were many such in those days, though the breed is now entirely extinct. We see some traces of it in Miss Austen, who, in one of the best of her characters, namely Mr. Tilney, in "Northanger Ab-

bey," has given us a clergyman who attends watering-places, goes to balls and assemblies, dances, plays cards, and, in short, lives like other men of the world without the slightest idea that he is other than a model young man. Mr. Tilney, however, shows the character on its favorable side, but there were clergymen of the same genus, and who, to our minds, were far more unclerical and far less agreeable than the out-and-out clerical squire who farmed his glebe, shot his partridges, and took his turn with the hounds like an honest man without in any way losing the respect and affection of his parishioners.

Another interesting illustration of the country clerical life may be seen in the recently published autobiography of Sir Archibald Alison. His father was vicar of Kenley, in Shropshire, from 1792 to 1801. He was not, as far as we can make out, one of the sporting tribe; but he was a great naturalist, and took the Rev. Gilbert White as his model. "Botany, zoology, and ornithology" were his favorite pursuits, and he was one of the first to adopt the allotment system; that, at all events, is one boon for which the poor are largely indebted to the clergy of the eighteenth century. He lived in a quiet but hospitable style; was a man of letters and a scholar, and the author of a work which long enjoyed a high reputation — an essay, namely, on "The Principles of Taste." Sir Archibald recalls but little of the theological or purely pastoral side of his father's life. But he was the idol of his parishioners, and when he left Kenley "was followed for several miles by the whole parish, most of whom were in tears."

Clergymen of this description still survive in the Church of England. But they are, comparatively speaking, few and far between, and, where they still exist, are perhaps to some extent oppressed by the consciousness that their lives do not come up to the standard which modern theories exact. In fact, the kind of influence which they formerly exercised is not exactly the kind of influence which is now regarded with admiration. It was of the paternal and patriarchal character; and paternal and patriarchal principles are supposed to be obsolete. In days like our own, when "so many grave problems of humanity" are waiting for solution, and when the fundamental principles of Christianity are discussed in village newspapers, that simple conception of the clerical office which sufficed a bygone generation is no longer adequate to our wants; and the pleasant,

genial old gentleman in knee-breeches, and sometimes top-boots, who fed his poultry and went into the stable to scratch the ears of his favorite cob, and round by the pigstyes to the kitchen-garden, where he took a turn for an hour or two with his spade or his pruning-knife, or sauntered, with his hands in his pockets, in the direction of the cucumbers, and lifted up the frames to see how they were getting on; coming in to an early dinner, and going out again to visit the old women and the farmers' wives till tea-time; then reading an old newspaper till supper, smoking his pipe, and going to bed at ten — is sadly behind the age, and is fast disappearing from view. Demands are now made upon the clergyman's intellect incompatible with this easy mode of life; but whether the people have gained by the change — a change which removes their clergymen so much further from themselves and their own occupations and amusements — is possibly open to doubt. But I fear I am verging on the political, and feel that I had better stop before I warm with the subject and write more than can be published.

From The Spectator.

FROM MISS AUSTEN TO MR. TROLLOPE.

THE loss of Mr. Anthony Trollope makes us turn back from his long series of elaborate pictures of English society during the third quarter of the present century, to those in which Miss Austen painted the rural society of England during the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, with a quite new sense of the magnitude of the change which had taken place in the transition from the one to the other. Miss Austen's works have just been republished by Mr. Bentley, in six handsome volumes, sadly injured, to our eyes, by the unfortunate redness of the ink with which the admirable type has been printed. An elaborate edition of the speeches of Danton, or the "Carmagnoles," as Macaulay called them, of Barrère, might, perhaps, be appropriately given in red ink; but for Miss Austen, whose exquisite studies of quiet and rather conventional life have absolutely nothing of either the showy or the glaring in them, indeed of whose writings she would probably herself have said, almost as Hawthorne said of his, that they "had the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade," — for

these to be printed in ink of a reddish tint, strikes us with a sense of discord which is positively painful. If "Barchester Towers" or "The Eustace Diamonds" had been printed in reddish ink, we should not have felt the discord half as much. Mr. Slope in the one, and Lady Eustace, to say nothing of subordinate figures, in the other, would have suited the red shade well enough, though the gentle sentences of poor Mr. Harding would hardly have recognized themselves in red ink at all, and might have seemed almost to be blushing for the effrontery of their appearance. But Miss Austen is not herself in red ink, and we can hardly persuade ourselves that it is not a bloodshot eye which gives to that unobtrusive irony and that delicate banter so very unnatural a glare. But even the special unfitnes which there seems to be in this tint of the new edition of Miss Austen's stories, reminds us at once of the greatest of all the social changes between the rural life of Miss Austen's pictures and the rural life of Mr. Trollope's. The former is, above all things, mild and unobtrusive, not reflecting the greater world at all, and giving us the keenest sense of how easy it would be to drive oneself, even in a short drive, quite out of reach of all the characters described in any one story; while the latter is, above all things, possessed with the sense of the aggressiveness of the outer world, of the hurry which threatens the tranquillity even of such still pools in the rapid currents of life as Hiram's Hospital at Barchester, of the rush of commercial activity, of the competitiveness of fashion, of the conflict for existence even in outlying farms and country parsonages. Miss Austen's clergy are gentlemen of such leisurely habits of mind, that even the most energetic of them suggests a spacious and sequestered life. Mr. Trollope's clergy are the centres of all sorts of crowding interests, of ecclesiastical conflicts, of attacks of the press, of temptations from the great London world, of danger from courts of justice. The difference between Mr. Elton, empty, conceited, easy-going, under-bred, and Mr. Slope, ambitious, audacious, prompt, and vulgar, is the difference between the whole world of the two novelists. Everybody in Miss Austen, from the squires and the doctors down to the lovers, is leisurely, giving one a great sense of perfect seclusion, ample opportunity, plenty of space, and plenty of time. Everybody in Mr. Trollope is more or less under pressure, swayed hither and

thither by opposite attractions, assailed on this side and on that by the strategy of rivals; everywhere some one's room is more wanted than his company; everywhere time is short. Mr. Woodhouse's quiet apothecary, Mr. Perry, of Highbury, in "Emma," and the pompous physician, Dr. Fillgrave, of Barchester, who telegraphs for a consultation with Sir Omicron Pie whenever a distinguished patient is in danger, in "Barchester Towers," are not more different from each other, than the whole spirit of Miss Austen's country life from Mr. Trollope's. Compare two even of their stupidest clergymen. Here is Mr. Collins's excuse for not singing, in "Pride and Prejudice:" "If I," said Mr. Collins, "were so fortunate as to be able to sing, I should have great pleasure, I am sure, in obliging the company with an air; for I consider music a very innocent diversion, and perfectly compatible with the profession of a clergyman. I do not mean, however, to assert that we can be justified in devoting too much of our time to music, for there are certainly other things to be attended to. The rector of a parish has much to do. In the first place, he must make such an agreement for tithes as may be beneficial to himself, and not offensive to his patron. He must write his own sermons, and the time that remains will not be too much for his parish duties, and the care and improvement of his dwelling, which he cannot be excused from making as comfortable as possible. And I do not think it of light importance that he should have attentive and conciliatory manners towards everybody, especially towards those to whom he owes his preferment. I cannot acquit him of that duty, nor could I think well of the man who should omit an occasion of testifying his respect for anybody connected with the family.' And with a bow to Mr. Darcy, he concluded his speech, which had been spoken so loud as to be heard by half the room." Now, take a speech by Mr. Thumble, an equally stupid clergyman of Mr. Trollope's in "The Last Chronicles of Barchester," and notice how much more life presses on him, how money matters press on him, how clerical and social ambitions press on him, how much less space there is for his stupidity to blossom in, how much more the world straitens Mr. Thumble, from all points of view, than it ever straitened Mr. Collins. Mr. Thumble is complaining to Mr. Quiverful of the expense of attending a clerical commission in Barchester: "'One's first duty is to

one's wife and family,' said Mr. Quiverful. 'Well, yes; in a way that, of course, is quite true, Mr. Quiverful; and when we know how very inadequate are the incomes of the working clergy, we cannot but feel ourselves to be, if I may so say, put upon, when we have to defray the expenses incidental to special duties out of our own pockets. I think, you know, — I don't mind saying this to you, — that the palace should have provided us with a chaise and pair.' This was ungrateful on the part of Mr. Thumble, who had been permitted to ride miles upon miles to various outlying clerical duties upon the bishop's worn-out cob. 'You see,' continued Mr. Thumble, 'you and I go specially to represent the palace, and the palace ought to remember that. I think there ought to have been a chaise and pair, I do, indeed.' 'I don't care much what the conveyance is,' said Mr. Quiverful, 'but I certainly shall pay nothing more out of my own pocket; certainly I shall not.' 'The result will be that the palace will be thrown over if they don't take care,' said Mr. Thumble." There you see a clergyman almost as stupid as Mr. Collins, and quite as full of his own small affairs, but instead of seeing him, as you do Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice," swelling out like a shrivelled apple under an air-pump to its full-size, and much more than its full importance, you see Mr. Thumble jostled and fidgeted by the impact of the world, and crumpled up, as it were, into the insignificant man he is. In Miss Austen's novels, — it is one of their chief attractions, — this is never so. Every one is what he is by the natural force of his own nature and tastes. You hardly ever see the crush of the world on any one. The vain man's vanity sedately flowers; the dull man's dulness runs to seed; the proud man's pride strikes its roots deep; even the fidgetiness of fidgety persons appears to come from within, not from the irritation of external pressure. Half the distinctiveness, for instance, of such sketches as those of Mrs. Jennings and the Misses Steele in "Sense and Sensibility" arises from the circumstance that the active, good-natured vulgarity of the one, and the furtive restlessness of the others, are so entirely self-prompted, so entirely unforced from outside. Turn to Mr. Trollope, and everything is changed. The atmosphere of affairs is permanent. The Church or the world, or the flesh or the devil, seems always at work to keep men going, and prevent them from being exactly them-

selves. Miss Austen's people are themselves alone. Mr. Trollope's people are themselves so far as the circumstances of the day will allow them to be themselves, but very often are much distorted from their most natural selves.

Then, again, in Miss Austen's world, how little you see of London, even in the effect the metropolis has upon the country. In "Northanger Abbey" and in "Persuasion," you see a good deal of the local capital of pleasure, Bath. In "Mansfield Park," and in "Pride and Prejudice," a very small portion of the by-play of the story takes place in London. In "Sense and Sensibility" alone, there is an important London episode. In "Emma," if we recollect rightly, London is hardly mentioned at all. In Mr. Trollope's novels — the Irish ones, of course, excepted — nothing can be done without London. Even "The Warden" depends wholly for its plot on the articles of Tom Towers in the *Jupiter*, and poor Mr. Harding's visit to London is the turning-point of the story; while ten out of every dozen of Mr. Trollope's stories turn chiefly upon London life. Even his Evangelical bishops go up to London, while his statesmen, politicians, civil servants, money-lenders, commercial travellers, barristers, boarding-house keepers, and policemen, all, of course, live there. Nothing is more remarkable, in reading the two series of novels together, than the self-centredness of the country in Miss Austen, and the constant reference to London in Mr. Trollope. One might read Miss Austen's books through and never know that there was a Parliament sitting in Westminster at the time, so little are the doings of the legislature ever referred to in her country houses. One might read them through, and never know that there were courts of law in London. One might read them through, and never suspect that there was better medical advice to be had in London than in the country. In Mr. Trollope's tales you never forget these things. Indeed, you see a good deal of the machinery of Parliament and of the greater administrative offices of the State. You are constantly hearing of the bar, of the various kinds of solicitors, and of the mighty physicians by whose fiat it is supposed to be known whether a man shall live or die. In a word, the society which in Miss Austen's tales seems to be wholly local, though it may have a few fine connections with the local capital, is in Mr. Trollope's a great web of which London is the centre, and some kind of London

life for the most part the motive power. The change from Miss Austen to Mr. Trollope is the change from social home-rule to social centralization. And to read about, at all events, — though both are most entertaining, — one prefers the home-rule.

From St. James's Gazette.
MY INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESS.

I WAS one of those who suffered most severely from the depression of trade in the east of London which followed the close of the American Civil War. Like many another, I clung to my home for a weary while in the hope of better times. They came in due course, but too late for me. They were so long in coming that I could hold out no longer; so, borrowing half-a-crown from one tradesman, half-a-crown from another, and a shilling from a third, I went up to the city to seek my fortune — three or four volumes and the clothes in which I stood being my only possessions, save and except my precious shillings.

Something had to be done at once — but what? I bought a daily newspaper and turned to its advertising columns for an answer, and found none. Then in a listless, hopeless way I turned to the literary contents of the paper; and then with more interest to the leading articles, for I had always been a keen politician. I was deep in one of these articles when, under a sudden impulse, I flung the paper away, asking myself what such matters were to me at such a time. Then a new thought flashed into my mind, "Yes," said I, taking up the paper again, "I can do this work. Suppose I try. What else can I do that can be done at once? I'll try."

Hurrying off to a certain great warehouse at London Wall, I bought a pound of paper for eightpence and provided myself with pen and ink. I had then something less than five shillings left; and with three shillings I secured a lodging for a week in a dismal house where many rough and rude and unfortunate creatures were crowded, but where I was at liberty to write all day long. There I set to work; and having some knowledge in my desponding pate, I sent papers on a variety of subjects in different directions, saving postage as often as I could by delivering my parcels myself. I had about eighteenpence left when I began; and,

with every care to economize, I could not make that sum last more than two days. These days past, my money was all gone. Then I sold my few books for a couple of shillings. Soon this also was spent; and then there was nothing for it but to go to a dealer in old clothes and exchange what I wore for things still worse and a little cash to boot. The money amounted to one shilling and ninepence. Well do I remember my sensations when I shuddered into the apparel that now was mine. But now I met with a wonderful piece of good fortune. On sitting down to write in these abhorred habiliments, I became conscious of some small hard object stowed away in the lining of the waistcoat. Feeling it carefully, I could hardly doubt it to be a coin — probably it was a penny; but no, it was a half-crown. My conscience was keen in those days, and I could hardly persuade myself to use this money. But I did use it — with a shame I should incline to laugh at now, I'm afraid; and yet I like myself far better as I was in those hard days than as I am now. Whose property *was* that half-crown? It was concealed in such a wretched piece of clothing that I think that it may have been placed there by some poor tramp or other to cheat the search of a workhouse porter. And perhaps this poor creature, having put off his clothes in the casual ward, had never been able to put them on again. Then they had become the perquisites of the porter, who sold them to the dealer, from whose possession they had come into mine. At any rate, that was the history I made for the half-crown.

The days went on, and my literary ventures grew more and more hopeless. I do believe that as many as half-a-score papers were returned to me, "declined with thanks;" as many more being contemptuously dropped into the oblivion of the waste-paper basket. But still I tried and tried again, "pinching" desperately to eke out my few poor shillings and suffering in other ways beside. I have said there were a good many people in the house with me — a rough and reckless set for the most part — and "chumming" was the fashion among them. I had no chums. I couldn't chum. Besides, chumming in that house could not be indulged in without drinking, and for that I had neither money nor inclination; therefore I was subjected to much annoyance. My papers were blotched, my ink carried away, and a hundred other vexing tricks were played. All this I patiently en-

duced, until one evening one of my tormentors, more brutal than the rest, struck my hat down over my eyes while I was at work. And that was fortunate for me; for this outrage was generally thought to be much too bad. It brought me friends. My papers were collected, my ink that had been upset was renewed, my pens that had been scattered were replaced; and I was allowed the best corner of a quiet table, where I was never molested during the rest of my stay in the house.

The week wore through. I had no money for lodging; but an exception was made in the rules of the house in my favor. The custom was to pay lodging-money in advance. It was intimated to me, however, that I might remain a few days longer without paying, "just to see what might turn up." Another Sunday came — the second I had spent in this house — and every penny was gone. I had no dinner that day, and no supper. Monday came and went; neither on that day had I any food, and my writing was suspended. My last paper had been written on the Saturday night, and dropped in the dark into the editor's box. All that dreadful Monday I sat in a corner by myself. It was a very dark look-out, but I was calm enough in spirit. "I have done all that I can do," thought I; "Providence must do the rest." I was careful all this while to husband my strength by exerting myself as little as possible; it might be wanted, though for what I hardly knew. So far as I could see, there was nothing to hope; but I considered the responsibility for what might happen removed from my own shoulders, and there was some comfort in that.

That night I went to bed — with a band tied tightly round my stomach; and there I lay thinking until about nine on Tuesday morning. Then I rose listlessly and sauntered down stairs. I reached the door to go — whither I knew not: but, on a sudden vague thought, turned back to ask my landlord if there was a letter for me. Yes, there was one. Another paper returned, thought I. But no, it could hardly be that — it was too light; it was a letter. I held it for full five minutes, dreading to open it. At last I cut the envelope and read: it was an invitation to call forthwith on the editor of a distinguished evening newspaper.

One of my papers had been successful. It was even then in print, as I saw with my own eyes when I called on my editor; and the sight was delightful be-

yond expression. I was paid at once for my contribution — the first of many; and the next was printed as a leading article, and was much commended. Thus it was that I began as an author; and I question whether any one now living could tell a like story.

Perhaps the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* will allow me to say, in conclusion, that no one knows better than himself the accuracy of my statements.

From The Spectator.

RELIGIOUS POVERTY.

THE letter of Leo XIII. to his clergy, on occasion of the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Francis of Assisi, deserves to be read and pondered by Protestants, as well as Catholics. Protestants, indeed, will be apt to say that the Roman bishop would have written still more effectively, if he had ventured to suggest that the religious poverty of which he speaks with so much enthusiasm, might well have its benefits for the Roman Church and the head of that Church, as well as for its poorer members; and that it hardly becomes the Church of him who had not where to lay his head, to bewail, as Roman Catholics are apt to do, the loss of the worldly possessions by which what they call its "independence" was, as they think, secured. If there is any real meaning in the lesson of religious poverty, on which the pope so well insists, it is surely the lesson that dependence, accepted in a genuinely religious spirit, and from genuinely religious motives, is often the truest independence, because, from that point of view, whenever the human hand on which you depend gives way, you encounter the precise want which God had provided for you. "For this cause came I to this hour," is the one overruling faith which, in the approach of trouble, can alone sustain alike the true dependence of the Christian on circumstances, and his true independence of circumstances, which at bottom, indeed, are the same in essence. If the pope had shown his own faith by telling his Church that the privation of secular power and wealth might result in its truest independence, indeed, if properly used, in that "religious poverty" which marked the Church of Christ himself, he would have found more poor men to listen to him when he preached to them. Nevertheless, it is well for Protestants to take

what is valuable in the teaching of Catholics without being too anxious to pick holes; and there are some things in Leo XIII.'s address which the opulent and comfortable Christians who think, not without satisfaction, of the total of their charitable subscriptions and the amount of their pew-rent, and who regard "religious poverty" in much the same light as they would regard religious irreligion, would do well to take home. After depicting the licentiousness of the twelfth century, the pope goes on: "Just as in the twelfth century, so nowadays hath divine charity grown not a little cold, and great is the derangement of Christian duties, partly through ignorance, partly through negligence. The greater part of men pass their lives in a like frame of mind and with like desires, seeking for the comforts of life and eagerly pursuing pleasure. Revelling in luxury, they are extravagant of their own goods, and greedy after their neighbor's. They extol the name of the fraternity of mankind, yet they talk more fraternally than they act." And the pope descants on the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi as the true remedy for this state of things. By that, he says, "the lawless greed for temporal things would be weakened, nor would men weary of subjugating their cupidity, by means of virtue, which to most appears a great and odious burden. Men, knit together in the bonds of brotherly concord, would love one another; for they would show fitting reverence to those who bore the likeness of Christ." Applying this to the circumstances of the time, he says: "As regards the question that so much occupies politicians, the relations between rich and poor would be most satisfactorily arranged, because the conviction would be established that poverty was not without its dignity; that the rich man is bound to be merciful and generous, the poor man to be content with his lot and his industry; that as neither is born for these perishable goods, the one must win heaven by patience, the other by liberality." It is somewhat remarkable that in speaking of the virtues of the Franciscan Order, as the remedy for the evils of the present day, the pope should use the phrase, "the dignity of poverty." Of course, no Franciscan would deny that there was true dignity — which expresses, we suppose, the self-collectedness of the highest state of mind — in any condition of life which he thought religious; but, undoubtedly, to cultivate humility and not dignity, was the first thought of the Franciscan friars; and their idea was to eradi-

cate, as far as possible, precisely that love of dignity, that pride of giving, that horror of asking of others, which modern political economists eulogize as the radical condition of social health. The "dignity of poverty" has much more of the ring of modern economy in it than of the true Franciscan thirst for infinite humiliations. It suggests reluctance to ask of others, sturdy reliance on your own resources, — in short, the insurance office, the benefit club, and incessant industry, rather than the practical development by Francis of Assisi of the precepts against worldly care contained in the Sermon on the Mount. The great desire of the first Franciscans appeared to be to meet with indignity, and to crucify the sense of dignity, though doubtless they, too, would have preached the spiritual dignity of bearing indignity well.

Probably the pope would admit that it is not for ordinary men to invite the indignities which St. Francis invited, simply because, instead of fostering their religious life, those indignities would impair it; and Protestants might add, that the future of the Franciscan Order itself showed the danger of trying to make a very exceptional capacity for bearing humiliations, the essential condition of a large and permanent society. There is nothing to show that Christ required the selling of a man's property and complete devotion to his work in spreading the Gospel, from all his disciples for all time, though he did require it from some of those whom he chose for this special work. The truth seems to be that religious poverty is one thing, and the dignity of poverty quite another. Religious poverty is the poverty embraced by those who, feeling that their senses are likely to be fascinated, and their minds filled and occupied with external things, with the enjoyment of power, beauty, and intellectual gratifications, if they do not take the strongest measures to repudiate the world, commit themselves in a passion of enthusiasm to a life destitute of all these things, that they may concentrate their hearts and wills on a higher love than the visible world can provide for them. The poverty which the pope's allocution speaks of as having "a dignity" of its own, is no such violent expedient for the taming of an unruly spirit and for the expression of an ecstasy of adoration, but the inevitable lot to which, as to a calling, the great majority of men are born, and within the limits of which they may, if they please, elect to live with the same sort of resolute self-restraint,

the same kind of habitual disposition to ignore altogether what is beyond their reach, which is said to give dignity alike to the sufferer who never betrays impatience or irritability, and to the commander who, in the midst of disaster, behaves as though he had foreseen it all, and were performing his appointed task, without any useless yearnings after the triumph he had missed. What seems so dangerous in "religious poverty" is the rash abandonment of a providential for a self-chosen destiny, which it must take a very unique character to work out. Roman Catholics would, we suppose, plead that in what they consider their "call," every member of a religious order follows the divine guidance, as much as any prophet of the Old Testament, or apostle of the New, followed it in delivering his message. Of course, if that is so, we are answered. But to the outside world, self-chosen religious poverty looks very like the exchange of the lot imposed by God, because it is too easy, for one which is harder and more worthy of enthusiasm. Anyhow, such a choice is not the way to realize the dignity of poverty, which consists in accepting as part of your habitual plan of life the steady discouragement of desire for anything beyond your legitimate reach, and the prompt suppression of all emotions of regret and complaint which may remain. There is a dignity in all poverty which makes itself entirely independent of the wealth of others, and which is unwilling, even though pressed, to share it, — a dignity which consists partly in the characteristic consequences of orderly self-restraint, partly in the simplicity of feeling and taste which results from constant and straightforward contact with the realities of life. Indeed, there is real strength lost in all fastidious and hyper-sensitive lives, real strength gained by habitual contact with toil and want and good and evil in their least disguised and most naked forms. But this strength is not the strength of "religious poverty," in the pope's acceptance of that phrase, for the directly religious motive does not necessarily form any distinctive part of that sturdy simplicity, and integrity, and disregard of refined indulgence, which go to make up the dignity of the industrial lot. Religious poverty is something totally different, the self-precipitation, as it were, of the soul on the invisible world, in its dread of the attractions of the visible world and in its passionate hope that those attractions may not prevail. The dignity of poverty is the natural strength which the noble-minded among the poor

especially inherit. The desire for "religious poverty," on the other hand, is due to the dread which some of the most noble-minded among the rich especially inherit. The one is the natural aspect of a great class-virtue, the other is the door by which a certain number of high-minded rich men try to escape from a great class-vice.

The pope, however, would, we suppose, maintain that voluntary "religious poverty," on the part of well-to-do men, such as St. Francis before he founded the Franciscan Order, is all but essential to the adequate encouragement of the poor not to disdain their lot, and not to covet the riches of the class above them. It requires, he would say, the example of men who show how they dread the allurements of wealth, in order to satisfy the poor that wealth is not the greatest of all blessings, and that they are not living under unjust conditions when they have so small a share of these blessings. Well, if it be so, the Roman Church is quite right in founding such orders. No one can deny that if the voluntary renunciation of wealth by those who have it, produces the effect of reconciling those who have it not to their more colorless lot, that is a great result, which every one who values spiritual life ought to see with pleasure. In a great wealth-producing country like ours, there is nothing more useful than to convince men that wealth cannot bring blessedness to the wealthy, — unless, perhaps, through the wise bestowal of it on those who need it, — nothing more important than the lesson that religion requires us all to keep in strict subjection, and some of us even to cast out, the desire which political economy assumes as the basis of the whole of its inferences. But it seems very doubtful, as a matter of fact and history, whether the foundation of societies organized on the basis of abjuring the world's possessions, ever has contributed greatly to the spiritual content and happiness of the poor. Of course, the life of a great man like St. Francis has contributed greatly to that result; but was his a life which others could imitate with adequate success? A life of "religious poverty" is a daring venture, of which the Saviour might set the example, an example which a few great spirits might manfully follow; but as the basis of a great social organization, it can hardly be said, to have either itself succeeded, or driven out that covetous spirit which seems to animate so many of the destructive conspiracies of modern Socialism.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2014.—January 27, 1883.

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THE ROBIN.

HARD winter strikes on the pools and the
dikes,
The ice grows thick and the boughs bend low,
Laden with ponderous loads of snow ; -
Too keen the cold for the ravenous shrieks,
And the cock has not spirit to crow.
Winter weighs down on country and town,
And fringes the holly robust and green
With tangles and wreaths of yesternight
And spangles of Christmas sheen ;
And the feathery birch is ghostly grown
With cerements all of purest white ;
But on a twig, perched full in the light,
One patch of red is seen.

At my neighbor's window, two round-eyed
girls,
With plump-fed cheeks and dimpled chin,
Flatten their noses and shake their curls,
Snug in their own warm nest,
To espy the gleam of a soldier-breast,
That bears a heart, though small, within,
As gallant and bold as the best.

Worms are locked up by the stingy frost,
And berries are few and grubs are dear,
And the greedy sparrows, a numerous host,
Swoop down in a cloud, and sweep the coast,
Whenever crumbs appear :
But straight from his tree Robin makes a dart,
And two lookers-on take Robin's part,
As he fights for his morsel of cheer ;
And anon trills loud and clear
A pluckier song than all the rest,
For he carries about in his soldier-breast
A heart that knows no fear.

This stout, small bird might surely have heard,
In a dim, dark way, the gracious word
Of Him who feeds the fowls when they cry, —
Raven, robin, and linnet ;
For day by day his little, quick eye
Sends wistful messages up to the sky,
And down to his friends of earth ;
The fields lie bare, but spite of dearth,
Providence leaves on the window-sill
Some well-watched scraps for Robin's bill ;
So he gobbles them up with a hungry zest,
And thankfulness fills his soldier-breast,
And the brave little heart within it.

Stern Winter tightens her iron hold
On all things living and all things dead ;
Silence prevails : the ruthless cold
Waxes keener o'er field and fold, —
Joy from the world seems fled.
Round eyes peep out through the crusted pane,
With shivering doubts and boding fears ;
Wondering Robin comes not again
To pipe his merry " Good-morning " trill,
And dry their rising tears.
Alas ! their fears had told them true ;
On the smooth-laid drift without a stain
One lonesome patch arrests the view, —
A bundle of feathers and two little legs,
Stiff and upright as wooden pegs,
With slender, motionless toes outspread,

And a heavenward-pointed bill :
Like a tiny " warrior taking his rest,"
There lies on the snow a soldier-breast,
But the brave little heart is still.
Spectator. EDWIN SMITH.

TO-NIGHT.

I SET myself as a task to rhyme
To-night ;
For I knew that the hand of the olden time,
Had lost its might ;
That the cadenced words that went to chime,
As true,
And sweet as the bees in the murmurous lime,
In summer do,
Had grown as fickle, and cold, and shy,
As the sunbeams are in an autumn sky ;
And so, because I loved the strain,
That used to ring for my joy or pain,
I strove to waken the spell again,
Of rhyme and rhythm and sweet refrain,
Nor heeded the bode, that sighed " in vain,"
To-night.

I sate alone by the blazing ingle
To-night,
And tried to fashion the musical jingle
For my delight ;
Why should the soft sounds shun to mingle
Aright,
Because I am old and sad and single,
In the hearth-light ?
Why ? Have I loved so well and long
The beauty of earth and the voice of song,
To forget at last how the rich red rose
Still droops on her stalk with the August's
close ;
That the bright beck stops in its ebbs and flows,
As the ice-bar creeps 'neath the drifted snows ;
And my heart takes the lesson that Nature
knows,
To-night ?

All The Year Round.

THE SWEET SAD YEARS.

THE sweet sad years, the sun, the rain,
Alas ! too quickly did they wane,
For each some boon, some blessing bore ;
Of smiles and tears each had its store,
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Altho' it idle be and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore ;
The sweet sad years !

Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
" Nothing can ere the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again ; "
The sweet sad years !

Leisure Hour.

CANON BELL.

From The Quarterly Review.

VAUBAN AND MODERN SIEGES.*

THE eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth were conspicuous for the advance made in the art of war, with the exception of one of its most important branches. Embracing the campaigns of Marlborough, of Frederic, and of Napoleon, it was a period remarkable, not only for the number of battles fought, and the quality of the leadership, but even more for the amount of thought devoted to military theory, and for the improvements in strategy, tactics, and organization. This was the case also with some branches of military engineering. Fortification was further developed in the hands of Montalembert, Carnot, and the German engineers; while Béliidor furnished besiegers with a new weapon in mine warfare, which largely affected its conditions and its practice. But during all this time, with the exception of underground operations, there was singularly little change in the mode of conducting a siege. It would have seemed preposterous, thirty or forty years ago, to give extracts from the drill-books of Marlborough's day, in order to show how troops should be drawn up; and yet it was almost a matter of course that an article on the attack of fortresses (like that written by the late Sir John Burgoyne for the *Aide-Mémoire* to the military sciences), should "give plans of the regular system of attack as laid down by Vauban, and never altered since, as the best illustration of the nature of the principal operations." Even now, though breech-loaders and rifled guns have wrought changes the full extent of which no one can foresee, this system in a great measure holds its ground. Ricochet fire has lost its value; parallels have changed their distances; it has become necessary for the siege batteries to open at an earlier stage and at ranges before undreamt-of; the details of the execution of saps and batteries are

completely altered: but the general principles which Vauban was the first to grasp, and which his rules embodied, remain as applicable as ever.

It would be difficult to point to any branch of the art of war, or perhaps to any other art, which has owed so great a stride to one man; and it is worth while so to examine the causes to which this was due. Foremost among these must be placed the rare qualities of Vauban himself, and the extraordinary opportunities he enjoyed. We shall endeavor, therefore, first, with the help of M. Michel's excellent biography, to give some idea of the man, and then to describe the way in which sieges were carried on in his time, and the changes he introduced.

Sébastien le Prestre de Vauban was born on the 15th of May, 1633. His father was the second son of the Seigneur de Vauban, and had served in the army, but he was at that time living in very straitened circumstances at the village of St. Léger du Fougeret, near Avallon, in Burgundy. Ten years afterwards he died, leaving his child without home or means of support; but the boy was adopted and educated by the curé of the village. Before he was eighteen he made his way to Flanders, and enlisted in the regiment of Condé, under a Burgundian captain. Thanks to the curé, he had by that time, according to his own account, "a pretty good knowledge of mathematics and fortification, and was not a bad draughtsman;" and so before long he was employed as an engineer. For two years he served under Condé, who in the latter part of 1651, in league with Spain, made war against the king. But in 1653 Vauban was taken prisoner, and was persuaded by Mazarin to transfer himself to the royal service. He had attracted notice at the siege of Ste. Menehould, where he swam the Aisne under fire on the day of the assault; and he was now sent to assist in recovering that place for the king. For his services there he was given a lieutenancy in the Burgundian Foot, but he continued to be employed as before: and in 1655 he received his commission as one of the king's engineers. These did not constitute a corps at that time, but

* 1. *Histoire de Vauban*. Par George Michel. Paris. 1879.

2. *Traité des sièges et de l'attaque des places*. Par le Maréchal de Vauban. Paris. 1829.

3. *Mémoire pour servir d'instruction dans la conduite des sièges*. By the Same. Leyden. 1740.

were drawn chiefly from the officers of infantry regiments, and retained their regimental commissions. In 1657 he had a company given him in the regiment of La Ferté, and in the following year he was entrusted with the chief direction of the attacks undertaken by Turenne's army, and was warmly commended by Mazarin at the close of the campaign. Eight years of peace followed, during which he was employed upon works at Dunkirk and elsewhere. When war again broke out in 1667 he greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Lille, under the eyes of the king; and he was made governor of the new citadel of Lille, which was built from his designs. During the six years' war which followed the invasion of Holland (1672-8) he had a chief share in seventeen sieges and one defence, and rose to be brigadier and major-general. At its close he was made commissary-general of fortifications, with the chief direction of all works of defence throughout France. In the short war which was ended by the treaty of Ratisbon, in 1684, the siege of Luxemburg gained him fresh reputation.

I get letters from all sides [he wrote to Louvois] to congratulate me that the King has had the goodness to make me lieutenant-general: it is even to be seen in print in the gazettes of Holland, and the historical journal of Woerden; but nevertheless those who ought to know best tell me nothing of it. So, if you please, Monseigneur, let me either be repaid the postage of the eighty or a hundred letters that I have had to pay for, or obtain from His Majesty that I should be made lieutenant-general indeed, so as not to give the lie to so many worthy people. (Michel, p. 196.)

But whether the king objected to have his favors forestalled by public opinion, or hesitated to give such unprecedented promotion to a mere engineer, it was not until four years afterwards that Vauban obtained the rank in question. The ten years' war which began in 1688, and closed with the peace of Ryswick, called him again into the field, and allowed him, especially at Philipsburg, Namur, and Ath, to perfect his method, and surpass his former achievements. In 1702 he had become the senior lieutenant-general,

and, learning that some new marshals were to be named shortly, he asked the king to include him among the number; or, if the nature of his duties would make that undesirable, at all events to make public the reason for passing him over. This highest dignity was not denied him, and in the beginning of 1703, four years before his death, he was made a marshal of France.

Such were the chief steps upward in Vauban's long career. The services by which these steps were earned form so long a list, that it would be tedious to attempt to specify them. A year before his death he himself summed them up as follows: "I am now in the seventy-third year of my age, bearing the load of fifty-two years of service, and the extra load of fifty important sieges and nearly forty years of incessant journeys to examine fortresses on the frontier, which have cost me much suffering and fatigue, both of mind and body, for winter and summer have been alike to me."* In forty sieges he had the chief direction of the attacks, and in every one of these he was successful. He was twice engaged in the defence of fortresses: at Condé in 1656, and at Oudenarde in 1674. In the former case the garrison had to surrender from want of provisions; in the latter, the siege was soon raised. He is said to have designed or amended the works of more than one hundred and sixty fortresses, among which may be mentioned Dunkirk, Menin, Landau, Neuf-Brisach, and the citadels of Lille and Strasbourg.

It is not surprising that a man who brought to this extraordinary range of experience a remarkable capacity for turning experience to account, a singularly cool and sound judgment, and a freshness of mind that was proof against age, should have attained an unique position among military engineers. The chances of war, at no time very favorable to engineers, were in those days especially adverse. Vauban himself styled them "the martyrs of the infantry." In his later years he wrote:—

Formerly, men of that profession were very

* Michel, p. 359.

scarce in France, and the few there were lasted so short a time, that it was still more rare to meet with any who had seen five or six sieges, and rarer still to find any who had done so without receiving several wounds, which, disabling them at the beginning or in the middle of a siege, prevented their seeing the end of it, and so gaining skill. (*Traité de l'attaque des places.*)

Besides, the direction of attacks formed only one branch of the engineer's duties. As Vauban himself said in a letter in 1693:—

I could teach any officer of common sense to manage an approach, a lodgment on the counterscarp, a descent into the ditch, an attachment of the miner, etc., in the course of three average sieges; but a good constructor is only to be made by fifteen or twenty years of application, and even then he must have had a variety of employment, and be a very hard-working man. We have at present a good number of men who are fit for sieges, but very few who thoroughly understand construction, and still fewer who understand both one and the other. . . . Engineering is a business beyond our strength; it embraces too many things for a man to be able to make himself perfectly master of it: I think so well of myself as to believe that I am one of the strongest of the lot, and capable of giving lessons to the most skilful of them, and yet with all that, when I examine myself, I find myself not more than half an engineer, after forty years of very hard study, and of the largest experience any one ever had. Thanks be to Him who has preserved me, and let me live till now!

He was himself repeatedly wounded—five times in his first five years of service, and three times afterwards, notwithstanding the solicitude of which he was latterly the object. In 1677 Louvois wrote to Marshal d'Humières, who was about to besiege St. Ghislain: "His Majesty is willing that you should take M. de Vauban with you, but strongly urges upon you to take care of him, and not to allow him to assume the direct conduct of the approaches." And in 1683 Marshal d'Humières, having again obtained Vauban's assistance for the siege of Courtrai, wrote apologetically to Louvois:—

I have not been able to prevent M. de Vauban from going into the town [during the attack on the citadel]; he promised me faithfully that he would not stir out of his lodging,

but would receive reports there from his engineers of what was going on. I even charged the Marquis d'Huxelles not to leave him, and to prevent his going near the citadel. We have been afraid that we should get into trouble about this; but you know that one cannot manage him just as one pleases, and if any one deserves to be scolded, I assure you it is not I. (Michel, p. 184.)

Incapable of courting danger for the mere display of courage, he was apt to expose himself in his anxiety to observe the enemy's works. The best way of reconnoitring a place, he says, in order not to attract attention and draw fire, is to leave one's escort concealed at a little distance behind, and to go forward alone, or almost alone; "That is what I have almost always done, and I have found it succeed." At Luxemburg he advanced in this way, night after night, up to the palisades of the covered way. Once he was discovered, but he made a gesture to the besieged not to fire, and walked onward instead of retiring. They concluded that he must be one of their own men, and allowed him to finish his observations, and to make his way back untouched.

The minister's anxious concern for Vauban's safety went hand-in-hand with unceasing demands on his exertions. During peace he was perpetually travelling from one part of France to another, inspecting works in progress or designing new ones. For instance, in 1681, after visiting Besançon, Phalsbourg, and Schlettstadt, in the east of France, he was by midsummer in the Isle of Rhé, on the west coast, planning a citadel and enceinte. After paying a visit to the harbor works at Toulon, he reached Strasbourg in October, at the moment of its seizure by Louis XIV. By the middle of November he had prepared his project, consisting of a large volume of manuscript and seventeen sheets of drawings, and providing for a new citadel and various improvements. From these labors he was hurried away by Louvois to Casale in Piedmont, where he arrived in the beginning of 1682.

He was married in 1660, but for the next fifteen years his wife lived with her parents. In 1675, having obtained a short leave of absence for the first time for

nearly ten years, he purchased the estate of Bazoches, near Avallon, and built a château there. This was henceforth his home, but his visits to it were brief and rare. It was not till after the peace of Ryswick that he enjoyed any real leisure.

Of his labors at sieges he has left some vivid pictures. After the fall of Luxemburg he writes to Louvois: "If you do not give me two or three days' rest after the siege, I am done for; at this moment I am so weary and so sleepy that I don't know what I say." But almost immediately afterwards he was on the road for Versailles, to receive instructions about the creation of the park and gardens, upon which the troops who had taken Luxemburg were set to work, and where they lost in a few months more men than they had lost in the siege. Again, during the siege of Philipsburg in 1688, Vauban excuses himself to Louvois for not writing more frequently.

I am overwhelmed [he says] with work, and it is not possible to visit daily two attacks, where one has to look and look again into I don't know how many different things, to argue, to detail, to give the same orders ten times over, and to spend an hour and a half or two hours every day in reporting everything to Monseigneur, to write to this man and to that, and a thousand other details that one has to go into, which make the days always too short to my mind; though my body, on the other hand, finds them full long. For if all our trenches were put end to end, they would form a straight line of six good leagues, of which I traverse every day more than two-thirds, usually with wet feet, and over a hundred thousand fascines, which have been used to pave the trenches, and which are about as easy as logs to walk over: judge of the pleasantness of the promenade.

Yet the day after Philipsburg surrendered, Vauban was already on his way to Mannheim, which was to be next besieged.

Neither rank nor age quenched his activity. When a marshal, he consented to serve as chief engineer at the siege of Brisach; and though seventy years old and suffering from chronic bronchitis, he writes:—

I am well enough satisfied with my last night, which I partly spent in searching the bends of the Upper Rhine, which may help the attacks on that side. I have found some very favorable sites there for reverse and ricochet batteries, which, please God, I shall take advantage of during the siege. It was daytime before I came away, soaked through by a light mist.

Even slights and mortifications could not check his eagerness to be serviceable. After the fall of Brisach it was determined to lay siege to Landau, and Vauban, on hearing of this, wrote to the minister:—

Old as I am, I do not yet sentence myself to repose, and when it is a question of rendering an important service to the King, I shall be ready enough to put all considerations on one side, whether as regards myself or as regards the dignity with which he has been pleased to honor me, persuaded as I am that anything, however small, is honorable, if it goes to serve the King and State; much more when it admits of such considerable service as I could render in the siege in question. On this account, although it is little to be desired for myself, since apparently it will be cold, wet, and lengthy, and there are many murmurs about the discomforts of the season we are entering on, and the postponement of winter quarters, of which the troops have so much need, I pass lightly over all these considerations, as well as over that of my own dignity, and I offer with all my heart all my practical experience to the King, in whatever capacity he may think fit. If I can succeed in satisfying him, I am sure to be satisfied myself. Therefore, sir, let me know his will; the sooner the better, for it is of no use to offer oneself, and even throw oneself at him, if one is not accepted. What compels me to speak to you in this way is that there seems to me to be an intention of conducting the siege without me. I confess that I am hurt at this.

The fact was that Marshal Tallard, who was to command at the siege, wished to have the credit of it himself, of which he feared that the presence of the great engineer would deprive him. But when Vauban learnt that he was not to be employed in the recovery of this place, which was one of his own masterpieces, he drew up an elaborate memoir on the best mode of attacking it. "I wish to console myself as best I can," he writes, "by imparting my ideas and knowledge to those who are to take my place, in order that I may at least have the satisfaction of not being altogether useless to his Majesty in an affair so important as this seems likely to be." During the siege of Turin, in 1706, he showed himself equally ready to labor for the success of an enterprise in which he was not able to take part; but his advice was disregarded by the presumptuous La Feuillade, and the siege ended in failure and disaster. Yet he was far from being insensible to slights. Shortly before the siege of Valenciennes, in 1677, he wrote to Louvois:

It is rather a curious thing to see that every one knows what you intend to do, and that it

is only to me that any secret is made of it; apparently I am to play an insignificant part in it, and my opinion is to count for nothing. Thank God, I will do my duty; but I will take care not to undertake all I have done at other sieges. I promise you that.

Though sharing most devoutly in the monarch-worship of his age and country, he was honorably distinguished by his self-respect and independence of tone. Louvois — a firm friend of his, but passionate and overbearing — repeatedly urged him, when he was fortifying Dunkirk, to substitute a redoubt for a certain hornwork. At length Vauban remonstrates: —

Settle what you please on that point by way of authority, but don't attempt to convince me by reason, since I have that altogether on my side; and in God's name let us have done with quibbling, for henceforward I will not spend another word in argument about the redoubt or the hornwork.

In 1671 it was alleged that frauds had been practised on working parties of the troops by engineers under his orders, and Louvois called on him for a report. Vauban warmly vindicated his subordinates, and took the chief responsibility on himself. He, if any one, deserves to be punished; or if he is innocent, then so do his accusers.

And as to that, Monseigneur [he adds], I will take the liberty of telling you that affairs have gone too far to stop here; for I am accused by persons whose names I shall find out, who have spread villainous reports about me, so that it is necessary that I should be most completely justified. In one word, you quite understand that unless you should go to the bottom of this affair you could not do me justice, and in failing to do me justice, you would oblige me to look out for means of doing myself justice, and to abandon forever fortification and all connected with it. So make a bold and strict examination, without any partiality; for I tell you freely that, relying upon a scrupulous honesty, I fear neither the King, nor you, nor all mankind put together. Fortune has made me by birth the poorest man of quality in France, but, as a recompense, it has favored me with an honest heart, so exempt from every kind of rascality, that it cannot bear the mere thought of it without horror.

St. Simon, who was no panegyrist, has described Vauban as "perhaps the most honest and most virtuous man of his age; and, with the reputation of being the most skilful in the art of sieges and of fortification, the most simple-minded, most truthful, and most modest." He was of middle height, strongly built, and of a hardy con-

stitution, of a rough and soldierly bearing, which seemed to denote a harsh and inflexible character. "But nothing could be further from him," says St. Simon; "never was man more gentle, more kindly, or more obliging."

It was the experience and authority which Vauban acquired by his extended service, that alone enabled him to mature his improvements in siege operations. If, like his distinguished predecessor Pagan, he had been incapacitated for active life before he reached the age of forty, his name would hardly have stood so high as Pagan's. He had served twenty-two years when he first made use of parallels, thirty-seven years when he first tried ricochet fire, and forty-six years before he was able to exhibit them both in full efficiency and in combination. But the general principles of the method, of which they formed the most striking features, had taken root in his mind much earlier.

The Dutch war of independence in the beginning of the sixteenth century had been mainly a war of sieges; and especially in the hands of Maurice of Nassau and his brother Frederic Henry, the process of taking a fortified place had been to a great extent systematized. Definite rules were laid down for the execution of the several varieties of siege works — lines, batteries, trenches, and saps, and for the passage of wet ditches. But the aim of the Princes of Orange was to make sure rather than to make haste. Months were spent in strengthening the besiegers' lines, so that the siege might not be interrupted. To guard the approaches as they advanced towards the place, small redoubts were made, usually at the angles of the zigzags, and in these the workmen took refuge in case of a sortie. With an enterprising garrison which made frequent sorties, the progress of the work was very slow. The redoubts served also to protect the batteries, which were themselves open to the enemy; and to make this protection easier, or to simplify the artillery service, a very large number of pieces was often massed in a single battery. In the generation that intervened between the Princes of Orange and Vauban, the fire of shells from mortars at high angles came increasingly into use; but otherwise the art of sieges made no marked progress, and lost something of the methodical character which Maurice had impressed on it. In 1669 Louvois, annoyed at his own ignorance of an art with which as war minister he had so much to do, called on Vauban to give him

some account of it. The "Mémoire pour servir d'instruction dans la conduite des sièges"* which Vauban composed for him, hurriedly written as it was in the short space of six weeks, is of the highest interest; both as a picture of the siege warfare of that day, and as the starting-point of his own reforms. "Nothing," as he afterwards told Pellisson, "had ever been so useful to him as this attention and close consideration, pen in hand, of all that he had ever thought of or seen on this subject," and it was at this time that he shaped and settled the method of attack which he afterwards put in practice.†

In this memoir Vauban begins by enumerating the mistakes then commonly made in sieges. Among these, he dwells particularly upon the confused and unsystematic character of the attacks.

Men work on from day to day without ever knowing what they will do two hours hence. So that everything is done in a disorderly, tentative way; from which it follows that an approach is always ill-directed. The batteries and places of arms are never where they ought to be; proper arrangements are never made for establishing the lodgments; the besieger is never in a favorable position for meeting a sortie; and it never, or hardly ever, happens but that the approaches are longer by one-half or one-third than they need have been, and that after all they are enfiladed somewhere.

All this is mainly due to the interference of the general commanding in the trenches for the day.

The emulation between the general officers often leads them to expose their soldiers to no purpose, trying to make them do more than they can, and caring little if they get a score or two killed so long as they can obtain four paces more progress than their fellows. By their authority they direct the course of the approaches as they please, and are continually interrupting the plan of attack and all the arrangements of the engineer, who, far from being able to follow the systematic action which would have brought affairs to a good end, finds himself reduced to serve as the instrument of their varying caprices. Varying, I say, for one commands one way to-day, and to-morrow the general who relieves him will command quite another way; and as they are not always endowed with the highest capacity for matters of this sort, God knows what failures and what waste they cause, and how much needless blood they shed in the course of a siege. But what is most absurd is to see these gentlemen, when they have been relieved in

the trenches, describe and lament, or rather boast with a self-satisfied and complacent air, how they have lost a hundred or a hundred and fifty men during their turn of duty, among which perhaps there will be eight or ten officers and some brave engineers, who might have done service elsewhere. Is not that something to be pleased at? and is not their prince much indebted to those who obtain with the loss of a hundred men what might have been obtained by a little industry with a loss of ten? In truth, if States perish for want of good men to defend them, I know of no punishment severe enough for those who rob them of such men to no purpose.

This plain and strong language was not thrown away. At the siege of Maestricht, four years afterwards, the king entrusted to Vauban the sole direction of the siege works, and restricted the functions of the generals of the day to the command of the guard of the trenches.

But the fault did not lie wholly with the generals, as Vauban went on to explain in his memoir:—

To change the present system in the trenches, there is need of new instructions; need of engineers who have a strong hold of firmly established principles; of workmen specially trained and taught; of materials sufficient in quantity and good in quality; and above all of a fixed and constant resolution not to depart from rules which have been once laid down, when their soundness and utility have been verified by reason and experience.

To illustrate his criticisms on the mode of conducting sieges at that time, he took as an example the attack which he had himself directed against Lille two years before; which, as he says, "met with much approbation, and in which, to tell the truth, there were fewer useless proceedings than in any other for a long time past." He points out faults committed at every stage of this attack, and contrasts it with an imaginary attack upon the same front in which these faults are corrected. He particularly blames the want of proper support for the saps, and the position of the batteries (for which he was not himself responsible) at too great a distance from the fortress, and not far enough apart to give any real convergence of fire. And yet this was reckoned the best-managed attack in a siege where the king was present in person, and where there was no lack of men, money, munitions, or good engineers. It must be regarded as a very favorable specimen of the usual procedure. Hence he concludes that "when we succeed, it is rather owing to the weakness of the enemy than to our own merit. I leave others, then, to judge whether it

* It was published at Leyden in 1740, and was erroneously described on the title-page as the treatise presented to Louis XIV. in 1704.

† Pellisson, *Lettres historiques*, iii. 270.

is important to remedy these defects, and to seek means of reducing the conduct of sieges to a more systematic and a less bloody method."

Such a method he goes on to describe in detail; a method by adopting which he is bold to affirm, that "the besieger would save more than three-fourths of the men usually lost, he would avoid much useless expense, he would be always safe, he would get on quite as fast as if he hurried, and lastly he would be certain to succeed in undertakings which now in most cases prove failures." He gives rules for placing the batteries, and for every stage of a siege. He connects the approaches by two extended "places of arms, at some distance from the fortress;" but the point on which he lays most stress is, that another place of arms should be made near the foot of the glacis, six yards wide and six hundred yards long, overlapping the heads of the approaches. The time spent in the formation of this third parallel (to call it by its later name) will be more than regained by the help it will afford in making the lodgments upon the crest of the glacis, apart from the saving of life. For "it is well established that in the sieges of places that make a good defence three times as many men are lost before the capture of the counterscarp, as are lost from that time up to the surrender of the place. This loss is always due to over-eagerness; we do not take half the precautions that such an enterprise requires, and, as a necessary consequence, instead of gaining one day we lose two, at the expense of our best soldiers who perish miserably on such occasions."

For infantry and artillery alike it is his constant aim to secure an enveloping position. "The attack which is able completely to envelop the front of a place attacked is preferable to all others. And on the contrary the worst of all attacks is that of which the head is enveloped by the front attacked." These axioms of the memoir form the basis, not only of the rules which follow them, but of the modern art of sieges.

His first opportunity of carrying out his principles in a form at all complete was at Maestricht in 1673. There, as Louis XIV. himself describes the siege in his memoirs, "We went towards the place as it were in order of battle, with grand parallel lines, wide and spacious; so that, by means of the steps in them, we could march upon the enemy with a broad front."* The governor of Maestricht

* Allent, *Histoire du corps du génie*, p. 108.

said that "it had fallen to his lot to stand six considerable sieges, but that he had seen none like this; and that from the first day he had lost hope of being able to do anything, seeing how the guards of the trenches were supported, and that there was no means of making a sortie without being cut to pieces; that the man who directed the approaches must be the most skilful man in the world."*

Vauban was assisted at Maestricht by an engineer named Paul, who had taken part in the long defence of Candia, which ended in 1668; and it has often been asserted that it was from the Turkish siege works before Candia that the parallels of Maestricht were borrowed. According to Pellisson, indeed, Vauban himself admitted this. Pellisson was a hanger-on of the court, and, while attending Louis XIV. in his campaigns, he kept a diary in the form of letters. He wrote, just after the siege, that the attack "has something of the air of those made by the Turks before Candia, and one can trace some sort of imitation of their method;" and four years afterwards, speaking of a conversation he had had with Vauban at Tournay, he says, "He owed to me that he had changed his mode of attacking since the siege of Maestricht, and in fact that he had copied the Turks and their works before Candia, with their numerous lines parallel to the place, which is what I had myself remarked some time ago."† But he adds that Vauban went on to say, that the change was due to the memoir on sieges which he had had to write for Louvois in 1669, for that by his reflections upon the subject then "he settled the method of attack which he now carries out."

It seems not improbable, therefore, that Pellisson, in his eagerness to get confirmation from Vauban of his own original surmise, may have somewhat overstated the case; and that the innumerable and unsystematic parallels of the Turks had little to do with the evolution of Vauban's method, though they may have helped to gain it acceptance by giving it something of a foreign flavor. Vauban makes no reference to them in his memoir, and his own personal experience seems to have been the basis of his reforms.

The idea of occasional parallels was, in fact, already afloat in France, although a master-hand was needed to develop its value. The plan of the siege of La Ca-

* Pellisson, *Lettres historiques*, i. 362.

† *Id.* iii. 370.

pelle (in 1637) shows "a grand place of arms parallel to the front of attack, embracing the two collateral half-fronts, its right resting on a redoubt, and with the batteries disposed upon it."* D'Aurignac, in a work published in 1668,† gives a scheme of attack which he declares that he put in practice with much success when directing the attack on Bellegarde. Just beyond musket-range of the outworks of the place, there is a grand place of arms capable of containing two battalions and a squadron. From its extremities the approaches are made; and at every fifty yards of advance these are crossed by other places of arms, fifty yards long. As each successive place of arms is finished, half a battalion is to be moved up into it as a guard for the workmen. The guards, he says, should always be "kept in a body in the places of arms, and not broken up in the approaches, as it has been the custom to do," in which case they are sure to be routed by sorties. Lastly, at about twenty paces from the salient of the counterscarp of the ravelin, the approaches are once more connected by "trenches parallel to the place," the support of which will allow lodgments to be made simultaneously upon the counterscarp of the ravelin and the bastions on each side of it.

It seems plain, then, that the importance of presenting a broad front to check sorties was already beginning to be recognized by engineers. Vauban's merit lay not so much in the idea itself as in the boldness and judgment with which he applied it. He took care that the approaches should be so "escorted by places of arms" (to use his own expression) that attacks upon them could be quickly repulsed; and he gave these places of arms an extension which not only furthered their own function, but also gave opportunity for dispersing the batteries and converging their fire. At the same time he avoided any excessive frequency or slowness in the execution of them, which might have brought them into discredit; and he contrived to astonish every one by the rapidity of his advance.

At Maestricht, which was taken within a fortnight, Vauban made three parallels, having a length of from six to eight hundred yards each. In subsequent sieges there was, he says, little uniformity of practice as regards them, owing to the

want of definite rules; and they were sometimes badly placed. But whatever irregularities accident or special circumstances occasioned in the tracing out of his attacks, almost every siege furnished new illustrations of his principles, and especially of his leading principle—to rely on art and industry rather than on force. At Cambrai, in 1677, Louis XIV. insisted on assaulting a ravelin against his advice. "Sire," he said, "you will lose lives there that are worth more than the ravelin." The troops carried the work, but were driven out again with loss; and Vauban was then allowed to push on his approaches and take it in his own fashion, which he did with a loss of five men. "I will believe you another time," the king said; and he allowed Vauban to dissuade him from his angry purpose of refusing terms to the garrison.

Yet before this time, at Valenciennes, Vauban had shown that he could on occasion be bold beyond others. As the glacis was countermined, he proposed, contrary to his usual custom, to carry the covered way by assault; and he recommended that this assault, in which several thousand men would be engaged, should be delivered, not at night, as was customary, but in broad daylight, when the enemy would be less on the alert, and there would be less risk of confusion and misbehavior on the part of the troops. The most experienced generals, Schomberg, Luxemburg, and others, were against this proposal, but after much argument the king consented. The assault met with unlooked-for success, and not only the covered way but the place itself was gained, with a loss of less than fifty men. But this success did not tempt him to employ assaults where other means were open to him. At Luxemburg, in 1684, the covered way, provided with masonry keeps, threatened to prove more troublesome than usual. Instead of using force, he stopped the sap just out of range of hand-grenades, and built up parapets ten feet or more in height with successive tiers of gabions. From these *trench cavaliers*, here used for the first time, he was able to plunge into and enfilade the covered way, and to dislodge the enemy from the more advanced parts of it.

And as with the covered way, so with the breaches: he always preferred, if possible, to gain possession of them step by step. At the siege of Charleroi, in 1693, he was at first blamed for having chosen what seemed to be the strongest

* Augoyat, *Aperçu sur les Ingénieurs*, i. 55.

† *Livre de toutes sortes de fortifications*.

side as the point of attack. But before long his choice was vindicated, the out-works were taken, the body of the place breached, and the troops became impatient for the assault. Yet though the murmurs of the camp at his over-caution were echoed back from the court, Vauban was obstinate. "Let us burn more powder, and shed less blood," he replied, and continued at work with his miners until the garrison, who had themselves mined the bastion in readiness for an assault, found further resistance hopeless, and surrendered.

In 1692, at the siege of Namur, Vauban found himself face to face with his rival Coehorn, who was defending a fortress of his own construction, but was obliged to surrender. Three years afterwards Coehorn himself directed the attacks, when William III. recovered the place. With a strong likeness in their general course, the two sieges presented some marked contrasts, very characteristic of the two engineers:—

Vauban, employing no more guns than were necessary, using all his influence to restrain the troops, not allowing them to advance except under cover, and bringing them in this way to the foot of each work, had made it his study and his pride to spare them; and had done this without slackening the siege: Coehorn, accumulating ordnance, sending the troops across the open to make assaults at a distance, and sacrificing everything to his eagerness to shorten the siege, and to scare and frighten the defenders, had economized neither money, nor men, nor in fact time. (Allent, *Histoire du corps du génie*, p. 317.)

The siege of the town and castle had occupied five weeks in 1692; it occupied two months in 1695. The loss of the besiegers, which was under three thousand in the former case, was nearly nine thousand in the latter. At the same time, allowance must be made for the fact, that in the second siege the place itself was stronger, and the garrison larger. When Vauban heard of the general assault in the second siege, in which the English grenadiers crossed nearly half a mile of open ground with drums beating and colors flying, on their way to the breach, he wrote: "I never saw anything like it, or even approaching it; for the magnitude of the blunder, I mean, not for the grandeur of the action, for I find that too senseless to admire it."

He had the same aversion to random violence in the artillery, as in the engineering, operations of a siege. Bombardments, which were much to the taste

of the harsh and impatient Louvois, met with uniform opposition from Vauban. "Never fire at the buildings of fortresses," is one of his maxims, "for that is to lose time and waste ammunition for things which contribute nothing to their surrender, and the repairs of which always cost you much after the place is taken." And elsewhere he says,* "One should fire merely at the works and batteries of the fortress, and into the centres of the bastions and ravelins, where retrenchments may be made." Even for this use of shells he was not lavish of them, though he thought highly of their effect. In his estimate of ammunition for a siege the shells were only about one-fifth of the shot; and he speaks slightly of the small mortars for deluging the works with grenades, which had been introduced by Coehorn, and of which Coehorn employed no less than five hundred at the siege of Bonn. He protested against the waste of ammunition by opening fire at long ranges. In his early memoir of 1669 he said that the main gun-batteries should seldom be more than four hundred or less than three hundred yards from the counterscarp: "at this distance the shot has almost its full force, and if they were to be brought nearer, their construction would be too long delayed." But he had noticed, and he pointed out in this memoir, that

enfilading fire from a distance is more annoying than from close at hand, because the violence of the shots which come from a distance being abated and almost exhausted, the balls drop away from the straight line; whence it follows that the traverses one provides against them, however high, cannot prevent their plunging between them. When on the contrary the fire comes from close at hand, it is not very difficult to protect oneself from it, since the shortness of the range causes the ball to be impelled with such violence, that it deviates little or nothing from the direct line; whence it further follows that if it grazes the top of one traverse, it will be stopped by the mass of the next, without doing any damage between them.

These remarks had immediate reference to the approaches of the besieger, but they applied equally to the works of the besieged, and Vauban set himself to combine the advantages of short range and of highly curved fire by using reduced charges and giving increased elevation.

It was at Philipsburg, in 1688, that he made his first essay with ricochet batte-

* *Traité de l'attaque*, pp. 263 and 122.

ries. Of one of these he told Louvois that it "dismounted six or seven guns, and caused one of the long sides of the hornwork and the whole of the face of one of the bastions opposite to the main attack to be so deserted that their fire quite ceased." A few weeks later he again wrote to Louvois, after the capture of Mannheim, that his ricochet battery there "had only fired one day and had dismounted four or five pieces of artillery, made the defenders abandon six or seven others, set fire to five or six shells, and to two casks of powder, which made the hats fly up in the air, took off the leg of a lieutenant-colonel, and persecuted I don't know how many people, whom it hunted out of nooks where nothing but the sky was to be seen." But it was at Ath, in 1697, that he gave his grand demonstration of the effect of this and of all his other improvements in the art of attack. Ath was a strong place, having been fortified by Vauban himself, but the defence was passive; and the siege works went on, we are told, "with so much method on our side, and with so little interruption on the side of the enemy, that it seemed rather the representation of a siege, than a siege itself."* Vauban himself wrote, "I do not believe there was ever a regular siege, such as this, in which so excellent a place as that which we have just taken has been reduced so quickly and with so little loss." It occupied only fourteen days, and cost the besiegers only three hundred men, killed and wounded.

In the project for the attack it is laid down: "The first parallel will be called *contravallation*, for its action is the same as that sort of line, but in a manner more sure and more close. It receives all the guard of the trenches. The second parallel will be called *line of the batteries*, for it is on it that we place all the first batteries that are made to subdue the fire of the defence. It supports the saps and trenches. When made, it receives two-thirds of the guard of the trenches. The other third remains in the first, on the wings and in the middle." The first parallel was about a mile and a quarter in length and something under six hundred yards from the counterscarp. The second parallel was nearly as long, with its extremities resting upon the first parallel, but not more than three hundred yards, in the middle, from the salients of the ravelin and bastions attacked.

* "Journal of the Siege of Ath," attached to "Goullon's Memoirs," and probably written by Vauban's nephew. (Translated by J. Heath. London, 1745.)

The batteries were placed in a manner quite different from all before them; for, taking in the whole front of the attack, they traversed and enfiladed with plunging fire the bastions, ravelins, and covered ways of the place, in such a manner that, after they were once well in play, the enemy could no longer stand to their defences; and they so effectually extinguished the fire of the place, that the besiegers could pass and repass between the camp and trenches without danger. It was not without difficulty that M. de Vauban prevailed on the officers of the train to lower the charges of their great guns, to batter *à ricochet* with small charges, the effects of which did not presently appear to them; but after a good deal of painstaking, they were at last reconciled to it. Bounce and clatter and readiness for action had hitherto made up the whole merit of the train at sieges; here the thing was altered, for never was known before so little noise made with so considerable a number of cannon as were fired at this siege. . . . We found after the place was taken that the greatest part of the wounded had their legs and arms carried away upon the rampart by the effects of these batteries, the balls giving the enemy incessant disquiet on all sides, following them even into their safe retreats, dismounting their guns by breaking the wheels and cheeks of the carriages. (Journal of the Siege.)

Although in these sieges ricochet fire proved very effective against guns, this was not in Vauban's eyes the work for which it was most appropriate. "So long as the object is to dismount the enemy's artillery, one may fire with full charges," he says; "but as soon as it is dismounted ricochet fire must be used." He explains that the work of the latter is to drive the enemy's troops from the faces or flanks which might oppose the besieger, to sweep the ditches and communications, to clear the covered way and splinter its palisades; and that it will do this work more certainly, more quickly, and with much less expenditure of powder, than any other kind of fire. It went, in fact, hand in hand with parallels to secure the besieger's workmen against sorties.

It is certain [he writes], that if one establishes places of arms, as proposed in these memoirs, and the troops are properly disposed in them, the enemy will not be able to make sorties without coming in collision with the whole guard of the trenches; and that, if on the other hand the ricochet batteries are well served, he cannot assemble troops in any part of the covered ways opposite to the attacks. Hence, few or no sorties. (Traité de l'attaque, p. 11.)

In 1703, when he was seventy years old, and had just returned from the last siege in which he was engaged, he wrote

the "Traité de l'attaque des places" which has been already referred to, not intending it for publication, but for the use of the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis XIV. "May it please you," he says, "to keep it for yourself, and to let no one else have it, lest copies should be taken of it, which, if they chanced to pass into our enemies' hands, would perhaps be welcomed more than they deserve." Nearly three years afterwards he supplemented it by a "Traité de la défense des places," written only a few months before his death. In these two works we have a digest of his vast experience; and his principles, disengaged from particular applications, are presented in their most mature form. The latter are summed up in thirty maxims, of which the general substance is as follows:—

To be well informed of the strength of the garrison; to be careful to attack upon the weakest side; not to open the trenches till everything is ready; to embrace the whole front of the works attacked; never to attack re-entering angles where the besieger may be enveloped, instead of enveloping; to employ the sap directly open trenchwork becomes dangerous, and "never to do uncovered and by force what can be done by industry, since industry is always sure, whereas force is apt sometimes to fail, and usually runs great risks;" not to push forward the trenches until those that are to support them are ready; to provide three grand lines, or places of arms, of due extent; always, if possible, to enfilade the works attacked or take them in reverse by ricochet fire, and gain possession of them by this means instead of by assaults in force; to avoid all precipitation, for that "does not hasten the taking of places but often retards it, and always renders the scene bloody;" not to waste ammunition in bombarding the town; to deviate from regularity in the attack no more than is strictly necessary, and never on the ground that the place is not strong; and to let the chief direction of all the operations, both artillery and engineer, be in one man's hands, under the authority of the general commanding.

Vauban's improvements in the mode of attacking fortresses were the most considerable and the most lasting of his services to the art of war, and he put a seal to them by writing his treatises. In fortress-building his labors were immense, and his work of the highest value, both on account of his skill in dealing with local conditions, and of the order and

economy which he introduced generally. But he did not leave his mark on the art of fortification in a corresponding degree, nor has he put on paper with the same completeness his ideas respecting it. "The art of fortifying," he said, "does not consist in rules and systems, but solely in good sense and experience;" and when he was urged to write something on the subject, he answered: "Would you have me teach that a curtain is between two bastions, that a bastion is composed of an angle and two faces, etc.? That is not my line."

But in submitting his project for Landau in 1687 he wrote, "I have taken the opportunity of this project to propose a *system*, which though it has some appearance of novelty is really only an improvement of the old." This was the tower-bastion system, which he afterwards employed in an improved form at Neuf-Brisach. It may be said to be a combination of the bastioned trace with the polygonal or caponier trace, which has since so largely superseded it; the latter being used for the body of the place, and the former furnishing an envelope by which the towers or caponiers are shielded. Vauban himself allowed that "it is quite new and has not yet reached all the perfection that is requisite;" but it would be generally admitted now that his successors would have done better to improve its details, than to turn their backs upon it altogether, and treat it as a whim of his old age. The French siege of Landau in 1703, and their defence of it in the following year, said much for the merit of the system. In the former, at the end of a month, the besiegers had established themselves on the detached bastions or counterguards, but Marshal Tallard thought it best to offer favorable terms to the garrison lest they should continue to hold out. In 1704 the French held out for seventy days, and similarly capitulated when the besiegers were in possession of the detached bastions.

But with Vauban fortifying meant something more than fortress-building. He may be said to have been the first engineer who considered fortresses collectively, as units in a general scheme of frontier defence. In 1678, after the peace of Nimeguen, he drew up a memoir on the defence of the north-east frontier, in which he recommended the construction of a few new places, in order to provide a double line of fortresses between the Meuse and the sea—a distance of one

hundred and twenty miles, with thirteen places in each line. In carrying out this scheme he took care to secure command of all the roads and watercourses perpendicular to the frontier; and behind his fortresses he carried roads and canals parallel to the frontier, serving as lines of communication for the defence, or of obstacle for the enemy.

He recommended that many of the old fortresses in the interior should be dismantled or demolished; but in a memoir, written probably in 1689, "on the importance of Paris to France and the means that should be taken to secure her," he strongly urged the fortification of the capital. He proposed, while restoring the old enceinte of the city, to construct a new enceinte about a mile or a mile and a half in front of it, occupying the heights of Belleville, Montmartre, etc., as was actually done a century and a half later; and since "a town of this size so fortified might become formidable even to its master," he further proposed to make citadels on the banks of the Seine.

Another favorite idea, on which he repeatedly insisted, and which has since received a great development, was to attach intrenched camps to fortresses, in order that the investment of the latter might be hindered and their defence prolonged. He made a camp of this kind at Dunkirk in 1693 for eleven thousand men, with a continuous line of field profile about five miles long. He proposed a similar camp for Namur in 1695, and again for Thionville in 1705. "I know," he wrote regarding the latter, "that this is not to the taste of the king or of his generals, who have given him an unfavorable impression of intrenched camps; but that is because they do not understand them." In order to enlighten them, he had asked a Flemish gentleman in 1693 to hunt up examples of the successful use of field fortification by the Hussites and Turks, and in the Thirty Years' War. "For although I know very well the value of intrenched camps," he says, "I stand in need of the authority of all the great men to recommend them to our foolish nation, which thinks that one ought always to fight just as one is, without any other concern than to hit hard." In 1705 he wrote part of a treatise on field fortification, in which he brought forward these instances; but it seems to have been coldly received, and was never finished.

If he had lost every other title to fame, the name of Vauban would still deserve

to be remembered as the inventor of the socket-bayonet. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the flint-lock fusil was gradually displacing the more cumbersome musket. In France, the war ministry opposed the change, and proposals for the improvement of the service weapon, which were twice made by Vauban himself, were not adopted. But the troops showed their own opinion unmistakably, and after the battle of Steinkirk (1692) the French musketeers and pikemen alike threw away their own arms to take instead the fusils of their beaten enemies. As the proportion of pikes to muskets became less and less, bayonets with wooden hafts to fit into the barrels were given to the musketeers, to enable them to defend themselves in hand-to-hand fighting; but these made the weapon useless for the time as a firearm. In 1687 Louvois wrote to Vauban:—

I have seen officers who have made the campaign in Hungary this year, and who have assured me that in the infantry of the Emperor there is not a single pike; that each battalion is of four or five hundred men, and the soldiers carry with them chevaux-de-frise, which they connect together and place along the front of the battalion when they are in presence of the enemy.

He asked Vauban to have some such chevaux-de-frise made, and to give him his opinion about them. A fortnight later he wrote again, and his letter indicates what Vauban's reply had been:—

The King will be glad that when you come here you should bring with you the soldier's equipment you speak of in your letter. But I beg you to explain to me how you contrive a bayonet at the end of a musket which does not prevent one from firing and loading, and what dimensions you propose to give to the said bayonet.

It was at Vauban's instance that at length, in 1703, Louis XIV. decided to abandon the pike altogether, and adopt the fusil and bayonet as the weapon for the whole of the infantry.

He drew up an admirable project for the reorganization of the artillery service, but it was not carried into effect till long after his death. With somewhat better success he urged the formation of standing companies of sappers and miners, to be permanently attached to the engineers. He was unsparing in his efforts to improve the position and to heighten the efficiency of the engineers themselves; and he personally examined young aspirants until he became a marshal. His untiring activity occupied itself with civil

hardly less than with military reforms; but to notice his various schemes for the benefit of his countrymen, or his services in connection with canals and harbors, would carry us too far. There are two of his efforts, however, which cannot be passed over: his protest against the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his project of the *dîme royale*.

His constant journeys throughout the length and breadth of France enabled him to judge better than almost any one else of the disastrous effects of the pressure put upon the Huguenots; and, though a Roman Catholic himself, he could not refrain from making an appeal to the government. Besides the loss of about one hundred thousand persons of all classes, who had carried into foreign countries the arts and manufactures which had hitherto drawn money to France; besides the transfer to the enemy's forces of about twenty thousand excellent soldiers and sailors, and the heavy blow to French commerce; there remained behind a large body of disguised Huguenots, and of impoverished Catholics, "who say nothing, and who approve neither of forced conversions nor perhaps even of the present government, which inflicts so much suffering on them," who would constitute a grave danger in case of invasion.

It is no case for flattery [he says]; the interior of the kingdom is ruined, the whole country is suffering, and groaning; one has only to see and examine the heart of the provinces to find that it is even worse than I say. Instead of increasing the number of the faithful in the kingdom, compulsory conversions have produced only relapsed, impious, and sacrilegious persons, profaners of all we hold most sacred, and in fact a very poor edification to Catholics. Kings are, it is true, masters of the lives and property of their subjects, but never of their opinions, since the sentiments of the heart are beyond their power, and God alone can direct them as he pleases.

After pointing out the powerlessness of the country in its divided state to carry on war successfully against the coalition that threatened it, he concluded:—

On this account, looking to the importance of the matter, it appears that the King could not do better than to put aside all other considerations as frivolous and unimportant compared with this, and issue a declaration in whatever form may be best, in which His Majesty should state that, having seen with sorrow the ill-success of the conversions, and the obstinacy with which most of the newly converted cling to the so-called reformed religion, notwithstanding their abjuration of it and the hopes he had been led to entertain to the con-

trary, His Majesty, unwilling that any one should any longer be constrained in his religion, and desirous of providing, so far as rests with him, for the repose of his subjects, especially those of the so-called reformed religion, who for some time past have been obliged to profess themselves Catholics, after having committed the matter to God, to whom alone belongs the conversion of the heart, re-establishes the Edict of Nantes, purely and simply, on the same footing as it was before.

This memoir was written by Vauban in 1686, and he submitted it to Louvois and to Madame de Maintenon. But such advice was not likely to be well received at the court of Louis XIV. Louvois returned the memoir to Vauban, recommending him to destroy it, and added, "As I never knew you make such a blunder as you seem to have made in this memoir, I conclude that the air of Bazoches has clogged your wits, and that it would be a very good thing not to let you stay there much."

But his project of the royal tithe drew down on Vauban a heavier blow. It was in the two years of leisure which followed the peace of Ryswick (1697) that he brought this project into shape; but he had been gradually elaborating it for many years before. The extreme misery and destitution of the bulk of the population had pressed upon him in his constant journeys, as the extracts above given indicate; and at the same time he was struck by the comparatively scanty resources, both in men and money, which the State obtained at the price of all this suffering. The unequal incidence of the taxes, and the wasteful mode of collecting them, were the two main causes of this. The first he proposed to remedy by doing away with all class exemptions, and the second, by substituting uniform taxes on produce or on income for arbitrarily assessed taxes on land. The royal tithe (not necessarily a tenth, but a proportion varying with the requirements of the State) was to be levied alike upon all the yield of land, upon rents, wages, pensions, or professional incomes, including the revenues of the clergy. Instead of a salt-tax varying in different provinces, and involving monstrous abuses, all the salt mines were to be acquired by the crown and the salt sold at an uniform rate. Customs duties on imports, and taxes on luxuries, together with the rents from the crown lands, completed the scheme. Vauban did not content himself with throwing out crude suggestions; he laboriously gathered statistics, and

worked out calculations, to show the effect of the changes he proposed. The only objection, he concluded, to his system, would be in "the self-interest, timidity, ignorance, and idleness, of those who might be set to examine it."

But the adverse influences which he thus anticipated, and was at no pains to conciliate, were too powerful for him.

His book [says St. Simon] was full of information and figures, all arranged with the utmost clearness, simplicity, and exactitude. But it had a grand fault. It described a course which, if followed, would have ruined an army of financiers, of clerks, of functionaries of all kinds; it would have forced them to live at their own expense, instead of at the expense of the people; and it would have sapped the foundations of those immense fortunes that are seen to grow up in such a short time. This was enough to cause its failure.

In 1699 Vauban sent a manuscript copy of his project to the king, and another to the minister Chamillard. How it was received is unknown, but at all events it did not stand in the way of his becoming a marshal three years afterwards. Probably it was ignored, for in 1704 he presented a second copy to the king, of which also no notice seems to have been taken. At length, in 1706, Vauban, anxious to submit his ideas to a wider circle of readers, determined to print about three hundred copies for private circulation. The royal license for printing, which the law required, was in such a case certain to be refused. The copies were therefore printed secretly, and they were distributed by Vauban himself, who had just resigned the command of Dunkirk, and was living privately in Paris. But in a few weeks the work was brought before the Privy Council and condemned. All copies of it were ordered to be seized and put in the pillory; and booksellers keeping or selling any were to be fined. The condemnation was secretly managed, so as to allow Vauban no opportunity of appealing to the king; and it took him altogether by surprise. His health was already much shaken, and this blow was too much for him. Profoundly dejected, he fell into a fever, and within a week he died, on the 30th of March, 1707. "I have lost a man very devoted to my person and to the State," was the comment of the *Grand Monarque* on hearing of his death: beyond this he showed no concern. The body was buried privately at Bazoches. The heart, a century afterwards, was brought to Paris by order of

Napoleon, and deposited in the church of the Invalides.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEXT day the country-side far and near thought and talked of nothing but the fatal accident at Tinto, which was such a public event as moved everybody. There was no figure in the district more widely known than that of Pat Torrance on his black mare, a powerful horse and powerful man, looking as if they could defy every power of nature; and it thrilled every village far and near, every lone farm-stead and cluster of cottages for miles round, to be told that Black Jess and her master had both been ended by one false step, and that Pat Torrance, strong and rich and potent as he was, had died the death of a dog, unaided, unseen. The news ran from village to village like the fiery cross — everywhere expanding into new details and a deeper and deeper horror of description. First the bare fact, then all these additional circumstances, making it more and more visibly evident to every excited listener, filled the air. Each new passer-by was like a new edition of a newspaper, and had heard something more. How the two bodies had been found, horse and man; how Tinto had been warned over and over again of the danger of the Scour, and would listen to no advice on the subject, but insisted on leaving it as it was, either for the sake of the view (though it was little he was heeding about views), or for the brag, which was more likely; and how he was got up with much trouble, and carried in dead to his own house, which he had left in all his pride an hour or two before. What ground for reflection upon the vicissitudes of life was here! There was not a group of two or three people anywhere but one at least would shake the head and lift up the voice of wisdom, bidding the others note how in the midst of life we were in death. And when this first horror was exhausted, there ensued the brief summing up of character and life, the rapid history in which our neighbors epitomize us as soon as we are ended. There were no illusions on the subject of wild Pat Torrance; but on the whole he fared well in the hands of the rude country-folk, whose taste was not fine enough to be offended by his roughness. In spite

of all his vices and extravagances, he had a certain good-fellowship with his inferiors in position, a rough familiarity of address which passed for kindness, and conciliated the common mind. On every side the wild incidents of his youth were recalled, not unkindly. "Eh, poor Tinto, poor fallow! I mind when he was a young lad" — the commentators began on every side. And the women concluded that perhaps if he had gotten a wife more like himself, things might have been different. The rural imagination accepted him as he was, with many a sage reflection, but little censure on the whole — winding up the story of his feats and frolics, his stormy, wild career, with a big rustic sigh for the ploughboy-gentleman, the rude laird who was so near to them. The tragedy was as complete and typical as the primitive historian could desire. And the man who would take no warning, but kept the dangerous spot unguarded that he might get his death on it, was as broad an example of human rashness and blindness as could have been selected. Wild Pat Torrance, poor fallow! It was just the end which everybody might have expected, it was allowed on all hands.

But presently there arose a chill whisper, like the first creeping upward of an east wind, bringing greyness and blight over earth and sky. Who can say how this atmospheric influence rises, which one moment is not, and the next has covered the country with an ungenial chill? It was the same with this moral cloud, which came, nobody knew from whence, nor how, rising in a moment. The origin of it could not be brought home to any individual, but there it was. After all, how could it be that Black Jess, used to every step of the way, went over the Scaur? In a moment the tide of popular comment changed, and those who had pointed out the awful justice of fate by which Pat Torrance had been made to bring about his own fate by his obstinacy, began to say that so bold a rider never could have lost his life on so well-known a road — without foul play. Accident! how could it be accident, without some human hand to help? It was not till the second morning that this development of the tragedy came; and it took the whole of that day to establish the connection — which flashed upon the general mind like lightning at last — between John Erskine's torn sleeve and dishevelled appearance and the fate of Torrance. John Tamson swore with angry oaths afterwards that it was not from him the tale came; but

others had seen young Dalrulzian, flushed and muddy, coming from the gate of Tinto on that eventful afternoon; and when the community began to think it over and compare notes, nothing could be more natural than the conclusion to which they came. If the original news had flown over the country like the war-signal of the old clans, this was like the spreading of a sheet of flame — it burst out at point after point after the merest touch of contact. Young Dalrulzian was little known. The country knew no stories of his youth to endear him. He had been brought up far away. He was an Englishman, almost an alien. And Tinto, it was well known, was rough of speech, and "couldna bide" the dainty and delicate. What if they met in the wood; what if there had been a struggle — if the weaker man who had no chance against the stronger had seized Black Jess by the bridle, and driven the high-spirited animal frantic? The groups who had been recalling all the old stories of Tinto, now changed like magic into little committees of accusation, with their heads close together, framing their indictment. The question was given against John Erskine all over the country before the ending of the second day.

There is no coroner's inquest in Scotland. When a death is attended by doubtful circumstances, the procedure is slower and more elaborate, and private individuals are reluctant to move in a matter so painful. But yet the atmosphere of suspicion and popular condemnation stole into Dalrulzian as it had crept over the whole country. It conveyed itself to the supposed criminal himself in a subtle sense of something wrong. He had not a notion what it was — neither did he know at first that it was he who was the object disapproved of; but it was impossible not to feel that something was wrong. The aspect of Rolls himself, conjoined with his extraordinary behavior on the night of Torrance's death, was remarkable enough to excite alarm. The old servant seemed to have grown ten years older in a single night. His face was furrowed with deep lines, his shoulders bowed, his step tottering. The pathos and earnestness of the looks which he bent upon his young master were indescribable. The air, half critical, half paternal, with which he had been wont to regard him, was gone. He no longer interfered in every arrangement with that sense of superior wisdom which had amused John from the moment of his arrival. All the humor of the situation was

over. Intense gravity, almost solemnity, was in the countenance of Rolls; he was constantly on the watch, as if he expected unwelcome visitors. Beaufort, who was not given to mirth, was roused out of his gravity by the melancholy aspect of Methusaleh, as he called him. "One would think your servants expected you to be carried off to prison for high treason," he said, laughing — for Rolls was not the only one in the house who regarded John with these alarmed and solemn eyes. Bauby, who on ordinary occasions had nothing but a broad smile and look of maternal admiration for her young master, was continually visible, gazing at him from unexpected corners with her apron at her eyes. When he asked her if she wanted anything with him, she would murmur, "Oh, Mr. John!" and cry. The other maids supporting her behind, fled from his presence. The gardener regarded him with a sort of stern inquiry, when he passed carrying his basket of vegetables to the house. John was disturbed, as a man of sympathetic nature cannot help being disturbed, by this curious atmosphere of discomfort. He could not tell what it was.

Beaufort was not an inspiring companion for a man thus perplexed and confounded. To find himself in the district where Carry lived, to be in her neighborhood, yet separated from her as by walls of iron, impressed his languid mind with a deeper shade of that sentimental consciousness which was habitual to him. Her name had not yet been mentioned between the friends; but Beaufort walked about the country roads in a constant state of expectation, feeling that every carriage he heard approaching might reveal to him the face which he longed yet feared to see. And for the first three or four days this was all the entertainment which John provided for his friend. He was full of embarrassment as to the situation altogether. Lady Lindores and Edith were, he had heard, at Tinto, where he could not disturb them; and he felt no inclination to make his appearance at Lindores in their absence. Torrance's death and Beaufort's presence seemed, indeed, to place impossible barriers between him and them. It would have been sufficiently uncomfortable, he had felt, to produce his friend there in the lifetime of Carry's husband; but to present him now, when so unexpectedly, so tragically, Carry was once more free, became an impossibility. In every way John felt himself paralyzed. The air affected him, he

could not tell how. He took his companion out walking all over the country, and drove him to long distances in his dog-cart, but introduced him to no one, nor ever went to any other house. And nobody called during this curious interval. The two men lived like hermits, and talked of their old comrades and associations, but never of the new. John even answered Beaufort's question about Tinto, which was one of the first points in the landscape which attracted his curiosity, without telling him of the tragedy which had happened there. "It belongs to the Torrances," he had said abruptly, and no more. It did not seem possible to tell Beaufort that her husband was dead. Troublesome as his coming was at any time, it seemed almost an immodest intrusion now; and John was disturbed and harassed by it. His mind was sufficiently troubled and uneasy on his own account; and this seemed like an odious repetition, intensification of his own circumstances. Two unfortunate lovers together, with the two ladies of their choice so separated from them, though so near; and now this utterly bewildering and distracting new element brought into the dilemma, throwing a wild and feverish gleam of impious possibility on what had been so impossible before. He could not speak of it: he could not breathe Edith's name or Carry's into the too sympathetic, anxious ear of his friend. He held him at arm's length, and talked of Dick and Tom and Harry, the comrades of the past, but never of what was so much more deeply interesting and important to both of them now.

"Look here, Erskine," said Beaufort; "I thought you were seeing a great deal of — your neighbors: and that Millefleurs would have come to me before now. I shall have to send him word I am here."

"To be sure. I had forgotten Millefleurs," said John. "You forget I only knew of your coming a few hours before you arrived."

"But I thought — people in the country see so much of each other generally."

"They have been — engaged — with family matters," said John.

"Do you mean to say it is all settled? — and that Millefleurs is to marry —"

"I know nothing about marrying," cried John harshly; and then, recollecting himself, he added, in a subdued tone, "There can be nothing of that sort going on at present. It is death, not marriage, that occupies them now."

Beaufort opened his languid eyes and looked with curiosity in his friend's face.

"Is it so? Yet Millefleurs stays on. That looks as if very intimate relations had been established, Erskine."

"Does it? I don't know what relations have been established," John said, with visible impatience. And he got up and went out of the room abruptly, breaking off all further discussion. Beaufort sent a note to his pupil that evening. It was the fourth or fifth day after his arrival. "I made sure I should have seen you, or I would have let you know my whereabouts sooner," he wrote. He was himself oppressed by the atmosphere round him, without knowing why. He had expected a genial Scotch house, full of company and life, with something of that exaggeration of fancy which had made Dalruizian so wonderfully disappointing to John himself—a house where, amid the movement of lively society, his own embarrassing position would have been softened, and he might even have met his former love in the crowd without special notice or more pain than was inevitable. But he seemed to have dropped instead into a hermitage, almost into a tomb.

Millefleurs made his appearance next morning, very grave too, as everybody seemed in this serious country, and with none of his usual chirruping confidence. "I never guessed you were here," he said; "everything of course, at Lindores, is wrapped in gloom."

"There has been a death"—said Beaufort.

"A death!—yes. Has not Erskine told you? A tragedy; nothing so terrible has happened here for ages. You've heard, Erskine," he said, turning round suddenly upon John, who was in the background, "that there are suspicions of foul play."

John came forward into the light; there was embarrassment and annoyance in his face. "I have said nothing to Beaufort about it—he did not know the man—why should I? What did you say there were suspicions of?"

Millefleurs looked him full in the face, with a curious direct look, and answered with a certain sternness, oddly inappropriate to his cast of countenance, "Foul play."

John was startled. He looked up with a movement of surprise, then returned Millefleurs's gaze with a mingled expression of astonishment and displeasure. "Foul play!" he said; "impossible!"—then added, "Why do you look at me so?"

Millefleurs did not make any reply.

He turned to Beaufort, who stood by puzzled, looking on. "I ought not to stay," he said; "but Lord Lindores seems to wish it, and there are some things to be settled; and I am very much interested besides. There is no coroner in Scotland, I hear. How will the investigation be managed?" he said, turning to John again.

"Lord Millefleurs," said John, who was not unwilling, in his general sense of antagonism and annoyance, to pick a quarrel, "your look at me requires some explanation. What does it mean?"

There was a moment's silence, and they stood opposite to each other, little Millefleurs's plump person, with all its curves, drawn up into an attitude of dignity, his chubby countenance set, while John looked down upon him with an angry contempt, merging towards ridicule. The group was like that of an indignant master and schoolboy; but it was evident that the schoolboy meant defiance.

"It means—just such an interpretation as you choose to give it," said Millefleurs.

"For heaven's sake," said Beaufort, "no more of this! Millefleurs, are you out of your senses? Erskine, you must see this is folly. Don't make up a quarrel out of nothing."

John made a distinct effort to control himself. "To me it appears nothing," he said; "I cannot even guess at any meaning that may be in it; but Millefleurs means something, Beaufort, as you can very easily see."

At this moment Rolls put his head in at the door. "It's Sir James Montgomery come to see you. I have shown him into the drawing-room, for it's on business," the old man said. He was standing behind the door when John came out, and his master could not help remarking that he was trembling in every limb. "The Lord help us a'! you'll be cautious, sir," Rolls said.

John, in his perplexity and gathering wonder, seized him by the arm. "In God's name, Rolls, what do you mean?"

"Swear none, sir," said the old servant—"swear none; but oh, be cautious, for the love of God!"

John Erskine walked into the room in which Sir James awaited him, with a sense of wonder and dismay which almost reached the length of stupefaction. What did they all mean? He had not a clue, not the faintest thread of guidance. Nothing had in his own thoughts connected him even with the tragedy at Tinto. He

had been doubly touched and impressed by it in consequence of the fact that he had seen the unfortunate Torrance so short a time before; but that he could, by the wildest imagination, be associated with the circumstances of his death, did not occur to him for a moment. The idea did not penetrate his mind even now, but he felt that there was some shadow which he could not penetrate lying upon him. A blinding veil seemed thrown over his faculties. There was a meaning in it, but what the meaning was he could not tell. He went in to his new visitor with a confusion which he could not shake off, hoping perhaps, that some sort of enlightenment might be got through him. Sir James was standing against one of the windows, against the light with his hat in his hands. His whole attitude told of embarrassment and distress. He made no movement as if intending to sit down—did not step forward heartily, as his custom was, to enfold John's hand in his own with cheerful cordiality, but stood there against the light, smoothing his hat round and round in his hand. It petrified John to see his old friend so. He went up as usual with outstretched hand, but Sir James only touched the tip of his fingers with an embarrassed bow. Instead of his usual genial aspect, he half averted his face, and kept his eyes on his hat, even when he spoke.

"Mr. Erskine," he said, with hesitation, "I came to see you. I mean, I wanted to have some little conversation with you, if you have no objections—about—about this sad affair."

"What sad affair?" John was bewildered, but still more angry than bewildered. What was the meaning of it all? Was the entire world in a conspiracy against him?

"Sir," said the old general, giving him one look of reproof, "such events are not so common in our quiet country-side that there should be any doubt as to what I mean."

"Unless what you mean is to drive me distracted," cried John. "What is it? First Millefleurs, then you! In heaven's name, what do you mean? What have I done, that your aspect is changed—that you speak to me like a stranger, like a culprit, like— Speak out, by all means! What is this sad affair? In what way have I wronged any man? Why should my friends turn upon me, and call me sir, and Mr. Erskine? What have I done?"

"I wish to judge no man," said Sir James; "I wish to act in the spirit of charity. It was the opinion, not only of myself—for I have not that much confidence in my own judgment—but the opinion of two or three gentlemen, well-judging men, that if I were to make an appeal to you in the matter, to implore you in confidence—that is, if there is any explanation that can be given. We are all inclined to that view. I may seem harsh, because my heart is just sick to think of it; but we are all inclined to believe that an explanation would be possible. Of course, it is needless to say that if there is no explanation, neither the law permits, nor would we wish to lead, any one to criminate himself."

"Sir James," said John, "you have made me a strange speech. There is a great deal of offence in it; but I do not wish to notice the offence. Speak out! I know no dreadful event that has happened in the country but poor Torrance's death. Do you mean to tell me that you suspect *me* of having any hand in that?"

Sir James looked up at him from the hat which he was pressing unconsciously in his hands. His countenance was full of distress, every line moving, his eyes moist and agitated. "My poor lad!" he said, "God knows, we're all ready to make allowances for a moment's passion! A man that has been hurried by impulse into a sudden step—that has consequences he never dreamt of,—he will sometimes try to hide it, and make it look far worse—far worse! Openness is the only salvation in such a case. It was thought that you might confide in me, an old man that has ever been friendly to you. For God's sake, John Erskine, speak out!"

"What do you suppose I can have to say?" said John, impressed, in spite of himself and all his instinctive resistance, by the anxious countenance and pleading tones of the kind old man who had been charged with such an office. He was so much startled and awed by the apparent consent of so many to attribute something to him—something which he began dimly to divine without even guessing how far public opinion had gone—that the color went out of his cheeks, and his breath came quick with agitation. Such signs of excitement may be read in many different ways. To Sir James they looked like remorseful consciousness and alarm.

"We are all very willing to believe," he

said slowly, "that you took the beast by the bridle, perhaps in self-defence. He was an incarnate devil when he was roused — poor fellow! He would have ridden a man down in his temper. You did that, meaning nothing but to hold him off — and the brute reared. If you had raised an alarm then and there, and told the circumstances, little blame, if any, could have been laid on you. Silence was your worst plan — your worst plan! That's the reason why I have come to you. You took fright instead, and hurried away without a word, but not without tokens on you of your scuffle. If you would open your heart now, and disclose all the circumstances, it might not be too late."

John stood gazing speechless, receiving into his mind this extraordinary revelation with an almost stupefying sense of how far the imagination had gone. What was it his countrymen thought him guilty of? Was it murder — *murder*? The light seemed to fail from his eyes for a moment; his very heart grew sick. He had time to run through all the situation while the old man labored slowly through this speech, hesitating often, pausing for the most lenient words, anxiously endeavoring to work upon the feelings of the supposed culprit. With horror and a sudden panic, he perceived how all the circumstances fitted into this delusion, and that it was no mere piece of folly, but a supposition which might well seem justified. He remembered everything in the overpowering light thus poured upon the scene: his torn coat, his excitement — nay, more, the strong possibility that everything might have happened just as his neighbors had imagined it to have happened. And yet it had not been so; but how was he to prove his innocence? For a moment darkness seemed to close around him. Sir James's voice became confused with a ringing in his ears; his very senses seemed to grow confused, and failed him. He heard the gasp in his own throat to get breath when silence ensued — a silence which fell blank around him, and which he maintained unconsciously, with a blind stare at his accuser's most gentle, most pitying countenance. How like it was to the scare and terror of blood-guiltiness suddenly brought to discovery!

But gradually this sickness and blankness cleared off around him like a cloud, and he began to realize his position. "Sit down," he said hoarsely, "and I will tell you every particular I know."

From Longman's Magazine.

SOME POINTS IN AMERICAN SPEECH AND CUSTOMS.

II.

IN my former article I said something as to some points of difference between British and American usage in matter of language and in other matters closely connected with language. Now points of language almost imperceptibly glide into points of custom; and in points of custom, as well as in points of language, much that we are apt to look on as distinctively American is simply older English usage which we have dropped. In some cases, it is true, the dropping has been on the other side. We are struck in America with the constant absence of ceremony on public occasions where we should have looked for some measure of form and state. Closely as the forms and processes of American law conform to our own, we are amazed at seeing, everywhere, as far as I know, except in the Supreme Court of the United States, judges sitting, not only without wigs but without gowns. There seems indeed to be a general dislike to the wearing of any kind of official dress. In matters of this kind I fancy that a good deal has been consciously dropped out of a notion of "republican simplicity." This is a notion which I cannot enter into. Whatever honor a free commonwealth shows to its chosen magistrates is surely honor done to itself. If I were to speak of the magistrates of old Rome, with their lictors and their official ornaments, I might be told that Rome, if a commonwealth, was an aristocratic commonwealth. But there never was a purer democracy than that of Uri, and the Landammann of Uri keeps — at least he kept eighteen years back — no small measure of official state. And indeed, even in the United States themselves, some measure of official pomp cannot be got rid of on all occasions. I have seen the governor of Massachusetts enter his capital, undecorated certainly as far as his own person was concerned, but otherwise surrounded by a degree of pomp and circumstance which reminded me of the triumph of Marcus Furius Camillus. And in private life the American strikes me as, on the whole, more ceremonious than the Englishman on this side of the ocean. And in some cases certainly the difference is due to the fact that England has dropped ceremonial usages which have lived on in America. Take the commonest forms of address. The British

visitor in America is a little surprised at being called "Sir" in private life, at all events at being called so a great deal oftener than he ever is in his own island. The word perhaps grates a little on his ears. But he has only to turn to his Boswell to see that America has in this small matter simply kept on an usage which England has dropped. And this is a matter in which England stands almost alone in the world. The Frenchman, at all events, has his "Monsieur," "Madame," and "Mademoiselle," ever on his lips, in a way which the Englishman finds it a little hard to follow. In England we seem to have a growing tendency to get rid of the vocative case altogether. And in the many cases when a man is not quite sure what is the right formula to use, when, for instance, he is inclined to familiarity but is not quite sure whether familiarity will be welcome, it is wonderful how long he may go on without ever using the vocative. And without going to this extreme, it is certainly not thought elegant in England to indulge very greatly in its use. No one wishes his name or title to be brought in with every breath. But in America, besides the use of "Sir" in a way which has died out in England, no one can fail to remark the supposed necessity of giving everybody some kind of title. Now it must always be remembered that the strongest sign of the inherent love of titles is to be found, not in the use of titles like Duke, Bishop, General, but in the use of plain "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss." The higher titles are not mere titles; they state a fact about the man to whom they are applied; they tell you that he is a bishop, a duke, or a general. But "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" tell you nothing; they are mere means to avoid the supposed impropriety of calling people, as of old at Athens and now in Iceland, simply by their names. In America it is distinctly harder than it is in England to get people with whom you are really intimate to drop the "Mr.," and use simply the surname. And I noticed that men who were thoroughly intimate with one another, men who were old friends and colleagues, spoke of and to one another with handles to their name, in a way in which men in the same case would not do here. On the other hand, in the newspapers men are constantly spoken of by their mere Christian and surnames in a way to which we are not used in print. But in my own experience it was a relief when I escaped with simple "Mr." I generally had to write under the horrible

titles of "Professor" or "Doctor." Why anybody should mistake me for a professor, or why anybody should thrust the title of "Doctor" on the bearer of a purely unprofessional and honorary degree, was beyond my understanding. I asked not uncommonly whether they talked of "Dr. Gladstone." I could not find that anybody did, nor did I find that other English bearers of honorary degrees were so spoken of; the name seemed somehow to be thrust on me in a special way. In one famous university town I was able to turn the tables on my friends, and to ask them why they should either call me "Professor" or wish to be called "Professor" themselves, when there was in their own city a "Professor Parker," showing off dancing dogs. In some parts a stranger is commonly addressed as "Colonel" or "Judge." I was never addressed as "Colonel," save once at Baltimore, and that in the dark; so it was hardly because of any specially military air about me. "Judge" I never was called; though, as I happen to have something to do with judging, while I have nothing to do with teaching, it would have been one degree less out of place than "Professor." But, though these strange titles are a little trying to a stranger, the application of them is thoroughly well meant, according to the custom of the country. It seems as if no one in America could do without some kind of handle. We are used to "Governor A.;" but "Mayor B." sounds to us odd. But more than once, when I had been introduced to "Governor A." and had put myself into a proper mood of respect towards the chief magistrate of the State, I found that all that was meant was that the gentleman to whom I was speaking had been governor in times past. In language that is at all precise it is counted more correct to say in such cases "Ex-Governor" — as if one should say "Ex-High-Sheriff B." — but the "Ex-" is certainly often dropped. And the title given to the husband often extends to the wife. I have seen "Mrs. Professor" on a lady's card, and the newspapers sometimes tell one how "Mrs. Ex-Senator A." went somewhere with her daughter "Mrs. Senator B." Again it is not always easy to remember all among the large class of people who are called "Honorable;" and I found that "Esquire" as an address was chiefly applied to lawyers. Among these, by the way, the formula "Attorney and Counsellor at law," preserving two names which in England have perished, is quite the right thing. I was a little sur-

prised at the vanishing of "Esquire." "George Washington, of Mount Vernon, Esq." was a description with which I was quite familiar, and I had often seen the title "Esquire" in American books and stories. But there is a trace of its earlier use in the phrase commonly used in some States of "being brought before the squire," meaning before a magistrate of any kind.

Now this lavish use of titles is universal; so it is to be supposed that people like it. Yet in one most distinguished university I was told by more than one professor that he liked better to be addressed simply as a gentleman, or better still as a man, without any official title. But the really important point is that, in this matter also, American usage is older than English usage, and is certainly more consistent. We have the practice of other European nations against us. Thick on the ground as handles are in America, they are still thicker in Germany, and they are much more freely extended to men's wives. Then in America and in Germany the thing is thoroughly carried out: in England it is hard to find out the principle on which the handle is sometimes used and sometimes not. As to the wives, our rule seems to be that, while any kind of rank which is strictly personal, whether hereditary or not, any rank from duke to knight or even esquire, is shared by the wife, strictly official rank is not. The dignity of the bishop, the judge, the sheriff, is not shared by his wife. Yet there is one notable exception. The mayoress, in London and York the lady mayoress, has her undoubted place, and in London at least the dignity is transferable; the lady mayoress may chance to be, not the wife, but the daughter or sister of the lord mayor. Now, "Mrs. Professor" sounds very ugly to us; but in Germany "Frau Professorin" is universal, and it is hard to see how she differs in principle from the lady mayoress. Then again it sounds odd to British ears to hear a young lady spoken to or of by any one above the rank of a servant or other inferior, as "Miss Mary." But this again was once universal, if not with the modern "Miss," yet certainly with the older "Mistress." The last form at least is graceful, and so it sounds in some other tongues, in Greek above all.

If there is any rule of precedence in private American society, I was not able to catch it. But I was once a little amazed at the question of a most cultivated American lady, one who knows

England well, whether in England any one who might be supposed to be at all personally known did not feel annoyed at being placed after a man of higher rank who had no claim to distinction beyond that of being of higher rank. In England, where the virtual ruler of the country holds a formal position far below many whose higher position is his own gift, the thought probably never enters into any man's head. I could only tell my questioner that I could not answer for others, but that such a thought had certainly never come into my own head. I said that I no more thought of repining because A. or B. was of higher rank than myself than I thought of repining if he were younger or taller or handsomer than I was. In either case facts are facts, and the facts are no fault either of his or of mine. I told her that in such a case no kind of wrong was done, no affront was meant or thought of on either side, that the whole thing was a matter of course, like an order of nature, of which nobody thought at all. But I found that the American lady did not in the least enter into my feelings.

The rare use of the word "esquire" may have something to do with the total, or nearly total, disappearance of the thing. There certainly once were country-gentlemen in the North as well as in the South. And, from a hill in New England which commanded a wide view, a local friend pointed out two houses the owners of which he said still kept up something of the position of English squires, and were popularly called by that title. But such cases must certainly be exceptional. American life, as a rule, centres in the towns; indeed many Americans seem unable to understand any life which does not centre in a town. In my own case most people seemed to assume that I must live in London or in Oxford, or, as some, I know not wherefore, suggested, in Manchester. The idea that a man, at all events that a man who wrote books, could live in his own house among his own fields seemed altogether strange to them. It is not that there are no country-houses in America; very far from it; he who can afford it has both his country-house and his town-house. But he who cannot afford both has his town-house only, and with him who has both the country-house is quite subordinate to the town-house. The town-house is the real home; the country-house is merely the place for an occasional sojourn. A rich man, say at New York, who could afford

to make, if he could not find ready made, the stateliest of parks and country-houses, prefers to build a grand house in a New York street, while his country-house is an altogether secondary matter. One need not stop to point out how different this is from the feelings of most men in England, whether of inherited or of acquired wealth. The one has already, the other buys or builds, his house in the country. He doubtless has his town-house too; but it is his country-house which comes first and is really his home. The English gentleman is Mr. A. of such a place in the country, who most likely has his house in London also. The American gentleman is Mr. B. of such a city, who most likely has his house in the country also.

In this matter of town and country, the vast extent of the United States combines with their political constitution to cause another difference between England and America. In England we have only one centre, that wonderful something — for a city we cannot call it in its aggregate — which is at once a political, a social, and a literary centre. London has lately been taught that, in a political sense, it is not England; but it none the less is, and it more and more thoroughly becomes, the one centre of England. Neither the universities nor the great commercial cities — and there is now happily one English city which may claim both names — are centres in the same sense. Purely local centres, neither academical nor commercial, some of which still held their place a hundred years back, have, in that character, simply vanished. London keeps its old place, and it has taken the place of the local centres as well. But no one American city can, as things now stand, take the place which London holds in England. For no American city is at once the greatest city in the land and at the same time the seat of the national government. To make an American London, New York and Washington must be rolled into one. But New York and Washington rolled into one would not really make an American London. The size of the country, its federal constitution, would, either of them alone, be enough to hinder any one city from becoming the one real national centre, like a great European capital. No city can be a real national centre to people who live three thousand miles off. Even if it could be so for political purposes, it could not be so for social purposes. And under a federal system, where each State does

for itself so large a part of what we should call national business, the central attraction is necessarily divided. If no place within the State can be all that a national capital is in an ordinary kingdom or commonwealth, so neither can any place out of the State. And when, as in many States, old and new, the State capital is not fixed in the greatest city of the State, the attraction is divided again. Philadelphia certainly remains the head of Pennsylvania in a sense in which Harrisburg is not. It remains the head of Pennsylvania in a sense in which we can hardly believe that even York and Exeter ever were the centres of their several counties, in a sense in which they certainly have long ceased to be so. In England therefore there is but one centre; in America there are many. In England we may say that, setting aside London and a few towns of special character like Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, no one lives in a town unless he has some business, official or professional, which makes him live there. In America, on the one hand, men live in towns who have no official or professional necessity to live in them, and on the other hand the professional and mercantile classes necessarily hold a higher comparative position in America than they do here. Every large town therefore becomes a social centre in a way in which it cannot be in England. New York has one kind of attraction, Washington has another; but people do not press to either in the way in which in England they press to London, and to London only. London is something different in kind from any other English town; New York is simply another American town on a greater scale. Washington again is something different in kind from any other American town; but then it has not enough of size or importance in other ways to make it a general centre. One sees this in the newspaper press. Owing to the multiplicity of centres, no American papers can hold exactly the same position as the great London papers. But it is clearly the New York papers which come nearest to it; the Washington papers one looks on as simply local, more local a good deal than those at Chicago.

Now it strikes me that, if the dominant life of a country is to be its town life, it is a great gain that there should be many centres of such life, and not one only. And in America there is no danger of its being otherwise. New York certainly takes a great deal upon itself; but the

other great cities are quite able to hold their own against it. And we must also remember that, from one point of view, town life is, after all, not dominant in the United States. It is dominant in the point of view which chiefly strikes such a traveller as myself. He misses the country-houses, the manor-houses and parsonages, of his own land; his friends, old or new-made, are sure to be mainly in the cities. But he must not forget that, in American political life, the cities are by no means exclusively dominant. If America has few squires, she has plenty of yeomen, and those on a magnificent scale. If in one way the American cities count for far more than the English cities, if from one point of view America seems to be all town and no country, from another point of view, the country counts for far more than it does in England. At any rate the real voice of its inhabitants counts for far more.

Now this predominance of town over country, so far as it exists, is one of the points in which America does not, as in so many others, cleave to an earlier form of English life. There undoubtedly was a time when the old towns of England — as distinguished from the great commercial centres, new or of new growth — counted socially for more than they do now. And yet, when this was so, London itself, from some points of view, also counted for more than it does now. But there never was, or well could be, a time when social and intellectual life in England had so many centres as it now has in America. Still, if America in this respect does not reproduce an older England, it has some likeness to the continent of Europe as distinguished from England. Even in France, and of course far more in Italy, the old local capitals still hold a place which we may safely say that no town in England but London ever held since there was any united England at all. We must remember that, if Paris is, in many points, in all the most obvious points, far more thoroughly the centre of France than London is the centre of England, there are other points, less obvious but not without importance, in which it is less so. For instance, we might almost say that no book is published out of London. Books are still published in the universities, in the Irish and Scottish capitals; but those who publish them find it needful at least to have London agencies. Now France is not quite like Germany in this matter; still good books are published in other French cities besides

Paris. So again I have known foreigners show a little amazement at hearing that it was now an unheard-of thing for an English nobleman or country gentleman to have his town-house in any town except London. I need not say what the use of Italy is in this matter; even in France, wherever any *noblesse* is left, the town-house in the old capital of the province is still not uncommon. And I have myself found German scholars, not less than American scholars, puzzled at my not living in a town; they seemed unable to conceive any one living in the country in any position between the *Funker* and the *Bauer*. In all this, if America has departed from the model of England, she has conformed much more to the model of the rest of the world. It is the insular branch of the English folk which is in this matter the peculiar people.

The great American cities, those which have taken the position of which I have just been speaking as centres of life for large parts of the country, contrast remarkably with the smaller towns and villages. In this matter, as in so many others, whatever in America is not palpably new, is pretty sure to be genuinely old. A small American town or village — in some States the name "village" is the legal description of what we should call a market-town — one that has not grown with the same speed as its greater neighbors, is apt to have a very old-world air indeed about it. I am not speaking of new and unfinished places in the more lately settled States, some of which have a very desolate look. I mean towns dating from the earlier days of settlement, but which have failed to advance with their neighbors, which in some cases have positively gone back. I remember very well the general effect of Bristol in Pennsylvania. If the younger Boston and the younger York have greatly outstripped their older namesakes, the younger Bristol has as distinctly lagged behind the old. It had once, I believe, a considerable trade, which is now swallowed up by Philadelphia. It stands on a good site above the Delaware, and it has altogether, as these older towns commonly have, a respectable, comfortable, and thoroughly old-world look. Places of this kind have somewhat the same air as those open towns or large villages which lie on what, in the days of coaches, was the main road between London and Oxford. I am not sure that the general impression of belonging to a past state of things is not stronger in the

American than in the English examples. This feeling is perhaps strengthened by the contrast between these old towns and the extremely modern air of the great cities. And the constant use of wood in building houses, a use almost equally common in some parts of England, always gives an air of age. Let me speak of another place smaller than Bristol, one indeed which we should not call a town at all, but a large village of detached houses. This is Farmington in Connecticut. Here was a truly old-world place, and I was taken to see the oldest house in it. And it was a house which we should call old even in England, a respectable wooden house of the seventeenth century. It was just what a New England house should be, except that its grand old open fireplace was blocked up by some modern device or other. But, if the house was thus satisfactory, a turn of disappointment was caused by the discovery of the inhabitants. Not that I have anything to say against them; I doubt not that they are respectable and excellent people in their own way. Only their way was not the way that I came to look for. I came to see New England Puritans, and I found Ould Ireland Papishes. And unluckily the fate of this house is a typical one. It is a grievous truth that not a few New England houses are left altogether empty, while not a few others are occupied by Celtic strangers. The only comfort is that New England has gone westward. Those whom we ought to find in the old homes have gone, like their forefathers, to win new conquests for that strong English folk which called into being on their new soil institutions older than those of the England which they left behind them. But the immediate feeling at the change which has come over New England is a grievous one. I had to seek my comfort in a lower range of the animal world. It was cheering to fall in with something of so old-world an air as a yoke of oxen, and oxen too that seemed to have something of a Pilgrim-Fatherly cut about them. Indeed at such a moment, there was a measure of relief even in a most primitive kind of coach which took us back to the railroad. But, putting aside the intruders, both Farmington and Bristol are thoroughly old-world places. It is only by negative signs that the really modern date of an American town of this class gradually comes out. The general feeling of such a place is certainly older than that of an ordinary English market-town. But then the Amer-

ican place, though everything about it looks in a manner *old*, contains nothing that can be called *ancient*. The English town or village, on the other hand, will commonly contain objects which are ancient, and not simply old. It will commonly have a church, it is not unlikely to have one or more houses, which carry us back to days far older than the Pilgrim Fathers. That is of course supposing that the church has not been restored, or that it has been restored with some degree of mercy. I have seen old-fashioned wooden churches in America, for whose details of course there was nothing to say, but whose general effect was a good deal more venerable than that of an ancient English church on which a modern architect has been let loose to play his tricks.

Of the newer parts of the country I saw but little, and of the rural parts of the older States not much beyond what I saw in a visit to a very retired part of Virginia. Here at least we were "remote from cities," more remote certainly than in any part of England that I am used to. But the state of things there is, I fancy, very different from the newly occupied settlements. Much as the land has suffered from the civil war, a civilization of two hundred and fifty years' standing is not altogether wiped out. A Virginian farmhouse differs a good deal either from an English country-house or from a house in New York; but it is possible to live quite comfortably in it. The presence of an inferior race hinders much of the difficulty and discomfort which is found in the younger parts of the States. I heard of an English lady in Iowa who had to scrub her own floors; there is no such hard necessity in Virginia. Life, to the visitor at least, is not exciting; there seems to be little society, and a certain difficulty, which I never found in any other part of the world, of knowing what to do with one's time. It is a simple and uneventful way of living; but the main essentials of civilization are not lacking. I had there some opportunities of seeing the negroes in a state more nearly approaching to that in which they were in past times than can be seen in the Northern cities. It struck me — but this is a kind of point on which every man does well to distrust his own necessarily partial observation — that the feelings of the two parts of the country towards the negro had in some sort changed places. Before the war, one always understood that the Northern people, while professing zeal for the freedom

of the negroes, shrank from them personally, but that the Southern people, while anxious to keep them in bondage, felt no such personal shrinking. The feeling both ways was perfectly natural. To me at least the negro is repulsive; but I can understand that he may be otherwise to those who have been used to him from their childhood. On the other hand, I can understand that, now that the negroes have been set free by the agency of the North against the will of the South, the one side may think it their duty to make the best that they can of their own work, while the other side may feel a very natural bitterness towards those whose freedom is a constant memorial of their defeat. I certainly heard people speak of the negro in a different tone in the two sections in the country. But, though one has heard of negro senators and representatives, the negro seems no nearer to social equality in New England than he is in Virginia or Missouri. In New England he is certainly more human; he may perhaps be accepted as a man, but he is hardly a brother. I need hardly say that I never met a negro at any American gentleman's table, nor did I hear of any American gentleman who, in the phrase of the old scoffing question, "liked his daughter to marry a nigger." I did hear of one gentleman — I think at Washington — who had a single white man in his service, the others being negroes. But the white man, if he waited on his master, was waited on by his fellow-servants; he dined at a table by himself while the inferior race served him. In the North the servants are largely Irish or other strangers; in the Virginian farmhouse of which I am thinking, all, in-doors and out, were black; what seemed strange to English notions, none of them slept in the house. And the broad distinction between the two races, as tending to wipe out distinctions between members of the same race, sometimes leads to odd consequences. If a white workman, for instance, has to be employed for the whole day, he must dine at the master's table; he will not eat and drink with colored people. In religion again I marked a broad distinction in my Virginian sojourn. There was an Episcopal and a Presbyterian Church, neither of them any great work of architecture, but respectable buildings according to rural American notions. Between these more sober places of worship the white population was divided; and there was a pleasing simplicity in the sight of carriages and

horses left freely standing about while their owners attended the service. But the negroes had places of worship of their own, Methodist and Baptist, not "steeples-houses" like those of their white neighbors, but huts hardly to be distinguished from their own cabins. At Baltimore I attended two negro churches of quite opposite persuasions. One was Methodist, a building of some size, closely packed with a zealous congregation. I could have wished that the congregation had been less zealous or less closely packed; for I should have greatly liked to stay to the end, which I found utterly impossible on purely physical grounds. The praying, singing, preaching, was all of a kind which sounded very strange to me; but at least nothing could be more hearty. From this scene I turned to another, which I understood better, a negro Episcopal Church, with tendencies to what is called an "advanced ritual." It was but a little flock that was gathered together; but the few that there were seemed just as zealous as their Methodist neighbors. And I thought I could understand that these two seemingly opposite kinds of worship might easily commend themselves to the same class of minds. In both there is a greater opportunity of joining "lustily and with a good courage" than there is in some intermediate kinds of devotion.

Two things I failed to see which I had hoped to come across, if nowhere else, yet at least in Virginia and Missouri. I saw none of the beautiful quadroons that I had read of in books. At every stage I was told that I should see them further south; but I suppose that I never got far enough south for the purpose. Still I do not understand why they should not grow at Baltimore or St. Louis, just as much as at New Orleans. I was disappointed too in seeing next to nothing of the *fauna* of the country. The 'coons and the 'possums I was told I should see, like the beautiful quadroons, further south; but I never got far enough south to see them either. In Virginia I had good opportunities of studying the manners and customs of the turkey buzzard, and that was about all. The turkey buzzard, it should be remembered, has nothing to do with a buzzard, and still less with a turkey; it is really a small species of vulture. Its power of sight must be wonderful. It is strange indeed to see the birds flocking together from all quarters to any spot where the carcass is. There they crowd together and enjoy their feast till they are

disturbed — for they are easily frightened, and fly off at the approach of a man — or till they are so thoroughly gorged that they cannot fly off. They are so useful as scavengers that the law of the State commonly protects them. I do not know however whether the turkey buzzards have anywhere attained to the same rights as the fish-hawks in New Jersey, who seem to form a privileged order among all other animated creatures. There, if I have not been misled, the very tree on which a fish-hawk has once made its nest is sacred.

In this quiet Virginian life I said that the main elements of civilization were not lacking. But I must make one important exception. It is however an exception which has to be made in the case of more thickly inhabited parts of America, and even, in some sort, in the case of some of the greatest cities. I mean the utter absence of decent roads. In the part of Virginia in which I stayed, you literally see the roads, in the words of the famous rime, "before they were made." Neither Lee nor Grant seems to have thought it needful to follow the praiseworthy example of Marshal Wade. Walking, riding, driving, are all done under difficulties, over roads which have never been brought under the dominion of the art of Appius and MacAdam. The lack of good roads is a general feature wherever I have been. I do not say that I saw no good roads in America; but they are certainly exceptional. In many parts, as I before remarked, the railroad has come before the road. Even in the immediate neighborhood of large towns, sometimes even in the streets of large towns themselves, the road is often simply a mass of mud. I do not mean merely such mud as in many parts of England we are used to after rain; I mean thick, abiding mire, abiding at least for several months together. In newly settled places the street often consists of a miry way in the middle, and a path of planks on each side. And the path of planks is often seen, even where things are in much better order than this. The great cities vary greatly in this matter, and New York is certainly not the best. The very first thing that struck me on the day after landing was the neglected and dirty state of many of the New York streets, a state of which an English market-town would certainly be ashamed. I ask why so great a city is not better looked after in so important a matter, and I am told that it is owing to the corrupt administration of the Irish.

This may or may not be so; if it be so, it is surely another argument against Irish ascendancy. I was told also that the Americans are a long-suffering people, and I partly believe it. The tendency to stand still sometimes strangely contrasts with the tendency to go ahead. Take for instance the post-office. Nowhere is it so easy to post a letter as in an American town; there are street boxes at almost every step. But to register a letter or to go through any of the other branches of postal business often calls for a long journey. I could not find out that there was more than one place in Philadelphia where a letter could be registered. If there is more than one — in a city greater than any English city except London — there certainly are wonderfully few.

Another strange lack in some of the greatest American cities is the want of any good system of hackney carriages at moderate fares. In this matter it is perfectly true that a dollar in America goes no further than a franc in Europe. It would certainly cost several dollars to go as far in New York as you can go in Rome for a single *lira*. Here at least England is not singular; it is a general question between the old world and the new. Simply to get from one part of an American city to another is an object for which every provision is made, and often made in a way which is a triumph of enterprise and ingenuity. The cars climbing the inclined plane at Cincinnati are truly amazing, and in the descent at evening the view of the city is striking in no slight degree. The up-stairs railway at New York is far more pleasant to the stranger than the underground railway in London; and I was told that those through whose streets it goes, who might have been expected to dislike it, are reconciled to it by its bringing them more custom. But neither the tram-car nor the up-stairs railway serves the exact purpose of taking you to a particular house, say, in the case which American hospitality makes a very common one, that of being asked out to dinner. Then you must either walk all the way or part of the way, often at the risk of some mud, or else you must take a hired carriage at what to an European seems an unreasonable cost. At New York I was told that the Irish were at the bottom of this also, as of most other things which either natives or strangers complain of. But why should transplanted Englishmen, or transplanted Dutchmen either, bow down their necks to this Irish bondage?

The position and look of some of the American cities is very striking and stately. Cleveland by its lake, Cincinnati with the hills above its great river, St. Louis rising above its yet greater river, would hold no small place among the cities of the elder world. So would the federal capital as seen from the Potomac, if only the hideous unfinished monument could be got rid of. And it fills one with simple amazement to see the way in which a vast and stately city like Chicago has risen from its ashes. In that great city I could see or hear of nothing older than the fire, save a church tower which showed the marks of fire at its angles, and a single detached wooden house of an antiquated type. This last suggested that Chicago before the fire was something widely different from Chicago after it. But on the whole the American city which struck me most was Albany. Rising grandly as it does on both sides of the noble Hudson, it suggested to me some of the ancient cities by the Loire. It has the advantage, rather rare in American cities but shared with Albany by the federal capital, of having one dominant building. The general look of the city carried me so completely into another part of the world that, if any one had come up and told me in French, old or new, that the new Capitol was "le château de Monseigneur le duc d'Albanie," I could almost have believed him. This State Capitol at Albany—why cannot it have a more rational name, like the *State-house* at Boston?—finally settled, for me at least, a question which I had been turning over in my mind ever since I landed in America. This was, What ought to be the architecture of the United States? That is to say, What should be the architecture of an English people settled in a country in the latitude, though not always in the climate, of Italy? Should it be the Gothic of England or the Romanesque of Italy? There seemed much to be said on either side; my own mind was finally fixed by the teaching of experience, by seeing which style really flourished best on American soil. I found the modern churches, of various denominations, certainly better than I had expected. They may quite stand beside the average of modern churches in England, setting aside a few of the very best. All persuasions have a great love of spires, and, if the details are not always what one could wish, the general effect of the spires is often very stately, and they help largely towards the general appearance of the cities in a dis-

tant view. But I thought the churches, whose style is most commonly Gothic of one kind or another, decidedly less successful than some of the civil buildings. In some of these, I hardly know how far by choice, how far by happy accident, a style has been hit upon which seemed to me far more at home than any of the reproductions of Gothic. Much of the street architecture of several cities has very successfully caught the leading idea of the true Italian style, the style of Pisa and Lucca, the style of the simple round arch and column, uncorrupted by the vagaries either of the Italian sham Gothic or of the so-called *Renaissance*. In a large part of the Broadway of New York the main lines of the style—I speak only of the main lines, without committing myself either to details or to material—seemed to be very happily reproduced. The general effect of many parts of that long street struck me as just what the main street of a great commercial city ought to be. And there are some buildings of the same kind in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, though there they alternate with other buildings of a very strange kind, whose odd fancies make us turn back to look with real satisfaction on the honest brick of Independence Hall. Some of the banks especially seem to have thought that the stumpery they made their columns the safer would be their deposits. But it was the Capitol at Albany which fully convinced me that the true style for America was the style of Pisa and Lucca. The building has a most successful outline; in its details it is a strange mixture of styles, not so much confounded together as used side by side. There are parts which I cannot at all admire; but there are other parts, those in which the column and round arch are employed, which certainly pleased me as much as any modern building that I have seen for a long time. When I say that the arches of the Senate-chamber seemed to me, as far as their general conception goes, worthy to stand at Ragusa, some will understand that I can say no more.

I am almost afraid to add that I thought that some parts of the inside of the City Hall at New York were entitled to some measure of the same praise. For I found it hardly safe to speak of that building. Its name at once drew forth bursts of indignation at the millions of dollars which certain persons had contrived to gain for themselves out of its making. Politically I felt abashed, as if I had somehow become a champion of corruption. Still I

could not help thinking that the columns and arches, of which alone I was speaking, were as guiltless of any offence as Sir Thomas More's beard. So to come back to the capitol at Albany, I ventured to make the very smallest kind of artistic criticism on some chandeliers in the corridors which seemed to me too big, as hiding some of the architectural features. My remark did not call forth any artistic defence of the chandeliers; but I was much struck at the remark which it did call forth. Some one or other, I was answered, must have had some corrupt object in making them too big. It is certainly odd that one cannot make the most purely artistic criticism, either for or against anything, without calling up thoughts which have very little to do with artistic matters. Certainly I should be sorry to think that the architectural forms of which I speak carry with them any necessary taint of political corruption. For in these round-arched buildings I see a good hope for real national American style. The thing seems to have come of itself; and the prospect is all the more hopeful if it has. I should be better pleased to think that the forms which pleased me when my eyes were fresh from Ragusa and Spalato were the work of men who had no thought of Ragusa and Spalato before their eyes.

I must leap from buildings to newspapers. And in the matter of newspapers I wish chiefly to speak of interviewers. I had the honor of having a good many things said of me in American papers, some friendly, some unfriendly, some neutral. And I might also say that some of the things that were said were perfectly true, some utterly false, while some had that mixed character, where imaginary details gather round a certain kernel of fact, which I conceive to be the true notion of a myth. It felt odd at first to have one's looks and one's clothes described and criticised in print; but one gets used to it as to other things. And if some disapproved of my trowsers and some of my "accent," it made up for it to find myself described elsewhere as "a man of might, used to move whole continents." I had certainly not rated my own powers of mind or body at anything like that measure; but a vanity which I trust was harmless could not but be pleased at finding that there were those who thought me capable of such great deeds. Now one is used to have odd things, though perhaps not quite so odd

as this, said of one in the newspapers of our own land. But the interviewer, the man who asks you questions simply in order to print your answers in a newspaper, is, as far as my experience goes, purely American. To be sure I was interviewed before I left England, and that by a fellow-Britisher; but then he was in the employ of a New York paper, and his portrait of me appeared at New York as soon as I landed. After I reached America I was interviewed a good many times. The process is not always pleasant; for the questioning consists largely in asking for one's impressions on various American matters, and specially on points of likeness and unlikeness between America and England. It is certainly odd that, when so many American papers are always assuring the world that they do not care for British opinion, they should still be so untiringly anxious to find out what British opinion is. And the questioning on these points sometimes puts one in an unfair dilemma. If one blames anything, one of course runs an obvious chance of giving offence. And if one praises anything one runs the chance of giving offence on the subtler ground of being thought "condescending" and "patronizing." One subject on which the interviewers were very anxious to get something out of me was Ireland. On that subject I had my own reasons for keeping strict silence. I was also asked a good many questions about myself, and I seemed to arouse a good deal of amazement whenever I had to explain that I was not a professor and that I did not live in a town. I fancy too that I sank a good deal in the opinions of some of my questioners when I had to tell them that I knew nothing about Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose name was then to be seen in large letters on the walls, as his photographs, in various attitudes, were to be seen in the windows, at Washington and at several other places. It was too true that I had never heard of Mr. Wilde till I took up his poems in the house of a gentleman in Massachusetts. I afterwards learned more about him from a lady at Washington, who showed me a poem of Mr. Wilde's which won the Newdigate prize at Oxford. The subject was Ravenna, and in it one half-line was given to Theodoric. But I was sometimes pressed on much more amazing subjects. An interviewer at Cincinnati seemed to think himself wronged because I could tell him nothing whatever in answer to what seemed to me the very strange question,

"Do you think there is most drunkenness on Sunday afternoons in English or in American cities?" An interviewer further west represented me as saying that, the further west I went, the *better* I found the newspapers. I had not ventured on any such invidious comparison. I had kept myself to what I thought the safe and undeniable remark that the western papers were *bigger* than the eastern. On the whole I got used to the interviewers, and I was specially charmed with the moral portrait of me which was given by one of them at St. Louis. From him I learned that, when I don't know a thing, I say that I don't know it, and that, when I do know a thing, I speak as if I were quite certain about it. To the interviewer, as I gathered from his report, this way of acting seemed a little strange, though he clearly approved of the eccentricity. To my own mind the puzzle would be why any man should either pretend to know a thing which he does not know or pretend not to know a thing which he does know.

On more strictly historical and political matters I have spoken elsewhere. And specially I have, in one shape or another, said all that I have to say as to the relations between three lands of the English people, in the European mainland, in the European island, and in the American mainland. On this head I will say only one word as to one common misconception. Since I have made it somewhat of my business to set forth the essential oneness of the two great branches of the English people, I have been met, sometimes in friendly, sometimes in unfriendly, guise, by hints that I have forgotten the great influx of strangers, Germans and Scandinavians for instance, into the United States, which is supposed to have caused a real difference of race between the English in Britain and the English in America. I have certainly not forgotten a very obvious fact, one which I have often insisted on, and which, when really understood, tells my way. Those who argue in this way forget that the phenomena of England and America are in this matter really the same. Since the settlement of the American colonies, foreign settlement in England, chiefly German and French, though certainly much smaller than in America, is quite large enough to be perceptible. But in both cases the dominant English element asserts its supremacy by assimilating the stranger. Whether in Britain or in America, the German or other foreigner becomes En-

glish; the Englishman never becomes German. I must here repeat some simple truths. Strict purity of blood is not to be found in any nation, and the greater part a nation plays in the history of the world, the further it is sure to be from any such purity. But in most nations there is some one element which is more than an element. There is something which is in truth the essence of the nation, the kernel round which all other elements grow, that which attracts and assimilates them all to itself. Alike in Britain and in the United States, the part of this dominant and assimilating element is played by the English stock which settled in the one land in the fifth century, in the other in the seventeenth. I am fully aware that there are parts of the United States where more German is heard than English. But there is no part of the United States where English has been supplanted by German. When any State exchanges the English speech and law for the speech and law of some other people, then I shall allow that the people of the United States are a mixed race in the sense which is intended. Till then I shall hold them to be an English people which has adopted and assimilated — just as the English of Britain have done on a somewhat smaller scale — a large infusion of strangers. Into minuter questions as to the nature of assimilation, its comparative speed and the like under different sets of circumstances, I will not now enter.

The strength of the English stock in the United States is nowhere more clearly shown than in the fact that it not only assimilates all foreign elements in those lands which were colonies of England or colonies of such colonies, but that it makes itself dominant in lands which were never settled from England, but which were settled from other European lands. The short history of New Sweden, the longer history of New Netherland, shows us the way in which one body of Teutonic settlers gave way to another, and how the various kindred elements have been fused together, but not without leaving signs of earlier diversity. In some parts of New York City indeed the Low-Dutch stock, whether of Holland or of England, does seem to be overshadowed by that High-Dutch infusion which sometimes veils the Hebrew. But at Albany the influence of Holland and Zealand is perfectly visible, and at Schenectady one might almost think that their High Mightinesses still ruled on both sides of

the ocean. But the lands north-west of the Ohio, above all, the lands west of the Mississippi, have a yet more special history of their own. In the one we find a land won by Englishmen in warfare, when the colonies of England still were provinces, from the grasp of earlier colonists from France. In the other we find a land which never was an English colony — save in the sense in which the colonies of colonies may bear that name — which never was a possession of the British crown, which had no part or lot in the struggle which gave the colonies of England independence, a land to whose people Washington and the elder Adams were men of a foreign tongue, chiefs of a foreign nation — a land which became part of the soil of the new English-speaking folk, neither by warfare against the elder England nor by settlement from the elder England, but by bargain and sale in the days of the third president. In the State of Missouri, in the city of St. Louis — of the southern Louisiana which keeps its old name I cannot speak — the name of the city at once tells its history; and, if we look a little deeper, we soon find signs which tell us that we are in a land which once was French. Yet this land is now practically English, in the sense in which the rest of the United States are English; and in the wake of settlers of English speech has come the usual following of strangers, both of kindred and of foreign blood. The elder French stock is not driven out, but it is hidden till we specially search for it. Now here we have at once a striking parallel and a striking contrast to some of the lands of the most famous European confederation. As the once Romance lands of America revere the real Washington, who certainly did nothing for them, so the still Romance lands of Switzerland revere the mythical Tell, who may, at least in a figure, be said to have done something against them. Not only are the legendary heroes of the Three Lands revered on the neutral ground of Vaud and Geneva, they are revered in Ticino itself, where the men who were so zealous for freedom on their own soil showed themselves only as the harshest of taskmasters. The contrast lies in this: the Romance lands of Switzerland are Romance still; the Romance lands of America have ceased to be Romance. The real and mythical heroes of the elder Switzerland assuredly did nothing either for the land or the men of the Burgundian and Italian cantons; but the real heroes of the elder States of

the American Union, if they did nothing for the lands of Missouri and Louisiana, assuredly did much for the forefathers of the great mass of the present inhabitants of those lands. Here are instances in which the local history of the American States connects itself, sometimes merely by analogy, sometimes by direct cause and effect, with European history, and sometimes with the oldest European history. In a land where everything at first sight seems to be of yesterday, we soon come to learn that the past, even the very remote past, has struck its roots very deep indeed.

So, as it seems to me, it is in all things small and great. The one main conviction which I have carried away from my American sojourn is that, while some things in the United States are palpably of yesterday, yet, whenever a thing is not palpably of yesterday, the chances are that it is older than the thing which answers to it on our own side of the ocean.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XXI.

TWO FLATTERING OFFERS.

LIFE in the country generally, and life in the neighborhood of Crayminster somewhat more particularly, is seldom remarkable for abundance of incident; and upon the principle that the safest thing for a sailor to do with his head, when in the heat of action, is to thrust it through a hole made in the side of the ship by a cannon-ball, it may be assumed that, after such an eventful day as that through which Miss Brune had just passed when we took leave of her in the month of November, nothing more of a startling nature was likely to happen to her for some time to come. To be run away with, to be thrown from one's horse, to receive and reject an offer of marriage, all within the twenty-four hours, is indeed to draw rather recklessly upon one's fair average of excitement; and Nellie, who, as it may be remembered, had been a good deal bored and eager for any small trifle in the way of novelty before these things had taken place, was abundantly satisfied with what she had got, and asked for nothing better than a further period of repose and dulness in which to recover herself.

Such a period did in due course follow,

and lasted for a matter of six weeks; but at the expiration of that time a truly remarkable piece of experience fell to Nellie's share — a piece of experience such as no woman ever quite forgets, and which is looked back upon with a certain degree of pride by all and with heartfelt regret by a good many. It was towards the end of December that the county was roused to a high pitch of interest and expectation by the reappearance of the Duke of Retford, who, being still shut out of his Yorkshire mansion, had selected Craybridge to pass Christmas at, as being upon the whole the least comfortable of the many country houses that belonged to him. He came down in quite a patriarchal fashion, accompanied or speedily followed by numerous relatives, and among these was his eldest son.

Now this young man had greatly liked and admired Nellie during his stay at Craybridge at the time of the festivities consequent upon his coming of age; and so sincere had been his admiration that he had not at all forgotten her, although five whole months had passed away since he had bidden her farewell. One of the first things, therefore, that he did upon finding himself once more within reach of her was to ride over to Broom Leas, where he was so kindly received that he discovered a series of pretexts for repeating his visit three times in little more than a week. About Christmas-time his parents, as in duty bound, gave a ball at which he danced a great many times with Nellie — thereby exciting much surprise and envy, and not a little spitefulness. After that there came a ten days' frost, which afforded additional opportunities for neighborly intercourse; and the outcome of it all was that, while the new year was still young, the Most Honorable the Marquis of Craybridge made a formal offer of his hand and all the contingent glories belonging thereto to Miss Brune.

It may be asserted without ill nature — and, in truth, there is nothing ill-natured in the assertion — that the number of women in England who could relinquish without a pang the prospect of becoming a duchess may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Nellie Brune, at any rate, was not one of that select and high-minded few. She would have liked very much to be a duchess, and to be rich and powerful, and to hold out a helping hand to her brothers in their several professions, and to wear the famous Retford diamonds, and to step at once and without an effort from the respectable but obscure ranks of

the country gentry into the inner circle of the highest society of her native land. All this would have been exceedingly pleasant to her; and yet she felt that she could not marry Lord Craybridge. She refused him with an honest sigh, but she did refuse him.

The young man was very much astonished, which was natural enough — and rather angry, which showed a want of proper feeling on his part, but was also, perhaps, not unnatural. Of course, in a manner of speaking, Miss Brune was worthy of an imperial throne; but, contemplating things from a common-sense and every-day standpoint, she really was hardly in a position to treat marquises as though they were made of mere common clay. This marquis had been willing to set the wishes of his parents at defiance, and to brave the displeasure of his entire family for her sake. He had thought rather well of himself for being so independent, and it certainly had never entered into his head that any opposition to his desires could come from her. He was a very young man and a somewhat hot-tempered one, and he could not help letting her see something of what he thought respecting her conduct in this matter. Thereupon she, too, became angry, and told him he had a vulgar mind; and so high words passed, and the interview was nearly ending in a mortal quarrel. Lord Craybridge, however, regained his self-control in time to avert so undignified a parting. He confessed that he had forgotten himself, begged for forgiveness, and was forgiven. Would there be any hope for him at any future time? he asked. Nellie replied that she was very sorry, but that there never could be any hope for him at all. He then observed that he didn't care what became of him now, and departed declaring that he should live and die a bachelor, and expressing a hope that his demise might speedily ensue. And about three weeks afterwards he proposed to the beautiful Lady Hilda Montacute, by whom he was accepted; and they were married with great pomp at Westminster Abbey in the spring, and lived happily ever afterwards.

The foregoing episode, having only an indirect bearing upon the course of the present story, has been somewhat condensed in narration; but the various workings of it occupied a large portion of Nellie's time and thoughts during the winter, and it was the means of exalting her beyond measure in the estimation of her neighbors; for it need hardly be said

that the whole county heard all about it, the news having leaked out and been promulgated in the usual mysterious way. Ladies are not supposed to reveal the names of their rejected suitors (as a matter of fact they generally do reveal them, but that is neither here nor there), and in the present instance Nellie was as reticent as the strictest code of social ethics could have required her to be. Besides her father, she only communicated the circumstance to Mrs. Stanniforth, who was almost like a mother to her; and every lady is allowed to have one confidant. Margaret, again, was anything but a garrulous person; but when Mrs. Winnington sneered openly at Nellie for having so signally failed to "catch poor Mr. Stanniforth," how was it possible to resist the temptation of proving that a much more eligible *parti* than Tom Stanniforth had been declined by the young lady? Proving is perhaps hardly the right word to use, inasmuch as there could be no tangible proof adduced in support of the statement, and indeed Mrs. Winnington declared at once and without hesitation that she didn't believe a word of it. Nature, however, was too strong for Mrs. Winnington, and despite her expressed incredulity, she could not help treating Nellie from that day forth with a wondering respect which its subject was puzzled to account for.

As for Margaret, her joy over the discomfiture of Lord Craybridge was extreme. There could be but one reason, she thought, for his rejection; and, being quite satisfied now as to the state of Nellie's affections, she became more than ever anxious for Philip to return. Philip, his doings and his prospects, were the most frequent subject of conversation between the two ladies. It was a comfort to the elder to have some one within reach who understood and appreciated that paragon, while the younger was glad to be able to speak without repugnance of one, at least, among the persons in whom her kind friend was interested. Mrs. Winnington, back from her autumn manoeuvres in the west, and upon the whole not ill-pleased with the results thereof, was more than usually out of sympathy with them both at this time. When Margaret hesitatingly informed her of the career which Philip had chosen for himself, she remarked drily that she was not at all surprised, but that for her part she did not care about including a mountebank in the list of her acquaintances; and to Nellie she made herself objectionable

by intimating in no ambiguous language that Tom Stanniforth's engagement to Edith might now be looked upon as very nearly an accomplished fact. She had encountered Mr. Stanniforth, it appeared, in the course of her peregrinations, and had — or said she had — been given to understand pretty clearly by him what his ambition was. "I have not breathed a word upon the subject to dear Edith; I would never interfere in such a matter. I fancy, though, that I can foresee her answer, and I really think that in many ways she will have chosen wisely. Rank, after all, is not everything, and dear Mr. Stanniforth is so good — such a thoroughly sterling and genuine character."

Nellie, albeit not unprepared for this intelligence, was profoundly disgusted by it, and said some bitter things to Margaret about the ease with which Edith had got over her attachment to poor Walter. Not even to Margaret had she ever disclosed what had passed between her and Mr. Stanniforth on that memorable November afternoon, but in her heart she condemned him no less severely than the young woman to whom he had so promptly transferred his allegiance. To be sure, she did not want to marry him herself, and it was nothing to her whom he might choose to marry; but she thought he might have had the decency to wait a little longer. He had taken rather a liberty in asking her to be his wife at all; but that he should have asked her in that sort of way, simply because he wanted a wife — any wife — was just a little bit too insulting. One is sorry to have to record weaknesses on the part of one's heroine; but it is a fact that when Edith complained that Nellie Brune never met her now without sniffing at her, she was not going far beyond the limits of truth.

There were thus many little daily pinpricks which served not only to strengthen the friendship which had subsisted for so long between Margaret and her young neighbor, but to narrow the stream of their common interests into one channel. If some people thought that Philip would lower himself and those connected with him by singing for his supper, like little Tom Tucker, that was by no means Miss Brune's opinion. On the contrary, she applauded his resolution with a heartiness that quite reassured Margaret, who, as we have seen, had had some misgivings upon the point at first. Why, Nellie pertinently inquired, should it be considered a more honorable occupation to plead the cause of murderers and forgers than

to afford innocent pleasure to people of refinement? Did anybody dare to look down upon artists nowadays? And was not a great singer just as much an artist as a great painter? What was really disgraceful was to eat the bread of idleness; and that was what she had sometimes feared that Philip might be contented to do. Now she said she should always feel proud of him.

Speeches of this kind were very soothing and encouraging to Margaret, and went far towards consoling her for the uneasiness which she felt at Philip's protracted absence. He was always writing to say that he meant to come and see her as soon as ever he could find the time, but somehow or other he never did find the time; and a vague rumor connecting his name with that of Signora Tommasini trickled down to Crayminster, and gave Margaret (who had never seen the signora, and supposed her to be a young and fascinating creature) a terrible fright. At length, however, there came a letter to announce that Philip proposed to revisit Longbourne at Easter, and that he hoped to be able to remain there for some weeks. This joyful news was at once transmitted to Broom Leas by Margaret, who mentioned with regret that the same post had brought her a refusal from Tom Stanniforth. "I hoped he might have been able to run down for Easter too," she said; "but he tells me he will be busy all through the recess."

"Oh, what a good thing!" exclaimed Nellie, clasping her hands involuntarily.

Her ejaculation had been called forth by the latter piece of intelligence, but Margaret naturally set it down to gratification at the former. And in truth Nellie was very glad to see Philip again. He arrived looking very pale and fagged, as he might have been expected to do after a long spell of hard labor, and was made much of by the ladies whose admiration he chiefly coveted. Margaret, of course, would have petted him under any circumstances; but he was not prepared to meet with so kind a reception at the hands of Nellie, having found her on previous occasions more of a critic than a sympathizer. Now she was amiability itself. She made him sing to her; she praised his voice in terms more enthusiastic than any that had yet flattered his ears (poor Fanny had hardly known one note from another); she prophesied a triumphant success for him, and listened with much interest to all that he would tell her about his life in London.

This sort of thing delighted Philip, and so, for that matter, did everything connected with Longbourne and the ordinary course of existence there. He had been for so many months without the small luxuries and refinements which go with wealth that he had almost forgotten what they were like, and valued them doubly now that they were once more within his reach. Even such trifling matters as a constant supply of clean towels in his bedroom, and the finding of his clothes ready brushed and laid out for him when he wanted them, were productive of a great deal of pleasure to him, and he sometimes found himself marvelling how he could have put up so cheerfully with the wretched discomforts of Coomassie Villa and Conduit Street. But it was not often that he thought of Coomassie Villa and Conduit Street, or of his residence there, at all. That era of his life already belonged to the past, and had been pushed into a pigeon-hole of his memory, to be looked at occasionally, or to be forgotten altogether, as chance might decree. His thoughts now were occupied entirely with the present; and a very agreeable sort of present it was, taking it all in all. Plenty of well-drilled servants to minister to his wants, good things to eat, the best of wines to drink, soft-voiced, well-bred women to talk to—these things sufficed, at least for the time being, to satisfy his soul. The season of the year, too, was delicious. The white, bright sunlight of spring was rousing the sleeping earth to life; the chestnut-buds were bursting; the fruit trees were covered with starry blossoms, which fell like miniature snowstorms before every puff of the soft west wind; the thrushes and blackbirds could be heard in the cool mornings; all nature was preparing for a fresh start; and what could be more fitting than that the heart of this young man should lightly turn in the usual direction?

It must not, however, be supposed that Philip had learnt so little from experience as to think in any serious fashion of paying his addresses to Nellie Brune. He said to himself, with a smile, that Margaret would never induce him to do that, charm she never so wisely. Of the pinch of poverty he had had more than enough to last him his lifetime, and to convince him that matrimonial happiness was quite irreconcilable with straitened means. He was nevertheless—so he believed—deeply in love with Nellie. He had always suspected himself of being so; and now various subtle influences, some of

which have been enumerated, turned his suspicion into certainty. All this being so, a delicately scrupulous youth might have thought it his duty to keep out of the maiden's way, lest perchance he should delude her with hopes which could never be fulfilled; but Philip, it is scarcely necessary to say, did not pursue any such course. What he did was to resume his chronic flirtation with Nellie just where he had left it, throwing a little more ardor into his words and looks as beseemed the increased reality of his passion, and, for the rest, allowing himself to drift down stream, in accordance with his old habit, with a languid, pleased curiosity as to what might be going to happen to him next.

One morning, about a fortnight after his return, he made his appearance at Broom Leas in an evident state of suppressed excitement, and hardly gave himself time to say good-morning before he attacked Miss Brune with a direct question.

"I say, Nellie, is it a fact that you refused Craybridge last winter?"

Nellie, who at that moment was standing in one of the paddocks, trying to induce a shy young colt to accept a lump of sugar from her hand, whisked round abruptly, and threw her lump of sugar away.

"Who told you that?" she asked. "Was it Mrs. Stanniforth? She promised me that she would not mention it to anybody."

"No, it wasn't Meg. I heard it last night at the club at Crayminster."

"The club?—how disgusting! How do people find these things out? I wish they would mind their own business."

"Everybody knows everything: it can't be helped," said Philip. "I must confess that, if a duchess had proposed to me, and I had refused her, I should immediately publish the fact abroad myself. You really did refuse him, then?"

"Yes, I really did. Wonderful; wasn't it?"

"Upon my word," answered Philip, looking at her curiously, "I think it was rather wonderful. Why in the world did you do it, Nellie?"

Nellie laughed. "Why did I refuse him? Well, for the best of all reasons; I didn't care enough about him to marry him."

"And you call that the best of all reasons?" ejaculated Philip, with uplifted hands.

"Ah!" said Nellie, with a touch of

scorn, "you can't understand any girl's resisting the eldest son of a duke."

"I could only understand it upon one supposition," answered Philip slowly; "that there was some one else whom she liked better."

He pronounced the last words in a low voice, keeping his eyes on the ground as he spoke. He raised them just in time to encounter Nellie's, which were blazing with anger, while a fine rush of color had overspread her face.

"Philip," she cried, "you are very impertinent!"

"What a little spitfire you are, Nellie! Surely such old friends as you and I may say anything to each other. However, I apologize humbly, and beg leave to withdraw the remark, since it makes you so angry."

"I am not a bit angry," returned Nellie; "but I don't think anybody ought to say a thing like that. To begin with it is quite untrue; and besides —"

"What besides?"

"Well, I hate that sort of thing being said about me. What business have you and your friends at the Crayminster Club to discuss me at all? I thought ladies' names were never mentioned at clubs."

"Gracious goodness! what could have made you suppose that? All the same, you might have known that I should not discuss you, or allow you to be discussed, in any club of which I was a member. A man happened to mention to me that there was a rumor to the effect that you had refused Craybridge, and asked me whether it was true; that was all."

"Very well; I don't want to hear any more about it. Let us change the subject."

Philip did as he was bid; but although he ceased to speak of the subject, he did not by any means cease to think of it; and, at the risk of lowering him still further in the esteem of the reader, it must be confessed that he shared in some degree in the respect which Mrs. Winnington felt for a girl who did not care about becoming Duchess of Retford. For this he shall be despised as much as the reader may think fit; but it would be hardly fair to blame him for believing that the astonishing sacrifice in question had been made for his sake. Margaret had no sort of doubt upon the point, and did not hesitate to say as much when consulted; while Nellie's confusion and wrath had seemed to tell their own tale in tolerably plain language. No wonder that Philip should have concluded that the prize — if prize

it were — might be his for the asking. And from that day forth he began to think that perhaps he would ask for it. After all, there was nothing to deter him from doing so, except the dread of privations; and was it not a matter of certainty that in a few years' time he would be in receipt of an income nearly, if not quite, as large as Signora Tommasini's? At the same time, he was not inclined to do anything hastily. It has been said before that Philip was fond of a certain careless method of self-study, and it would have been strange indeed if he had not found out this much about himself, that none of his passions or desires were very deep-rooted. He certainly would not have broken his heart if Nellie had married Lord Craybridge; he did not suppose that his heart would break if she were to do so even now; though the notion of her belonging to any one else was an excessively painful one to him. Delay, then, could do no harm, and might possibly be productive of good; and so he came round to his old comfortable determination to wait upon events.

It will be obvious to any one who cares to be at the trouble of thinking over the situation that only a very small event was required, under these circumstances, to overcome Philip's prudence and hurry him into a declaration; and such an event came to pass, not many days later, on the occasion of a dinner-party at Longbourne. It was a large dinner-party — one of those dinner-parties which are given only in the country, where anything like a selection of company is not to be thought of, and where, if the table be big enough, everybody must be asked on the same day, lest unworthy suspicions should arise of a second division of guests having been invited to eat up the leavings of the first. All the magnates of the surrounding district and various clerical dignitaries from Crayminster were present at it; and, as some of them did not happen to be upon speaking terms, Mrs. Winnington had large opportunities for the display of tact, and enjoyed herself very much.

Philip also had been accustomed to derive a good deal of quiet enjoyment from these periodical feasts, which, indeed, were rich in humorous incident to the appreciative spectator; but this time he was not amused at all. In the first place there was nobody to laugh with him, Margaret being too busy, and Nellie otherwise occupied; and then he was disagreeably conscious of being overlooked. In

London he had always been somebody; people had thought him very clever and diverting, and had listened to him when he talked; he had also been a celebrity in a small way by reason of his well-known talents. But the fame of these had not penetrated so far as Crayminster, or, if it had, was not thought much of there. The squires and the canons, with their respective wives, who met round Mrs. Stanforth's dining-table, knew Mr. Marescalchi only as a dependent of hers, and, if they noticed him at all, considered him rather a poor sort of fellow. He had no claims upon the admiration of any of them. He had not distinguished himself at Oxford, he was not seen in the hunting-field; and, for all that, he gave himself airs and looked conceited. Philip, therefore, was thrust completely into the background. But perhaps he would not have minded that so much if Nellie Brune had not received such marked recognition from all quarters; and that again he would not perhaps have minded so much if the younger men of the party had been less assiduous in their attentions to her. Some of these young men were rich; one, in particular, had just come into an estate which was said to be worth ten thousand a year, and he was a good-looking fellow into the bargain. It was he who took Miss Brune in to dinner; and when Philip saw him devoting himself to her in a most conspicuous manner, and Nellie accepting his devotion with every appearance of complacency, he began to be assailed by the pangs of jealousy. If he had used his reasoning powers he must have perceived that, having triumphed over the rivalry of a future duke, he could have little to fear from a mere country gentleman; but when a man is in love — and Philip, it must be remembered, was really in love — his reasoning powers are seldom at their best. Besides, what he experienced was not so much a dread that Nellie might marry the eligible youth as intense dislike to seeing her monopolized by anybody but himself. In the drawing-room, after dinner, things were very nearly as bad. Nellie was then surrounded by a compact body of men, young and old, married and single, and there was no getting near her. So he retired in disgust, and tried to get a rise out of Mrs. Winnington by making violent love to Edith; but here again he was doomed to failure. Edith sat bolt upright in her chair, looking absolutely blank and not listening to a word that he said, and Mrs. Winnington was no longer to be drawn by that threadbare stratagem.

The evening was long and dull, as such evenings must inevitably be, and probably no one in the room was more bored by it than Philip. It ended, however, with one of those strokes of luck which fell to his share so frequently that he had come to look upon them as in some sort his birth-right. Mr. Brune, who had been obliged to go up to London for the day, and who was to return by the last train, had arranged that the brougham which was to bring him up from the station should proceed to Longbourne afterwards and fetch his daughter. But as this could not be much before midnight, as the last of the guests departed while the clock was striking eleven, and as there was a brilliant moon outside, Miss Brune took it into her head that she would prefer to walk, and anticipated the proposition that was on Philip's lips by asking him point-blank to see her home.

It was thus that Philip, having thrown the reins upon the neck of events, found himself gently hurried by them along a path which he was not unwilling to follow. The time and the hour had evidently come; the *mise en scène*, as he said to himself with a little inward laugh, was quite what it ought to be. Here were silence, solitude, a sleeping world bathed in the mysterious silvery light of the moon; here was the beloved object tripping by his side across the broad, black shadows of the lime-trees; it only remained for him to say what he had to say in as pretty and apposite words as he could command. And long before the lodge had come in sight he had said it. His heart beat a little more quickly while he waited for his answer, but only a little more quickly; seeing that he had not really any doubt at all as to what that answer would be.

Apparently it was Nellie Brune's fate to astonish her suitors. She astonished Philip very much indeed; for she not only walked on without replying, but she did not even look at him, or turn away her head and allow him to gain possession of her hand, or signify her consent in any fashion whatsoever. He was obliged at last to repeat his question; and then she answered, as coolly as if she had been remarking that it was a fine night, "I was thinking."

After that she walked on for several yards in silence, and then said, "Philip, are you quite sure that you wish this?"

"Nellie!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"I mean, do you really wish it very much? Because, unless you do ——"

If there was an art of which Philip was complete master, it was that of love-making. He was always so thoroughly in earnest for the moment. He begged and implored now as humbly as if he had not felt certain in his heart of success; he protested — believing firmly in the truth of the statement, as he made it — that Nellie had been the one love of his life; he reminded her of the vows which they had exchanged as children, and assured her that he had never in reality swerved from his allegiance. He acknowledged that she had every right to think him fickle; he had, as she knew, had many other fancies; but they had only been fancies. In short, he had been a boy; and now he was a man, and knew his own mind. All this, and a great deal more, he said; winding up with a candid avowal that he had not intended to tell her of his love so soon. He had felt that he ought not to speak so long as he had not a home and an assured income to offer; and this was why she had perhaps fancied him lukewarm.

"That was not quite what I meant," answered Nellie, as soon as he had done. "I have known for a long time that Mrs. Stanniforth wished this very much, and lately I have thought that you wished it too — in a way. Only it struck me that, if you were not very much set upon it, it would be so much nicer to — go on as we are. I can't explain exactly," she went on, speaking more rapidly; "but, do you know, Philip, I am afraid sometimes that I have no heart. I am fond of you; I have been very fond of you all my life. You always came next to Walter."

"Next to Walter!" ejaculated Philip in doleful accents.

"I am very sorry; I can't help it," said Nellie penitently. "I thought I ought to tell you."

The blow to Philip's vanity was so severe and so unexpected that he could not help laughing a little, though he felt very sore.

"The long and the short of it is," said he, "that I have been ass enough to flatter myself that you cared for me as I do for you, when all the time you have had nothing but a sort of sisterly affection for me. I have brought this upon myself, and I must try to make the best of it, that's all."

She saw that he was hurt, though he spoke so lightly, and she looked up at him with a humble, deprecating gaze which rather puzzled him. "It isn't only a sort

of affection," she said; "it's a great deal more than that."

Suddenly it flashed across Philip that here was a new variety of the genus woman. He had heard of girls who could not acknowledge to themselves that they were in love until they were taught to do so: he believed that in the early years of the century all women were like that, or were supposed to be so. Might not this one, who was country-bred, be a survival of that bygone type?

"Nellie," he exclaimed triumphantly, seizing her by both hands, "I believe you do love me, in spite of all you say! Tell me one thing: did you ever meet another man whom you could by any possibility have thought of marrying?"

"No," she answered promptly and decidedly; "certainly not."

"Then ——" cried Philip.

"Ah, but," she interrupted, drawing back from him, "I don't think I love even you enough to marry you. At least, I don't think I love you in the right way. I wish I did; but I'm afraid I don't."

"Nellie," said Philip gravely, "don't throw away your happiness and mine like this. I won't ask you for a final answer to-night; but to-morrow, or the day after, if you like, you shall tell me whether I may hope for all that I care to live for, or whether I am to go straight to the dogs — as I certainly shall, if I have nothing in life to look forward to."

She caught at this respite eagerly, promising that, if it were possible, it should be as he wished; but entreating him not to conclude that, because she had not said no at once, she might not be forced to do so afterwards. She did not understand herself, she said, and could not expect that he should understand her.

But Philip understood perfectly well that the battle was as good as won.

From The Leisure Hour.

SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.*
BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS
IN JAPAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SINGAPORE, *January, 1879.*

IT is hot — so hot! — but not stifling, and all the rich-flavored, colored fruits of

* The readers of the *Leisure Hour* will gladly welcome a new record of travel from the pen of "Isabella Bird," whose ride in the Rocky Mountains, and other

the tropics are here — fruits whose generous juices are drawn from the moist and heated earth, and whose flavors are the imprisoned rays of the fierce sun of the tropics. Such cartloads and piles of bananas and pineapples, such heaps of custard-apples and "bullocks' hearts," such a wealth of gold and green giving off fragrance! Here, too, are treasures of the heated, crystal seas — things that one has dreamed of after reading Jules Verne's romances. Big canoes, manned by dark-skinned men in white turbans and loincloths, floated round our ship, or rather lay poised on clear depths of aquamarine water, with fairy heights — forests of coral white as snow, or red, pink, violet, in massive branches or fern-like sprays, fresh from their warm homes beneath the clear, warm waves, where fish as bright-tinted as themselves flash through them like "living light." There were displays of wonderful shells, too, of pale rose-pink, and others with rainbow tints which, like rainbows, came and went — nothing scanty, feeble, or pale!

It is a drive of two miles from the pier to Singapore, and to eyes which have only seen the yellow skins and non-vididness of the far East, a world of wonders opens at every step. Singapore is really the Charing Cross or Oban of the East. From it steamers start for Australia, China, Japan, England, France, Italy, Ceylon, India, Burmah, Sumatra, Malacca, and any number of small ports. Yet the only people who look thoroughly awake are the Chinese, who number eighty-six thousand out of a population of one hundred and thirty thousand.* They monopolize many streets altogether, erect temples, club-houses, opium-dens, and gaming-houses, are utterly unquelled by the heat, and are said to be gradually supplanting the smaller European merchants. They bring their clan feuds with them, and by means of their secret societies and an unlimited amount of false swearing, defy British justice, and constitute an element of danger as well as of prosperity. Their merchants, some of whom are

adventurous journeys, have been so attractive in former years. Mrs. Bishop says: —

"These chapters consist of extracts from my letters, and in part of these extracts condensed. The native States of the Malay Peninsula have made some progress both in population and importance since they were written, and a few things which were true two years ago may be so no longer. I leave the letters as they were, however, as a record of impressions and experiences while both were fresh."

I. L. B.

* The population of Singapore, by the census of 1881, consisted of 2,796 Europeans, 22,664 Malays, 86,766 Chinamen, and 12,104 natives of India.

very rich, sell everything, and as they are always able to undersell Europeans, their customers are of all races and classes. They are in such an enormous majority that one would suppose Singapore to be a Chinese town.

The city is all ablaze with color. I can hardly recall the pallid race which lives in our dim, pale islands, and is costumed in our hideous clothes. Every costume, from Arabia to China, floats through the streets; robes of silk, satin, brocade, and muslin; and Parsees in spotless white, Jews and Arabs in dark, rich colors, Klings (natives of southern India) in crimson and white, Bombay merchants in turbans of large size and crimson cummerbunds, Malays in red *sarongs*, Sikhs in pure white, their great height rendered almost colossal by the classic arrangement of their draperies, and Chinamen, from the coolie, in his blue or brown cotton, to the wealthy merchant in his frothy silk *crêpe* and rich brocaded silk, make up a medley irresistibly fascinating to the stranger. Among these mingled foreign nationalities, the Klings, next to the Chinese, are the most numerous, and as there is no check on the immigration of their women, one sees the unveiled Kling beauties in great numbers. The Klings and Bengalees seem to do whatever the Chinese leave undone. In one place one sees hundreds of them round a piece of water not pre-eminently clean, unmercifully beating the delicate laces, gauzy silks, and elaborate flouncings of the European ladies on great stones, for they are the laundrymen of Singapore. Then they row boats, drive gharries, run as syces, lend small sums for large interest, sell fruit, keep small shops, carry "chit-books," and make themselves as useful as their mediocre abilities will allow, but never amass fortunes as the Chinese do. They are said to be harmless to their neighbors. The men are very fine-looking, lithe, and active, and, as they clothe but little, their forms are seen to great advantage.

The Kling women are, I think, beautiful — not so much in face as in form and carriage. I am never weary of watching and admiring their inimitable grace of movement. Their faces are oval, their foreheads low, their eyes dark and liquid, their noses shapely, but disfigured by the universal adoption of jewelled nose-rings; their lips full, but not thick or coarse; their heads small and exquisitely set on long, slender throats; their ears small, but much dragged out of shape by the

wearing of two or three hoop-earrings in each; and their glossy, wavy, black hair, which grows classically low on the forehead, is gathered into a Grecian knot at the back. Their clothing — or rather drapery — is a mystery, for it covers and drapes perfectly, yet has no "make," far less "fit," and leaves every graceful movement unimpeded. It seems to consist of ten wide yards of soft white muslin or soft red material, so ingeniously disposed when the wearer puts it on as to drape the bust and lower limbs, and form a girdle at the same time. One shoulder and arm are usually left bare. The part which may be called a petticoat — though the word is a slur upon the graceful drapery — is short, and shows the finely-turned ankles, high insteps, and small feet. These women are tall, and straight as arrows; their limbs are long and rounded; their appearance is timid — one might almost say modest — and their walk is the poetry of movement. A tall, graceful Kling woman, draped as I have described, gliding along the pavement, her statuesque figure the perfection of graceful ease, a dark pitcher on her head, just touched by the beautiful hand, showing the finely-moulded arm, is a beautiful object, classical in form, exquisite in movement, and artistic in coloring, a child of the tropic sun. What thinks she, I wonder — if she thinks at all — of the pale European, paler for want of exercise and engrossing occupation, who steps out of her carriage in front of her, an ungraceful heap of *poufs* and frills, tottering painfully on high heels, in tight boots, her figure distorted into the shape of a Japanese saké bottle, every movement a struggle or a jerk, the clothing utterly unsuited to this climate, or any climate, impeding motion, and affecting health, comfort, and beauty alike?

What may be called the native streets are crowded. The bazaars, which contain a medley of fruits, roots, Chinese edibles, old and new clothing of all nations, ironmongery from England and America, pottery from China and Staffordshire, native mats, and Eastern and Western stuffs of all colors and prices, create a perpetual twilight by hanging "tatties" or other screens between themselves and the street, forming long, dark alleys, in which buyers and sellers chaffer over the goods. The bustle and noise of this quarter are considerable, and the vociferation mingles with the ringing of bells and the beating of gongs and tomtoms — an intensely heathenish sound. And hea

thenish this great city is. Joss-houses, Hindoo temples, and mosques almost jostle each other, and the indescribable clamor of the temples and the din of the joss-houses are only faintly pierced by the shrill cry from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer, and proclaiming the divine unity and the mission of Mohammed in one breath. This huge, mingled, colored, busy, Oriental population bulks more largely in my eyes than the ruling race. The foreign merchants, hidden away behind jalousies in their offices, or dashing down the streets in buggies, make but a small show, and their houses are mostly roomy, detached bungalows, hidden by the bountiful vegetation of the climate, in which their wives lead half-expiring lives in deep twilight, kept alive by the efforts of the good-natured punkah-wallah. There is an hour at which they emerge and drive in given directions, and divert themselves with kettle-drums, dances, and other devices for killing time, with the mercury at eighty degrees! Just now the maharajah of Johore, sovereign of a small State on the nearest part of the mainland, and much favored and decorated by the British government for unswerving fidelity to British interests, has a house here, and his receptions and other parties break the monotony.

Singapore, as the capital of the Straits Settlements and the residence of the governor, has a garrison, defensive works, ships of war hanging about, and a great deal of military as well as commercial importance, and "the roll of the British drum" is a reassuring sound in the midst of the unquiet Chinese population. The governor is assisted by a lieutenant-governor at Penang and a resident councillor at Malacca, and his actual rule extends to the three nominally "protected" States of the Malay Peninsula — Sungei-Ujong, Salangor, and Perak — the affairs of which are administered by British residents, who are more or less responsible to him. Singapore is really an island of no great size, separated from the mainland State of Johore by a strait so narrow that it is said that tigers swim across it, and is covered with a rich, tropical jungle shading a rich red soil. It is only about eighty miles from the equator, and as there are showers at conveniently regular hours nearly every day of the year, drowning dews, and the temperature, though rarely rising above 85° in the shade in the daytime, seldom falls below 80° at night, the richness of vegetation produced by the steady heat and moisture is won-

derful. It will be impossible to forget either the heat or the mosquitos, though I must admit that the former is far more bearable here than in many other places, and the climate is remarkably healthy. It is intensely tropical; there are mangrove swamps, and fringes of coco-palms, and banana groves, date, sago, and travellers' palms, tree-ferns, india-rubber, mango, custard-apple, jak-fruit, durian, lime, pomegranate, pineapples, and orchids, and all kinds of strangling and parrot-blossomed trailers. Vegetation, rich, profuse, riotous, rapid, smothering, in all shades of vivid green, from the pea-green of early spring to the dark, velvety green of the magnolia and the yellow plumage of the palm, riots in a heavy shower every night, and the heat of a perennial sunblaze every day, while monkeys of various kinds and bright-winged birds skip and flit through the jungle shades. On this beautiful island there is a perpetual battle between man and the jungle, and the latter in fact is only brought to bay within a short distance of Singapore.

But Singapore, to me, is a mere halting-place *en route* to the mainland, a kindly and hospitable one, for I had scarcely arrived at the hotel before a resident, to whom I had not even a letter of introduction, called and took me to his house. All the European houses appear to have very deep verandahs, large, lofty rooms, punkahs everywhere, windows without glass, brick floors, and jalousies and "tatties" (blinds made of fine grass) to keep out the light and the flies.

MALACCA, Jan. 21-23.

In the absence of the governor, Mr. Cecil Smith, the colonial secretary, kindly gave me introductions at Malacca and other points in the Malay Peninsula, and the difficulty about getting thither was solved by a small Chinese steamer called the "Rainbow," once the property of the rajah of Sarawak. She is a very small vessel, her captain half Portuguese and half Malay, her crew Chinese, and her cabin passengers were all Chinese merchants. Her engineer is a Welshman, a kindly soul, who assured Mr. —, when he commended me to his care, that "he was a family man, and that nothing gave him greater pleasure than seeing that ladies were comfortable;" and I owed to his good offices the very small modicum of comfort that I had. Waiting on the little bridge was far from being wearisome, there was such a fascination in watching the costumed and manifold life

of the harbor, the black-hulled, sullen-looking steamers from Europe discharging cargo into lighters, Malay prahus of all sizes but one form, sharp at both ends, and with eyes on their bows like the Cantonese and Cochin China boats, reeling as though they would upset under large mat sails, and rowing-boats rowed by handsome, statuesque Klings. A steamer was discharging six hundred pilgrims from Mecca in most picturesque costumes, and there were boats with men in crimson turbans and graceful robes of pure white muslin, and others a mass of blue umbrellas, while some contained Brahmins with the mark of caste set conspicuously on their foreheads, all moving in a veil of gold in the setting of a heavy fringe of coco-palms.

We sailed at four, with a strong, favorable breeze, and the sea was really delightful as we passed among green islets clothed with dense tropical vegetation down to the water's edge, right out into the open water of the Straits of Malacca, a burning, waveless sea, into which the sun was descending in mingled flame and blood. Then, dinner for three, consisting of an excellent curry, was spread on the top of the cabin, and eaten by the captain, engineer, and myself; after which the engineer took me below to arrange for my comfort, and as it was obviously impossible for me to sleep in a very dirty and very small hole, tenanted by cockroaches disproportionately large, and with a temperature of eighty-eight degrees, he took a mattress and pillows upon the bridge, and told me his history and that of his colored wife and sixteen children under seventeen, of his pay of £35 a month, lent me a box of matches, and vanished into the lower regions with the consoling words, "If you want anything in the night, just call 'Engineer' down the engine skylight." It does one's heart good to meet with such a countryman. The "Rainbow" is one of the many tokens of preponderating Chinese influence in the Straits of Malacca. The tickets are Chinese as well as the ownership and crew. The supercargo who took my ticket was a sleek young Chinaman in a pigtail, girdle, and white cotton trousers. The cabin passengers were all Chihamen. The deck was packed with Chinese coolies on their way to seek wealth in the diggings of Perak. They were lean, yellow, and ugly, smoked a pipe of opium each at sundown, wore loose blue cotton trousers, and their pigtails coiled round their heads. We had slipped our cable at

Singapore because these coolies were clambering up over every part of the vessel, and defying all attempts to keep them out, so that "to cut and run" was our only chance. The owners do not allow any intoxicant to be brought on board, lest it should be given to the captain and crew, and they should take too much and lose the vessel. I was the only European and the only woman on board. I had a very comfortable night lying on deck in the brisk breeze on the waveless sea, and though I watched the stars, hoping to see the Southern Cross set, I fell asleep, till I was awake at the very earliest dawn by a most formidable Oriental shouting to me very fiercely I thought, with a fierce face; but it occurred to me that he was trying to make me understand that they wanted to wash decks, so I lifted my mattress on a bench and fell asleep again, waking to find the anchor being let go in the Malacca roads six hours before we should have arrived.

I was greatly interested with the first view of Malacca, one of the oldest European towns in the East, originally Portuguese, then Dutch, and now, though under English rule, mainly Chinese. There is a long bay with dense forests of coco-palms, backed by forests of I know not what, then rolling hills, and to the right beyond these a mountain which I have since learned is Mount Ophir, rich in gold. Is this possibly, as many think, the Ophir of the Bible, and this land of gems and gold truly the "Golden Kheresonese"? There were islets as green as green could be, lying to the south, and nearest to us a town of antiquated appearance, low houses, much colored, with flattish, red-tiled roofs, many of them built on piles, straggling for a long distance, and fringed by massive-looking bungalows, half buried in trees — a hill rising near the middle, crowned by a ruined cathedral, probably the oldest Christian church in the far East, with slopes of bright green grass below, timbered near their base with palms and trees of a nearly lemon-colored vividness of spring green, and glimpses of low, red roofs behind the hill. On either side of the old-world-looking town and its fringe of bungalows there were glimpses of steep reed roofs among the coco-palms. A long, deserted-looking jetty runs far out into the shallow sea, a few Chinese junks lay at anchor, in the distance a few Malay fishermen were watching their nets, but not a breath stirred, the sea was without a ripple, the grey clouds moved not, the yellow plumes

of the palms were still, the sea, the sky, the town looked all alike asleep in a still, moist, balmy heat.

Presently we were surrounded by a crowd of Malay boats with rude sails made of reeds, but their crews might have been phantoms for any noise they made. By one of these I sent my card and note of introduction to the lieutenant-governor. An hour afterwards the captain told me that the governor usually went into the country early on Monday morning for two days, which seemed unfortunate. Soon after the captain and engineer went ashore, and I was left among a crowd of Chinamen and Malays, without any possibility of being understood by any of them, to endure stifling heat and provoking uncertainty, much aggravated by the want of food, for another three hours. At last, when very nearly famished, and when my doubts as to the wisdom of this novel and impromptu expedition had become very serious indeed, a European boat appeared, moving with the long, steady stroke of a man-of-war's boat, rowed by six native policemen, with a frank-looking bearded countryman steering, and two peons in white, with scarlet-and-gold hats and sashes, in the bow; and as it swept up to the "Rainbow's" side the man in white stepped on board, and introduced himself to me as Mr. Biggs, the colonial chaplain, deputed to receive me on behalf of the governor, who was just leaving when my card arrived. He relieved all anxiety as to my destination by saying that quarters were ready for me in the Stadt-haus.

We were soon on a lovely shore under the cathedral-crowned hill, where the velvety turf slopes down to the sea under palms and trees whose trunks are one mass of ferns, brightened by that wonderful flowering tree variously known as the "flamboyant" and "the flame of the forest" (*Ponciana regia*). Very still, hot, tropical, sleepy, and dreamy, Malacca looks, a town "out of the running," utterly antiquated, mainly un-English, a veritable Sleepy Hollow.

CHAPTER II.

THE reader, even if not already weary of these extracts from my letters, will doubtless be glad to escape a multiplicity of details, therefore I proceed by giving the features of Malacca mainly in outline. Having written this sentence, I am compelled to say that the feature of Malacca is that it is featureless! It is a land where it is "always afternoon," hot, still, dreamy. Existence stagnates. Trade

pursues its operations invisibly. Commerce hovers far off on the shallow sea. The British and French mail steamers give the port a wide *offing*. It has no politics, little crime, rarely gets even two lines in an English newspaper, and does nothing towards making contemporary history. The lieutenant-governor, Captain Shaw, has occupied the same post for eleven years. A company of soldiers vegetates in quarters in a yet sleepier region than the town itself. Two Chinese steamers make it a port of call, but except that they bring mails, their comings and goings are of no interest to the very small English part of the population. Lying basking in the sun, or crawling at the heads of crawling oxen—very like hairless buffalo—or leaning over the bridge looking at nothing, the Malays spend their time when they come into the town, their very movements making the lack of movement more perceptible.

The descendants of the Portuguese, who kept up a splendid pomp of rule in the days of Francis Xavier, seem to take an endless siesta behind their closely covered windows. I have never seen an Englishman out of doors except Mr. Hayward, the active superintendent of military police, or Mr. Biggs, who preserves his health and energies by systematic constitutional. Portuguese and Dutch rule have passed away, leaving, as their chief monuments—the first, a ruined cathedral, and a race of half-breeds; and the last, the Stadt-haus and a flat-faced meeting-house. A heavy shower, like a "thunder-plump," takes up a part of the afternoon, after which the governor's carriage, with servants in scarlet liveries, rolls slowly out of Malacca, and through the sago-palms and back again. If aught else which is European breaks the monotony of the day, I am not aware of it. The streets have no particular features, though one cannot but be aware that a narrow stream full of boats, and spanned by a handsome bridge, divides the town into two portions, and that a handsome clock-tower (both tower and bridge erected by some wealthy Chinese merchants) is a salient object below the Stadt-haus. Trees, trailers, fruits, smother the houses, and blossom and fruit all the year round; old leaves, young leaves, buds, blossom and fruit, all appearing at once. The mercury rarely falls below 79° or rises above 84°. The softest and least perceptible of land and sea breezes blow alternately at stated hours. The nights are very still. The days are a tepid dream. Since I arrived

not a leaf has stirred, not a bird has sung, the tides ebb and flow in listless and soundless ripples. Far off, on the shallow sea, phantom ships hover and are gone, and on an indefinite horizon a blurred ocean blends with a blurred sky. On Mount Ophir heavy cloud-masses lie always motionless. The still, heavy, fragrant nights pass with no other sounds than the aggressive hum of mosquitos and the challenge of the sentry. But through the stormy days and the heavy nights nature is always busy in producing a rapidity and profusion of growth which would turn Malacca into a jungle were it not for axe and billhook, but her work does not jar upon the general silence. Yet with all this indefiniteness, dreaminess, featurelessness, indolence, and silence, of which I have attempted to convey an idea, Malacca is very fascinating, and no city in the world, except Canton, will leave so vivid an impression upon me, though it may be but of a fragrant tropic dream and nothing more.

The government bungalow being scarcely large enough for the governor's family, I am lodged in the old Dutch Stadt-haus, formerly the residence of the Dutch governor, and which has enough of solitude and faded stateliness to be fearsome, or at the least eerie, to a solitary guest like myself, to whose imagination in the long, dark nights creeping Malays or pilfering Chinamen are far more likely to present themselves than the stiff beauties and formal splendors of the heyday of Dutch ascendancy. This Stadt-haus, which stands on the slope of the hill, and is the most prominent building in Malacca, is now used as the treasury, post-office, and government offices generally. There are large state reception-rooms, including a ball-room, and suites of apartments for the use of the governor of the Straits Settlements, the chief justice, and other high officials, on their visits to Malacca. The Stadt-haus, at its upper end on the hill, is only one story high, but where it abuts on the town it is three and even four. The upper part is built round three sides of a Dutch garden, and a gallery under the tiled verandah runs all round. A set of handsome staircases on the sea side leads to the lawn-like hill with the old cathedral, and the bungalows of the governor and colonial chaplain. Stephanotis, passiflora, tuberosa, alamanda, Bougainvillea, and other trailers of gorgeous colors, climb over everything, and make the night heavy with their odors. There must be more than forty rooms in this old

place, besides great arched corridors and all manner of queer staircases and corners. Dutch tiling and Dutch angularities and conceits of all kinds abound.

My room opens on one side upon a handsome set of staircases under the verandah, and on the others upon a passage and staircase with several rooms with doors of communication, and has various windows opening on the external galleries. Like most European houses in the peninsula, it has a staircase which leads from the bedroom to a somewhat grim, brick-floored room below, containing a large, high tub, or bath, of Shanghai pottery, in which you must by no means bathe, as it is found by experience that to take the capacious dipper and pour water upon yourself from a height, gives a far more refreshing shock than immersion when the water is at eighty degrees and the air at eighty-three degrees.

The worst of my stately habitation is, that after four in the afternoon there is no one in it but myself, unless a Chinese coolie, who appears in my room at all sorts of unusual hours, after I think I have bolted and barred every means of ingress, has a lair somewhere. However, two Malay military policemen patrol the verandahs outside at intervals all night, and I have the comfort of imagining that I hear, far below, the clank of the British sentries who guard the treasury. In the early morning my eyes always open on the governor's handsome Mohammedan servant in spotless white muslin and red headdress and girdle, bringing a tray with tea and bananas. The Chinese coolie who appears mysteriously attends on me, and acts as housemaid, our communications being entirely by signs. The mosquitos are awful. The view of the green lawns, the sleeping sea, the motionless forest of coco-palms along the shore, the narrow stream and bridge, and the quaint red-tiled roofs of the town, is very charming and harmonious, yet I often think, if these dreamy days went on into months, that I should welcome an earthquake shock, or tornado, or jarring discord of some rousing kind, to break the dream produced by the heated, steamy, fragrant air, and the monotonous silence.

The government bungalow, in which I spend most of my time, is a comfortable little cottage, with verandahs larger than itself. Captain Shaw, the lieutenant-governor for eleven years, is a frank, cheery, gentle, brave, cultured naval officer. He can be firm and prompt when occasion requires firmness, but his ordinary rule is

of the gentlest and most paternal description, so that from the Chinese he has won the name of "Father," and among the Malays, the native population, English rule, as administered by him, has come to be known as "the rule of the just." The family, consisting of the governor, his wife, and two daughters just grown up, is a very charming one, and their quiet, peaceful life gives me the opportunity which so rarely falls to the lot of a traveler of becoming really intimate with them. In the deep verandah, festooned with trailers and orchids, two Malay military policemen are always on guard, and two scornful-looking Bengalees in white trousers, white short robes, with sashes of crimson silk striped with gold, and crimson-and-gold flat hats above their handsome but repellent faces, make up the visible part of the establishment. One of these Bengalees has been twice to Mecca, at an expense of £40 on each visit, and on Fridays appears in a rich Hadji suit, in which he goes through the town, and those Mussulmen who are not Hadji bow down to him. I saw from the very first that my project of visiting the native States was not smiled upon at Government House.

Mrs. Biggs took me my first drive through the town and three miles of its environs, which added to the fascination which Malacca had for me from the hour of my landing. The road crosses the bridge over the narrow stream, which is, in fact, the roadway of a colored and highly picturesque street, and at once enters the main street of Malacca, which is parallel to the sea. On the sea side each house consists of three or four divisions, one behind the other, each roof being covered with red tiles. The rear-most division is usually built over the sea, on piles. In the middle of each of the tiers or three front divisions there is a courtyard. The room through which you enter from the street always has an open door, through which you see houses showing a high degree of material civilization, lofty rooms, handsome altars opposite the doors, massive carved ebony tables, and carved ebony chairs with marble seats and backs standing against the walls, hanging pictures of the kind called in Japan *kakemono*, and rich bronzes and fine pieces of porcelain on ebony brackets. At night, when these rooms are lighted up with eight or ten massive lamps, the appearance is splendid. These are the houses of Chinese merchants of the middle class.

And now I must divulge the singular fact that Malacca is to most intents and purposes a Chinese city. The Dutch, as I wrote, have scarcely left a trace. The Portuguese, indolent, for the most part poor, and lowered by native marriages, are without influence, a most truly stagnant population, hardly to be taken into account. Their poor-looking houses resemble those of Lisbon. The English, except in so far as relates to the administration of government, are nowhere, though it is under our equitable rule that the queerly mixed population of Chinese, Portuguese, half-breeds, Malays, Confucianists, Buddhists, Tauists, Romanists, and Mohammedans, "enjoy great quietness." Of the population of Malacca over a half may be Chinese, and still their crowded junks are rolling down on the north-east monsoon. As I remarked before, the coasting trade of the Straits of Malacca is in their hands, and to such an extent have they absorbed the trade of this colony, that I am told there is not a resident British merchant in Malacca. And it is not, as elsewhere, that they come, make money, and then return to settle in China, but they come here with their wives and families, buy or build these handsome houses as well as large bungalows in the neighboring coco groves, own most of the plantations up the country, and have obtained the finest site on the hill behind the town for their stately tombs. Every afternoon their carriages roll out into the country conveying them to their substantial bungalows to smoke and gamble. They have fabulous riches in diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. They love Malacca and take a pride in beautifying it. They have fashioned their dwellings upon the model of those in Canton, but whereas cogent reasons compel the rich Chinaman at home to conceal the evidences of his wealth, he glories in displaying it under the security of British rule. The upper class of the Chinese merchants live in immense houses within walled gardens. The wives of all are secluded, and inhabit the back regions and have no share in the remarkably "good time" which the men seem to have.

Along with their industrious habits and their character for fair trading, the Chinese have brought to Malacca gambling and opium-smoking. In the Straits Settlements the consumption of opium is one-seventh of the whole export to China, and the government makes a large revenue from it. The Chinaman who "farms" the opium — *i.e.*, who purchases from the

government the exclusive right to sell it — pays for his monopoly about £260 per day. It must be remembered, however, that every man who smokes opium is not what we understand by an "opium-smoker," and that between the man who takes his daily pipe of opium after his supper, and the unhappy opium-slave who reduces himself to imbecility in such dens as I saw in Canton, there is just as much difference as there is in England between the "moderate drinker" and the "habitual drunkard." Slavery is prohibited in Malacca, and slaves from the neighboring State fly for freedom to the shelter of the British flag; but there is reason to suppose that the numerous women in the households of the Chinese merchants, though called servants, are persons who have been purchased in China and are actually held in bondage. Apart from these exceptions the Chinese population is a valuable one, and is in its upper classes singularly public-spirited, law-abiding, and strongly attached to British rule. I saw no shops except those for the sale of fish, fruit, and coarse native pottery, but doubtless most things which are suited to the wants of the mixed population can be had in the bazaars.

As we drove out of the town, the houses became fewer and the trees denser, with mosques here and there among them, and in a few minutes we were in the great dark forest of coco, betel, and sago palms, awfully solemn and oppressive in the hot stillness of the evening. Every sight was new, for though I have seen the coco-palm before, the palm-fringes of the coral islands, with their feathery plumes, have little kinship with the dark, crowded coco forests of Malacca, with their endless vistas and mysterious gloom. These forests are intersected by narrow, muddy streams, suggestive of alligators, up which you can go in canoes if you lie down, and are content with the yet darker shade produced by the *nibong*, a species of stemless palm, of which the poorer natives make their houses, and whose magnificent fronds are often from twenty to twenty-two feet in length. The soft carriage road passes through an avenue of trees of great girth and a huge spread of foliage, bearing glorious yellow blossoms of delicious fragrance. Jungles of sugar-cane often form the foreground of dense masses of palms, then a jungle of pineapples surprises one, then a mass of lianas,

knotted and tangled, with stems like great cables and red blossoms as large as breakfast cups. The huge trees which border the road have their stems and branches nearly hidden by orchids—chiefly that lovely and delicate one whose likeness to a hovering dove won for it the name of the "flower of the Holy Ghost," which lives but for a day, but in its brief life fills the air with fragrance. Then the trees change, the long tresses of an autumn-flowering orchid fall from their branches over the road; dead trees appear transformed into living beauty by multitudes of ferns, among which the dark-green shining fronds of the *Asplenium nidus*, measuring four feet in length, specially delight the eye; huge tamarinds and mimosa add the grace of their feathery foliage; the banana unfolds its gigantic fronds above its golden fruitage; clumps of the betel or areca palms, with their slender and absolutely straight shafts, make the coco-palms look like clumsy giants; the gutta-percha, india-rubber, and other varieties of ficus, increase the forest gloom by the brown, velvety undersides of their shining, dark-green leafage; then comes the cashew-nut tree, with its immense spread of branches, and its fruit an apple with a nut below; and the beautiful breadfruit, with its green "cantalupe melons," nearly ripe; and the gigantic jak and durian, and fifty others, children of tropic-heat and moisture, in all the promise of perpetual spring, and the fulfilment of endless summer, the beauty of blossom and the bounteousness of an unfailing fruitage crowning them through all the year. At their feet is a tangle of fungi, mosses, ferns, trailers, lilies, nibongs, reeds, canes, rattans, a dense and lavish undergrowth, in which reptiles, large and small, riot most congenially, and in which broods of mosquitos are hourly hatched, to the misery of man and beast.

Occasionally a small and comparatively cleared spot appears, with a crowded cluster of graves, with a pawn-shaped stone at the head of each, and the beautiful frangipani, the "temple flower" of Si-halese Buddhism, but the "grave flower" of Malay Mohammedanism, sheds its ethereal fragrance among the tombs. The dead lie lonely in the forest shade, under the feathery palm-fronds, but the living are not far to seek.

From The Leisure Hour.

GERTRUDE.

YESTERDAY there was a dense autumn fog all day; one of those penetrating, clinging fogs which chill and depress one, and make one almost disbelieve that such things as summer and sunshine have ever existed. I was all alone in the old Manor House, and I wandered through the grey, dismantled rooms where the ghostly furniture is shrouded in sheets and huddled together in the corners, leaving a solemn space of bare boards in the centre. I recognized an old workbox of mine on one of the tables, and I began to sort and arrange the odds and ends I found in it. There was a wrinkled Tonkin bean, an agate thimble, an emery cushion in the shape of an acorn, and a faded pink silk needle-book. As I opened the needle-book, a letter dropped from it and fell to the ground. I picked it up, and suddenly, as I looked at it through the grey shadows and the dimness of the autumn day, there rose up before me the vision of a sweet, rosy face, fresh as a bunch of lilacs wet with April dew, and with the sunshine of careless happiness smiling out of the bright eyes. This was the letter. I place it before you in its entirety as far as print can render it. The straggling handwriting, the horrid smudges, the crumpled folds cannot be expressed in words:—

“Wensday.

“Dearest Anne,— I am quite alone at home, because Papa and Mama are gone to Southampton. Do come and help me to Keep house. I am reading Political Economy (*I think she meant Political Economy*) and it is so interesting. Do come.

Your loving

GERTRUDE.

“P.S. I will come and call for you in the carriage.”

I counted up the blots. They were three in number, and the whole letter was smudged. Evidently no attempt whatever at blotting it had been made. It had been crumpled up, wet as it was, and poked into the first envelope that came to hand, which happened in this instance to be a large, official-looking blue envelope lined with linen. And now we come to the most shocking part of the whole affair—there was a dab of black sealing-wax on the cover, which had undoubtedly been sealed with the human thumb.

This little old letter brought back a long chain of memories to my mind. I remembered that I had received that dis-

graceful note, many years ago, on a fine spring morning; and that I had scarcely had time to glance at it before I heard the crunch of carriage wheels on the gravel—a noise as of a very fairly heavy young person jumping out—a furious peal at the bell, and then the scudding sound of two feet and a quantity of drapery hurrying up the passage. My sitting-room door flew open, and Miss Gertrude herself rushed in.

This student of political economy was dressed most untidily in a tumbled green cotton gown, with a brown hat hanging at the back of her head, and an ugly old grey shawl bundled up round her pretty throat, fastened all askew with a diamond brooch. Her white silk neckerchief had slipped round to the back of her neck, her black kid gloves were a mere wreck, and her nose was poking through a hole in her net veil.

She whirled me away with her in her little carriage. I can distinctly recall a feeling of uneasiness as we dashed past carts and wagons; and once, when for no apparent reason we bumped over twenty successive mud-heaps at the side of a wide, smooth road, I ventured to expostulate gently, my driver was so busy repeating to me a remarkable passage in “Sordello” that she paid no heed either to my suggestions or to the jolting of the carriage. Overhead the sky was of a pure, soft blue, with little fleecy clouds floating about in it; the broad meadows by the river were yellow with buttercups, and the trees were covered with the first fresh green of tender young leaves. The air was full of spring scents—the smell of the blossoming hedgerows, of the moist earth, of the sticky spikes of horse-chestnut flowers shining out of the dark foliage like Christmas candles, and of the lilacs and monthly roses in the cottage gardens. In the cool depths of the hazel copses the nightingale was singing as though his heart would break for joy; and in the spaces where the wood had been cleared the ground was blue and purple and yellow with hyacinths and orchids and poisonous spurge. Over the downs the swift shadows were chasing the sunlight, and a gentle caressing wind was blowing across the wide sweep of grass. By my side Gertrude was recklessly letting the reins float on the horse’s back, repeating poetry in her fresh, enthusiastic young voice, mispronouncing most of the long words, bounding fearlessly over others, and emphasizing the lines at her own sweet will.

When we reached our destination,

luncheon was already awaiting us. Gertrude sat down at the head of the table with an air of conscious majesty, and exerted herself for my benefit as an accomplished hostess. She offered me potatoes with my tart, and filled up my glass of claret with a liberal supply of port. I might, perhaps, also add that she constantly thanked herself effusively when she helped herself to any dish. For absence of mind was one of this young woman's most charming faults.

I myself, after the fashion of irresponsible people, thought her failings each more adorable than the other, but I know they nearly drove her governesses wild. Many were the stories told against her by a set of cousins who sometimes laughed at her, but were always more or less in love with her; stories of how she was in the habit of replenishing the coffee-pot with hot water under the mistaken impression that coffee was made on the same principle as tea; how she constantly used the word "decomposed" when she meant discomposed; and how, finally, she began a letter to a dean by the words: "Very dear dean," because, as she remarked, she knew one ought to use "very" in writing to a dean; it was, so to speak, his distinguishing title.

After luncheon Gertrude took me up into her own little sitting-room, which showed great signs of literary and artistic activity. There were Browning's poems in one little bookshelf, besides a volume or two of Carlyle, and some slim manuals in a drab-colored binding, which, as she explained to me, were interesting books on political economy. There were also numerous works of art. A great deal of "messing" went on in that room under the name of oil-painting. There were three large panels, one with a bloated lily and a bower of vivid roses in process of painting; and the other two with a neat design of fuchsias, crimson passion-flowers, and purple petunias, growing out of some very wiry grass. I need not say that the time I speak of was long before the reign of high art.

There was also a tiresome little table adorned by a wreath of primroses and violets, which, it appeared, had been considered quite finished, and had, in the first flush of success, been carried down into the drawing-room as an elegant addition to the furniture. Subsequently it was discovered that this work of art had an awkward habit of becoming sticky in hot weather, and upon one occasion had actually adhered to a lady's elbow; and

this unpleasant characteristic had necessitated its retirement from public life, for a season at least.

"I think," said Gertrude reflectively, looking at it with her head on one side, and with one finger in her mouth—"I think it might go back to the drawing-room directly the cooler weather begins; it will do very nicely for a winter table."

On the following morning, after breakfast, Gertrude proceeded to read family prayers. She read in a loud, high-pitched voice, that rose and fell at unexpected moments, but yet was sweet despite itself. The household, chiefly composed of old servants, was well accustomed to Gertrude's peculiarities; but even some of the oldest members looked a little disturbed when she persistently pronounced Baruch "Barouche." Her cousins ill-naturedly asserted that she frequently used either the prayer for fine weather, or that appointed to be used in the time of war and tumults, to conclude this little morning service; but I feel myself bound to do her the justice of adding that on the present occasion she contented herself with the collect for Christmas-day.

This was the last visit that I paid to Gertrude for some time. In the spring she and her parents went to London for the season, and I only heard vague rumors of the balls she was dancing at, and of the conquests she was making. But when she returned to the country at the end of the summer I found her very little changed. Perhaps she had lost some of her former sweet girlish ungainliness, but she was as fresh and simple as ever. She had certainly acquired a decided taste for flirting, and preferred flirting with ten people at once to any quieter form of that fascinating amusement. I do not think she broke many hearts; she was too honest to play with a real affection; but that winter, when she married, several young gentlemen wore an air of deep depression; and one even went so far as to lose his appetite and his sleep, and went about looking like a lost dog. She had been his first love, and in those days he thought she would be his last. There was something very piteous in the young man's despair—which was quite real at the moment—and in his forlorn belief that at one-and-twenty he had lost everything that made life worth having.

Gertrude had been married about three months when she begged me to spend a few days with her in London. She had adopted certain dignified married airs, and gave me a great deal of advice in a

tone of patronage, totally ignoring the ten years that separated my age from hers.

"If at any time, my dear," she said, with a majestic wave of her hand—the left hand, where the broad wedding-ring was very much to the front—"if at any time I can be of use in chaperoning you anywhere, pray let me know."

And so one night we went together to a drum, my pretty Gertrude dressed in every color of the rainbow, with diamonds sparkling in her wavy hair and shining around her soft, round throat. As we alighted from our carriage, the prince and princess in whose honor the party had been given happened to arrive almost at the same moment, and we stood aside on the steps to let them pass. As usual, there was a large crowd of people waiting to see the ladies enter the house. A poor woman just behind us was vainly endeavoring to lift up her child, a little cripple, so that he might see the princess, but each time that she pressed forward a policeman pushed her back. The child broke out into a reproachful wail: "Oh, I can't see her! I can't see her! You promised I should see her, mammy!"

Quick as lightning, Gertrude turned round. "Give me your little boy," she said, taking the astonished child into her arms; "I will hold him up; he will have a much better view here."

She waved aside the bewildered policeman with a queenly gesture. The little cripple put both his tiny, wasted arms trustfully round her neck and leant eagerly forward to see all that was to be seen; and when the sight was over, and Gertrude gently disentangled herself from his poor little hands to give him back to his mother, the child put his pale lips to her soft, rosy cheek and kissed her. "Pretty lady! pretty lady!" he said admiringly.

His mother broke out into a torrent of thanks and apologies, which Gertrude did not stay to hear, but gathered up her brilliant train and passed into the house.

I did not wonder that poor people dearly loved her. She used to listen to all their troubles with the sympathizing tears shining in her dreamy brown eyes, never doubting or questioning the truth of their stories. Her hand was always open. Several sensible people blamed her indiscriminate charity, and said that she did a great deal more harm than good. But it was a waste of words to preach to Gertrude on this matter; she gave because she could not help it.

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Once a month she used to visit the large, dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town near her new country home. She dressed herself carefully in her best clothes and wore all her brightest jewels. "For," she said simply, "poor people care much more to see one in one's best things than rich people do. I wonder why everybody generally puts on their common, dull, old clothes when they visit cottages."

To do Gertrude justice, no one could call her commonest dress dull. Sober browns and quiet greys were unknown in her wardrobe. She wore as gay a plumage as any West Indian bird—yellow and green, pink and purple, with a vivid flash of blue or red. She would put a diamond brooch in her hat, she would fasten up the tail of her gown with some glittering shawl-pin, and would wear gold chains, like an alderman, round her throat, and a broad silver belt at her waist. It was a pretty sight, in the starved winter weather, to see her walk into the dingy wards where the garrulous old persons had drawn their chairs away from the drab-colored walls, and were sitting round the niggardly stove, holding out their withered hands to the warmth. She seemed to bring with her a light and life which brightened up the whole room as if by magic. She had a kind word or a pretty smile for every one, and when some inquisitive old body, with her foolishly cunning head on one side like a magpie, would stretch out tentatively a lean arm to feel the lady's soft dress, Gertrude would put aside the deprecating mistress and would patiently wait until the whole circle had fingered the gay gown, feeling all the while as well pleased as any child could be to see how much her fine clothes were admired.

I laid down the old letter with a sigh, and the pretty vision vanished from my sight. Alas! Gertrude has long ago faded out of my life, together with youth and sunshine, and many pleasant things.

Where are the songs of spring?

asks Keats in his "Ode to Autumn." Ah! the songs of spring, as we know to our cost, have all passed out of hearing, and no regrets or yearnings can ever bring them back. But yet when I am sick or sorry, or when I lie awake at night, and dull hours hang heavy on my hands, I look back through the mists of busy years, and see once more my pretty

Gertrude, dressed in all her bravery, with her kind hands outstretched to meet me, and with the sweet smile in her brown eyes.
ANNE FELLOWES.

From The Month.
THE TALE OF A PUPPY.
FOR BOYS.

HE was a poor little pitiful foundling, and so it came about.

One cold and drenching night last January the path of a policeman on his beat was crossed by what he at first imagined was a dazed, half-drowned rat. The object in question, however, behaved in a not altogether rat-like fashion, and appeared to entertain a wish to prosecute the chance acquaintance which had so happily come about. Undoubtedly the little wretch was at its wit's end: an hour or two more of that cruel night and there would have been no more friends for him. The policeman stooped down and picked up the creature, whose component parts seemed to be equally of mud and hair, only that two bright, beady eyes shone out from the tangled lump; and, after some inspection, having decided that he had to deal with a puppy and not with a rat, bore him away to the Dog's Home at Battersea, where three days later I found him, and selected him as my future friend and companion out of some two or three hundred others.

The gentleman who was in authority at the Home assured me with many solemn protestations that in this pup I had the pick of the place; that in the long course of his professional experience he recollected no other such pup, and that though he pretended no greater insight into the future than other men, he never expected to look upon his like again; that he had been expecting all the morning, and was in fact expecting at that moment, five distinct and separate gentlemen, colonels in the Guards, if I remember right, each and all of whom had declared their ability and willingness to pay down any sum from five to twenty pounds, for the possession of such a pup as I had now before me, if only such could be found. In consequence, however, of the very great interest and understanding which he had perceived in me with regard to dogs, as the result, further, of a desperate, and, as he allowed, somewhat unaccountable liking which he had conceived for my carriage and general appearance,

he was ready to take seven and sixpence down (*and* a pot of beer) for him on the spot as he stood. This offer he urged upon me through no foolish recklessness of my own to cast aside; those were his feelings at that moment, five minutes later who knew? He couldn't answer for himself, but he surmised that ten times the money wouldn't do it. This coming home to me very seriously, I closed with him at once, and the pup became mine. To speak soberly he was a very quaint and curious pup, and there was a finish about him which gave one scant idea of puppyhood. A courtesy title had been conferred upon him, that of "Yorkshire Terrier," but his ancestors had evidently all the haziness that bespeaks greatness, and I incline to think that he was possibly the first of his race, as he was undoubtedly the last. I never remember to have seen any creature, let alone a dog, of his exact hue of color. His fur, which was thick and curly, was of that shade which is precisely known to artists as "Payne's grey," and shaded to jet black at the tips. He had the brightness and agility of a little fancy monkey, which in some aspects he might almost have been taken for, but his face was a beautiful little tender dog's face, with a peculiarly pleading and thoughtful look in the eyes that was quite super-canine.

The colonels never turned up, and I got away safe with my bargain, though a young gentleman who had gone thither on the same errand as mine, fruitlessly, and with whom I travelled back into civilization, expressed his ideas pretty strongly as to the "infernal luck" which had taken me there five minutes before him. I carried the dog home, and he became my one companion and the light of my life, for at the time I was living alone, thoughtful and somewhat brooding, as is a solitary man. He was so small that I used to toss him with the rest of the rubbish into the waste-paper basket, under the table, or sometimes upon it. This became his place, and thence he was accustomed to watch me out of one eye by the hour together with a generous approval, and of occasion awoke a latent inspiration when it was required. At times, however, so thick and fast rained the torn papers that he got lost in the depth of the basket as in a pit, and there he lay buried for long spaces together, which affected him naught, so large was his philosophy. Too small to extricate himself had he wished, if he were forgotten, as by hap it came sometimes, he would chew up a prospec-

tus in silent protest that it was time for better things. I had but one fault to find with him — he made a god of his belly, such a little god as it was, too! But this excuse he had — the pitiless streets had taught him to cast about and devour all that came within his reach.

Time went on and presently, when my wife returned, it was resolved that he was old enough to "come out." His success in society was extraordinary. Ah me! how the ladies petted him, and what pretty things they said, enough to have turned the head of any puppy. But he never changed or grew spoiled or pampered, and his simple little way went straight to everybody's heart. The single point of worldliness which I recall was his love of driving in the Park. Whereas he snoozed under the rug when shopping was going on, through the dull routine of calls, or as we traversed the wilds of Pimlico, the moment we approached the Park he would, while pretending he had not noticed it, sniggle up and take his place upon the seat, where he would sit sniffing the air, full of severe if silent criticism. This weakness we observed with anxiety, and it was thought well to remind him of his position and origin, a remark to the effect that he had cost but seven and sixpence when he was new, and that now he was half worn out, being frequently used, but without perceivable effect.

It was not thought desirable to "make a fool of him" by teaching him tricks, the less so as he had a thousand of his own, but one artifice he did acquire. His dinner was placed for security upon a shelf, against which leaned the garden step-ladder. Up this, on discerning it, he would rush at fifty miles an hour, and when pulled down — often, as must be confessed, by the tail — he would still strive madly towards it, never looking to the hand which held him back, until released, when he would in an instant regain his position in the plate upon the top. It must be noted that he always stood in the plate to eat his dinner, so as to have it all round him, and be the more sure of it. Personally I greatly approved his device, and think myself the centre of a dinner-table to be a most natural and excellent place to eat from.

For any slight misbehavior on his part — and, to tell the truth, the fault had usually to be invented — he was accused to be "sent to pot." This was effected by putting him into a big China jar, too large for him to overturn, and

shutting thereupon the lid. Here he stayed always, making no sound until the lid was removed, when like a Jack in the box he sprang up at once, and so remained fixed until he was lifted out. Imagine the picture; the little, bright-eyed, blue-black beast looking out of the old delft jar as it stood in the corner against the bronzed wainscot of stamped leather, the carved fireplace, and the crimson wall.

Too soon came the break-up of these halcyon days. It was noticed that he did not appear at ease in his basket, and a horrid suspicion arose that he was growing out of rat-hood, and would soon be too big for it, but it was worse than this.

A time came when he could not rest quiet anywhere or in any position. He began to utter little piteous cries, and the mud-gods brought it about on a Saturday night, of course, as being the only time when no help would be procurable for many hours, that we discovered that he had severe internal inflammation.

All the night long his low moans never ceased, and all the next day it was the same. With every breath the poor little frame was wracked with a convulsion, and I sat many hours holding him tight in my hands, trying by mechanical means to allay the cramps, or applying hot fomentations to the almost lifeless form. Once, seeing him apparently stiffening for death, I was able to revive him with a drop of milk on my finger; he brightened up, and presently drank some eagerly. After that he said he felt decidedly better. He sat up and opened one eye with caution, incautiously gave a quarter of a shake, and promptly tumbled overboard from weakness. However, he was not a dog to be beat, and at length, spreading his four legs wide apart for security's sake, he achieved a standing position, and had a go at another shake, as much as to say: "Look here, I mean to shake this thing off, you know." Then, being of opinion, no doubt, that this is an age of progress, he determined to take a stroll in the garden, an attempt that was followed by immediate collapse, and the very plain expression of the idea, "What a fool I was ever to leave my basket!" But the stairs were handy, and he must needs try them. He reached the third, where he sat down and appealed to me. "Look here, you know, you're a bigger chap than me. It's a jolly long way up; don't you think, stranger, that you might lend a hand?" Poor little sick dog!

The attack in no way subsided, but, on the contrary, grew worse towards evening,

and his cries were incessant. We tried laudanum and every remedy in our power, but without effect. Friends who were called in chirpily expressed their opinion that he should be poisoned at once, but that was not ours; though, when I laid him in his basket that night, still feebly crying, still racked with torture at every breath, I felt assured that he must die in the night. Not so. There were three stories between us, but all the long hours the faint cries of pain rang in our ears, and with the first light I went down to him. It was incredible to me, and dreadful, to see the dog alive; he was alive indeed, but had lost all semblance of himself. His pretty hair was clotted into a tangled mat, his body, with every bone protruding, stiffened into an arch, his head bowed upon his forelegs, his eyes quite sunk and gone so that he was blind. And that horrible breathing, of which every inspiration was a cramp, still went on; he was almost lifeless, and no longer recognized even his master. I tried to set him on his legs: he staggered three or four steps under the kitchen fire and fell into the ashes. I took him up and held some milk before him, but his head fell into the cup—he was unable to lap it. Thank God, however, it was Monday morning, and near eight o'clock. Wrapping him in a blanket, I sent him across the Park to the nearest "Vet.," and as soon as I could followed myself. Many hours the feeble life hung in the balance. It happened to be a busy day for me, but wherever I went, in the earth and in the sky, and in the faces of those I met, I saw nothing but the little writhing, tortured form, and I staggered on my way like a man half drunk. It was to be kill or cure, none knew which, and none dared to express a hope, but at twelve o'clock that night, the man in charge of the infirmary going in, found the dog sitting up and winking at a convalescent puppy in the next cage, and with a very evident intention as to still greater improprieties in the future.

To make a long story short, the dog was cured. He came back to us just as he was of old, and his bright companionship made home again what it had been. He had all his old tricks and a few new ones, which he had probably learnt from the not very select company he had been forced to keep, and his long hair had become so irretrievably matted that there was nothing for it but the barber. But alas! the days of riotous and reckless merriment that followed his recovery were

short-lived. The gods had set their heart upon him. A few weeks later a malignant distemper declared itself. It was pitilessly drawn out, and at length broke even *his* spirit. It seemed as if he never would mend; his life for two months was nothing but suffering, and not a little work to the household was implied by it. So weak had he become that it was necessary to feed him even as much as four times in the night, and the thought would occur, is it wise or even right to spend all this trouble on a dog? However, the turn came at last. With the first summer days he gradually brightened, and we knew he was better, for he began to show manifest gratitude for any small kindness that was done him. He began to cock his ears again at the approach of a friend or the presence of an enemy, and he was able to resume his morning stroll in the Park. We had been so much together that we quite understood each other, and were accustomed to hold long conversations, so one morning I asked him if he would like to go out for a walk with me. "By all means," he said, with evident delight, but when we came to the doorway it was apparent it had been raining. He stood upon the step with one paw raised and looked at me.

"What do you want to take me out on a morning like this for?"

"Why, my dog, because there is nothing like fresh air, and you have been shut up for a long time."

"I feel very funny and staggering, and I don't think Monday's a good day for going out."

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, dear dog; remember that through life. Come along." And he came.

But he lagged and trotted unsteadily, and at the first crossing was so dazed by the noise that with difficulty I got him over. There was but one more, and noting a space free from carriages I went over, but my dog was again lagging, and stopped upon the kerb. Then he stepped slowly into the street. A hansom was dashing down from the neighboring square. There was a cry, and a momentary stoppage. I saw him escape the hoofs, and look up with a wonderfully human expression of surprise, but the instant after he was caught by the wheel and dashed to the earth. It crossed his neck; in the tenth of a second all was over. The blood gushed from his mouth, and he lay motionless in the mud of the highway, without moan or sound.

A crowd of the rough street-farers not unkindly gathered round. "The dog is dead," they said, and in truth he seemed so, lying there without twitch or movement, and they lifted him gently to the pavement, where he lay quite stiff and still, his eye fixed and already glazing over. Then I kneeled down to him, and I called him, laying my hand upon his heart. I could detect no movement whatever. Suddenly I felt something against my sleeve, and I looked down. *His tail was flicking against my arm.* Five, six times, perhaps, it rose and fell quietly, as if he were on his mat half asleep, and then it moved no more. He was quite dead.

What divine spark, what heaven-born instinct of gratitude and recognition was this, that shone from the mangled form of my poor dog, as he lay crushed in the mud of the gutter? On the awful threshold, in the grip of death, dumb but eloquent, once again he surely spoke.

"Master, we two were thrown together a little while in this rough world. You took me and were good to me. You fed me and gave me to drink, and you nursed me when I was sick. Following in your footsteps I was struck down. *I die happy.*"

THAT MASTER
RAISES THIS FRAIL MEMORIAL
TO THE FRAIL MEMORY
OF THE LITTLE FRIEND
HE LOST
JUNE 26th, 1882.
EDMUND RANDOLPH, JUN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
AN ADVENTURE AT PETRA.

WE were a party of six bound for Petra; three ladies, two gentlemen, and a servant, known among our Arabs as Sit Ida, Sit Maryam, Sit Soffia, El Hawagis (*the traveller*) the head of the party, Hawagis Schwoyerer (*the younger traveller*), and Rousel. In Cairo we were told that some Americans had started for Petra *via* Akabah, the ordinary and direct route, but that no certain information could be had until we should reach Sinai. Arrived there, we could only learn that the Americans had not been heard of, and that as the Alawín (*the Akabah tribe*) were still at enmity with the Fellahin of Petra, we should probably have the pleasure of paying the Alawín without their being able to take us into the valley of our desires. Rather than run the risk of having to

retrace our steps and go the longer route after all, we made up our minds to a fortnight of unmitigated desert, and determined to go by Nakhil, Beersheba, and Hebron. Of this part of our journey suffice it to say that we had the usual experience of sandstorms and of Bedoween tongues. Night after night did the Bedoween distract us with their gossip round their thorn-fires, and their parliaments were even worse. At Sinai, and before Nakhil and Gaza, they were two and three nights in session, discussing the endless subject of "bakshish," and whether they should or should not go on with us to the next station. We were so well pleased with our camels and men that we begged to keep them instead of changing them as usual. Now not only was this "not the custom," not only did this infringe on the rights of the Teyahah tribe in general, and of the several sheiks at Sinai and Nakhil in particular, but as each camel engaged and disengaged had many owners, the subject had to be discussed by many, many tongues. Relations came to assist proprietors, and those who were neither relations nor proprietors came to assist for sympathy's sake. To the uninitiated these discussions sounded of so fierce and excited a character as to suggest at least a stand-up fight; and when we were longing for sleep after a hard day, and with the prospect of an early start, it was trying to hear the storm rising over a matter which had been discussed early and late, late and early for two and three days previously; all reopened because some new arrival had brought the weight of his interest, and the terrible weight of an additional tongue, to bear on the subject of perhaps *one camel!* However, we gained our day, as probably it was always intended that we should, and arrived at Hebron about the middle of April, well content with our escort; and experience proved how superior are the Arabs of the Towarah (Sinai district) to the others. My Bedawí lad had never before left the Túr, and great was his astonishment and delight as we approached Gaza, and still more at the country between Gaza and Hebron. We were forced to make a *detour* by Gaza, as we learnt on the way that fighting was going on between certain tribes round Beersheba, and nothing would induce our Arabs to go on unless we would change our plans.

At Hebron we said good-bye to our friends of a month, and entered into treaty with Sheiks Hamzeh and Abbás of

the Jehalfn, after one of those curious preludes without which apparently no business is transacted in the East. We were solemnly enjoined not to let it be supposed that we wished to go to Wady Mûsa (Petra), but to answer "El Khuds," Jerusalem (to which place we were eventually bound. I add this as a conscience clause!). "Then," explained our dragoman, "they will say — pray your masters to go to Wady Mûsa — and I can arrange on better terms." So this diplomacy was adopted; our dragoman expressed himself extremely doubtful as to our going to Petra, but promised to use his influence. He was successful; the sheiks were charmed, thanked Allah, and sent for their camels; but their position was that of Kish — the camels were on the hills and could not be found. We waited three days; and then, our time being limited, our Palestine horses and mules were sent for from Jerusalem, and on the 23rd of April our cavalcade set out from Hebron, consisting of ourselves, the dragoman, servants, muleteers, and camel-driver, two camels, three donkeys, eleven horses, and eleven mules, altogether sixteen souls and twenty-seven beasts, under the escort of the two Hebron sheiks, eleven Bedoween, and sheik Salim Abd-ahook. Abbás was the real leader; his father insisted upon accompanying us, probably to secure his share in the bakshish, but he was rather a burden than a protector, being a cripple from gout and feeble from age. However, go old Hamzeh would, and, despite his illness and his hundred years, he did not fulfil our dragoman's prophecy, that "old Hamzeh and his horse will both die in one day, before we are in Wady Mûsa," but lived to return to Hebron, to be resplendent in Jerusalem in new clothes, and maybe will live to revisit Petra, should any travellers be found willing to go.

Our company was swelled by two countrymen with eight mules for sale in Eljí, the modern village in Wady Mûsa, who took advantage of our protection: the which beasts, known among ourselves as the wild mules, were always in the way. In the most critical part of a pass one or all would come bumping along and tumbling about, and increasing the general confusion. On the second day we were joined by a fine young sheik, with a head like Marcus Aurelius, and carrying a spear of imposing appearance. He announced himself as Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'íd, said he had come from Kerak; reported himself as on the most friendly terms

with the Fellahin of Petra, and offered his company and services. Hamzeh, Abbás, and Salim believed in the new comer (or pretended to do so); our dragoman did entirely; and we therefore gladly closed with the offer, and El Hawagis promised to take Sulieman to Jerusalem, to rig him out in magnificent attire, and to speak for him and his tribe to the consuls, should he fulfil his word and befriend us in Petra, and bring us peaceably out. A very pleasant companion we found him, and no one was more willing to lend arms and legs in emergencies than was our new friend Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'íd.

We so successfully impressed the sheiks with the idea that we wished to go the shortest way to Petra that, leaving the ordinary route, Abbás led us into the Arabah by a pass memorable for its difficulty and for the magnificence of its views. A sorry time it was for our horses and mules, and even the plucky little donkeys were occasionally nonplussed; but at last, by heads and tails, all were safely hauled over the worst places, and the camels were made to pay for the superiority of their spongy feet, and were sent up again for the canteens and some bedding, which, with the medicine-chest, had been deposited on a rock by a poor mule as he tumbled over; fortunately the only sufferer was the medicine-chest; and soon our beasts were eagerly slaking their thirst in some rain-pools down below. We lost two hours by this *short* cut, and were obliged to encamp early, as men and animals were utterly done.

From Ain Zeiyebah we went the next day to Ain el Weibeh, and here Sheik Sulieman, to our great regret, took leave of us. He said he had just learned that during his absence an Arregât had been killed by one of his tribe, and so, until the vendetta had been accomplished, he dared not enter Wady Mûsa where the Arregât abound. He looked as disappointed as he expressed himself, and we took a touching farewell; one only of our party, who had mistrusted him from the beginning, muttered her doubts and repudiated our regrets. "I do not trust him: he *may* be like Marcus Aurelius in face, but I don't trust him!"

As early as 6 A.M. the heat of the sun was great, and we would gladly have gone straight to the foot of the pass, the key of Petra, but here we experienced the disadvantage of horses and mules. It was important to find water before ascending the pass, for the poor mules were heavily laden and the day excessively hot. Often

had we been tried by the Eastern ignorance of distance and time, but never so sorely tried as on this day. "Soon, soon," proved perpetually hope deferred, and finally in despair we turned back to the mouth of the dry stream-bed leading to Nagb Ruba'f, and from one Dutch oven to another we went, until a steep ascent brought us to the head of the pass. We had intended to camp in Wady Mûsa, but this proved quite impossible. Ten hours without an atom of shade was trying work for ourselves and our horses, but it was far worse for the baggage animals, which could not arrive for another two hours; so we chose our camping-ground, a grass plateau just over the pass, and joyfully hailed the news of water close by. How we drank! how voraciously our horses drank! and by the evening the mules had absolutely drained the pool. Not a drop was left for even hands and face washing; and as our Arabs had stolen the water from our pigskins, our allowance was short. A very noisy night had we, men and animals in close quarters, and sleep about as possible as it were in the middle of very noisy stables and a mob raging outside, added to which the donkeys brayed more vigorously than ever.

While the packing up was going on the next morning, we stood watching the sunrise reflected over the mountains and plain below; the mountains, sweeping along over the plain in a succession of waves narrowing into tongues that cut far into the Arabah, were of an amethyst coloring, only deepened where the shadows fell. After an hour and a half's riding over the mountain-sides, greened with scanty herbage and dappled here and there with yews, the bare stone heads, red or grey, rising out of the green, we passed under Mount Hor.

Soon our way led through a valley, now broad, now narrow, shut in by grand cliffs and rocks; red, chocolate, blue-grey, and yellow, in continual variety of form and combination of color, with oleanders, herbs, flowers, and grasses perfecting the beauty of the way. The sandstone markings have been well compared to raw beef, watered silk, Sicilian jasper, agate, etc. On one side you may see the most delicate stippling, and further on, it is as though Dame Nature had recklessly dashed her colors, so rich is the effect of great boulders of unbroken red, or maybe dull purple. And these rocks, thus remarkable in color, marking, and form, were used by the Nabatheans more than

two thousand years ago for a procession of sepulchres, as strange as the rocks themselves. No two are exactly the same. Considered individually, they have little beauty;—Greek architecture in its decadence; but looked at as a whole, worked into and out of these wonderful rocks, they present a most striking effect.

So we rode on, tombs around and at our feet, until we came to the site of the old city, overlooked by temples, and the amphitheatre close at hand. Here we chose our camping-ground, and then made for the Sîk, where the valley contracts into a gorge. Brushing through oleanders, and cool in the delicious shadows of the rocks, our admiration increased at every step, at the markings, giant or delicate and intricate, and the gorgeous coloring. Standing in a very narrow part, we looked back at the Khazneh or Treasury, as the Corinthian temple is called—and very striking it is, wrenched from the rocks, in uninjured majesty, a temple of pale vermilion stone. But I am not writing a description of Petra; that has been done as far as is possible by others. We visited tombs, and speculated over their history; looked at the amphitheatre, and finally leaving all photographing, sketching, and climbing to the morrow, we gave ourselves up to the luxury of a rest away from noise, sand, and glare, and stretched at full length on the grass in a corner off the track, in, as we believed, entire and undisturbed possession of the land of Edom. As the day wore on, and no Fellahin appeared, our vague expectations changed to secure content; we heard no sounds, and only two passers-by stopped, joined us, and of course asked for money; but after a time they left us, and our sense of security increased, until at last some were of the opinion that there was no foundation for the evil reports of Petra. "Where are the crowds of Fellahin?" we asked; only Sit Maryam, the Cassandra of our party, urged that we were still in Petra, in a voice suggestive of the proverbial warning, "Do not holloa until you are out of the wood!"

Towards sunset, the cravings of nature roused us from our retreat, and as soon as we neared the camp we perceived that our arrival had become known, and that a Bedoween *séance* had begun. Visitor after visitor arrived, to get what they could by asking, and to steal all they could on the sly. White coffee, *i.e.* sugar and water, was being largely called for; also, dinner! dinner! Joseph Hake, dragoon, and the servants, had for days past

groaned and sighed and wished that Wady Mûsa was over; and when we had declared our intention of a three days' visit, they groaned still more, and vainly urged that Petra could be seen in a day; and on this Saturday evening Joseph again begged to leave early on the morrow, for more Fellahin would come, and no one could say what would happen. At last a compromise was arrived at; we were to start on horseback at five A.M., ride through the valley, revisit temple and tomb—and the tents should also be struck, and all packed; then, if on our return at ten o'clock we should find occasion to leave, we should ascend the pass, and encamp again at Nagb Ruba'f; if not, we would remain in Wady Mûsa for Sunday and Monday. With this resolution we went to bed, and what a night we had! Row, row, row; compared with which all former experiences were as child's play.

Very early on Sunday the day's orders rang out in the camp, "We go to-day;" the chief reason being that our rations were getting low, and the wholesale entertaining of these vultures was a very serious tax. We breakfasted in tolerable peace, only rather anxious, as we heard the voices rising louder and louder, and glimpses of Joseph showed his face more and more anxious. He closed the tent and begged us to remain inside. "Money! money!" was the cry. In vain did El Hawagis declare by interpretation that he had no more, and show empty pockets and purse, excepting for a few *bishliks* (base coin) which they contemptuously refused. Money they would have. The evening before one hundred and twenty-five medjidies (22*l.*) had been paid to Sheik Abdullah of the Fellahin as poll tax; twenty-five more as dinner money (*pour manger*!) for the same worthy, his horses and men; and yet another twenty for *guida*, as they call scenery—an expensive view, suggesting a high state of culture. All this might be considered as lawful charge in the way of black mail. But this was by no means all. Five skins of water were forced upon us, price ten medjidies. The money paid, the water was carried off, and given to the sheik's horses. Next a sheep and two lambs were offered for twelve napoleons; and there was nothing for it but to take them.

"Give us tobacco! more, more, for us and our men," urged Abdullah, as soon as the sheep were paid for.

"We have none left," we answered.

"Then here is some" (offering about half a pound); "pay for it, ten medjidies, it will do for us."

"Ten medjidies for only that tobacco!" remonstrated our dragoman.

Again he had to yield, and away stalked the vulture with the money and the handful of tobacco. By-and-by a boy stole four eggs from our kitchen and handed them to another noble sheik, Arteesh by name, whom the servants called "chief robber." He kindly offered these eggs at a medjidy apiece.

"We have enough; we want no more," said Joseph.

"You *must* buy them, you *must* take them;" and, after another long argument, the force of power prevailed, and Joseph paid four medjidies for his own eggs.

Time went by, the numbers swelled, the cook was distracted, and the dragoman driven nearly wild. Butter was brought—bad oil rather.

"Here are three pounds of butter," quoth Mohammed; "we do not want it. It is a present; take it, we know one another" (embracing Joseph), "take it."

"We do not want it," again answered Joseph, who could hardly believe his senses when the butter-man slipped away, apparently pacified; but in another second the cook turned round to see Mohammed coolly emptying his butter into a saucepan and adding water! And when he had by his rising fury won the four medjidies, he took away half of the watered butter "to cook my own dinner."

And yet another *present* had we. Ibrahim, a Fellahin, the most evil-looking man I have ever seen, brought four pomegranates. He recommended himself to our notice by a testimonial, signed "Wilfred Scawen Blunt," to this effect: "I have travelled several days with Ibrahim Abu Mohammed; he is a merry fellow, and one of the best poets I have met." He might be Apollo himself for all we knew (not outwardly; in that respect an "old clo'" man, with every evil passion concentrated in his expression, would best represent him); but as to his merriness, our future experience made us realize forcibly the truth that tastes differ. Mr. Blunt may have enjoyed Ibrahim Eltish's society for several days. We found as many hours much more than enough. But to return to the pomegranates.

"A present!" cried he, after again falling upon Joseph's neck, with many epithets expressing his tender and fraternal affection.

"We do not want——"

"A present — two medjidies!"

So Joseph offered a quarter, a half, and of course ended by having to pay the old wretch the two medjidies. All this 5*l.* was in Saturday's budget; and Sunday morning had dawned to fresh demands and added complications, for Sheik Sulie-man Eben Diab of the Haweitat, ally of the Petra Fellahin, had arrived with his party, his claims, and his grievances.

"Who told you to come here? We do not want you!"

To which Joseph answered that we had come peaceably with Sheiks Hamzeh, Abbás, and Salím; and that, as other visitors came, so had we.

"You must pay four dollars for each horse and mule," was the first demand.

In vain it was urged that the poll tax had been paid, and that no rule existed concerning horses and mules.

"It is a new rule," was the retort; "we have made it ourselves. Give it me; four dollars each."

"I have not money enough," answered Joseph.

"Ask your master."

"He has no more."

Joseph then appealed to El Hawagis, who for the hundredth time showed his empty pockets, and explained that it was even so.

"Why has he no money? Give four dollars for each."

"I have not the money — my master has not the money. I have paid the old rules; all besides Sheik Abbás said he would pay, and told my master to bring no more, for all beyond he would pay."

At this Abbás was attacked; but I need hardly say he had no money, and urged that all taxes had been paid.

"Why did you tell the dog of a Christian to bring no more? You should have made him bring much — very much money!" and thereupon they fell on poor Abbás and beat him about, while Sheik Sulie-man persevered in his demands.

"You must stay until you pay, or fetch it; and we will keep your people here."

Then in despair the dragoman answered, "I will see if I have any," and to our surprise sent one Abu Nakhleh — that is to say, Father of the Palm-tree — a waiter, to his store, deep within his girdle in the canteen in our tent. We held the door fast, and crouched behind the box; Abu Nakhleh counted out ten napoleons. They were paid, and the tents were struck, all except the dining one in which we ladies were.

"Why is this?" asked Sulie-man.

"We want to leave."

"You must pay first for spending three days here."

"Well, sheik, we have not money enough."

"Don't come to Wady Mûsa without much money; we keep your party until you pay money," and, after another wearisome dispute, there was no alternative but to yield; and again was Abu Nakhleh sent to the treasury for fifteen napoleons more. This is the bill: —

For seeing Wady Mûsa Sunday		
and Monday	20	medjidies.
Water, Sunday and Monday	10	"
Three Watchers!	10	"
More tobacco for Sheiks	5	"
Five sheep to feed fifteen men		
(why?)	25	"
Dinners for Sheiks and men for		
two days	60	"
TOTAL,	130	medjidies.

That is, 23*l.*

"How much pay for horses from Hebron?"

"3*l.* 10*s.* each."

"Then you must pay 10*l.* 10*s.* more for three riders riding round the valley with you for three days."

"We have no riders, we go to-day."

"Give 10*l.* 10*s.* more."

And so our little bill rose to 43*l.* 10*s.*, each item being the cause of much discussion, Joseph doing his very best, but being forced to yield, as the robbers were more than ten to one; and whereas hitherto there had been a fixed black mail and *some* honor among thieves, now (owing it seems to the feud among the controlling tribes), there is not even the rule there was. "We are all sheiks," cried one man; "give all a share;" and besides Joseph was alarmed by the fanatical spirit shown in the abusive language regarding us. Quoth Sheik Sulie-man, "We do not want any Christians here; you all ought to be killed; we do not want you; we take enough from the pilgrims to Mecca; we want no Christian devils here; we do not care for any consul, or sultan, or king; we are enough for ourselves; no more Christians here."

Meantime the cook had a sorry time of it, besieged on all sides, punched and threatened by these club-armed men. Abdallah brought him a skin of milk. As usual "We do not want any," was the answer. "You *must* buy it. *We* have had no breakfast; give us bread to soak, and pay us. We will have it." The instant the money was paid, the skin was coolly

emptied on the ground, and water with a coloring of milk, not apparently worth the drinking, thrown away. Abu Nakhleh was clearing up and packing the canteen in our tent; and we kept guard on one side, while the gentlemen and servants did their best without. Again and again we heard, "No, no; ladies!" as attempts were made to push in. Twice entrances were repulsed; and the third time Abdullah, in sheepskin and scarlet, took up his abode with us, and soon a second crept in; and grinning hideously in our faces they asked for money. As we remained silent, they, to assist our intelligence, advanced to us acting the gruesome pantomime of cutting throats! Our guard being outnumbered, we were told to leave the tent by the back, as more were pressing in; and we stood outside by our water-bottles and saddlebags, while our horses were being saddled; and soon, in a lull we instinctively felt to be a false calm, we rode slowly away, Sheik Salim leading, followed by the luncheon-mule, ourselves in single file, the gentlemen and dragoman bringing up the rear. The great object being to get away, we left the muleteers and Abbás to follow as soon as possible with the baggage.

Suddenly, as we were passing a cave (which we had noticed on our entry as a capital luncheon-place) Sheik Sulieman, our enemy, tore past us, and ordered Salim to stop; they exchanged words, and then, as if by a spell, we were all drawn into the cave, and the canteen mule was unladen to order. There we waited, watching the scene in growing, unconfessed anxiety; the mule and his burden beside him, Ibrahim (waiter) and a few Fellahin in the van on one side, and opposite, keeping the mouth of the cave, the insatiable sheik of the Haweit and a dozen of his fellows, Arteesh, etc., looking worse than a cat does with a mouse, literally grinning with the power of their position, caring for nothing but money, and ready to explode with passion at the least provocation. Joseph's face was enough to trouble us, so full was it of real anguish; and we saw that he was keeping a tight rein over himself. As he has since told us: "Believe me, sir, I made myself so low, I went on the ground, I put myself under their feet, I was as dirt, as a worm, as an old woman, as a little child. I begged and prayed them not to touch you. I said, 'For God's sake do what you will with me, but leave them alone!' I was black in my heart, I wished to fight them, I told many lies, I promised many things;

for I saw that if I said one cross word, they would all fight, and they would not care what they did to you. They said they would carry off the ladies to the mountains, if we did not pay; they said so many things, so bad I cannot tell you." Fortunately we did not understand; the few words we caught here and there did not tend to relieve our anxiety; and "more money" was the changeless burden of the song. At last Sulieman demanded 25*l.* as payment for their attention in coming to bid us farewell.

"We have no money; we say good-bye here; but there is no charge; it never has been," said Joseph.

"It is changed — I must have it. If you do not pay, you all go back into Wady Mûsa."

He then bade Arteesh secure our horses, while the canteen was searched, and twelve napoleons, the last of the dragoman's store, were taken.

"This is not enough. We want twenty-two napoleons more."

"We have no more anywhere," we repeated; whereat threats were renewed, and El Hawagis declared that he would not leave us, so if we ladies were carried off no more money could be fetched from Jerusalem; but he suggested as a happy thought that one or more of the sheiks of Petra should accompany us to Jerusalem; where he would pay them 50*l.* and give them a safe-conduct back with an escort of soldiers. This proposal, however, did not seem to commend itself to our enemies, who laughed their refusal in our faces, and renewed their clamor for more money. But there was no more, and at last Sheik Sulieman rose, broke up the conference, and said magnanimously, "I forgive you this time; you may go on."

So on again went we, old Hamzeh the leader this time, a most deplorable bundle of rags, with gouty feet on a very Rozinante of a steed. Every moment we felt we might be surprised, and the old Afghan stories haunted us as we realized the power of these mountain passes, and the innumerable ambuscades they offered. Looking back from time to time, we saw Joseph followed by six men sent after him, as Sulieman did not believe he had no money. They laid hold of Joseph, unhorsed him, and when he reiterated that he had indeed no more, they took his pistol, saying they would keep his horse.

"I do not mind," said he: "you will not gain much."

"We will take the others too if you do not pay."

"I *have* paid four times over what we used to pay."

"You paid Sheik Abdullah and Sheik Sulieman; but we are all sheiks; pay us like them."

And they drew their scimitars, and one man pointed the pistol.

"We swear we have no more," cried Joseph.

"Then be kept here until your master sends for more."

But they let the horse go; and Joseph rode on, still surrounded by men.

At the top of the pass it was ordered that we must instantly water our horses at the spring (our camping ground of two nights ago); and then ride with all possible speed to Ain el Bawedey. Joseph said no harm would happen to the muleteers and servants; and as to our luggage we had not a thought, so anxious were we to get away.

The horses satisfied, we hastened back to Joseph, as the increasing babel above made us fear that more of the enemy had arrived; and there they were, Ibrahim Eltish and Mohammed, his son, and many others.

"You shall not go," grinned Ibrahim; "you have not paid for the sheep; they are mine; you paid the wrong man. Pay me."

"You do wrong, we *have* paid," answered the dragoman.

"If you speak we will not let you out; we will kill you all. Pay! ask your master — pay!"

"Take the baggage, but we have no more money."

Unconvinced, the old ruffian sat himself down cross-legged, grinning; and there were we at his mercy! for not only were our enemies armed with knives, scimitars, and clubs, but we knew that in an instant they could by a call people the rocks with Fellahin; and when you consider that they are as nimble as wild goats, and have every man his club, you will agree that discretion was very much the better part of valor. El Hawagis protested. Sit Ida offered her watch, which they refused; and we had another prolonged cat and mouse experience, with much wearisome altercation and protestation, and a repetition of the pantomime of the tent by Ibrahim Eltish, who gracefully waved his scimitar in front of Sit Ida's throat. At last El Hawagis said, —

"They won't believe us; we must go; every moment makes our position worse."

Further delay was caused by Hassan,

muleteer, refusing to move until the other mule should arrive.

"Then I will take the mule; for go without the canteen and water I will not," said El Hawagis. However, he gained the day, and Hassan yielded. Next, Joseph declared he must stay for the baggage. El Hawagis was nearly desperate; but nothing would shake Joseph's resolution; and for the third time our procession moved along. Instead of the caravan of fifty-three, counting men and beasts, which had entered Petra, there now went back into the Arabah plain, our six selves, Ibrahim Waiter, little Hassan, Sheik Salim, and four of our Bedoween body-guard; the other valiant seven had vanished in the hour of difficulty. It was wretched leaving Joseph alone with the Fellahin; we afterwards learnt that he thought to keep them off by staying behind, and was quite prepared to die. For six hours we rode down the rocks to the foot of the pass; once we asked Salim if we were safe; he only made a gesture of silence and looked anxiously around. We halted under a sun-tree in the Arabah, had some water and overlooked our stores — three chickens, five eggs, half a cheese, some coffee, two loaves of bread, and a few biscuits; and this possibly to feed thirteen people for four days. Our position was grave, and every morsel of food must be jealously guarded; as, should Joseph and our mules be detained, we had, travelling at utmost speed, a four days' journey before we could reach Jerusalem and organize a rescue; and there was the additional anxiety as to our horses; for with no barley, and only such rank grass as grew at the two springs, Ain el Bawedey and Ain Zeiyebah, it was too probable that they would fail us before the journey's end. On we went again, as soon as El Hawagis had persuaded the Bedoween, much against their will, to do so; they were afraid of crossing the desert in our reduced numbers; and now we were only twelve, one Arab having been bribed by the promise of a pistol to stay and wait for Joseph, to tell him our destination.

About six o'clock our Bedoween began to whisper and to make signs; and we strained our eyes for the few camels and men, said to be moving far away on the horizon. We just discerned something moving against the dying sun; and half doubtful rode on. The moon and the stars were beautiful, and whenever there was any uncertainty about the way, Salim

sent his men as scouts to look for foot-marks. Once we were almost done, but a strip of sand, with its guiding prints, saved us; and joyfully we all exclaimed, "Camels' feet!"

Instantly the Bedoween stooped down and felt the marks, to know which way they were turned. "Right, right," and so on we rode.

The way in which these men disappeared and reappeared in the desert, with only a shrub or two scattered about for cover, was quite uncanny; and their alertness and acuteness this evening struck us as a curious contrast to their ordinary indifference and lack of observation when travelling. I was next to Salim, and, whenever he galloped off for a personal scout, El Hawagis called out to me, "Keep the sheik in sight;" thus at about 9.30 he cried "Warārah!" and away flew his Arab until I could only see him, a faint white spot, in the distance. I followed him, not daring to move my eyes: he paused on the border of a sort of jungle we recognized as the entry to our spring; and, as I came up, I saw the three Bedoween crouched in an attitude of intense attention, and Salim also leveling his ear. The horse even seemed to be listening—for what? I could hear nothing, but Salim turned for a second, and said, "Hush!" which I handed on to my friends, who, one by one, were riding up. Sit Maryam's horse was almost done; and she and Rousel brought up the rear. There we all stood: once more Salim made a sign of imperative silence, and, waving us back, stole into the thicket. We now heard voices, and Ibrahim Waiter said, "Stay here; I will go and see," and also disappeared. My ardent steed would not be still, and but for Rousel's help, who dismounted and came to me, I could not have kept my Pegasus from following; and every movement and rustle were to be avoided. We heard voices again, and then two shots in quick succession, then deathly silence. It was really awful, and for the first time that day my heart sank, and I thought, "We are done for!" It was all over in another moment, but it seemed hours; and I shall never forget the faces of my friends, as we stood close together among the tamarisks, waiting for we knew not what. "El Hawagis! El Hawagis!" rang out in Ibrahim's voice, and the joyfulness of his tone prepared us for his next words—"Come on! All right! Here is Joseph!" Sit Ida dashed on, and we all

followed; and Sulieman, the faithful messenger, sprang forward, crying, "Sit Ida! Sit Ida! *marhabā! marhabā!* (welcome! welcome!) Is it well with thee?" He covered her hands with kisses, and ran from horse to horse with salutations and hand-kissings; and in another second there was Joseph himself, seizing our hands, pouring out his inquiries, and repeating over and over again, "Thank God you are safe!" and with all our hearts we re-echoed, "Yes, Joseph: thank God!"

He had escaped at last, and, with the baggage, had made his way to the sun-tree, and, fearing we might suffer, had left the weary camels and mules to follow early the next day, and himself pressed on with a tent and rugs. He did not know the way, so he sent a mule ahead, who guided him straight to Ain el Bawedei, water proving a sure bait. He told us that the barley had been taken, saddlebags cut, and our store of coffee, dates, tinned meat, etc., had suffered seriously in consequence. They had also robbed the servants and muleteers of some money and clothes, but apparently scorned our small wardrobes; and Joseph explained their refusal of Sit Ida's watch, by saying that they did not understand it, and could not dispose of it.

We awoke on Monday morning to hear that the baggage had come, and there, under one tent-head, lay the servants and muleteers; in the full sun, the Bedoween deserters, and their chiefs; and around, donkeys, horses, camels, and mules—all sound asleep. By five P.M., the worst heat was over; and, rested and refreshed, we all set out for an eight hours' march in brilliant moonlight, showing the sky blue, and the cliffs red and yellow, as we remembered in Nubia. Sheik Abbās recited a passage from the Koran, which is usual in journeys of danger, or after misfortune. Poor Abbās! he looked like a dog with its tail between its legs. He and Salim had both wished to fight, but Joseph restrained them; "For what," said he, "would be the good?"

Our adventure was discussed again and again, and we learnt to our indignation that Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'id (he with the head of Marcus Aurelius!) had been a traitor, had fabricated his excuse for leaving us, had sent word to Elif of the arrival of a large English party, and himself made straight for Kerak, possibly intending to sally thence into Petra with a party of his own. Sit Maryam never

trusted this hero of mine, and was triumphant in her penetration. I tried to discover mistakes, and to suggest other sources of information, but alas! the evidence was too good; it came from the robbers themselves. Base Sulieman had not a leg to stand on, and if a rumor that reached us in Jerusalem was true, he suffered for his treachery. The story ran that he and other men of Kerak arrived in Wady Mûsa after we had left, and, asking where the strangers were, were directed to Nagb Ruba'î, and, when they found themselves deceived, returned to Eljî, and demanded a share of the spoil. This was refused, a fight ensued, and several, Sulieman among the number, were killed. Arteesh and the other Sulieman and his brother were also said to be dead; but, as we had no means of verifying the story, we could only consider it as a rumor, at least likely to be true.

The third day of our march, as we reached the western shores of the Dead Sea, our Bedoween began to shout and to sing. "They are happy now," said Joseph; "they are in their own country again." And our anxieties were also over; for we now knew ourselves to be near to plenty of food and abundance of water, the olive groves of Hebron, and rest and our friends in Jerusalem.

I have told my tale, such as it is, and nothing remains but to advise other travellers to content themselves with Sinai and the Holy Land, and not to flatter themselves that any precautions can make a visit to Petra absolutely safe. You may take only one tent, and surround yourself with a body-guard ten times more numerous than was ours, but there will still be the hope of Frankish money, and the body-guard may disappear just when needed.

True, the last night of our journey, when we were far away from Petra, our Arabs favored us with a war-dance, and extemporized songs, vowing vengeance on Wady Mûsa, praising us up to the skies, and declaring themselves our slaves and defenders forever. But "humbug," said Ibrahim Waiter; "what would they do? Run away!"

No, Petra, as Petra is at present, is no safe place for ordinary travellers, and one must look on, hoping for future days, when "the strong city," "the city of stone," "the red land," may become the Friendly Valley instead of the Land of the Enemy.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

September, 1882.

From St. James's Gazette.

ROAD-MAKING.

JOHN LOUDON MCADAM, according to his own account, returned to Scotland from America in 1783, when the Scotch Turnpike Acts had been about twenty years in operation and roads were still being made everywhere. He got appointed a commissioner of roads, and afterwards removed to Bristol, where he obtained a similar post and was made a magistrate. Gifted with a mania on the subject, he began about 1794 to travel over the country at his own cost; and these labors he continued from Inverness to the Land's End for six-and-twenty years, for no other purpose, apparently, than to search for a well-made road and the best means of making one. In this way he spent nineteen hundred and twenty days, covered thirty thousand miles, and expended over £5,000. These facts being well known in Bristol, he was in 1816 induced to take the post of general surveyor to the Turnpike Trust, which then managed all the surrounding roads. These, to the extent of one hundred and forty-eight miles, were rapidly and "entirely re-formed, and put into the best possible state for use, at an expense considerably within the annual revenue of the Trust" — which had previously been in debt £290 a mile. This soon attracted general attention: his advice and assistance were sought in all directions. Meanwhile he must have had a correspondence greater than that of many a minor government office, for he explained his principles and plans to every one with perfect candor; and his enthusiasm was such that his gratuitous services were at the disposal of all who came to him or sent for him. What was the talk of the whole country at length engaged the attention of Parliament, and a select committee was appointed in 1819.

McAdam's plan of road-making differed as much from the old way which he found in operation as a bridge does from a ford. Instead of going deep for a "bottoming," he worked solely on the top. Instead of producing a peaked, roof-like mass of rough, soft rubbish, he got a flat, smooth, and solid surface. In lieu of a road four feet and a half through, he made one of at most ten inches in thickness; and for rocks and boulders he substituted stone broken small. His leading principle was that a road ought to be considered as an artificial flooring, so strong and even as to let the heaviest vehicle pass over it with-

out impediment. Then people began to hear with wonder of roads thirty and forty feet wide rising only three inches in the centre; and he propounded the extraordinary heresy that a better and more lasting road could be made over the naked surface of a morass than over solid rock. Another of his easy first principles was that the native soil was more resistant when dry than when wet, and that, as in reality it had to carry not only the traffic but the road also, it ought to be kept in the condition of greatest resistance; that the best way of keeping it dry was to put over it a covering impervious to rain — the road, in fact; and that the thickness of this covering was to be regulated solely in relation to its imperviousness, and not at all as to its bearing of weights, to which the native soil was quite equal. Instead of digging a trench, therefore, to do away with the surface of the native soil, he carefully respected it, and raised his road sufficiently above it to let the water run off. Impermeability he obtained by the practical discovery that stones broken small and shaken and pressed together, as by the traffic on a road, rapidly settled down face to face and angle to angle, and made as close a mass as a wall. Mankind in general now believe that this last is all that McAdam invented: the rest is forgotten. That important fraction of his discoveries is what has given to us the verb to *macadamize* ("to pave a road with small broken stones" — Skeat), and to the French their nouns — *macadam* ("nom d'un pavage inventé par un Anglais" — Littré), *macadamisage*, and the verb *macadamiser*. If a man is knocked down by an omnibus in the middle of the boulevard, a Parisian bystander will nowadays say: "Je l'ai vu tomber sur le macadam."

Surprise followed surprise. Roads which were mere layers of broken stone, six, four, and even as little as three inches in thickness, passed through the worst winters without breaking up, while, as the coachmen used to say, they "ran true; the wheel ran hard upon them, it ran upon the nail." Commissioners could not believe their eyes when they saw new roads made for much less than it had cost them yearly to repair their old ones. When an old road was given into McAdam's charge he often made a new one of it for £88 a mile, while round London the cost of annual repairs had been £470 a mile. For he knew that the roads — such had been the ignorant waste — generally contained materials enough for their use for

several years if properly applied. Unless the road was hopeless, he went to work in a practical, cheap way: first cutting off the "gridiron" of ruts in the centre "to a level with the bottom of the furrows;" then "picking" the road up to a depth of four inches; removing all the chalk, clay, or mud; breaking the large stones small, and simply putting them back again; and one of his directions to his workmen was that "nothing is to be laid on the clean stone on pretence of binding." But too often the road was so bad, as at Egham, that it had to be removed to its foundations.

For the repairs of his roads, when once made, he always chose wet weather, and "loosened the hardened surface with a pick" before putting on the fresh broken stone: things familiar enough to us now, but paradoxes then to all the confraternities of the roads. In this way he had the greatest success with the freestone near Bath, and on a road out of Bristol towards Old Down, where everybody had always said a good road never would be made with the materials available. This impossible road of eleven miles, which the post-master-general, as a last resource, was about to indict, he perfected in two months, in 1816, for £55 a mile. Indeed as to materials, they were to some extent a matter of indifference to him, provided they were stones and stones only. Flint (Essex and Sussex), he said, made an excellent road, if only broken properly small; limestone (Wilts, Somerset, and Gloucester) consolidates soonest of all, but is not the most lasting; the pebbles of Shropshire and Staffordshire were also good, and the beach-pebbles of Essex, Kent, and Sussex were some of the best materials in the kingdom; but the whinstone or granite of the north and of Scotland he pronounced the most durable.

Even in the breaking of stones McAdam made a revolution. He saw that able-bodied men standing up with heavy hammers wasted the greater portion of their strength. He made his stone-breakers sit, so that all the force of the blows took direct effect on the stone; and the result was that he found small hammers did the work perfectly well, and thus was enabled to confine it to old men past hard labor, women, and boys, which reduced the cost of the broken stone by one-half. The size to which the stone should be broken he determined in a practical way by the area of contact of an ordinary wheel with a smooth road. This he found to be about an inch lengthwise; and therefore

he laid it down that "a stone which exceeds an inch in any of its dimensions is mischievous" — that is to say, that the wheel in pressing on one end of it tends to lift the other end out of the road. In practice he found it simplest to fix a weight of six ounces; and his surveyors carried about scales to test the largest stones in each heap. He would allow no large stones even for the foundation of his roads, for he found they constantly worked upwards by the pressure and vibration of the traffic. The whole road was small broken stone, even over swampy ground.

But there is nothing new under the sun; and Mr. Cripps, a Surrey magistrate, stated in the same year that in Sweden, where the roads were "more beautiful than any he ever beheld," McAdam's system (quite unknown to him) had long been in operation — the roads being almost perfectly flat, and the granite for them being broken even as small as walnuts. Telford, too, "a gentleman," as the entertaining Mogg observed, "whose works as an engineer continue to panegyryze his name," had been at work in north Wales, laying the Holyhead and other roads of an elliptical section which was almost flat.

McAdam, having expended so much of his private resources for the public benefit, found himself embarrassed about 1820, and petitioned Parliament for his expenses and some reward. He was for some time sent about from post to pillar between committees, the Treasury, and the Post-Office, and repeated his petition in 1823, when at length a select committee was appointed to consider his case. They reported that he had essentially benefited agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, by the ease of traffic he had introduced; that he had reduced horse-labor and the consequent expense of horses, had diminished the wear and tear of carriages of all kinds, and had increased the comfort, convenience, and safety of the public generally. They added that wherever he had gone to work he had brought down the poor-rates by finding employment for "the surplus laboring population," and had abolished the odious impost of statute labor. In fact, he had fulfilled the expectations of the committee of 1811, who prophesied a minimum saving of five millions whenever the roads should be put in good order. This committee of 1823 also reported that the system of "appointing a large number of noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen as

commissioners of roads" had failed. The result was that McAdam was voted £10,000; and a surveyor-general of metropolitan roads having been appointed in 1827, he got the post. He died in 1836.

McAdam had no special or technical education; and yet by force of "ability and indefatigable exertions," to which all bore testimony, he discovered what no professional engineer (if in some particulars we except Telford) had been able to descry. One of the many definitions of that elusive term "genius" is a transcendent capacity for taking trouble. In this sense McAdam undoubtedly was a man of genius.

From The Liverpool Mercury.
GREAT BELLS.

THE enormous dimensions and prodigious weight of "Great Paul," the new bell for St. Paul's Cathedral, have been so frequently and fully described that at first sight it seems unnecessary to do more than repeat that the inert monster soon to be the loudest-voiced inhabitant of the great city that is to be its home, weighs seventeen tons, is nine feet high, and nearly ten feet across the bow. As these dimensions convey, however, only an imperfect idea of its gigantic proportions, it may not be amiss to supplement the statement so often made public by an account of other celebrated bells, their sizes, weights, and manufacture. "Big Ben," the largest of the five bells which chime the quarters and strike the hours in the great tower of Westminster, weighs thirteen and one-half tons, and its companion voices are of the respective weights of four tons, thirty-six hundredweight, thirty hundredweight, and twenty hundredweight. "Big Ben" has a crack in it, occasioned by the non-amalgamation of the tin, and hence is deprived of a large part of the compass of its organ, for it is a necessity of its condition that a hammer of only four hundredweight, instead of one of twice that weight, should be employed in the use of it. Some authors assert that it was the pope Sabinien, in the year 604 (the immediate successor of St. Gregory), who first prescribed the use of bells in order to announce the holy offices of the Church; and, though this may be doubtful, it is certain that clocks have been hung in churches from the seventh century. Viollet-le-Duc states that these primitive bells were small com

pared with ours, though the greatest of them (given by King Robert to the Church of Saint-Aignan d'Orléans in the eleventh century) weighed not less than twenty-six hundred pounds, or about twenty-three hundredweight. Rodolphe abbé de Saint-Trond, in the beginning of the twelfth century, gave bells to the church of his monastery, and these are said to have weighed from two hundred up to three thousand pounds. Guillaume Durand, in his chapter on bells, describes them as inverted vases, manufactured near to Nole, a town of the Campagna. He says the largest were called *Cumpanæ*, and the smaller *Nolæ* after the town just mentioned. Other authorities, however, say that Durand is not to be relied upon. It is pretty clear that it was about the thirteenth century that the manufacture of bells became a special study, for it appears to have been in that century that they became great in dimensions and very perfect in execution. Indeed, bell-making became at once a science and an art: a science on the mechanical, and an art on the musical, side of their manufacture. In these Middle Ages people loved them and made them in prodigious numbers, revering them for their sacred associations, and honoring their makers as among the possessors of almost miraculous gifts. According to Viollet-le-Duc, the Greeks, though a most polished people, had few bells until they were reduced under the Ottoman dominion, and even at the present day they are said to use but few, resorting instead to the expedient of striking iron or wood in order to assemble people together. The Italians, again, who pride themselves upon their refinement, have few bells compared with the number of their churches, although, indeed, the first impression derived upon entrance into certain Italian cities at eventide is that a church and church bells must exist at every street corner. The Italians have some of the largest bells existing. The Germans and Flemish have numbers of bells of large size; but the French, as a nation (especially the educated French), are understood to have a great horror of them; Thiers, for example, describing their clangor as the most pestilential nuisance to which his bewildered brain was ever subject. French writers, indeed, make little concealment of their opinion that only peasants, people of low degree, people of weak intellect, idiots, and mutes, love bells, and that educated people have no great liking for them. We in England cherish a great

affection for bells, and whether this is due to religious associations or to some less serious cause is perhaps not easy to determine. There would seem to be something in the genius of the English mind that can be appealed to by bells. Longfellow's treatment of the subject in the "Golden Legend" and "Belfry of Bruges" finds a responsive echo among countless English readers who do not perhaps see their way to the acceptance of the tradition of the encounter of St. Michael (the patron saint) with the powers of darkness in their attempt to muffle the consecrated voices. Many readers are agreeably familiar, too, with Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," set to music in cantata form by Romberg; and few are ignorant of Edgar Allan Poe's memorable lines, or Tennyson's noble stanzas in "In Memoriam." We have said nothing of the Russian love of bells, but this has in a single instance, at least, reached a point of superstitious awe, if not of bigotry, involving stupidity and foolish pride. An early number of the *New Monthly Magazine* states that Boris Godonoff, who waded through a few crimes to usurp a throne, thought to atone for past misdemeanors and gain everlasting happiness by giving to the cathedral of Moscow a bell of two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds weight. The empress Anne, however who had very few public sins to regret, still thought to outdo all the sovereigns of Russia in true Christian piety, and so had the bell recast, and added thereto two thousand *pouds* of eighteen pounds each *poud*, so that this truly pious atonement for past sins, public and private, now weighs about three hundred and sixty-eight thousand pounds, making, no doubt, the largest and most useless bell in the world. The noisy mass was once properly placed in the belfry, but the belfry was destroyed by fire, and down fell the atonement of Godonoff and Anne into a dark hole, where it lies (or did recently lie) partly covered by water, and remains to be redeemed by the piety of an Alexander. On its way from Longborough to London, "Great Paul" has been the object of a good deal of interest, amounting, indeed, to superstitious awe. During its progress through the country young children were brought out to touch it, and old people hobbled out of their easy chairs to look upon it. The time has gone by when we regard the church bell as the exorciser of evil spirits, but "Great Paul" has an interest apart from religion.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XIII. }

No. 2015.—February 3, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVL }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

GREY heavens, grey earth, grey sea, grey sky,
 Yet rifted with strange gleams of gold ;
 Downwards, all's dark ; but up on high
 Walk our white angels, — dear of old.

Strong faith in God and trust in man,
 In patience we possess our souls ;
 Eastward, grey ghosts may linger wan,
 But westward, back the shadow rolls.

Life's broken urns with moss are clad,
 And grass springs greenest over graves :
 The shipwrecked sailor reckons glad,
 Not what he lost, but what he saves.

Our sun has set, but in his ray
 The hilltops shine like saints new-born :
 His after-glow of night makes day,
 And when we wake it will be morn.
 Sunday Magazine.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

UNTO the cradle of the Wondrous Child,
 Heaven brought its star, and man his gold
 and myrrh ;
 But nature brings each year a living gift
 To halo the divine event ; a star
 Of earth, that once came from the East, and
 sheds
 Its silver radiance round our common homes.
 It comes, like Him whose birth it celebrates,
 To cheer the winter of the world, and make
 The very snow to blossom into life.
 When earth has reached its darkest hour, this
 gleam
 Of coming dawn appears. We seem to see
 The snowdrop's mystic presence on the lawn ;
 The crocus kindle where its light went out ;
 The copse grow dense with purple haze of
 buds ;
 And willows deck their wands with silken
 plumes.
 Long mute, the birds, when'er they see this
 sign,
 Take heart to twitter ; and the sunbeams
 pale
 Grow warmer as they shine upon its flowers ;
 And where it breathes its subtle fragrance
 round,
 The very air seems conscious of the spring.
 Last child of the old year, first of the new —
 Ghost of the past, soul of the future rose —
 It links the seasons with its silver clasp,
 And blends our memories and hopes in one.
 In this pale herald of the flowery year,

Are sketched the types of lily and of rose,
 Which afterwards, from its fair side in death,
 Are separated to make the seasons gay.
 From roots of ebon darkness, through the
 mould,
 Spring up the pure white blossoms, one by
 one ;
 Like human heart, whose roots are dark with
 woe,
 And yet produce the brightest flowers of
 heaven.
 Its seeming petals — green leaves glorified —
 Are moonlike made, through the December
 gloom,
 To light dim insects to their honeyed task,
 And so fulfil the higher ends of life.
 At first, they come up pale and blanched with
 cold,
 But as the days grow long, a warmer hue,
 Like that which deepens in the summer rose,
 Or tips the daisy's frill, creeps over them ;
 As if they blushed, in a white, flowerless
 world,
 To find themselves the only blooming things.
 Unchanged they last until the seed is ripe,
 In which the single life dies for the race.
 And then, their purpose served, they darken
 down
 Into the dusky green of common leaves.
 Transfiguration strange ! A lowly sign
 Of Him, whose robe and face shone whiter
 far
 Than Hermon's crest, while of his death he
 talked !
 That which exalts the flower above its wont,
 Ennobles everything. The priestly dress
 Of beauty and of glory clothes each life,
 That yields itself a sacrifice to love.
 Macmillan's Magazine. HUGH MACMILLAN.

THE flowers for sleep are sighing,
 The bird is in its nest,
 The daylight is all hidden
 With sunshine in the west.

.

And, hark ! the cricket singing
 His love-song to the skies,
 Where all the stars are waiting
 To see you close your eyes.

They wish you all sweet slumber,
 They wish you all good-night ;
 They'll tell the sun to rouse you
 When once again 'tis light.

And while you sleep, the roses
 May think your cheeks so fair,
 That, in the early morning,
 You'll find them resting there.

Athenæum. MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS: BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

IMOGEN, PRINCESS OF BRITAIN.

BY HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

"Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen!"

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in:
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."
SPENSER.

It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal woman, but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart, and while she taxed my powers on the stage to the uttermost, she has always repaid me for the effort tenfold by the delight of being the means of placing a being in every way so noble before the eyes and hearts of my audiences, and of making them feel, perhaps, and think of her, and of him to whose genius we owe her, with something of my own reverence and love. Ah, how much finer a medium than all the pen can do for bringing home to the hearts of people what was in Shakespeare's mind, when he drew his men and women, is the "well-trod stage," with that living commentary which actor or actress capable in their art can give! How much has he left to be filled up by accent, by play of feature, by bearing, by action, by subtle shades of expression, inspired by the heart and striking home to the heart,—by all those little movements and inflections of tone which come intuitively to the sympathetic artist, and which play so large a part in producing the impression left upon us by a living interpretation of the master poet! To one accustomed like myself to such resources as these for bringing out the results of my studies of Shakespeare's women, it seems hopeless to endeavor to convey the same impressions by mere words. The more a character has wound itself round the heart, the more is this felt. Can you wonder, then, that I approach my "woman of women," with fear and trembling?

Do you remember what that bright,

charming, frank old lady,—no, I will not call her "old," for there is nothing old about her; I know many far older in spirit who count not half or a quarter her years,—Mrs. D—S— said to me lately when you were standing by? She had been scolding me in her playful way for not having given her more of my "letters" to read, and, after calling me idle, unkind, etc., asked me who was to be the subject of my next. I said, I thought Imogen, but that I knew I should find it most difficult to express what I felt about her. "Ah, my dear!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in her usual characteristic manner when she feels strongly, "you will never write of Imogen as you acted her!" I told her that her words filled me with despair. "Never mind," was her rejoinder; "go on and try. My memory will fill up the gaps." I have one of the kind letters by me, which you wrote after seeing me act Imogen at Drury Lane in 1866. So *your* memory too will have to come to my aid, by filling up the gaps. It is very pleasant to think that our friend's feeling may be shared by many of that unknown public who were always so ready to put themselves in sympathy with me; but that does not make the fulfilment of my promise to you the less formidable.

Imogen had been one of the great favorites of my girlhood. At school we used to read the scenes at the cave with Belarius, Arviragus, and Guiderius; and never can I forget our getting them up to act as a surprise for our governess on her birthday. We always prepared some "surprise" on this occasion, or what she kindly took as one. The brothers were arrayed in all the fur trimmings, coats, cuffs, muffs, etc., we could muster,—one of the muffs doing duty as the cap for Belarius. Then the practisings for something suggestive of the *Æolian* harp that has to play a *Miserere* for Imogen's supposed death! Our only available means of simulating Belarius's "ingenious instrument" was a guitar; but the girl who played it had to be apart from the scene, and, as she never would take the right cue, she was always breaking in at the wrong place. I was the Imogen; and,

curiously enough, it was as Imogen my dear governess first saw me on the stage. I wondered whether she remembered the incidents of our schoolgirl performance as I did. She might very well forget, but not I; for what escapes our memory of things done or thought in childhood? Such little matters appear eventful, and loom so very large to young eyes and imaginations!

I cannot quite remember who acted with me first in "Cymbeline," but I can never forget Mr. Macready's finding fault with my page's dress, which I had ordered to be made with a tunic that descended to the ankles. On going to the theatre at the last rehearsal, he told me, with many apologies and much concern, that he had given directions to have my dress altered. He had taken the liberty of doing this, he said, without consulting me, because, although he could understand the reasons which had weighed with me in ordering the dress to be made as I had done, he was sure I would forgive him when he explained to me that such a dress would not tell the story, and that one-half the audience — all, in fact, who did not know the play — would not discover that it was a disguise, but would suppose Imogen to be still in woman's attire. Remonstrance was too late, and, with many tears, I had to yield, and to add my own terror to that of Imogen when first entering the cave. I managed, however, to devise a kind of compromise, by swathing myself in the "franklin housewife's riding-cloak," which I kept about me as I went into the cave; and this I caused to be wrapped round me afterwards when the brothers carry in Imogen — the poor "dead bird, which they have made so much on."

I remember well the Pisanio was my good friend Mr. Elton, the best Pisanio of my time. No one whom I have since met has so truly thrown into the part the deep devotion, the respectful, manly tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which it requires. He drew out all the nicer points of the character with the same fine and firm hand which we used to admire upon the French stage in M. Regnier, that most finished of artists in characters of this kind. As I write, by some strange

association of ideas — I suppose we must have been rehearsing "Cymbeline" at the time — a little circumstance illustrative of the character of this good Mr. Elton comes into my mind. Pardon me if I leave Imogen for the moment, to speak of other matters. This helpful friend did not always cheer and praise, but very kindly told me of my mistakes. We were to appear in "The Lady of Lyons," which was then in its first run, and had been commanded by the queen for a State performance. I had never acted before her Majesty and Prince Albert; and to me, young as I was, this was a great event. Immediately I thought there ought to be something special about my dress for the occasion. Now, either from a doubt as to the play's success, or for some good financial reason, no expense had been incurred in bringing it out. Mr. Macready asked me if I had any dresses which could be adapted for Pauline Deschappelles. He could not, he said, afford to give me new ones, and he would be glad if I could manage without them. Of course I said I would willingly do my best. Upon consulting with excellent Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, the printseller in Pall Mall, who always gave me access to all his books of costume, I found, as I had already heard, that the dress of the young girl of the period was simple in material and form — fine muslin, with lace *fichus*, ruffles, broad sashes, and the hair worn in long, loose curls down the back, my own coming in naturally for this fashion. As it was in my case, so I suppose it was with the others — the costumes, however, being all true to the period. The scenery was of course good and sufficient, for in this department Mr. Macready never failed. And thus, with little cost, this play, which was to prove so wondrously successful, came forth to the world unassisted by any extraneous adjuncts, depending solely upon its own merits and the actors' interpretation of it. It must have been written with rare knowledge of what the stage requires, for not one word was cut out nor one scene rearranged or altered after the first representation. The author was no doubt lucky in his interpreters. Mr. Macready, though in ap-

pearance far too old for Claude Melnotte, yet had a slight, elastic figure, and so much buoyancy of manner, that the impression of age quickly wore off. The secret of his success was, that he lifted the character, and gave it the dignity and strength which it required to make Claude respected under circumstances so equivocal. This was especially conspicuous in a critical point early in the play (Act ii.), where Claude passes himself off as a prince. Mr. Macready's manner became his dress. The slight confusion, when addressed by Colonel Damas in Italian, was so instantly turned to his own advantage by the playful way in which he laid the blame on the general's bad Italian, while his whole bearing was so dignified and courteous, that it did not seem strange he should charm the girlish fancy of one accustomed to be courted, yet whose heart was hitherto untouched. He made the hero, indeed, one of nature's exceptional gentlemen, and in this way prepossessed his audience, despite the unworthy device to which Claude lends himself in the first frenzy of wounded vanity. Truth to say, unless dealt with poetically and romantically, both Claude and Pauline drop down into very commonplace people — indeed I have been surprised to see how commonplace. Again, Mrs. Clifford as Madame Deschappelles, by a stately aristocratic bearing, carried off the heartless foolishness of her sayings. The Damas of Mr. Bartley was a fine, vigorous impersonation of the blunt, impetuous, genial soldier. Mr. Elton acted, as he always did, most carefully and well, and gave importance and style to the disagreeable character of M. Beauseant.

But to return to the evening of the royal command. What I was going to say was this. I had nothing especially new and fresh to wear; so in honor of the occasion I had ordered from Foster's some lovely pink roses with silver leaves, to trim my dress in the second act. I had hitherto worn only real roses — friends, known and unknown, always supplying me with them. One dear friend never failed to furnish Pauline with the bouquet for her hand. Oh, how very often, as she might tell you, did she see

me in that play!* I thought my new flowers, when arranged about my dress, looked lovely — quite fairylike. When accosted with the usual "Good evenings" while waiting at the side scenes for the opening of the second act, I saw Mr. Elton looking at me with a sort of amused wonder. I said at once, "Do you not think my fresh flowers pretty?" "Oh," he said, "are they fresh? They must have come a long way. Where do they grow? I never saw any of the kind before. They must have come out of Aladdin's garden. Silver leaves! How remarkable! They may be more rare, but I much prefer the home-grown ones you have in your hand." Ridicule of my fine decoration! Alas! alas! I felt at once that it was deserved. It was too late to repair my error. I must act the scene with them — before the queen, too! — and all my pleasure was gone. I hid them as well as I could with my fan and handkerchief, and hoped no one would notice them. Need I say how they were torn off when I reached my dressing-room, never to see the light again? I never felt so ashamed and vexed with myself.†

It was well I had a handkerchief on this occasion to help to screen my poor silver leaves; but as a general rule I kept it, when playing Pauline, in my pocket — and for this reason: in the scene in the third act, where Pauline learns the infamous stratagem of which she is the vic-

* In my mind was always the idea that Pauline loved flowers passionately. It was in the garden, among his flowers, that Claude first loved her. I never was without them in the play: even in the sad last act, I had violets on my simple muslin dress. You remember how Madame Deschappelles reproaches Pauline for not being *en grande tenue* on that "joyful occasion."

† Like many pleasures long looked forward to, the whole of this evening was a disappointment to me. The side scenes were crowded with visitors, Mr. Macready having invited many friends. They were terribly in the way of the exits and entrances. Worse than all, those who knew you insisted on saluting you; those who did not, made you run the gauntlet of a host of curious eyes, — and this in a place where, most properly, no stranger had hitherto been allowed to intrude. Then, too, though of course I never looked at the queen and the prince, still their presence was felt by me more than I could have anticipated. It overawed me somehow — stood between me and Pauline; and instead of doing my best, I could not in my usual way lose myself in my character, and, on the whole, never acted worse or more artificially — too like my poor flowers!

tim, on the night it was first acted I tore my handkerchief right across without knowing that I had done so; and in the passion and emotion of the scene it became a streamer, and waved about as I moved and walked. Surely any one might have seen that this was an accident, the involuntary act of the maddened girl; but in a criticism on the play — I suppose the day after, but as I was never allowed to have my mind disturbed by theatrical criticisms, I cannot feel sure — I was accused of having arranged this as a trick to produce an effect. So innocent was I of a device which would have been utterly at variance with the spirit in which I looked at my art, that when my dear home master and friend asked me if I had torn a handkerchief in the scene, I laughed and said, "Yes; my dresser at the end of the play had shown me one in ribbons." "I would not," was his remark, "have you use one again in the scene, if you can do without it;" and I did not usually do so. It was some time afterwards before I learned his reason, and I then continued to keep my handkerchief out of my reach, lest the same accident should happen again; for, as I always allowed the full feeling of the scene to take possession of me, I could not answer but that it might. There would have been nothing wrong in acting upon what strong, natural emotion had suggested in the heat of actual performance; but all true artists will, I believe, avoid the use of any action, however striking, which may become by repetition a mere mechanical artifice.

It was different with another suggestion which was made to me as to the way I acted in the same scene. As I recalled, in bitter scorn, to Claude his glowing description of his palace by the Lake of Como, I broke into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter, which came upon me, I suppose, as the natural relief from the intensity of the mingled feelings of anger, scorn, wounded pride, and outraged love, by which I found myself carried away. The effect upon the audience was electrical, because the impulse was genuine. But well do I remember Mr. Macready's remonstrance with me for yielding to it. It was too daring, he said; to have failed in it might have ruined the scene (which was true). No one, moreover, should ever, he said, hazard an unrehearsed effect. I could only answer that I could not help it; that this seemed the only way for my feelings to find vent; and if the impulse seized me again, again, I feared, I

must act the scene the same way. And often as I have played Pauline, never did the scene fail to bring back the same burst of hysterical emotion; nor, so far as I know, did any of my critics regard my yielding to it as out of place, or otherwise than true to nature. Some years afterwards I was comforted by reading a reply of the great French actor Baron, when found fault with for raising his hands above his head in some impassioned scene, on the ground that such a gesture was contrary to the rules of art. "Tell me not of art," he said. "If nature makes you raise your hands, be it ever so high, be sure nature is right, and the business of art is to obey her." When playing with Mr. Macready the following year at the Haymarket, I noticed a chair placed every evening at the wing as I went on the stage for this scene. On inquiry, I found it was for Mrs. Glover, the great actress of comedy, who afterwards told me that she came every night to see me in this scene, she was so much struck by the boldness of my treatment of it. She said it was bold beyond anything she had ever known; and yet it was always so fresh and new, that each time it moved her as if she had not seen it before. Nature spoke through me to her — no praise to me.

The success of "The Lady of Lyons" had during the rehearsals been considered very doubtful. Its defects in a literary point of view seemed obvious to those who were capable of judging, and its merits as a piece of skilful dramatic construction could not then be fully seen. The master and friend of my youth, of whom I spoke in my letter on Juliet, thought my part of Pauline very difficult and somewhat disagreeable. I remember well his saying to me, "You have hitherto, in your Shakespearian studies, had to lift yourself up to the level of your heroines; now you must, by tone and manner and dignity of expression, lift this one up to yourself." During the rehearsals no one knew who was the author. The play had not a name given to it until very near the time it was brought out. There was great speculation at the rehearsals as to what it was to be called. "Love and Duty," "Love and Pride," were suggested, but discarded as too like the titles of a novel. "The Gardener's Son," said one. No, that suggested nothing. "The Merchant of Lyons," said another. No, surely not; was there not a "Merchant of Venice"? Upon which Mr. Bartley, who was the stage manager, and also the first and the

best Colonel Damas, turned to me, and taking off his hat, and bowing in the soldier-like manner of the colonel in the play, said, "I think 'my young cousin' should give the play a name. Shall it not be called 'The Lady of Lyons'?" Whether this name had been decided on before, I cannot tell; but shortly after the play was announced by that title.

During the run of this play — it was in winter — I suffered terribly from a constant cough. It would sometimes seize me in the most trying passages. On one of these occasions I found Lord Lytton waiting for me as I left the scene, showing the greatest concern, and begging me to take care of my health. Shortly after, he sent some lozenges to my dressing-room, with renewed injunctions to give up acting for a time. As this involved the withdrawal of the play at the height of its success, I felt how generous he was. Indeed I always found Lord Lytton most kind and considerate, and with a very tender heart for suffering. Not long afterwards, my physicians sent me away from my loved work for many weary months: but rest was quite necessary; had they not insisted upon it, no more work or play would there have been for me in this world.

But, oh how I have wandered from Imogen! It is, I suppose, like Portia, —

To peize the time —

To eke it and to draw it out in length, —

to stay myself from grappling with a task which I yearn yet dread to approach.

It is impossible, I find, to write of Imogen, without treating in some degree of all the principal characters of the play. She acts upon and influences them all. We must make ourselves familiar with them, in order fully to know her. This opens up a wide field; for the action of the play covers an unusual space, and is carried on by many important agents. It sets the unities, especially the unity of space, entirely at defiance. We are now in Britain, then in Rome — anon once more in Britain, then back in Rome. The scene changes, and we are again at Cymbeline's court; then in a mountainous region of south Wales; and so backwards and forwards to the end of the play. "Cymbeline" would be the despair of those getters-up of plays whose scenery is so elaborate that they can give but one scene to every act. But oh, how refreshing to have your thoughts centred upon such human beings as Shakespeare drew, with all their joys, their woes, their affec-

tions, sufferings, passions, developing before you each phase of their characters, instead of the immovable upholstery and painted simulations of reality in which the modern fashion takes delight! The eye is pleased, but what becomes of the heart and the imagination? People tell us that Shakespeare would, if he could, have availed himself of all the material resources of the costumier, scene-painter, and stage manager, of which use is now so freely made. I venture to think not. He knew too well that if the eye be distracted by excess either of numbers or of movement, or by a multiplicity of beautiful or picturesque objects, the actor must work at a disadvantage. He can neither gain nor keep that grasp of the minds and sympathies of the audience which is essential for bringing home to them the purpose of the poet.

I have heard the plot of "Cymbeline" severely censured. The play certainly wants the concentration which is essential for stage representation, and which Shakespeare himself would probably have given to it had it been written after he had gained that exquisite cunning in constructive skill which is apparent in "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado about Nothing," and some of his other plays. But the plot itself is clear enough, and sufficiently full of sustained interest to engage the attention of the audience and keep it in suspense to the close. The play, in fact, is of only too luxuriant growth, such as a little judicious lopping removes without prejudice to it as an acting drama. Its occasional diffuseness is plainly caused by an extreme anxiety to leave nothing obscure either in the action or the characters. But the genius of the great dramatist is apparent in the skill with which the story of Imogen's trials is interwoven with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons and their relations to Rome, which give to it the vivid interest of a grand, historical background. The incident on which the play hinges — the wager between Iachimo and Posthumus — seems to have been taken from Boccaccio's story, simply because it was familiar to the theatre-going public, and because Shakespeare saw in it a great opportunity for introducing characters and incidents well fitted to develop, in a manner "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," the character of a noble, cultivated, loving woman and wife at her best. The play might indeed be fitly called "Imogen, Princess of Britain," for it is upon her, her trials and her triumph, that it turns.

Observe how carefully Shakespeare fixes our attention upon her at the very outset of the play, by the conversation of the two courtiers. "You do not meet a man but frowns," says one; for the king is angry, and from him all the court takes its tone. To the question, "But what's the matter?" he replies:—

His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's
wedded;

Her husband banished; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.

2d Gent. None but the king?

1st Gent. He that hath lost her, too: so is
the queen,

That most desired the match: but not a
courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, but hath a heart that is
not

Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2d Gent. And why so?

1st Gent. He that hath missed the princess
is a thing

Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!
And therefore banished) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one like him, there would be something
failing

In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

The speaker has much more to say in
praise of Posthumus Leonatus; but the
climax of his panegyric is that the best
proof of the worth of Posthumus lies in
the fact that such a woman as Imogen has
chosen him for her husband:—

His mistress,—
For whom he now is banished,—her own
price

Proclaims how she esteemed him and his vir-
tue;

By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Thus, then, we see that Imogen is fitly
mated. There has been that "marriage
of true minds" on which Shakespeare
lays so much stress in one of his finest
sonnets. Both are noble creatures, rich
in the endowments of body as well as
mind, and drawn towards each other as

Like to like, but like in difference,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.

What Shakespeare intends us to see in
Imogen is made plain by the impression

she is described as producing on all who
come into contact with her,—strangers
as well as those who have seen her grow
up at her father's court. She is of royal
nature as well as of royal blood,—too
noble to know that she is noble. A grand
and patient faithfulness is at the root of
her character. Yet she can be angry,
vehement, passionate, upon occasion.
With a being of so fine and sensitive an
organization, how could it be otherwise?
Her soul's strength and nobleness, speak-
ing through her form and movements,
impress all alike with an irresistible
charm. Her fine taste, her delicate ways,
her accomplishments, her sweet singing,
are brought before us by countless subtle
touches. To her belongs especially the
quality of grace,—that quality which, in
Goethe's words, "macht unwidersteh-
lich,"* and which, as Racine says, is even
"superior to beauty, or rather is beauty
sweetly animated." Iachimo, fastidious
and cloyed in sensuality as he is, no
sooner sees her than he is struck with
admiring awe:—

All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird.

And even Cloten, whose dull brain can-
not resist the impression of her queenly
grace and beauty, grows eloquent when
he speaks of her:—

She's fair and royal,
And hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, women; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all.

Like many of Shakespeare's heroines,
Imogen has early lost her mother; but
she has been most lovingly and royally
nurtured by her father, to whom, no doubt,
she was doubly endeared after the loss of
his two sons. What she was to him, we
see when his hour of trouble comes, and
he is left without her. "Imogen, the
great part of my comfort, gone!" (Act
iv., sc. 3.) Her fine intellect and strong
affection would then have been the stay
to him it had often been in the days be-
fore he allowed his love for her to be
overclouded by the fascinations of his
beautiful, crafty second queen. But not
even she could keep him from being
"touched at very heart," despite his an-
ger at his child for wedding Posthumus.

* "Die Schönheit bleibt sich selber selig,
Die Anmuth macht unwiderstehlich."
Beauty self-pleased, self-wrapped, will sit,
But grace draws all men after it.

With what skill the characters of that queen and of Cymbeline himself are put before us! He is full of good impulses, but weak, wayward, passionate, and, as such natures commonly are when thwarted, cruel, and carried away, like Lear, by "impatient womanish violence." Having no insight into character, he has been led by designing flatterers, who played upon his weakness, to suspect "the perfect honor" of his tried friend and officer Belarius, and to banish him from the court. The loss of his two sons, stolen from him by Belarius in revenge for this wrong, has embittered his life. It probably cost him that of their mother, whose death left the Princess Imogen, her youngest-born, as his only solace. Out of the nobler impulse of his nature came the care and training which he gave to Posthumus, the orphaned son of his great general, Silius Leonatus. And yet — after treating him as if he were one of the sons whom he had lost, breeding him along with Imogen as her "playfellow," and knowing, as he could not fail to know, the deep affection that must spring from such an intimacy — on finding out the marriage, he sends him from the court with violence and in disgrace, heedless of the misery which, by so doing, he inflicts on his own child. Left to himself, things might have taken a very different course. But he is blinded for the time by the spell which his newly wedded, beautiful, soft-voiced, dissembling queen has cast upon him. At her instigation he resents the marriage with a bitterness the more intense because it is in some measure artificial, and gives vent to his anger against Posthumus in an undignified manner, and in unkingly phrases: —

Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence from my sight!

. . . Away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood!

In the same passionate manner he heaps maledictions on his daughter. "Oh, thou vile one!"

Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

Choleric and irrational as old Capulet himself, he is equally regardless of everybody's feelings but his own. Just the man, therefore, to become the ductile tool of a cold, beautiful, unscrupulous, ambitious woman like his queen. She, again, has but one soft place in her heart, and that is for her handsome, peacock-witted

son Cloten — a man so vapid and brainless that he cannot "take two from twenty and leave eighteen." For him this fawning, dissembling, crafty woman — this secret poisoner, in intention, if not in act — is prepared to dare everything. If she cannot get Imogen for her son, and so prepare his way to the throne, she is quite ready to "catch the nearest way" by compassing Imogen's death. Cymbeline, infatuated by an old man's love for a handsome woman, is a child in her hands. Imogen's keen intelligence sees through her pretended sympathy, dismissing it with the words, —

Oh dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! —

knowing well that she will have less cause to dread "the hourly shot of angry eyes" than the silent machinations of this "most delicate fiend."

The whole tragedy of her position is summed up by Imogen herself early in the play, in the words (Act. i., sc. 6): —

A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished: oh, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it!

Note, too, how it seems to the shrewd Second Lord in attendance upon Cloten (Act ii., sc. 1): —

Alas, poor princess,

Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind!

And all this, while she was still "comforted to live," because in her husband she had the one priceless "jewel in the world, that she might see again." Rudely stripped of that comfort, as she soon is, what state so desolate, what trial more cruel than hers! But I must not anticipate.

When we first see Imogen, it is at the moment of her parting with Posthumus. Their marriage hours must have been of the shortest. Even had they tried to conceal their union, which most probably they had not, the watchful queen, with her spies everywhere, would have speedily

discovered it. It is she indeed who has brought about that union; for her encouragement of the suit of her son — "that harsh, shallow nothing" — has made a marriage with Posthumus the only effectual barrier to it, and enabled him to prevail on Imogen to "set up her disobedience 'gainst the king her father." One wrong leads to another. The marriage, when discovered, is followed by the instant and contemptuous banishment of Posthumus; and it is in the sharp anguish of his separation from Imogen that we first see them — anguish made more poignant by the pretended sympathy of the queen, to whom they owe their misery. Posthumus entreats his wife, —

O lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.

They exchange those parting gifts, one of which is to work so fatally against their happiness; she giving him what, we may be assured, was her most treasured possession, the diamond that had been her mother's, with the words, — oh, how full of tenderness! —

Take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead! —

while he fixes a bracelet on her arm, saying, —

For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love: I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. Oh, the gods!
When shall we see again?

All further speech between them is stopped by the entrance of Cymbeline, who thrusts Posthumus from the court with words so coarsely insulting that, as he goes, Imogen exclaims, —

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

And now her father turns his reproaches upon her; and in her replies we see the loving, dutiful daughter, the still more loving and devoted wife: —

I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Thou mightst have had the sole son
of my queen!

Imo. Oh, blest, that I might not! . . .

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have
made my throne

A seat for baseness!

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. Oh, thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!

Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

A cry, we may well believe, that has often
risen in palaces from hearts weary of the
irksome restraints, or awed by the great
responsibilities, of princely life.

Her father leaves her, with the order to
his queen, "Away with her, and pen her
up!" and Pisanio returns with the tidings
that Cloten had drawn his sword
upon his master Posthumus. Imogen's
contempt for Cloten breaks out despite
his mother's presence: —

Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.

To draw upon an exile! Oh, brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.

Posthumus, assured that in Pisanio Imogen
would have at least one loyal friend
who might be counted to stand firmly by
her, has sent him back, refusing to allow
him to be absent from her even for so
brief a time as was necessary to reach the
haven. But now Imogen desires him to
return to "see her lord aboard." Why
she did so, we see in their dialogue when
he returns: —

Imo. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, "His queen! his queen!"

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! Happier therein
than I!

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam: for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from other, he did keep
The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings,
cracked them, but

To look upon him ; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assured, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but
had

Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such ; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor ; or have charged
him

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Imogen can pour out her heart in these exquisite bursts of tenderness before Pisanio without reserve, because she is assured of his sympathy, and of his devotion to her lord as well as to herself. I have always thought that Pisanio had been a follower of Posthumus's father Sicilius Leonatus, and had therefore been assigned to his son as a special servant when Cymbeline first took the orphaned boy under his care, and made him the playfellow of Imogen. He had seen Posthumus grow up with all the winning graces of a fine person, and a simple, truthful, manly nature, so void of guile himself as to be unsuspecting of it in others ; while Imogen had developed into the beautiful, accomplished, high-souled woman, for whom mere " princely suitors " — of whom, we are told, she had many — had no attraction, companioned as she had been from childhood to womanhood by one whose high qualities of head and heart she knew so well. Pisanio had seen them grow dearer and dearer to each other, and never doubted that Cymbeline looked with favor on their growing affection until the evil hour when he remarried, and was persuaded by his queen to favor Cloten's suit. The character of that coarse, arrogant, cowardly braggadocio must have made his pretensions to the hand of Imogen odious to the whole court that loved and honored her, but especially to Pisanio ; and we may be sure he was taken into counsel, when a marriage was resolved upon, as

the only way to make the union with Cloten impossible. Thus he has drawn upon himself the suspicion and hatred of the queen and her handsome, well-proportioned, brainless son. I say well-proportioned ; for how otherwise could Imogen have afterwards mistaken his headless body, as she does (Act. iv., sc. 2), for that of Posthumus ?

These opening scenes, in which Imogen appears, are a proof among many others, how much Shakespeare expected from the personators of his heroines. In them the actress must contrive to produce the impression of a character of which all that is afterwards seen of Imogen is the natural development. In look, in bearing, in tone and accent, we must see the princess, strong in the possession of fine and cultivated intelligence, and equal, through all her womanly tenderness, and by very reason of that tenderness, to any strain which may be put upon her fortitude and endurance, — one who, while she draws on all insensibly to admire her by her mere presence, at the same time inspires them with a reverent respectfulness. Ah ! how little those who, in mere ignorance, speak slightly of the actor's art, can know of the mental and moral training which is needed to take home into the being, and then to express in action, however faintly, what must have been in the poet's mind, as his vision of Imogen found expression in the language he has put into her mouth !

And now we must leave Imogen, and follow Posthumus to Rome, where he is expected at a banquet at his friend Philario's house. Before he enters (Act. i., sc. 5) we see that, except by his host, his presence is not desired. His reputation as no ordinary man has run before him ; and the French and Roman guests already carp at and depreciate him. When he enters, his self-possession and dignified courtesy show in marked contrast to the disposition seen in the others to irritate and offend him. Iachimo has an old grudge against him. He had seen him in Britain before, and the antagonism between his own corrupt and selfish nature and the noble qualities of Posthumus had bred mutual dislike. The Italian's flippancy and loose style of expression are rebuked by the calm reticence of the Briton. This reserve is made greater by the deep sorrow that is tugging at his heart. By what now seems to him his selfishness in pressing Imogen to a private marriage, he has brought not only

disgrace and contumely upon himself, but suffering and sorrow on her whom his love would have yearned to shelter from any touch of pain. Remorse, love, and pride are thus at war within him. Angry with himself, he is impatient of annoyance or opposition. In this mood, on reaching his friend's house, he encounters in Iachimo a man who would have been distasteful to him under any circumstances. Nothing could be more unlucky. In his then state of mind he is fit company for no man, least of all for this mocking, supercilious Italian, with his ostentatious disbelief in woman's worth, and his arrogant, sarcastic nature, indolent yet cunning, and only moved to action by the desire to gratify his vanity or his senses. Iachimo's very manner, with its assured complacency, irritates and frets the heart-stricken Briton. Had he not been at war with himself, I believe he would not have allowed any conversation, in which his mistress's name should be brought forward, to take place in his presence. But, smarting as he is under Cymbeline's insulting language, and with the echo of it still ringing in his ears, he is unable to command his usual forbearance. He is moved in time to give taunt for taunt, boast for boast; and when this insolent, unmannerly stranger dares to bring the constancy and honor of his mistress into question, he is provoked into accepting the challenge which Iachimo proposes as a test of her virtue, without thinking for the moment of the insult implied by the mere introduction of such a man to the presence of his wife.

We now go back to Imogen. Weeks have obviously gone by; but we hear that "she weeps still." The persecution of a "father cruel, and a step-dame false," and the importunities of "a foolish suitor," serve but to make her cling closer to the thought of her dear lord and husband.

Oh, that husband,
My supreme crown of grief! . . .
Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious.

She is in this mood when Pisanio introduces "a noble gentleman from Rome," who brings letters from her lord. The mere mention of them sends all the color from her face. Iachimo, noticing this, reassures her:—

Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

Now returns the delicate color to her cheek, the warmth to her heart, and she can say with all her accustomed grace, "Thanks, good sir. You are kindly welcome." This is her first letter from her wedded lord; and while she is drinking in its words of love, Iachimo is watching her with all his eyes. The happiness in hers, lately so full of tears, adds to her fascination, and her whole demeanor expresses, silently but eloquently, the purity and beauty of her soul. Iachimo, unbeliever as he is in woman's worth, is too shrewd not to see that the charm of her face and person—"All of her that is out of door, most rich!"—would not be so exquisite but for the dignity and elevation of her mind. His wager, he feels instinctively, is as good as lost; but the stake is too serious not to be played for, at all risks.

"Boldness, audacity," must "arm him from head to foot," aided by all the craft and subtlety of a spirit long versed in guile. No matter at what sacrifice of truth, or at what cost of misery to his victims, the wager must be won. He already feels it will not be gained by triumph over Imogen's virtue; but means must be found to wreak his hate upon the haughty, self-reliant Briton, and to bring down his pride, by convincing him of her disloyalty.

He begins his advances in the way common to common minds, by daring to praise and seeming to be lost in admiration of Imogen's beauty. But here he is entirely thwarted, for she fails to see his meaning, and asks, in all simplicity, "What, dear sir, thus wraps you? Are you well?" Having the sense at once to see that he is upon a wrong tack, he starts upon another, in hope of better success. In reply to her anxious inquiry after the health of her lord, he assures her that he is not only well, but

Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller.

A report so little in consonance with all she has known of Posthumus arrests Imogen's attention for the moment. Iachimo, thinking he has gained a point, and that he may pique her pride, proceeds to illustrate the small respect in which her husband holds her sex, by telling her of a "Frenchman, his companion," over whose sighs for "a Gallian girl at home" Posthumus makes merry:—

The jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, "Oh!

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, — yea, what she cannot
choose,
But must be, — will his free hours languish
for
Assured bondage? —

Imogen, amazed, can only say, "Will my lord say so?" But this levity of her lord must be pushed home to herself. Accordingly Iachimo goes on to express wonder and pity: —

Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

He still speaks so enigmatically, that she conjures him to say plainly what he means: —

You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray
you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do), . . . discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Upon this, he speaks so plainly, and with such indignation, of her lord's disloyalty, that for a moment a cloud rests upon her mind. With a sad dignity she says, —

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain!

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

He is now striking into a vein which reveals a something in the speaker from which, as a pure woman, she instinctively recoils, and she exclaims, "Let me hear no more!" Iachimo, mistaking for wounded pride the shock to her love, and to all the cherished convictions of the worth of Posthumus on which it rests, urges her to be revenged upon him. How beautiful is her reply! For a wrong like this there is no remedy, no revenge. It is too monstrous even for belief: —

Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true—
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse)—if it be true,
How shall I be revenged?

Imogen, who has throughout felt an instinctive dislike to the free-spoken Roman, — this bringer of ill tidings, — when he now dares to tender love and devotion

to herself reads him on the instant through and through. She calls at once for Pisanio to eject him from her presence, but the wily Italian has taken care not to have her loyal retainer within hearing. Quite early in the scene he has sent him out of the way by the words, —

Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pisanio does not, therefore, answer to his mistress's call, and Iachimo continues his advances. Her instinct, then, was right. The cloud vanishes that has rested for a moment upon her mind; and instead of the doubting, perplexed woman, wounded in her most sacred belief, we see the indignant princess sweeping from her presence in measureless scorn the man whose every word she feels to be an insult: —

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honor-
able,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. — What, ho! Pisanio!

At this point the address of the wily, subtle Italian comes to his rescue. The vulnerable point in Imogen, he sees, is her devotion to her lord, and Iachimo immediately breaks out into his praises, and excuses all which he has before said by the plea that his object was to prove if Imogen was indeed worthy of "the worthiest sir that ever country called his:" —

Give me your pardon.
I have spoken this, to know if your affianced
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er. And he is one,
The truest mannered; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Forgetting her own wrong in the delight of hearing this tribute paid to the worth of that dear lord whose name has of late been only coupled in her hearing with insulting and contumelious epithets, Imogen murmurs half aloud, "You make amends." Iachimo, seeing his advantage, pursues it: —

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. . . .

The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon!

This praise of Posthumus, now so rare at Cymbeline's court, together with Iachimo's vehement protestations of regard for him, completely deceives Imogen, and she replies, "All's well, sir. Take my power in the court for yours." His "humble thanks" are tendered, and his audience ended. As he retires, however, he turns back, and in the most seemingly simple manner asks for the aid she has proffered, to help him in the safe keeping of the costly plate and jewels which he had purchased in France, as a present to the emperor from "some dozen Romans of us and your lord, the best feather of our flock." It is enough for her that Posthumus has an interest in their "safe stowage." —

Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them,
In my bed-chamber.

How Iachimo's heart must have bounded at these words! Things fashion themselves for him to a wish, and make easy the way, which even now seemed beset with insurmountable difficulties. The generous forgiveness of the princess, and her pleasure in showing courtesy to him who had professed so much regard for her lord, thus become the ministers to his vile purpose and her own after misery.

We next see Imogen in her bed, reading. How rich were the appointments of her chamber, we gather afterwards from Iachimo's description (Act ii., sc. 4). It was hung

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman. . . .

A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value. . . .

The chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves. . . .

The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.

And from such luxury, such surroundings, which have been with her all her life, the presence of this ignoble, crafty, selfish villain, lying on the watch there in his trunk, was shortly to cast her forth into an unknown world, in misery, in pain and weariness of body, with only the ground for her bed!

Imogen has been reading for three hours—a weary time for the hidden "Italian fiend"! On hearing it is midnight, she dismisses her woman Helen, telling her to "fold down the leaf where she had left." This, we hear from Iachimo afterwards, was the Tale of Tereus "where Philomel gave up,"—that is, we may suppose, at the point where Philomela and her sister Procne were (in answer to their prayer to escape Tereus, their infuriated pursuer) transformed, the one into a nightingale, the other into a swallow. She adds:—

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me
wholly.

She kisses fondly the bracelet on her arm, her Leonatus's parting gift, and with a brief prayer to the gods for protection "from fairies and the tempters of the night," drops into that deep sleep which enables Iachimo to accomplish his purpose unheard, unseen. Libertine and sceptic as he is, he is awed by the exquisite beauty and chastity of the sleeper:—

Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! Fresh
lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the
taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her
lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tint.

What a picture is here! Drawn by a master hand; for Iachimo has all the subtle perception of the refined sensualist. "That I might touch!" But even he, struck into reverence, dare not. "A thousand liveried angels wait on her," so that his approach is barred. With all despatch he notes the features and furniture of the room. "Sleep, the ape of death, lies dull upon her," and this emboldens him to steal the bracelet from her arm. While he is triumphing in the thought how this may be used to work "the madding of her lord," his eye is caught by a mark he has espied upon her bosom, which "rivets, screws itself to his memory," as a conclusive voucher with Posthumus that he has "ta'en the treasure of her honor:"—

On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I the bottom of a cowslip.

What need of further token! Those of which he is now possessed, he is satisfied, will be ample to carry conviction to a man of pure heart like Posthumus, who could not conceive of baseness so vile as that by which Iachimo has come to know of that sweet secret mark. Now, therefore, he may return to the chest, and shut the lid, invoking as he does so, "the dragons of the night" to fly swiftly, that "dawning may bare the raven's eye." His men doubtless have their orders to carry away the supposed treasure-chest by daybreak. Well may he dread the time till then:—

I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

And this same hell he is to carry about with him, as we shall see, forever after; a hell of remorse which robs him of his valor and his peace.

In the morning we find musicians hired by Cloten, singing under Imogen's chamber window that brightest, daintiest of serenades, "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!" as if Shakespeare could not choose but pour his own heart out in homage to the "divine Imogen" he had created. Forced to appear in answer to Cloten's importunities, she tells him frankly, "You lay out too much pains for purchasing but trouble." The silly, underbred fellow will not take her denial, and by his rudeness forces her for a moment to meet him with his own weapons. But it is only for a moment; and then she offers him this pretty and most characteristic apology, even while she makes clearer than ever the hopelessness of his suit:—

I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Exasperated by this avowal, Cloten replies by attacking "that base wretch" Posthumus:—

One bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the Court;

and asserts that her contract with him is no contract at all, and that she, being

curbed in her actions by "the consequence o' the crown," must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

On this Imogen's patience leaves her, and she turns upon him with the same eloquence of scorn with which we have before seen her silence Iachimo, but with even greater contempt:—

Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom. . . .

Clot. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance,
than come
To be but named of thee! His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Even as she speaks, she misses from her arm the bracelet which had never quitted it since Posthumus placed it there, and summons Pisanio, whom she bids tell her woman to search for it. Vexation upon vexation:—

I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and angered worse.
As is so common when we first miss anything,
she thinks she saw it lately:—

I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it,—
adding, with a sweet womanish touch,—

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

"Aught," you see, not "any one." Alas! it *has* gone to him, and on a deadlier errand. "Frighted" as Imogen now is, she is in no humor to be longer "sprighted by a fool." Cloten's threat of appealing to her father is treated with contempt, and she leaves him "to the worst of discontent," and to fierce threats of vengeance, in the midst of which her preference of her husband's "meanest garment" is always uppermost in his foolish brain.

In the next scene we are again in Philario's house in Rome, to which Iachimo has returned with all possible speed. I need not dwell upon the skill with which Iachimo develops his proofs against the virtue of Imogen, bringing them forward one by one, as if they were drawn from him reluctantly, and mingled with such suggestions as, in the mouth of a

known voluptuary like himself, could not fail to lend confirmation to his story. Posthumus is no easy dupe. His faith in Imogen is too deeply rooted. He fights against conviction to the last, and only yields when Iachimo crowns his story by speaking of the mole under Imogen's breast, "right proud of that most delicate lodging." Nor is he alone in his conviction; for his friend Philario, who knows Iachimo well enough to be sure that he would be in no way scrupulous about truth in a matter of this kind, is himself compelled to come to the same conclusion, and to avow it by saying to Iachimo, "You have won." It is impossible, indeed, not to admire the exquisite art with which this super-subtle Italian arrays what he afterwards (Act v., sc. 5) calld "simular proof enough to make the noble Leonatus mad," and, in doing so, fulfils the dramatist's purpose of keeping alive our respect for the wretched husband, whose whole life is laid waste by the ruin of his belief in one who had been the incarnation for him of all that was beautiful, and pure, and holy upon earth. Were it otherwise, we could not forgive the cruel device by which he, who had been her "true knight," all "of her honor confident," sought to avenge his imagined wrong, by commanding Pisanio to lure her from the court, on the pretext of bringing her to her husband, and then to take away her life.

What a contrast to the scene in which Posthumus gives vent to his anguish and despair (Act ii., sc. 5) is that in which we next see Imogen (Act iii., sc. 2)! It is the one occasion in the whole play in which she can smile and is happy. That her natural temperament is cheerful, we see by the readiness with which she seizes this first opportunity to rejoice—a letter from her lord, and when least expected.

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!

How Pisanio must have shuddered inwardly as he gave it to her, knowing for what it was devised, and seeing the ecstasy with which it is welcomed! How pretty is the way in which she, as it were, talks to the letter before she opens it:—

Oh, learned indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.

Then the little prayer, like some devout Greek, to the "good gods" to

Let what is here contained refresh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve
him.

In her overflowing happiness, as she breaks the wax of the seals, she blesses the very bees "that make these locks of counsel." And then her transport when she finds from the letter that Posthumus is again in Britain, and that he invites her to meet him! "Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love will out of this advise you, follow." Strange that, being convinced as he is of her disloyalty, Posthumus should be so assured that she would at once fly to meet him! She had, he believed, given his bracelet to another, "and said she prized it once." Why, then, should she encounter fatigue, and even the peril of escape from the court, and come to him? I can only suppose that, being utterly distracted for the time, he had lost the power of reasoning; and, mixing up the memory of her former love with the story of her late disloyalty, he had trusted to the old love to work upon her heart. As to what it does advise, there is no question. Her first words are, "Oh, for a horse with wings!" Then she plies Pisanio rapidly with questions as to how far it is to Milford-Haven. She, who has never been outside the precincts of a court except on rare occasions, and then with all its stately retinue, cannot plod along like ordinary mortals, who would take a week to do it, but she must "glide thither in a day." Finding that Pisanio does not second her so eagerly as she wishes, she, as it were, reminds him of his affection for his master:—

Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,—
Oh, let me bate,—but not like me:—yet
long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond.

How charming is all this! How touching, too, when we know what has passed, and what is to come! There is a warmth and tenderness in the whole of this scene which are all but unequalled. The joy in Imogen's heart overflows upon her tongue. She cannot cease her questions. Everything, every place, is "blessed" which brings her nearer to her lord.

How far is it
To this same blessed Milford? And, by the
way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven?—

a haven which to her seems Elysium, for Posthumus is there. Like a happy child, she goes running all round the subject; and then comes the thought, "How shall we steal from hence?"—how excuse their absence when they return, which she apparently thinks will be soon?

But first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter.

Her heart and thoughts are so full, that she does not notice Pisanio's hesitation when she bids him forthwith provide a riding-suit for her. "no costlier than would fit a franklin's housewife." And when he still prays her to consider, all further question is stopped by her kindly but decisive answer:—

I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.

Oh, how I enjoyed acting this scene! All had been sad before. What a burst of happiness, what play of loving fancy, had scope here! It was like a bit of Rosalind in the forest. The sense of liberty, of breathing in the free air, and for a while escaping from the trammels of the court, and her persecutors there, gave light to the eyes and buoyancy to the step. Imogen is already in imagination at that height of happiness, at that "beyond beyond," which brings her into the presence of her banished lord. She can only "see before her;" she can look neither right nor left, nor to aught that may come after. These things have "a fog in them she cannot look through." "Away!" she says, "I prithee;" and stops Pisanio's further remonstrance with

Do as I bid thee! there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

We can imagine with what delighted haste Imogen dons the riding-suit of the franklin's housewife! Pisanio is barely allowed time to procure horses. Her women hurry on the preparations—for, as we have heard, they are "all sworn and honorable;" and thus rejoicingly she starts on her sad, ill-omened journey. Pisanio has little to say during the last scene; but what may not the actor express by tone, and look, and manner? We know his grief for her, his bitter disappointment in her husband:—

O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevailed

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On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No;
She's punished for her truth. . . . O my master,
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes!

These thoughts are in his mind, and give the tone to his whole bearing. Had Imogen been less wrapped up in her own happiness, she must have noticed and questioned him about his strange unwillingness to obey his master's orders—wondered, too, at his showing no gladness at the thought of seeing him whom she believed that he, "next to herself," most longed to see again. But her eyes are full of that mist which obscures everything from view but the one bright spot—that blessed Milford where her heart is.

And now we have to think of Imogen as having escaped from her courtly prison-house. By her side rides "the true Pisanio," her one friend, and he is conveying her to her husband. What happy anticipations fill her heart! Now she will be able to tell him all the "most pretty things" she had to say, when they were cut short by the entrance of her father, who,

Like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all their buds from blowing.

Absorbed in her own sweet dreams, she does not notice the continued silence of her companion, until, having reached some deep mountain solitude, he tells her the place of meeting is near at hand, and they dismount. It is at this moment that they come before us. Imogen, very weary with the unusual fatigue, looks anxiously round for the approach of Posthumus. For the first time she observes the strangeness of Pisanio's manner. "What is in thy mind," she exclaims in alarm,

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore
breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted
thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication. . . . What's the matter?

Pisanio, who can find no words to explain his mission, the purport of which can neither be slurred over nor lightened by any ray of comfort, simply offers her Posthumus's letter to himself. "Why," she exclaims, "tender'st thou that paper to me?" She sees the superscription is in her husband's hand. How the stories of Italian poisoning must have penetrated the English mind in Shakespeare's time! At once the thought of danger from this cause occurred to her:—

That drug-damned Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man;
thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

At last he does speak, but so mysteriously that she has to turn to the letter itself without any abatement of her terror.

My pen stops here. I know not how to write. Such a charge as that letter contains, to meet the eyes of such a creature! She has begun to read, full of apprehension for her husband's safety, and from his hand she now receives her death-blow. As the last word drops from her lips, her head bows in silence over the writing, and her body sinks as if some mighty rock had crushed her with its weight. These few words have sufficed to blight, to blacken, and to wither her whole life. The wonder is, that she ever rises. I used to feel tied to the earth. "What need," says Pisanio, "to draw my sword? The paper hath cut her throat already. . . . What cheer, madam?" What indeed! In a dull kind of way, she, after a while, repeats the words in the letter: "False to his bed! What is it to be false?" Then, remembering how so many weary nights have been passed, she asks:—

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to his
bed,
Is it?

Her honor wedded to his honor, both must be wrecked together! That he should entertain one instant's suspicion of her takes the life out of her heart. No sin could be more utterly abhorrent to her nature than that of which she is accused; and this no one should know so well as her accuser, the companion of her life, the husband from whom no secret, not one of her most sacred feelings, has been withheld. It is because she feels this, that she can find no other solution to the mystery than that the "shes of Italy" have "betrayed her interest and his honor." Then flashes upon her like a flood of light Iachimo's account of how the "jolly Briton" passed his time,—of his opinion of women, "of what she cannot choose but must be," and of his contempt for any man who will his "free hours languish for assured bondage,"—and, worse still, how he could "slaver with lips as common as the stairs that mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands made hard with

hourly falsehood;" be "partnered with tomboys," etc. All this comes back sharply on the memory of this poor bewildered creature, who holds no other clue to the motive, can imagine no reason why the hand she loved should desire to murder her. In her agony she remembers that Iachimo, when accusing Posthumus of inconstancy, "looked like a villain;" but, now that his words have seemingly come true, she exclaims, "Methinks thy favor's good enough." No suspicion crosses her mind that this same villain is in any way connected with her present suffering. The sleep which "seized her wholly," and made her the victim of his treachery, was too deep for that; neither could the loss of her bracelet be at all connected in her mind with him. Oh, the exquisite cruelty of it all!—under false pretences to get her from the court, plant her in a lonely desert, and there take her life! The charge against herself of being false appears to her but as a weak excuse for his own frailty. He is weary of her—desires to be free.

Poor I am, stale—a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripped:—to pieces with me! * Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors!

When she parted from Posthumus, we heard her say she was "not comforted to live, but that there is this jewel in the world, that I may see again." And now, what has that jewel proved? What, then, is life to her now? What left her but to show in death her devotion to her lord? Were ever words so full of anguish, of tender, passionate yearning, as hers?—

Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou
see'st him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart!
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike!

She sees nothing before her but to die; and when Pisanio refuses to "damn his hand" with the bloody task, she is only restrained from killing herself with his sword by the thought of the "divine prohibition" against self-slaughter. This

* How womanly are Imogen's similes! She would have watched Posthumus, as he sailed away, "till the diminution of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;"—and here, "I must be ripped; to pieces with me!" How Shakespeare thought woman's thoughts, with no woman to embody them!

as from a pleasant sleep." So for the moment they separate, that she may don her man's apparel. But they obviously meet again, when Pisanio conducts her to some mountain-top, from which he points out Milford to her, which then seemed "within a ken" (Act iii., sc. 6), but which she was to find, as inexperienced mountain travellers always do find, was much farther off than it looked. He would not leave his "gracious mistress" until he had seen that her equipment was complete, and could start her fairly on her way.

What a picture Imogen presents as we see her next (Act iii., sc. 6), alone, among the wild hills, in a strange dress, in a strange world — wandering along unknown paths, still far away from Milford-Haven! Oh that name, Milford-Haven! I never hear it spoken, see it written, without thinking of Imogen. Weary and footsore, she wanders on, with the dull ache at her heart — far worse to bear than hunger, — yearning, yet dreading, to get to Milford, that "blessed Milford," as once she thought it. When I read of the great harbor and docks which are now there, I cannot help wishing that one little corner could be found to christen as "Imogen's Haven." Never did heroine or woman better deserve to have her name thus consecrated and remembered. For two nights she has made the ground her bed. What food she had has long been exhausted; and there is, oh, so little spur of hope or promise in her heart to urge her onwards! She complains but little. The tender nursling of the court learns, by the roughest lessons, what goes on in that outer world of which she has seen nothing. "I see," she says, "a man's life is a tedious one." Still, with the patient nobility of her nature, her "resolution helps her." She has set herself a task, and she will carry it through. In her heart, despite what she has said to Pisanio, there is still a corner in which he "that was the riches of it" continues to hold a place — for her love is of the kind that alters not "where it alteration finds;" and she had learned thoroughly love's first and greatest lesson — fidelity.

It was this scene, and those at the cave which immediately follow, that, as I have said, laid the strongest hold on my young imagination. It seemed so strange, and yet so fitting, that, in her greatest grief and loneliness, Imogen should be led by an unseen hand to her natural protectors, and that they, by an irrepressible instinct, should, at the first sight, be moved to

love, admire, and cherish her. Before she reaches the cave, which is to prove a brief but happy haven of refuge for her, we have learned who its inhabitants are. We have been told how the old courtier and soldier Belarius, in revenge for having been wronged, insulted, and banished by Cymbeline, had, with the help of their nurse Euriphile, stolen his two young sons, and brought them up in a mountain-fastness as his own; how he had taught them all the arts he himself knew, and into what princely fellows they had grown, with but one desire ungratified, which was to see the world which they knew only by report, and to take some part in its stirring life. How delightful a relief to the overwhelming pathos of the previous scene is the accident which brings these two noble spirits into contact with a being like Imogen, in whom all that makes a woman most winning to unspoiled, manly natures is unconsciously felt through the boyish disguise! And she — how well prepared she is to take comfort in the gentle, loving thoughtfulness shown to her by these "kind creatures"!

Think of her, the daintily nurtured woman, as she comes to their cave, spent with fatigue, and made desperate by hunger! On her way she has met two beggars, whom she may have helped with money, but who could not help her with food. They have told her she "could not miss her way;" yet she has missed it. How touching the vein of thought this incident opens in her mind! —

Will poor folks lie,

That have afflictions on them? . . . Yes; no wonder,

When rich ones scarce tell true.

Then, more in pity than reproach, she adds, "My dear lord, thou art one o' the false ones!" We see that he *is* her "dear lord" still. But the thought of him brings back her heart-sickness, and takes away her hunger, — although, just before, she was at the "point to sink for food." Then she perceives the entrance to the cave of Belarius, and the path to it.

'Tis some savage hold:

'Twere best not call; I dare not call.

In my first rehearsals of this scene, I instinctively adopted a way of entering the cave which I was told was unusual. My dear friend and master approved of my conception. Mr. Elton, my Pisanio, liked it much; and Mr. Macready, after expressing many apprehensions, thought

I might try it. You have seen, and therefore I need not dwell on it more than to remind you that Imogen's natural terror was certain to make her exaggerate tenfold the possible dangers which that cave might cover, from wild animals, or, still worse, from savage men. Remember her court training, and her entire unfitness for, and ignorance of, anything unlike the life she had been reared in, — for, as she says herself, —

Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness
ever
Of hardness is mother.

But for sheer famine, — which, “ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant,” — she would rather have gone away, given up the thought of help, and laid her down to die, “as to a bed, that longing she'd been sick for.” The “Ho! who's here?” was given, as you may remember, with a voice as faint and full of terror as could be, — followed by an instant shrinking behind the nearest bush, tree, or rock. Then another and a little bolder venture: “If anything that's civil, speak!” Another recoil. Another pause: “If savage, take or lend! Ho!” Gaining a little courage, because of the entire silence: “No answer? then I'll enter!” — peering right and left, still expecting something to pounce out upon her, and keeping ready, in the last resort, to fly. Then the sword, which had been an encumbrance before, and something to be afraid of, comes into her mind. If the dreaded enemy be as cowardly as herself, it will keep him at bay: —

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

And so, with great dread, but still greater hunger, and holding the sword straight before her, she creeps slowly into the cave.

What a vision is that which, as she sits in the semi-darkness of their rude home, Imogen presents to Belarius and his two foster-sons as they return from the chase! Looking in, he warns them back: —

Stay; come not in!
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
It were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Startled by their voices, Imogen comes forward, still trembling with fear, to ex-

plain why she had entered unbidden into their cave: —

Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.
Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though
I had found
Gold strewed o' the floor.

How that sweet, pleading figure, that voice so wistful, so irresistible in its tender, beseeching pathos, finds an instant passage to their hearts! When she offers money for what she has eaten, the suggestion is received with a burst of surprise by the young mountaineers, which she mistakes for anger: —

I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

The young fellows, abashed that their words have caused fresh alarm when they meant but kindness, leave Belarius to inquire her name, and whither she is going. She gives herself an apt one — Fidele — and explains that she is on her way to Milford to join a kinsman who has embarked there for Italy. Belarius tries to reassure her by words of cordial kindness, and bids the boys, who are hanging shyly back, to give her welcome. They do so, each in a way that marks the difference of their characters. Guiderius, the elder, and more likely to be sensitive to the womanly element that gives this seeming boy so much of her charm, says, “Were you a woman, youth, I would woo hard but be your groom.” Arviragus accosts her with words that must have gratified her more: —

I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends!

“'Mongst friends!” murmurs Imogen to herself, adding, as if to give voice to the prophetic instinct which draws her towards them: —

If brothers? — Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Posthumus, ever Posthumus, coming upwards in her mind! As a fresh spasm of pain passes over her face at the thought of him, Belarius says to the boys, “He wrings at some distress;” and they, true

knightly spirits as they are, are all eagerness to avert it:—

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

While the common blood of near relationship is warming the hearts of these noble boys, Imogen recognizes the true ring of fine breeding in them. Of Belarius she takes little note. Her thoughts centre upon them. No prince or paladin, she sees, with that fine, penetrating appreciation of character which Shakespeare marks as one of her qualities, "could outpeer these twain:"—

Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

She still keeps aloof with natural timidity, but at length yields to their repeated prayers that she will "draw near," and share their supper with them in the "rude place they live in."

We can imagine the scene in the cave that evening. When they have supped, they would "mannerly demand" the story of the boy, which, we hear afterwards, was told in a very guarded way:—

Gui. He said he was gentle, yet unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said,
hereafter
I might know more.

What that "more" was, how little could they guess! By this time they would have found their softest skins to make a couch for one so delicate, which she, with all a woman's feeling, would wrap well round her limbs. Then, forgetting fatigue, she would sing or recite to them some tale, of which we know she had many well stored in her memory. How the charm her presence had wrought would deepen upon them as the night wore away, and how the dreams that filled their sleep would carry on the sweet dream of the waking hours which they had passed by her side!

How long Imogen remains their guest we are not told—some days it must have been, else all the things they speak of could not have happened. For the first time, their cave is felt to be a home. On their return from their day's sport, a fresh smell of newly strewn rushes, we may think, pervades it. Where the light best finds its way into the cavern are seen such dainty wild flowers as she has found in her solitary rambles. Fresh water

from the brook is there. The vegetables are washed, and cut into quaint shapes to garnish the dishes; a savory odor of herbs comes from the stewing broth, and a smile, sweet beyond all other sweetness in their eyes, salutes them as they hurry in, each vying with the other who first shall catch it. When the meal is ready, they wait upon Fidele, trying with the daintiest morsels to tempt her small appetite; and, when it is over, they lay themselves at her feet, while she sings to them, or tells them tales of "high emprise and chivalry," as becomes a king's daughter. Even the old Belarius feels the subtle charm, and wonders, yet not grudgingly, to see how this stranger takes a place in the hearts of his two boys even before himself:—

I'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.

Meanwhile, great events have taken place at Cymbeline's court. He has refused to acknowledge the claim for tribute presented from the Roman emperor by his envoy Caius Lucius, who, after announcing that it will be claimed at the point of the sword, craves and receives a safe-conduct for himself overland to Milford-Haven. Cymbeline has prepared for the eventuality of war, and his preparations are so far advanced that he looks forward with confidence to the issue. The kingly qualities of the man are well shown, and contrast with his weakness in his domestic relations. And now he misses his daughter, whom he has not had time to think of for some days:—

My gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day.

An attendant is despatched to summon her to the presence; while the queen, continuing to play the part of a seeming tender mother to her, who, as we know, "was a scorpion to her sight"—to her whose life she had intended to have "ta'en off by poison,"—explains, that since the exile of Posthumus, Imogen has kept in close retirement, the cure whereof

'Tis Time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

When the attendant returns after finding the princess's chambers locked and tenantless, the king is seriously alarmed.

His conscience smites him when he thinks to what his unkindness may have led :—

Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heaven, that which
I fear
Prove false!

And he rushes away, followed by Cloten, to find his worst fears confirmed. Pisanio gone, and Imogen! In this the queen sees a step gained in her plot to raise her son to the throne. Pisanio's absence, she hopes, may be caused by his having swallowed the drug—a poisoned one, as she believes—which she had given him. As for Imogen she is gone

To death or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

The king, Cloten tells her on his return, is so wild with rage, that "none dare come about him." The fitter, then, to fall an easy prey to her cajoling! Accordingly she hurries away to reinforce her sway over him, "by watching, weeping, tendance," and affectation of sympathy, and so to move him by her craft "to work her son into the adoption of the crown."

Meantime this son is working for himself a very different ending to his ignoble life. Seeing Pisanio, who has just returned, he accosts him with his usual braggart air:—

Where is thy lady? . . .

Close villain!
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it!

Pisanio, not knowing how else to account for Imogen's absence, and to mislead Cloten, gives him the letter from Posthumus, appointing the meeting at Milford-Haven,—one of those "scriptures of the loyal Leonatus," which he had picked up when she tore them from her breast.

"Or this," he says to himself, "or perish!"

She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger. . . .
I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Cloten, who meantime has been reading and re-reading the letter—for we have been told how dull his wits are—sees in it an opening for the revenge on Posthumus and Imogen on which he has set his heart. He will get from Pisanio a suit of his master's clothes; and Pisanio, who has no reason to withhold them from the silly fellow, agrees to let him have the

same suit that Posthumus wore when he took leave of Imogen. Thus, in the very garment which she had lately told him "she held in more respect than his noble and natural person," will he pursue the princess to Milford-Haven, kill Posthumus before her eyes, and "knock her back to the court—foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge."

When we next see Cloten, he has reached the spot to which Pisanio, believing Imogen to be by this time in the service of the Roman general, felt he might safely direct him as the meeting-place of the lovers. It is near Belarius's cave. Cloten is more than ever enamored of his personal appearance in the garments of Posthumus. "The lines of my body," he says, "are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong"—sentences skillfully introduced by the poet to account for his body being presently mistaken by Imogen, when she sees it lying headless, for that of Posthumus. Drawing his sword, he goes off in search of those who, he fancies, vamping fool as he is, will be his easy victims. Straightway from the cave comes forth the group that inhabit it. Imogen, with all their care, is still sick. Belarius would have her remain in the cave until they return from hunting. "Brother," says Arviragus, "stay here: are we not brothers?" At their first meeting he had said he would love her as a brother, and every hour since had deepened the feeling on his part. Imogen can but answer ambiguously:—

So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Upon this Guiderius, who, though of a more robust, is yet evidently of a more sensitive nature, and who from the first had wished Fidele were a woman, offers to remain behind to tend him. But now Imogen makes light of her ailment, being in truth only too glad to remain alone with her heart-sickness, which she can then give way to. Gentle and kind as her companions are, she is upon the stretch when they are by, dreading to be further questioned as to her story, and by reason of her natural disposition to lose herself in others, desiring also to do her utmost to contribute to their comfort and enjoyment. She cannot deny that she is ill—

But your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

Then she adds playfully, to set them at ease in leaving her:—

I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here;
I'll rob none but myself.

Again do both the boys proffer in warm-
est terms the assurance of their love,
avowing it to be deeper than that for their
supposed father—the only love they have
ever known; but as she still deprecates
their absenting themselves from the
chase, they yield to her wish. Their ten-
derness and perfect courtesy have gone to
her very heart; and as she moves linger-
ingly back towards the cave, she says:—

These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I
have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at Court.
Experience, oh, thou disprovest report!

I am sick still—heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Her companions watch her as she re-
tires. There is something so touching,
so especially and mysteriously sad, about
her look and movements to-day, that they
will not go without a fresh assurance to
her that they will soon be back.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

"Well or ill, I am bound to you!" are
Imogen's words, as she disappears into
the cave, with a wistful smile that insen-
sibly awakens fresh perplexity in their
hearts, as we see by what follows:—

Bel. This youth, how'er distressed he ap-
pears, hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our
roots in characters,

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh. . . .

Gui. I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

What a picture do these sentences bring
before us of a true lady and princess,—
not sitting apart, brooding over her own
great grief, that her dear lord should be
"one o' the false ones," but bestirring
herself to make their cavern home as at-
tractive and pleasant to them as only a
refined woman's touch and feeling could!

They are interrupted by the entrance of
Cloten, who, not seeing them at first, ex-

claims, "I cannot find these runagates!"
Belarius, who has seen Cloten at the court
many years before, recognizes him as the
queen's son, and, thinking that the phrase
applies to himself and his companions,
suspects that some ambush has been set
for them. He and Arviragus are hurried
off by Guiderius, to "search what com-
panies are near," while he remains to
confront this stranger. Cloten, catching
sight of them as they retire, tries to stop
them by recourse to his usual strain of
bullying arrogance:—

What are you,
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Of all tones, this is the least likely to
move the manly spirit of Guiderius. To
Cloten's demand that he should yield to
him, he replies scornfully:—

To who? To thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
That I should yield to thee.

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

This only provokes in Guiderius utter
contempt for his assailant. "Thou art
some fool; I am loath to beat thee." As
little is he awed by Cloten's further an-
nouncement of his name, and of the fact
that he is son to the queen. Fool to the
last, Cloten now attacks Guiderius, with
perfect confidence that he must make
short work, first of him, and then of his
companions; and they go out fighting,
with the result, as we presently hear, that
Guiderius disarms him, cuts off his head
with his own sword and casts it into the
river, that it may thence "to the sea, and
tell the fishes he's the queen's son Cloten."
It seems too good a death for such a crea-
ture to die by the hands of this right royal
youth. Yet, remembering his persecution
of Imogen, and the brutality of his inten-
tions towards her, it is most fit that her
brother should be her avenger, and so
commence the work of retribution,—the
next stage of which is the death of Clo-
ten's mother, who dies in mad despair for
his death, having first made confession of
her deadly designs, and thereby solved
many mysteries which it would otherwise
have been difficult to clear up (Act v.,
sc. 5).

When Belarius hears of Cloten's death
he is naturally apprehensive that the
search which will be made for him may
lead to the discovery of their mountain

retreat. "We'll hunt no more to-day," he says, "nor seek for danger where there's no profit;" and he sends Arviragus to the cave, telling him, "You and Fidele play the cooks." "Poor sick Fidele!" Arviragus exclaims.

I'd willingly to him: to gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity.

What a change Imogen has wrought upon his young pupils! What charming features in their character have been developed by her influence! This we see from what Belarius says of them, while he stays without, waiting for the return of Guiderius:—

O thou goddess!
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.

Guiderius returns to tell that he has sent Cloten's "clotpoll down the stream, in embassy to his mother." Suddenly they hear the "ingenious instrument" which Belarius had made, and which "solemn thing" had not been set in motion since the death of Euriphile, the supposed mother of the boys. Why should this be? What does Arviragus mean? The answer is given by his issuing from the cave, "bearing Imogen as dead in his arms." I know not with what emotions this passage is received in the theatre, for I have never seen the play acted; but, often as I have read it, I can never read it afresh without a rush of tears into my eyes:—

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to
sixty,
To have turned my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. . . . Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at; his
right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor:
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept,
and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not
lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath;

Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers
are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithce, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.— To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, . . . sing him to the
ground,
As once our mother.

Then says the deep-hearted Guiderius,
"I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it
with thee." Belarius, who has stood
silently by, now says:—

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Clo-
ten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. . . . Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the while. Brother, begin.

And then they repeat that sweetest dirge
that ever was devised by aching heart for
those who, having done their worldly task,
have gone to a better than mortal home—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, etc.

When Belarius returns with the body
of Cloten, they lay it by Imogen's side.
Belarius will not leave the poor "dead
bird," even for a little, without a further
tribute:—

Here's a few flowers; but, about midnight,
 more!
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
 night
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their
 faces: —
 You were as flowers, now withered: even so
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strow,
 Come on, away; apart, upon our knees.

So do they retire to pray and meditate, purposing to return at a later hour to lay the bodies in the grave. Well do I remember my delight, in my early readings of the play, that only flowers were put upon Imogen's face, and that she awakened so soon after! Perhaps their cool-fresh fragrance helped to recover her from the swoon. Had she lain till midnight, no doubt the burial rites would have been completed, and the earth — oh, horrible! — would thus have covered up and smothered her. When, late in the evening, — for the presence of the Roman general and his men, who come presently to the spot, must have made them avoid it for a time, — her companions return with the night-flowers, to complete the last sad rite of burial, what must have been their surprise to find that their office had been anticipated — no trace, at least, left of the bodies which they had so lately left!

Scarcely have they gone apart to pray, before Imogen awakes, and finds by her side what she thinks the dead body of her husband. Though the semblance of life has been suspended by Pisanio's drug, her sleep has not been dreamless. She awakens asking her way to Milford-Haven from some one, who she fancies tells her it is still six miles distant. The dream is still with her: —

I thank you. By yon bush? Pray how far
 thither?
 'Ods pittikins! can it be six miles yet? —
 I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down
 and sleep.

Then, becoming conscious of something
 by her side: —

But soft! no bedfellow! — O gods and god-
 desses!

She is now fully awake, feels the flowers
 about her, and sees the blood-stained
 body by her side: —

These flowers are like the pleasures of the
 world;
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I
 dream;
 For so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so.

Surprise combines with fear to overwhelm
 her: —

Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear. But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!

She looks about her; the cave, the rocks,
 the woodland that she knew, are there: —

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me, — not imagined,
 felt.

And yet how comes it that she should be
 lying beside a headless man? On look-
 ing closer she recognizes the garments of
 Posthumus — the figure too — 'tis very
 Posthumus!

I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face —
 Murder in heaven! — How! — 'Tis gone!

At once her thoughts fix on Pisanio as
 having betrayed them both with his forged
 letters. It is he, "conspired with that
 irregular devil Cloten," that has cut off
 her lord. All former distrust of that
 "dear lord" vanishes on the instant, and
 he is restored to the place in her heart
 and imagination which he had held be-
 fore. They have both been the victims
 of the blackest treachery, and Pisanio,
 "damned Pisanio," hath

From this most bravest vessel in the world
 Struck the main-top!

Think of the anguish of her cry: —

O Posthumus! Alas
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
 where's that?
 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be?
 Pisanio —

'Tis he, and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
 pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was
 precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it
 home!
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee!

And with one long, agonized wail, "Oh,
 my lord, my lord!" she falls senseless
 upon the body.

There she is presently found by Caius
 Lucius and his followers, as they pass on
 their way to Milford-Haven to meet the
 legions from Gallia, and a select corps
 from Italy "under the conduct of the bold
 Iachimo," who have arrived there for the

purpose of enforcing the tribute from Cymbeline. On perceiving the body of Cloten, Lucius exclaims:—

Soft, ho! What trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that some-
time

It was a worthy building. How! A page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead
rather;

For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

They raise him from the body, and Lucius asks in language full of sympathy, "What is thy interest in this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? Who art thou?" What a world of pathos is in her answer!

I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better.

Truly may she say so! All interest in life is over. She is full, too, of self-reproach, to add to the bitterness of her loss. How could she slander, even in thought, the man who was, in her esteem, "worth any woman," so much worthier than herself that he had "overbought her almost the sum he paid"? Her words now shall at least make some atonement:—

This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There are no more such masters. I may wan-
der

From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth,
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do
lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it!—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same:

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but, be sure,
No less beloved.

Here we see how the very tone and look of Imogen, apart from the boy's desolate state, impress Caius Lucius, as they have done all those who have ever been near her, with their resistless charm. He continues:—

The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, could not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with
me.

The boy says he will follow, but first must see all honor paid to his master's grave. It shall be as deep, to hide him from the flies, as these "poor pickaxes" (his hands) can dig. And when it has been strewn with wild wood-leaves and weeds, and he has "on it said a century of prayers" as best he can through choking tears and sighs, he will then take leave of the master of whom the world holds "from east to occident" no other such, and will follow Lucius—"So please you entertain me." He promises no new service to this new master. He looks forward to nothing. The strength of his heart, his hopes, his usefulness, will all be buried in the grave thus left behind. Not to go with this kind man who offers help would have seemed ungracious; and to keep up her disguise for a while will leave Imogen more free to nurse her grief. Alas! alas! all the strangers to her are kind and pitiful; but the one is gone, done horribly to death, who could alone have brought comfort to her heart! If anything could have drawn her towards this gentle, manly Roman, it would have been the way he assures the boy that he shall be taken into his service, and treated by him as a father rather than a master. "My friends," he adds,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. . . . Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us; and he shall be interred
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

And so we lose sight of Imogen for a time. That she should be "cheerful," we know to be impossible:—

All was ended now—the hope, the fear, and
the sorrow;

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied
longing;

All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish
of patience.

But from what we have seen of her before, we know that she will fight bravely with her own heart, and will not let others be made unhappy by her grief. Forget she cannot, but she will repay the kindness shown her by throwing herself zealously into the duties of her position. Lucius will keep the boy near him, employing him in light tasks about his tent. He will note with what noble gentleness and patience these duties are performed. For amid the noisy stir of the camp, as in the silent solitude of the cave, Imogen, with the self-abnegation and devotion to

others which distinguish her, bears her heavy burden silently and alone. Never master, as Lucius afterwards tells us, had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like.

We must leave Imogen for a while, for the events are now hurrying on which are to bring her sorrows to a happy close. At the opening of the fifth act we find Posthumus, on the eve of battle, in the ground betwixt the Roman and the British camps, having been brought over, as he tells us, "among the Italian gentry, to fight against his lady's kingdom." From the hour the "bloody cloth" reached him, which Pisanio has sent as the evidence of Imogen's death, he has been upon the rack. What was he, that, even were she the guilty thing he thought her, he should have sent her from the world with her sin unshriven?—

Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

Never, never can he have been without misgiving that all Iachimo had said of her was untrue. Since her supposed death, "the idea of her life" must have "sweetly crept into his study of imagination," and pictured her there as the sweet, pure, noble creature who had fostered all that was best and highest in himself. Again have come back to him, in all their vivid freshness, her beauty, her "gracious parts," her bright mind, the grace and color of all things that she did.

'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress.
Peace!

I'll give no wound to thee. . . . I'll disrobe
me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Britain peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death.

And to what purpose he does fight we soon see. The gods *have* "put the strength of the Leonati" in him for which he prays, and so made him a main instrument in bringing about the restoration of his Imogen to his arms, and in avenging the wrong wrought upon them both by Iachimo. In the next scene, he encounters Iachimo, and after disarming him, he leaves him unscathed, probably from a noble impulse not to take the life of a

man towards whom he felt a profound personal repugnance. Iachimo, who has not recognized Posthumus in his peasant's garb, thinks that his guilt has robbed him of his manhood, and that the air of the country, whose princess he has belied, "revengingly enfeebles" him. How else should one of its mere "carles" have subdued him?

The battle continues, success wavering from side to side. At first the Romans have the best of it, and Cymbeline is taken. Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus arrive, and rally the flying Britons. The stir of war, we have been shown in a previous scene, has roused the princely ardor of the youths, and at all risks they have resolved to strike a stroke in the tented field for their country's sake. How they fight, supported by Belarius, Posthumus, who had come to their aid, afterwards tells us in one of those passages written at a white heat, in which Shakespeare's patriotic spirit revels. "Athwart the lane," he says, "an ancient soldier," "with two striplings,"

Made good the passage; cried to those that
fled,

"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards!
Stand."

. . . These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many—
. . . — with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness (which could have
turned

A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some,
turned coward

But by example (oh, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters, etc.

The tide of battle is turned, Posthumus himself performing prodigies of valor in the rescue of Cymbeline, while he seeks vainly for the death he cannot find:—

I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find death where I did hear him
groan,

Nor feel him where he struck. . . .
Well, I will find him.

He will resume the Roman dress, and so
be taken prisoner:—

For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

His wish is gratified. Some British soldiers bring him a willing captive to the

presence of the king. A crowd of prisoners is already there, among them Iachimo, Lucius, and with them Imogen, who has obviously followed Lucius, despite his entreaties to the contrary, through all the chances of the battle, hoping, like Posthumus, to meet in death a release from her now hopeless sorrow. Here the fine character of Lucius is again shown. He asks no mercy for himself. "Sufficeth a Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer." His only care is for the boy who has served him so well: —

This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed. . . .

He hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman. Save him,
sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cymbeline is immediately struck by the boy's resemblance to some erewhile familiar face. At once his heart warms towards him. "Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace, and art mine own." Not only does he give him life; he bids him, as a further assurance of his favor, ask "what boon thou wilt," —

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Both Cymbeline and Lucius naturally think that he will demand the life of his master. But "alack," as Imogen says, "there's other work in hand." She has in the mean time espied Iachimo among the Roman prisoners, and noticed upon his finger what was once her best treasure, "the diamond that was her mother's," and which she had given to Posthumus at parting. She remembers now that it was not on the hand which she had lately thought her husband's. How had Iachimo come by it? Honorably or dishonorably? This must before all things be explained. Cymbeline, the more he notes the boy, is the more drawn to him. He marks his perplexed looks, his fixed gaze upon Iachimo. "Speak!" he says, "Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? Thy friend?" Imogen asks permission to tell him in private the reason of her conduct, and they step aside that she may do so. How intently she has been absorbed in watching Iachimo is further shown by the circumstance that, though near her late companions of the cave, she has not observed them. They have been struck with amazement to see alive the Fidele whom they had left for dead. Belarius will not believe it is he:

Peace, peace! See further; he eyes us not;
forbear.

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke to us.

Pisanio has no such doubts. "It is my mistress!" he murmurs in delight to himself.

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

And now Imogen comes forward with Cymbeline, who bids her stand by his side and make her demand aloud, commanding Iachimo at the same time to answer him frankly on pain of torture. My boon, says Imogen, is, "that this gentleman may render of whom he had this ring." Amazed at a question so strange, Posthumus mutters to himself, "What's that to him?" Remorse has so far turned to penitence in Iachimo, that he is "glad to be constrained to utter" what "torments him to conceal:"—

By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more
may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground.

By villainy? Yet how? As yet Imogen is without a clue. But Iachimo's next words, in answer to Cymbeline's demand for further explanation, must have sent all the blood back to her heart: —

That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember — Give me leave, I faint;

How dear a place that daughter really held
in Cymbeline's heart, we see from his exclamation: —

My daughter! What of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature
will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and
speak!

On this, Iachimo proceeds to recount the incidents of the wager, and of his visit to the court of Britain, together with the details noted down in Imogen's chamber, that composed "the simular proof" which made "the noble Leonatus mad."

Imagine Imogen's state of mind during the recital! Oh the shame, the agony with which she hears that her "dear lord" has indeed had cause to think her false! All is now clear as day. The mystery is solved; but too late, too late! She remembers the supposed treasure in

the chest, although Iachimo does not speak of it. Then the lost bracelet! How dull has she been not to think before of how it might have been stolen from her! Worst misery of all, Posthumus has died in the belief of her guilt. No wonder he wished for her death! What bitter hopeless shame possesses her, even as though all were true that he had been told! Only in the great revealing of all mysteries hereafter will Posthumus learn the truth. But till then she has to bear the burden of knowing with what thoughts of her he passed out of life.

Ah, dear friend, as I write, the agony of all these thoughts seems again to fill my mind, as it ever used to do when acting this scene upon the stage. I wonder if I ever looked what I felt! It is in such passages as these that Shakespeare surpasses all dramatic writers. He has faith in his interpreters, and does not encumber them with words. No words could express what then is passing in Imogen's soul. At such moments, Emerson has truly said, we only "live from a great depth of being."

I cannot conceive what Imogen would have done had Posthumus been indeed dead. But I could conceive the strange, bewildered rapture with which she sees him spring forward to interrupt Iachimo's further speech. He is not dead. He has heard her vindication; and she, too, lives to hear his remorse, his self-reproaches, his bitter taunts upon his own credulity! From his own lips her vindication comes:

The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me! Every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus. . . . O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen, Imogen!

Unable to bear his anguish longer, and forgetting her page's disguise, she springs forward to throw herself into his arms, with the words, "Peace, my lord; hear, hear!" But he will neither look nor hear, and casts the "scornful page" — who, he thinks, is trifling with his grief — with violence away from him. Pisanio, who, next to Posthumus and Imogen, has been the most interested and wondering hearer of Iachimo's story, says, as he stoops to raise Imogen from the ground: —

Oh gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! Oh, my lord Posthumus,

You ne'er killed Imogen till now. Help!
help! —

Mine honored lady!

When she returns to consciousness, Posthumus has scarce recovered from the bewilderment of his surprise, to find Imogen still alive of whose death he had thought himself guilty. But with what pangs and yearnings of the heart must he have heard her sweet reproach! —

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [Embracing.

Post. Hang there, like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

Imogen has meanwhile learned how innocent Pisanio was of all evil intention in regard to the drug which the queen had hoped would prove fatal to her, and how that intention had been frustrated by Cornelius giving to the queen, instead of a poison,

Certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.

The loyal servant, we may be sure, was more than requited for the suspicion that had for a time rested on him, by the kind glances with which Imogen would greet him. But a last sweet moment is yet to come for her, when she hears the story of Belarius, and learns that those from whom she had received such timely help and kindness are indeed, what she had then wished them to be, her brothers. When Cymbeline says to her, "Oh, Imogen, you have lost by this a kingdom," how true to all her generous impulses is her rejoinder! A kingdom! What is so poor a thing as a kingdom in her account? "No, my lord; I have got *two worlds* by it!" And then, as when the heart is very full of happiness, we are afraid of giving way to emotion, or of trusting ourselves to speak of the joy we feel, she seeks relief in reminding them, half jestingly, as she places herself between them, of the past: —

Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You called me
brother,

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;

Continued so, until we thought she died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. Oh, rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through?

When now Cymbeline hails Belarius as his brother, Imogen will not be behind in thankful recognition. She says, —

You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Nor is Lucius forgotten; for when Cymbeline, in his exuberant happiness, bids his prisoners be joyful too, "for they shall taste our comfort," Imogen, as she still hangs upon the breast of Posthumus, turns to the noble Roman with the words, "My good master, I will yet do you service." They are the last she speaks; and here I might well leave her, with the picture of her in our minds which Shakespeare has drawn for us in the words of her delighted father: —

See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy.

Here, too, I believe, most people will prefer to leave her, as Shakespeare leaves her and all around her, both good and bad, happy: "Pardon's the word for all!" But you know how, in my letter on Portia, I said that I never left my characters when the scene closed in upon them, but always dreamed them over in my mind until the end. So it was with Imogen. Her sufferings are over. The "father cruel," made so by the "step-dame false," has returned to his old love and pride in her, — the love made doubly tender by remembrance of all that he has caused her to suffer. The husband — ah, what can measure his penitence, his self-abasement! That *he* had dared to doubt her purity, her honor, — he who had known her inmost thoughts almost from childhood!

But Imogen — can she think of him as before? Yes! She is truly named the "divine Imogen;" at least, she has so much of the divine "quality of mercy" in her, that she can blot from her memory all his doubts, all his want of faith, as if they had never been. Her love is infinite — "beyond beyond." Hers is not a nature to do things by halves. She has forgotten as well as forgiven. But can Posthumus forgive himself? No! I believe, never. The more angel she proves herself in her loving self-forgetfulness, the blacker his temporary delusion will look in his own eyes. Imogen may surmise at

times the thorn which pricks his conscience so sharply. Then she will quietly double the tender ways in which she delights to show her love and pride in him. But no spoken words will tell of this heart-secret between them.

In her brothers Imogen has none but sweet and happy memories. These "two worlds" are an immense and unlooked-for gain to her life; they fill it with new thoughts, new sympathies. She has their future to look forward to, their present to help. One can see how their unsophisticated natures will go forth to her; how the tender memory of the "rare boy" Fidele will give an added charm to the grace and attractiveness of the sweet sister tie; how, in their quiet hours alone, they will repeat the incidents of the cave-life. Imogen will never tell them the whole of her sorrow there. She fears they would not forgive Posthumus. We can suppose, too, how, in this so new life to them, the young princes would be forever seeking this sweet counsellor to guide them in the usages and customs of the court life all so strange to them. Men will ask from women what they would be shy of asking from one another. Think of the pleasant banterings there would be between them! how amused Imogen would be at their mistakes! How often, laughingly, she would have to put them right; and how all these things would draw them nearer to each other!

Then, too, the old soldier Belarius, — the tried retainer and friend Pisanio! What a group of loving hearts about the happy princess! Caius Lucius also, in Rome, carrying in his memory tender thoughts of his once "kind, duteous" page Fidele, together with the admiring respect he feels for the noble Imogen, princess of Britain. And Iachimo! The time is to come when his repentance will flow from a still deeper source. When at the court of Britain, he could not fail to hear of all the misery which he had wrought upon the noble lovers. With his own ears he heard the despair of Posthumus on learning the truth — his agony, his self-accusations, at the thought that he had taken away the life of the maligned princess. But even bitterer pangs of remorse than he then felt will assail Iachimo and never leave him, — for we find he is capable of feeling them, — when he learns that before very long the young noble life is quenched through what he brought upon it. For quenched, I believe, it is.

Happiness hides for a time injuries which are past healing. The blow which

was inflicted by the first sentence in that cruel letter went to the heart with too fatal force. Then followed, on this crushing blow, the wandering, hopeless days and nights, without shelter, without food even up to the point of famine. Was this delicately nurtured creature one to go through her terrible ordeal unscathed? We see that when food and shelter came, they came too late. The heart-sickness is upon her: "I am sick still—heart-sick." Upon this follows the fearful sight of, as she supposes, her husband's headless body. Well may she say that she is "nothing; or if not, nothing to be were better." When happiness, even such as she had never known before, comes to her, it comes, like the food and shelter, too late.

Tremblingly, gradually, and oh, how reluctantly! the hearts to whom that life is so precious will see the sweet smile which greets them grow fainter, will hear the loved voice grow feebler! The wise physician Cornelius will tax his utmost skill, but he will find the hurt is too deep for mortal leechcraft. The "piece of tender air" very gently, but very surely, will fade out like an exhalation of the dawn. Her loved ones will watch it with straining eyes, until it

melts from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Will turn their eyes and weep.

And when, as the years go by, their grief grows calm, that lovely soul will be to them

like a star,
Beaconing from the abodes where the Immortals are;

inspiring to worthy lives, and sustaining them with the hope that where she is, they may, in God's good time, become fit to be. Something of this the "divine Imogen" is to us also. Is it not so?

This was my vision of Imogen when I acted her; this is my vision of her still.

BRYNTYSILIO, LLANGOLLEN,
NORTH WALES, Oct. 1882.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.
CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. PROSSER'S SENSE OF DUTY.

THERE are few states in life more vexatious and humiliating than that of not knowing one's own mind. It is also absurd, for what should be easier than to

discover whether one personally desires a thing or not? When the wishes or advantage of others have to be taken into consideration, some degree of indecision may be pardonable; but Nellie Brune could not plead any such complications as an excuse for her inability to solve the problem set before her. She knew perfectly well that she might send Philip about his business without any fear of permanently blighting a fair existence, and she very properly concluded that all she had to do was to satisfy herself of her own inclinations in the matter. It was therefore especially provoking to one of her rather impatient temperament to find that this was what she could not accomplish, and that after many hours of shilly-shallying she was not only in as much doubt as ever upon the main point of whether she could accept the man or not, but also puzzled to account to herself for a very decided feeling of anxiety to accept him if she could.

In this perplexity she resolved to adopt a course which, if not wise, was at any rate calculated to put an end to suspense. She went to Mrs. Stanniforth and begged for enlightenment and advice. From the responsibility thus cast upon her it may be well supposed that Margaret did not for one moment shrink. She began by embracing Nellie, and saying how delighted she was that things had all come right at last, and then proceeded to laugh heartily at the girl's misgivings. Lookers-on, she remarked with much originality, saw most of the game, and it was a very long time since she had begun to watch this one, and to perceive the significance of all its moves.

"Poor Philip!" she said compassionately; "I can quite understand now why he has kept away from us all these months. Philip has more pride than people think, and of course he would rather not have spoken until he had some thousands a year to lay at your feet. But the thousands will come all in good time; and if you have to begin with the hundreds—what of that? You must remember that you are my children, both of you, and that it is a mother's privilege to help her children out, when she can. As for you, my dear Nellie, you are simply made up of pride, or you wouldn't mind acknowledging the truth. Why, you silly child, you have been in love with Philip all your life, and I could prove it to you without any difficulty if I chose. But I will only ask you one thing. Why did you refuse Lord Craybridge?"

"Oh, I couldn't have married Lord Craybridge!" answered Nellie. "That was different."

"Of course it was different," cried Margaret triumphantly; "there was all the difference in the world between the two cases. Don't you understand that it is quite possible to feel some doubt as to whether you love a man, but that you cannot be in any doubt at all when you don't?"

Whatever this reasoning may have been worth in the abstract, Nellie had little to urge against it as applied to herself. She had had recourse to Margaret's counsel in order to be convinced, and was not disposed to criticise the shape in which conviction might be brought home to her. Nor, when once she had cast away all hesitation from her, had Philip much reason to complain of her coldness. She was not quite as demonstrative as he would have liked her to be; but she welcomed him gladly at all hours; she seemed to be happy in his presence, and she made a point of gratifying every whim and caprice of his with a pretty little air of submission which was the more charming to him because in all their previous intercourse she had shown herself anything but submissive.

Philip, indeed, had nothing to complain of, unless it were the reception accorded to him by his future father-in-law, which was not marked by any excess of cordiality. Mr. Brune had his own opinion of Philip, and had objections to him as a son-in-law quite apart from that of insufficiency of means. The latter, he was sure, was a strong one enough for all practical purposes, and had the advantage of being one that could be openly urged; but Mr. Brune did not succeed in making much out of it. How is a father to prevent his daughter from marrying whom she pleases? Mothers may do these things; but when it comes to an ultimate trial of strength, fathers are helpless. So at least Mr. Brune averred, with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders. Did he or did he not wish that his daughter should be happy? Margaret desired to be informed; and when he replied that the prospect of her marrying Philip was objectionable to him precisely because he doubted whether it would conduce to her happiness, Mrs. Stanniforth asked him, with compassionate disdain, whether he really supposed that he was the best judge of that.

"I had had the effrontery to form some such idea," Mr. Brune replied meekly; "but no doubt it is better to yield before

one has been ignominiously defeated than after. Have your own way; and then, when all manner of trouble comes of it, blame me. One condition I do, however, feel myself strong enough to stand out for. There shall be no marriage until Philip can show me that he is in receipt of a reasonable income, and one that is likely to be permanent."

If Mr. Brune carried his point in this particular, it was perhaps less owing to his firmness than to the fact that he had no great amount of opposition to contend against as regarded it. Mrs. Stanniforth would have liked to see the young couple united forthwith, and hinted that the means to provide them with a modest home should not be lacking; but both Philip and Nellie displayed a commendable prudence in the matter, and declared that it would never do for them to start upon an income of nothing a year. They were both young, they observed; they had all their lives before them, and they were very well satisfied with the existing state of things. Philip added that he was determined not to be a burden upon dear old Meg any longer than he could help.

"A most becoming sentiment," said Mr. Brune, when this speech was duly reported to him by Margaret; "and if he postpones his wedding until he is quite independent, it is probable that I shall no longer be here to mar the ceremony by acting the part of wet blanket. Meanwhile I must trust to the chapter of accidents. In two years' time — I think you said it would take Philip two years to become a millionaire — many things may happen. The poor fellow may die, or he may elope with a pretty actress, or —"

"I wish you would not talk like that," interrupted Margaret; "you know you don't mean what you say."

"My dear Mrs. Stanniforth, I am like the Barber of Seville; I laugh because I don't want to do the other thing. And we know that life is uncertain, and actresses are often fascinating. By the way, Philip was saying something the other day about going to Italy to perfect his voice. What an excellent plan that would be! He must study somewhere of course, and Italy would be in so many ways preferable to London."

"I suppose it would," said Margaret thoughtfully.

"Oh, I don't think there can be a doubt of it. Florence, now, is a good place — especially in winter. There is a nice bracing *tramontana* there which blows down from the Apennines, and which has

been found very effective in many cases, I believe. But then, again, much might be hoped for from the sanitary arrangements at Naples. At both places there should be an ample supply of beauteous *ballerine*, and others. Now I do trust, my dear Mrs. Stanniforth, that you will urge him to lose no time in becoming acquainted with the land of his birth. Ah, dear me! — and to think that, but for you, he might have been living a contented and picturesque life there at this moment as a strolling player, or a brigand, or an *improvisatore*, or something of that kind."

Margaret did not like to hear Mr. Brune make such speeches as this, but she consoled herself by reflecting that it was only his way. After all, he was tractable enough as regarded essential points, and a great deal less severe than her mother.

Mrs. Winnington, when told of the engagement, observed that it was no affair of hers, and that she should abstain from making any comment whatever upon it; but, just as a matter of curiosity, she would be glad to know one thing: upon what — or perhaps she ought rather to say upon whom — did this precious pair propose to live?

Margaret, with a rather guilty air, replied that Philip had at least as good a chance of succeeding in his profession as other young men.

"Oh! I was not aware that he had a profession," returned her mother. And as Margaret judged it best to make no rejoinder, and to go on stitching silently at a gorgeous chasuble destined eventually to adorn the back of the rector of the parish, Mrs. Winnington was compelled, after a time, to recur to the subject uninvited.

"Dear Margaret," said she, "you know how very seldom I allow myself to interfere with you in any way. I see many foolish things done from the best motives; I see you imposed upon constantly — I might almost say every hour; but I hold my tongue. It is not always easy; but I think it is right — I *hope* it is right. Let me just for once break through my rule, and ask you whether you have considered what you are doing in encouraging this wild scheme. Surely you must see that these two and their family — for of course they will have a family, and an enormous one; people without a sixpence always do — you must see that they will be dependent wholly and solely upon your charity. Now, is that desirable? Is it even practicable? By stinting yourself and your own — ahem! — by stinting

yourself you may, and I have no doubt you will, manage to give them every luxury as long as you live; but we must look at contingencies, and we must remember at your death you will be able to leave them next to nothing; and what will come then? Penury — starvation — the workhouse!" Mrs. Winnington's voice and gestures as she drew this prophetic outline were quite dramatic. "As I said before," she resumed, "I shall not interfere, nor shall I offer any comment; but of all the barefaced piracies that I have seen practised upon you yet, this does strike me as —"

"You don't understand, mother," broke in Margaret in her quiet voice. "Philip would not allow me to support him, even if I were able and willing to do so; and Mr. Brune expressly stipulated for a long engagement in order to avoid any risk of the kind you mention."

But Mrs. Winnington's only reply took the form of a sound resembling the snorting of a dog at a closed door. Such transparent professions were not likely to deceive her. Mrs. Winnington knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that it contained any sincere or conscientious people, except herself.

Margaret, for her part, had not expected much sympathy from her mother, whose watchful care of her interests appeared to her very natural and excusable; but at the same time it was disheartening to meet with opposition from all sides, and she began to wonder whether Hugh would show himself less prejudiced than others. Upon the whole this seemed so improbable that she resolved to write nothing to him upon the subject as yet.

The dialogue just recorded had one remarkable result, in that it caused Margaret to do a thing which she had not done before in the course of close upon a dozen years of patient forbearance — namely, to lose her temper with Mrs. Prosser. Mrs. Prosser, it must be confessed, was enough to try the patience of any mistress, and to drive a harassed one out of all power of self-control. She was always in the right, but she was not contented with that, unless she could respectfully prove somebody else to be in the wrong; she always got her own way; but in order to derive any satisfaction from doing so she was compelled artfully to stir up and overcome some preliminary opposition. She had received a great deal of kindness, first and last, from Margaret, for whom she had conceived a proportionately strong dislike. It was Mrs. Prosser's

custom to present herself for what she was facetiously pleased to call her orders in the dining-room every morning; and on this particular morning it was evident that she had brought an exhilarating grievance with her.

"Well, Prosser, what is it now?" asked Margaret resignedly, perceiving, from several familiar signs, what was in store for her.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am!" said Mrs. Prosser, with a face expressing many deferential notes of interrogation.

"You have got something to complain of, and I am rather in a hurry. Please say what it is at once, and let us get it over."

"Oh, it's of no consequence, ma'am, not if it was to put you out so. There is a matter which I should feel it my duty for to mention it to you; but I should prefer to wait till to-morrow, rather than to annoy you."

"I will hear it to-day, please."

"Eight-and-forty years have I lived in this house, girl and woman —"

"Oh, Prosser, I know all that," interrupted Margaret with a short, vexed laugh. "Do come to the point."

"And never till now was I asked to sit down to my meals with a Dissenter. Neither of my poor masters that's gone was what you could call a bigot; but —"

"By all accounts, they were anything but that," struck in Margaret, who usually allowed such references to pass without comment, but whose nerves were now in a state of unwonted irritation. "I suppose it is the new housemaid who has offended you. Well, you may be reassured. She is a Churchwoman, and she told me so when I engaged her."

"Ah, just so, ma'am. She were engaged without my knowledge, or perhaps a few more inquiries would have been made. But to church she have not been, and it did come to my ears that her parents was Anabusters."

"Were *what*? I suppose you mean Anabaptists."

"Very likely, ma'am," answered Mrs. Prosser, with a faint superior smile; "I have never troubled myself to learn the names of such persuasions. The girl answered me very short and disrespectful when I put a few questions to her, and I give her to understand that she had best look out for another situation."

"You know perfectly well, Prosser, that I never allow you to dismiss servants. I had a very good character with this girl, and I am not going to send her away be-

cause her parents are Dissenters — if they are Dissenters."

Mrs. Prosser's face grew very dark. "You'll excuse of me mentioning it, ma'am," said she with cold dignity; "but I don't think this is what Mr. Langley would approve."

It was at this point that Margaret lost her temper. "Prosser," she exclaimed, "your impertinence is past all bearing! I cannot submit to be dictated to in this way either by you or by Mr. Langley. The truth is that I have given way to you a great deal too much, and now you forget yourself. Be so good as to understand, once for all, that I intend to be mistress in my own house."

"Certainly, ma'am; and I'm glad to hear that such is your intentions," replied Mrs. Prosser meaningly. "But if all authority is to be took out of my hands, it will be an impossibility for me to discharge my duties to your satisfaction, let alone my own. I feel that I didn't ought for to accept such a position, ma'am — though I shall be pleased to remain with you till you are suited."

Margaret did not attach much importance to this threat of resignation, which had been uttered many times before, and which she knew was not meant to be taken seriously; but she was dissatisfied with herself for having been betrayed into so much warmth of language, and, besides this, she was very much afraid that the offending housemaid would have to go in the long run, after all. There is no disguising the fact that Margaret's character was a weak one, and she herself was painfully aware of it.

"It is most humiliating to be such a poor creature; but I am afraid I am too old to reform now," she said later in the day to Philip, whom she had informed of this domestic broil, and who laughed unmercifully at her.

"You make mountains out of mole-hills, Meg," said he, "and troubles out of blessings. What could be a greater blessing to you than that old Prosser should take herself off? But she won't take herself off. Perhaps, if you are very good, she won't even ask you to beg her pardon. I'll have a talk with her, and make it all right. Dear me, what a lucky thing it is that we are not all like you! If I had been, I should have worried myself into my grave long ago."

There was assuredly no fear of Philip's life being shortened by worry. Young though he was, he had had troubles of the kind which trace wrinkles upon most

men's faces; but they had left no more upon his than a passing gust of wind leaves upon the smooth surface of a lake. It was barely two months since Fanny had predicted that he would marry Nellie Brune, and but little more than a month since she had been laid in her grave, and prediction and prophetic were alike to all intents and purposes forgotten by Philip. He did not forget Fanny in a literal sense; he thought of her sometimes, but only when he could not help it. For it always made him sad to think of her: not with a dreamy, pathetic sadness, which he would have rather enjoyed; but with a sharp, twinging pain, unpleasantly suggestive of a guilty conscience. This, he told himself, was absurd. It was a morbid feeling which ought not to be encouraged; and it must be owned he was very successful in his efforts to subdue it. Altogether, there was probably not, at this time, a more light-hearted creature in the whole county than Philip Marescalchi. His past life contained a great secret which might be divulged at any moment, and which, if divulged, would almost certainly alienate from him the affection of the girl whom he loved; he owed some thousands of pounds to a woman whom he half suspected of being in love with him and whom he did not in the least see his way to repay; his future career was as speculative and shadowy as anything could well be; but none of these things weighed upon his mind. With his present life he was entirely satisfied. The weather was perfection; so was the fresh country air; and so, above all, was Nellie.

In the latter he discovered fresh attractions every day. One of the most delightful things about her was that he did not quite understand her; and she was so prettily impatient when she was not understood. She was not particularly clever, or witty, or well-informed; but she had decided and original ways of looking at common things which would, he felt sure, render her the most charming companion for life that a man could wish for. He was with her now every day, and almost all day, and she never wearied him. He sauntered over to Broom Leas to meet her, as soon as he had left Margaret, and made for a certain spot in the orchard where she had told him that she would be. He caught sight of her from afar, as she stood under an apple-tree, reading a letter, and, stealing up softly behind her over the long grass, suddenly laid a hand upon each of her shoulders.

She started violently, and exclaimed, with a stamp of her little foot, "Oh, I wish you would not do that! If you only knew how I *hate* people who make me jump!"

"Is that the way to speak to your future husband?" demanded Philip gravely. "And oh, Nellie, what are you stuffing into your pocket in that guilty and utterly futile way? Don't you know that love-letters ought always to be read within four walls, or else boldly flourished in the face of the world?"

"It isn't a love-letter," answered Nellie, looking a little alarmed; "it's only from Walter, and — you can see it, Philip, if you like; but —"

"But it wouldn't increase my vanity if I did: isn't that what you mean? Walter disapproves: and between you and me, Nellie, I don't wonder at it. Walter, you see, knows me a great deal better than you do. I don't want to see his letter, because I can tell you exactly what he says without looking at it. 'Philip has no business to think about marrying at all. He is a pauper, and he is so confidently lazy that he will never be anything else. Added to which, he is not a tenth part good enough for you; and he has many small vices, such as flirting with other men's wives, and leaving his bills unpaid, and playing cards on Sunday,' etc. The worst of it is that it's true, too."

Nellie laughed. "You are quite wrong," she answered; "he doesn't say anything of the kind; but he thinks long engagements are a mistake, and he is afraid you are rather too sanguine about making your fortune. Walter is very practical, you know; he always was so, and I think the atmosphere of the City is having its effect upon him. How I wish he would give up that horrid bank! I don't in the least believe that Uncle William will push him on. Walter says he is an odious old man; but he dines with him once a week, and I have a sort of lingering hope that, as the old fellow has quarrelled with all his other relations, he may make Walter his heir out of spite to them."

"Poor old Walter!" said Philip compassionately. He guessed, from the haste with which Nellie had led the conversation away from the letter, that it contained expressions not very complimentary to himself; but he bore no malice. For a long time he had felt himself to be superior to Walter, and a sense of superiority engenders pity, which, as we know, is akin to love. It is not altogether true that the world delights in kicking

those who are down. The world would dearly love to kick those who are up, if it dared, and even does so after a surreptitious fashion. To be successful is to insult your fellow-creatures; but to fail is to administer a delicate compliment to their vanity, and to establish a large claim upon their indulgence. Only give people the right to speak of you as "poor So-and-So," and you will never lack friends.

Now Walter might certainly be considered a failure. He had failed in love, and to all appearance he had failed also in life, having sunk from the position of a country gentleman to that of a banker's clerk. Philip forgave him from his heart, and the more readily inasmuch as he did not believe it to be in Walter's power to do him the smallest injury. If there were some things in Nellie which he did not understand, he understood at least this much, that when once she had put her hand to the plough she might be counted upon not to look back.

He passed his arm through hers, and they moved slowly away to the highest point of the orchard, whence the woods of Longbourne could be seen beyond fields and pastures. Just then the branches of the trees, which had hardly yet assumed their green summer garb, showed black and clear against the glow of the sunset; long shafts of light, streaming through them, lay across the meadows and fell upon little glistening pools. In the still evening air the tinkling of Mr. Langley's church bell, a mile and a half away, sounded close at hand.

"How beautiful and peaceful it is!" said Nellie. "I don't wonder at your being glad to come down here again after all that time in London. I am sure I could never bear to live in a great city. Doesn't this seem like Arcadia to you?"

The phrase suggested memories to Philip which were not wholly pleasing. "Arcadia would be a slow sort of place to live in, I should think," he said; "as slow as Bœotia. Both countries might be very well in spring and summer time, but what would they be when the leaves were off the trees and all the nymphs and dryads were hibernating? You are really not made for a country life, Nellie, whatever you may say; and when you have once become accustomed to London you will feel as if you were only half alive away from it. I suppose we shall live in London; but then, you know, we shall be always travelling about—to Paris and St. Petersburg and Madrid, and I don't know where else—according to my en-

gagements. I dare say we shall be abroad as much as in England."

"Oh, I was not thinking about that," answered Nellie hastily; "that will not be for a great many years; we needn't trouble about it."

"Well, I don't know about a great many. Two years—three years perhaps."

"Oh, I should think it will be at least five. You will not be able to appear on the stage at all, you know, for two or three years. You said so the other day. I wonder what opera you will make your *début* in. I think I should like it to be 'Faust,' because the dresses are so pretty, and you know you are fond of pretty dresses. Tell me about all the operas that there are. I have only seen three in my life."

The opera and the lustre destined to be reflected upon it by Mr. Marescalchi took up a somewhat undue share of the conversation of these lovers. It was Nellie who usually brought forward the subject; but it was not in any way objected to by Philip, who could talk contentedly about himself, for a considerable length of time, provided that he was listened to with proper interest. He talked about himself now until it was time for him to go, and apologized to Nellie, as he said good-night, for having wearied her with his egotism. But she answered quite truthfully that he had not wearied her at all; and indeed every one must have noticed that egotists are not always bores, though bores are always egotists.

Philip, not at all suspecting himself of being either the one or the other, started on his homeward way, whistling softly as he went, and was amused to see a stout figure, arrayed in black silk, stationed outside the rectory gates, and evidently waiting for him.

"Old Prosser has got into a funk this time," thought he, "and is going to ask me to intercede for her. Shall I do Meg a good turn, and make the old sinner eat humble pie? I think I will."

Mrs. Prosser dropped a curtsey, and said, "Good evening, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Prosser—been to confession? It won't do, I'm afraid. Your priest may forgive you, but your mistress never will. Why are you such a cross-grained, cantankerous old woman? You can't expect people to go on having patience with you forever."

Philip had always been a favorite with Mrs. Prosser. Her hard features contorted themselves into something that was

meant to do duty for a smile as she answered, "Oh, I am well aware, sir, that if me and Mrs. Stanniforth has not got on as well together as could be wished, there has been faults on both sides. I hope I can forgive and forget as well as another, and I don't bear no sort of ill feeling against Mrs. Stanniforth. But it's doubtful whether I can remain much longer in her service."

"Don't be such a pig-headed old idiot, Mrs. Prosser. There are plenty of good housekeepers to be had for good wages; but you won't find such another place as Longbourne in a hurry."

"I didn't say nothing about leaving Longbourne, sir," observed Mrs. Prosser with quiet emphasis.

"Do you mean to give Mrs. Stanniforth notice to quit, then?" asked Philip, laughing. "I believe you are capable of it."

"Well, sir, I don't know but what I am. I have been waiting here, Mr. Philip, some little time for to take the opportunity of telling you something which weighs upon my conscience. If you would pardon the liberty, sir, I would make bold to walk as far as the house alongside of you. Being twilight, and most people gone home to their teas, you would perhaps be so kind as to overlook the freedom."

"Come along, Mrs. Prosser; I should be proud to be seen by the whole parish in such respectable company."

"You are so kind as to say so, sir."

Mrs. Prosser cleared her voice, and then proceeded with great solemnity: "What I am going to tell you, sir, has been told to no living soul, except under seal of confession, for a matter of twenty years. Twenty years have I kept silence; but the time has come that I can't reconcile it with my sense of right for to do so no longer. But before I say any more, sir, I must ask you to give me your word that you won't let it go no further till I'm proved to be right or wrong."

"Mrs. Prosser, you may rely on my absolute discretion."

Mrs. Prosser cast a sharp side glance at Philip. "'Tis no joking matter, sir," said she, slightly offended. "Mr. Brune must not know of this, nor yet Mrs. Stanniforth must not know, nor yet Miss Nellie must not know — leastways until it's necessary that everybody should be told."

"Go on, Mrs. Prosser; you excite my curiosity greatly. I'll swear not to breathe a word to a creature till you give me leave. Will that do for you?"

"Thank you, sir; that will be sufficient.

I don't know whether you ever heard tell of my old master, Mr. George Brune, sir, Mr. Neville's brother that was. He was a fine-spirited gentleman, though sing'lar in his ways, and terrible extravagant. Always a-rushing about he was, from one furrin land to another, and never could abide his own home, though he came back there to die. 'Prosser,' he says to me when I went to meet him at the door, 'Prosser,' he says — I remember it as if 'twas yesterday — 'I've come back to Longbourne to die, you see.' Oh dear, oh dear! it give me such a turn!"

"I am sure it must have been a great shock to you. Well; and so he confided an awful family secret to you on his death-bed. I don't want to hurry you, Mrs. Prosser, but it's getting rather late."

"I shall not detain you long, sir. As I was a-saying when you interrupted me, sir, Mr. George were always on the move, and we was never told how long he was to be away, nor when we was to expect him back. Sometimes he'd stop a month, and sometimes only a couple of days; and once we was for two years without seeing or hearing of him. He were in Italy at that time, as I understood. Now, sir, I dessay you're aware that there's a many things which servants hear of and don't mention, and it did come to my ears, through Parsons, Mr. George's man, that there was a lady in Italy. Parsons, he were always a very close man — been dead now — let me see — going on for fifteen years it is since Parsons died, and never told no more about it; but it did come out in the course of conversation, you understand, sir, that there were a lady. At first I thought it were one of those connections which I didn't ought to speak about nor think about; but when poor Mr. George were a-dying I changed my opinion, sir. Myster'ous, indeed, is the decrees of Providence, and his ways past finding out! Little did I think, as I listened to that poor gentleman's ravings, that I should be repeating them to you, sir, twenty years later in this park!"

"Mrs. Prosser, I would not for the world spoil your climax; but I can't help seeing what is coming. I have no strawberry-mark on my left arm. And now, where is Mr. Brune's marriage certificate?"

"Reely, sir, if you fluster me so we shall never get on. If there had been any marriage certificate, do you think I should have ventured for to conceal it? I don't know nothing for certain; and what I do know must be strictly betwixt me and

you, sir, if you please, for the present. I nursed poor Mr. George, night and day, through his last illness, and what he said in his delirium, it was impossible for me to shut my eyes to it, sir. He kep' on talking very excited about a marriage, and 'They can't dispute it,' he says; 'twas all reg'lar,' he says. And when I ask him what marriage, and where did it take place, and so forth — just to soothe him like, you understand, sir — he opens his eyes wide, and says, 'Why, at Florence, you fool, and that brat's the heir.' After that he didn't say no more — not to be intelligible; but once I heard him muttering, 'I'm sorry for poor Neville; Neville's in the wrong box;' and once, if you'll pardon of my repeating the expression, sir, he calls out, 'What a damned ass I was!' I ought to have mentioned that just before he was took so bad he made me fetch a box full of letters and burn them before his eyes. They was mostly letters written in a furrin language; but there was no envelopes, so I couldn't tell whether they was from Italy or not. And 'Prosser,' he says to me, 'you're a faithful creature,' he says, 'and you'll find I've not forgot you in my will.' And then he lies back on his piller, and laughs. He had a very cur'ous laugh, had Mr. George; and to be sure there was never any will found. Now, sir, you know all that I know, and you can judge whether it's your interest to look into it or not."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Prosser," answered Philip, who was a good deal more startled and excited than he chose to appear, "I don't see that it is. Have you any reason at all, beyond the fact that I was born in Italy, for supposing me to be the brat to whom your master so politely alluded?"

"Look in the glass, sir," replied Mrs. Prosser, "and you will see a very good reason. How you can have lived here all these years and no one noticed that you was the moral of Mr. Neville, barring the eyes, is what I can't comprehend. But I never felt no doubt in my own mind from the very first. Moment as I heard the name of Merryskulker, I says to myself, 'Tis him!'"

"I do not quite follow the deductive process; but it is possible that there may be something in it. I should like to know, by the way, why you have never said anything about all this before."

"Sir," answered Mrs. Prosser gravely, "it have been a point of conscience with me. Were I justified, I have ask myself, in betraying things as I were never meant

to hear, and as come to my knowledge almost in an unfair way, as one may say? And then, I says to myself, What is the good? If 'tis true, depend upon it truth will out, without my meddling; and why am I to do an injury to the family as I owe everything to under Providence? For you see, sir, you may be a Brune, or you may not; but I could never feel to you quite the same as I do to Mr. Neville."

"Creditable, Mrs. Prosser, if a trifle casuistic. And then, I suppose, the temptation to turn Mrs. Stanniforth out of house and home was too much for you."

"That, sir, is a speech which your poor father would have known me better than to make. No; my motives was very different. When I heard how things was with you and Miss Nellie, my dooty come more plain to me. Thinks I, Mr. Philip and Mr. Neville will settle it amicable now, as betwixt father and son; them Stanniforths can have their purchase money back by degrees, and 'twon't be so very much as will be owing to them when you take off what they got from the railway; and so no one won't suffer, and the family will come by its own again. That's what I thought, sir; and Mr. Langley, he approve cordial, and, 'Better late than never,' he says; though —"

"Mr. Langley! Do you mean to say that Mr. Langley has known of this all along?"

"Under seal of confession, sir."

"By Jove! Do you know, Mrs. Prosser, I am not at all sure that you and Mr. Langley have not been compounding a felony under seal of confession?"

"Not a vestige of proof, sir, if you'll please to recollect. Nothing but the ravings of a dying man to go by, and no names mentioned even in the course of them ravings."

"Very true. I dare say you have found a mare's nest, after all."

"Perhaps so, sir. But I think it might be worth your while for to look into it. Florence, you will remember, sir, were the place, and the year would be 1853 or 1854. From taking one thing with another and counting back, I think as we should be safe in putting the date somewhere between March and June 1853. I questioned Parsons very hard about what they was doing that year and about the Italian lady; but I couldn't get no satisfaction out of him. Sometimes I thought he didn't know so much himself as he pretended; for Mr. George would often send him away for a week or more at a

time, to order rooms or hire villas, or such like, and 'tisn't to be supposed as he would want to acquaint Parsons with his marriage, if so be as 'twas a marriage."

Philip took out his note-book, and wrote down "Florence: March to June 1853." But this precaution was hardly needed, for the date remained clearly before his eyes through the greater part of a restless night; and the more he thought over Mrs. Prosser's revelation the more he became convinced that her surmise was well founded. He had taken her advice of looking carefully in the glass while dressing for dinner, and had certainly discerned in the small, finely-cut features and the dark complexion reflected therein a decided resemblance to those of Mr. Brune. The expression was as different from his reputed uncle's as it could possibly be; and perhaps it may have been owing to this circumstance that the likeness had never been noticed by those who were best acquainted with the two men.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A STUDY OF LONGFELLOW.

THERE will be held, in the first month of the new year, at the Lyceum Theatre, by the permission of Mr. Henry Irving, a meeting of the Longfellow Memorial Committee, when the sub-committee will present a report on the best use to be made of the large sum of money that has been already subscribed for perpetuating in some visible shape the memory of the most popular of American poets.

When George Ticknor wrote to recommend Longfellow to Dean Milman he said of him: "He is a most amiable and agreeable person, of whom we are all very fond." When Mr. Matthew Arnold has occasion to mention "Evangeline," he speaks of it as "Mr. Longfellow's pleasing and popular poem." When Longfellow visited the queen — he himself is authority for this statement — she actually said as he was taking his leave: "We shall not forget you. Why, all my servants read your poetry." These three quotations express the general mental attitude toward Longfellow and his poetry; in each case the words are kind enough and — with one possible exception — the speaker meant to be complimentary; but there is an undertone of depreciation, and a distant suggestion of the unpleasant significance of faint praise. In short, and in spite of

the present remarkable display of public good-will in high places, there can be no doubt that the tendency of cultured English opinion has long been to class him with the poets of mediocrity — a race unpleasing alike to gods, men, and publishers.

At the present moment it is interesting to inquire what are the special reasons that have led to this classification of Longfellow with the mediocre poets, and before his personality is lost in the "remarkable retirement of the grave," to consider him from the standpoint of a criticism midway between cultured disdain and popular eulogy. The literary notice which his works have received has been of such a superficial or one-sided character that an attempt to estimate them with some knowledge of the circumstances of their origin, and on their merits, is much to be desired. The brilliant composition of the Memorial Committee must not be allowed to conceal the fact that it, too, is a popular movement, and therefore without influence upon dispassionate criticism. The striking inequality of Longfellow's work renders the thankless task of discrimination the duty of some one who has honored him as a man, for it is the best service towards securing the just appreciation of him as a poet.

The first of the special reasons, then, for the low rank of Longfellow's poetry is that much of it is didactic. The circumstances of his life made this tendency unavoidable: his Puritan birth and education gave him the moral fibre for which the New England character is noted, his direct ancestors being among those early Pilgrims of whom Emerson has said that they were so righteous they had to hold on to the huckleberry bushes for fear of being translated. Then his Puritan temperament was fertilized by several years of residence in Germany at the time when the rabid naturalism of the *Sturm und Drang* had crystallized into a firm and enthusiastic humanism. A tender-hearted man, in comfortable and easy surroundings, following, like all the young American writers of his time, in the footsteps of Bryant, with this fertilized Puritanism, how could his verses be anything but didactic? And didactic verse, as such, was heartily welcomed; we find the delighted critics declaring that his poems "are of a nature to encourage the best and purest sentiments," that his lines "are as happy in their expression as they are correct in their moral tendency;" and, as late as 1844, E. P. Whipple writing that Longfel

low's great characteristic is "addressing the moral nature through the imagination, of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty." So, being applauded, he went on, perfectly conscious of what he was doing, and of the audience he was addressing, — "Maiden, who read'st this simple rhyme," for instance. His life and all his writings show that he was profoundly in earnest; he was not preaching merely because preaching was popular. His prose works, in particular, are permeated with the simple doctrines of the "Psalm of Life." "Therefore should every man wait; should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, — not in useless pastime, — not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task." Similar sentiments furnish mottoes for two of his books, and occur again and again in their pages. Now, waiving any discussion of the theory of didactic poetry, the fact is clear that this age professes to believe in art for art's sake; the artist must not be conscious of any purpose; his function is to depict; truth "to be loved, needs only to be seen." Mr. Buchanan, for instance, is so well aware of this fact that he feels compelled to preface his latest novels, which show nothing much worse than what the Germans call a *Tendenz*, with a kind of defiant apology. So it is not to be expected that the critical public which patronizes the modern school of poetry will tolerate the crudeness of such rhymed exhortation as "Be resolute and calm." Longfellow's natural bent and circumstances made him didactic, and he secured his first laurels by following this bent; we belong to an age which is horrified at what has been wittily called "the illicit conveyance of useful knowledge," and which looks upon preaching out of church as savoring of impertinence; so we have handed his poems over to that class of readers upon whose shelves they stand by the side of the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In the second place, Longfellow has been judged by his early poems. It was a misfortune for a man destined to a long and gradual development that his first efforts should attract so much attention, for people have continued to bear them in mind long after he has ceased to be fairly reflected in them. The poetry by which Longfellow is known to-day to the majority of his readers thus consists of verses written while he was still uncertain whether he was singing or preaching, and long

before he had any conception of poetry as distinct from verse-writing. Take, for instance, the two pieces which are indissolubly connected with his name — the "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior." The first of these is so familiar to us that we can hardly bring ourselves to consider the thought of it apart from the form.

We can escape this difficulty, however, by taking it in a foreign tongue. "La vie des grands hommes nous apprend que nous pouvons rendre nos existences sublimes." The language of the translation is at least as fine as that of the original, and how extremely commonplace — or worse — the thought is! So, too, is the whole poem when we have once escaped from the youthful and pulpit associations which cling to it. Yet the above translation is by M. Emile Montégut, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is not, as might be thought, one made for the present occasion. No wonder he declares that the *jolis détails* in Longfellow's poetry are *trop souvent noyés dans de mélancoliques puérilités*.

"Excelsior" is no better. Mr. M. W. Rossetti has aptly described it as *ad captandum* poetry, *i. e.*, depending for its effect, like some of Mr. Aldrich's stories, upon a kind of trick — in this case the recurrence of the catch-word "Excelsior!" Making all allowance for allegory, the imagery is preposterous. It is impossible to sympathize with a young man who commits suicide by climbing an Alpine mountain at night with no other object than to keep getting higher. As some one has said, it was a foregone conclusion that he would be frozen to death. And when, in addition, he refuses all shelter and even declines advice as to the precautions to be observed by any one who wishes to get as high as possible, and carries in his hand a banner with "Excelsior" — which, by the way, is the motto of the State of New York — upon it, the poem becomes ridiculous, and even, as Mr. Rossetti suggests, irritating. We are told that it symbolizes the man of genius in his struggle to attain his ideal, ever striving to climb higher and higher, and scorning everything that might distract him. But it is hardly necessary to stop to point out that the metaphor breaks down at almost every point.

Besides early poems which are unworthy of his subsequent attainments, Longfellow is known by other early poems of considerable merit which have become wearisome by dint of constant repetition. They have been subjected to

a barrel-organ treatment, and like many good sayings and stirring songs have become at last intolerable. It is only the greatest works that can be constantly repeated without palling. Thus in the fact that Longfellow is known to the majority of his readers by his early poems, and that these were either originally commonplace or have become commonplace by an unfortunate popularity, we find a further reason for the comparatively low estimate in which he is held.

In any estimate of his genius Longfellow deserves attention first for his prose, and all the more because it is probable that of five hundred persons who are fairly familiar with all his poetry, there is not more than one that has read his prose works. Without counting contributions to the *North American Review*, which are no longer of any special value, Longfellow's prose consists of three works, "Outre-Mer," a "pilgrimage;" "Hyperion," a "romance;" and "Kavanagh," a "tale." The two thin octavo volumes of the original edition of "Hyperion" recall a couple of interesting incidents of Longfellow's life. The publisher, Colman, of New York, became bankrupt immediately after their appearance, and all the copies, except the few that were already sold, were seized by the creditors and kept for nearly eighteen months. This was a cruel blow for a young author, and Longfellow said, when he told me the story, "Of course I was in despair, for I supposed the book was entirely ruined," adding with a quiet chuckle, "but it managed to survive." Paul Fleming, the hero, represents Longfellow himself (he once acknowledged the portrait so far as to say, "He was what I thought I might have been"), and Mary Ashburton, the heroine, is the Miss Appleton whom the poet afterwards married, and to win whose love by a faithful picture of his own feelings before and after her refusal of him, the book was written. So, at least, the story runs, and if it is true, the romance was no less successful in private than in public.

Longfellow's prose has four distinct characteristics: clearness and originality of style, remarkable erudition, humor, and an unbounded fertility of imagination. It is sufficient to mention the first two of these, but the second two have been generally overlooked, and they throw so much light upon Longfellow's temperament and therefore upon his poetry, that they call for special notice. He has never received due credit for his humor, which has been

pronounced indifferent by the critics, who were probably among the majority who have not read the poet's prose, and it will remain indifferent to people who roar over "Josh Billings" and the *Danbury News*; but if space permitted it would be easy to show that Longfellow was a humorist of much originality and merit. One example may be given: the old servant, he tells us in "Kavanagh," was about to retire from the family, "being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial." This is a perfectly characteristic specimen, and it would be difficult to find in the pages of professed wits anything neater and lighter. Among his friends Longfellow was famous for his wit and as a capital *raconteur*.

In one of his essays, Emerson says, "I had rather have a good symbol of my thought, or a good analogy, than the suffrage of Kant or Plato." If this is a reasonable preference, Longfellow's unbounded fertility of imagination is an important testimony to the merit of his work. I called it the fourth characteristic of his prose, but it would be more accurately described as the most prominent of his mental traits. His style is charming, his humor is "choicely good," and his scholarship is extensive; but the play of his imagination is beyond all question the greatest of his powers. It is perfectly described in the following account of one of his heroes: "Imagination was the ruling power of his mind. His thoughts were twin-born; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer world. Thus, through the quiet, still waters of his soul each image floated double, swan and shadow." This is literally true of Longfellow; almost every thought came to him clothed in some simile, it seems as if he could grasp his own ideas only through some material presentation of them; he was indeed what he called himself in his last poem,

A dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often the same.

For instance, describing the village schoolmaster, he says: "They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when the heat of the day was over, he soared and revelled in the evening

air." A beautiful peasant girl offered to tell him the story of the Liebenstein, "but before she began, she rested a moment on her oars, and taking the crucifix which hung suspended from her neck, kissed it, and then let it sink into her bosom, as if it were an anchor she was letting down into her heart." What could be prettier? And here is an original one: The old professor "loved solitude, and silence, and candle-light, and the deep midnight. 'For,' said he, 'if the morning hours are the wings of the day, I only fold them about me to sleep more sweetly, knowing that, at its other extremity, the day, like the fowls of the air, has an epicurean morsel — a parson's nose; and on this oily midnight my spirit revels and is glad.'" It would be difficult to match this delightful and racy comparison. This double sight, however, sometimes betrayed its possessor, as in the following instance: "The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin." This is too good, it is hardly credible that such a thought and simile "floated double" into any one's mind.

Had Longfellow written nothing but his three prose works, he would have deserved a name in American letters, as much for the literary excellence of his books as for his services in breaking the way for an American knowledge of German authors. Upon the heels of this supposition naturally comes the wish that he had given us more prose; most people would willingly exchange "The New England Tragedies" for another "Hyperion" and would give "The Divine Tragedy" to boot. But after 1849 he never turned his pen to prose.

Longfellow's poetry is very varied in character, he has tried his wine in every kind of vessel, and, as has been said, it is very unequal in quality. Leigh Hunt said that authors must sift their own works to save posterity the trouble of choice — "posterity is so rich and idle" — but Longfellow constantly added to his volumes and never subtracted from them. The selected poems of Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley have lately appeared, to present their authors in a fair light; but each of these was more independent of the critic's selective art than was the author of "Excelsior" and "The Saga of King Olaf." With all deference to the great popularity of many of his poems, and after due consideration of the subtle-

ties of American eulogy, it seems clear enough that much of Longfellow's poetry has little or no permanent value. An occasional nod may be forgiven even to Homer, but Longfellow nods too often. Versification was so easy to him, and his sympathy was so much more prompt than discriminating — as shown, for instance, in his toleration of bores and the ridiculous apology he once gave for it, "Who would be kind to them if I were not?" — that he seldom refused an invitation to write, or checked his own impulse to do so. The latest illustration of this is afforded by his action when the children of Cambridge presented him on his birthday with a chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut-tree." It was a pretty gift, and might have been fittingly acknowledged, one would think, in a simple letter. Longfellow, however, composed a string of verses, and caused a thousand copies to be printed and distributed to the children. It is all very well to say that he thus gave pleasure to the children of Cambridge, and that they would treasure the lines addressed to them by the great poet; but there is a good sense, as well as a bad one, in which a man may write with a view to his biographers, and even if we admit that "this splendid ebon throne" is an appropriate epithet for an ordinary black armchair, it is still difficult to understand how a man of Longfellow's good taste could so far forget himself as to go out of his way to demand in pompous verse "by what right divine" he could claim a thing that had just been given to him.

With epic poetry properly so called, Longfellow had, of course, nothing to do. He wrote, however, two long poems which have been termed miniature epics. These are "Evangeline" and "The Song of Hiawatha." The first is a middle member of an interesting literary pedigree. J. H. Voss was the creator of the modern idyllic epic, his "Luise" appearing in 1795. Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" was published in 1797, and its relation to the preceding work may be determined from what Goethe said of Voss some time afterwards. "There are few who have had such an influence as he upon the higher German culture. One who is so permeated with his worth as I am scarcely knows how to honor his memory too much." In 1847 "Evangeline" appeared, and although I know of no direct evidence to connect it with Goethe's poem, Longfellow's extensive acquaintance with German literature, and the sim-

ilarity of the two works, make the source of his inspiration reasonably certain. In 1848 "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" was published, and we have Clough's own testimony concerning its origin. He wrote to Emerson, "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow the fact that it was a reading of his 'Evangeline' aloud to my mother and sister which, coming after a reperusal of the Iliad, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters?" So we have a direct line of descent, "Luise," "Hermann und Dorothea," "Evangeline," "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich."

"Evangeline" was Longfellow's favorite of his own poems, and yet he was indebted for the story almost as it stands to Hawthorne, with whom it was not original. Under the date of October 24th, 1838, the story is sketched out in Hawthorne's note-book, with the statement that it was given to him by "H. L. C——" (Conolly), who had it from a French Canadian. James T. Fields tells how Hawthorne made it over to Longfellow for a poem, not caring much for it himself for a story, and finding that it struck Longfellow's fancy. The groundwork of the poem Longfellow got, he once said, from a visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia. Strange to say, he was never in Nova Scotia, where the scene is laid, but drew his information about the life of the people from the Abbé Raynal, and his history from Haliburton. This work did more to establish Longfellow's reputation than any of his previous ones, and if, as has been said by one of the profoundest of critics, poems are to be judged by the state of mind in which they leave the reader, the high place which "Evangeline" occupies in popular esteem is justly awarded to it; for its chaste style and homely imagery, with its sympathetic and occasionally dramatic story, produce a refined and elevated impression, and present a beautiful and invigorating picture of "affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient," of "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

Longfellow's countrymen were proud of his success with "Evangeline," but they were still more delighted when "The Song of Hiawatha" appeared, for it seemed to them to herald the advent of the long-looked-for American poet, the messiah of their national literature. At last they found themselves possessed of a poem which owed nothing to previous literature or European tradition, but sang of the prairie, the mountains, the rivers, the races, and the mythology of their own

great West. The success of the book was enormous: ten thousand copies were sold in five weeks, and fifty thousand in eighteen months. By many foreign critics, too, "Hiawatha" was enthusiastically received. M. Emile Montégut, for instance, wrote of it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as follows: "Puisse le succès de cette œuvre charmante persuader à M. Longfellow de marcher dans cette voie sans être tenté d'en sortir désormais!" Even Mr. Rossetti said it was "made for posterity and permanence;" Mr. Bright has recently recommended it as a remedy for sickness and loneliness; and at least two of the English reviews in their obituary notices assigned to it the highest place among Longfellow's poems. And in the memorial article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. O. B. Frothingham expresses contemporary American opinion as follows: "'Hiawatha' is, not merely as a work of art, but as a moral achievement, greatly in advance of 'Evangeline.' It is, in our opinion, the poet's masterpiece, the fullest expression of his mind. Theme and treatment perfectly correspond; the former calling forth all the poet's peculiar talent; the latter taxing, yet exquisitely illustrating, his literary skill."

Now, we have here either a magnificent poetical work in "Hiawatha," or else a vast amount of misplaced admiration. I think the latter is the case. At any rate the question will bear examination.

Longfellow believed that he had found in the writings of Schoolcraft, the historian of the Indian tribes of North America, the materials for a new epic, an American saga. It was natural that a poet with sympathetic knowledge of the previous spontaneous epics of the world, and who had just safely accomplished one long poetic flight, should seek eagerly for the legendary material to enable him to make another and longer one. But it is trite to suggest that the *Heimskringla* and the *Nibelungenlied* are as impossible to us as the Doric temple or the Gothic cathedral: both factors in their creation are gone, — the spirit which could produce them and the need which they satisfied. Instead of holding, therefore, that the Iroquois tradition of Hiawatha found its voice in Longfellow as the sagas found theirs in some unknown minstrel, or as the Hebrew word came to the prophet, I am inclined to think that Longfellow looked about him for material for a poem which should be like the old poems, and thought he had found it in the Iroquois legend, and that, therefore, Mr. Lowell

throws out a true hint when he speaks of Longfellow as "driven to take refuge among the red men."

The most striking feature in this "Indian Edda," as its author called it, is the metre. This is simple enough in itself, being nothing but a trochaic dimeter, but it is remarkable as being chosen for an English poem of some five thousand six hundred lines. It is difficult to understand how any one could have thought that the machine-like monotony of over twenty thousand successive trochees would be anything but extremely wearisome; but it is much more difficult to understand how any one can read them without finding out the fact. The beautiful flexibility of Greek, and the opportunities it afforded for the building up of words and sentences delightful in themselves as music and intelligence combined, made such metres beautiful in the hands of Greek writers, but the English language is not sufficiently malleable and musical to warrant us in dropping the "ornaments of rhyme" and confining ourselves to a measure so extremely simple. The monotony of the versification of "Hiawatha" is revealed by the first lines, and is present, with a few exceptions, throughout the whole poem; and even these exceptions are passages which are beautiful, not because of the metre, but in spite of it. In reading them one does not notice the metre, and they would be equally effective if printed as prose. A curious defence of the metre of "Hiawatha" has been made by a French critic: "La mélodie des vers, rapide et monotone, ressemble singulièrement aux voix de la nature, qui ne se fatigue jamais de répéter toujours les mêmes sons." This is ingenious, but inadequate, for the sounds of nature are not monotonous, but infinitely varied; it would be just as true to say that nature's coloring is monotonous because the forest is all green. The forest green is beautiful because of its infinite variety of tints and play of light, and the sounds of nature are entrancing because they are never constant; the noise of the waterfall changes every moment, and even the "burly, dozing humble-bee" sweeps the whole gamut as he approaches or recedes. The cuckoo, too,—an excellent illustration, as his note is not a bad trochee,—understands the rhetorical value of the pause: it is terrible to think of his crying "cuckoo" twenty thousand times.

There is, however, a much graver charge to be brought against "Hiawatha." The poem, as a whole, is without interest.

The character of Hiawatha is nothing worth mentioning, and the deeds by which he educates his brethren and frees them from oppression do not arouse our sympathy in any way; the whole story is little better than an Indian nursery tale. Longfellow has, too, drawn so freely upon the uncouth redskin dialect that he has made much of his work positively ludicrous. Pau-Puk-Keewis, Gitche Gumees, Shesh-ebwug, Mudjekeewis, Baim-wawa, Sah-sah-jewun, Kahgahgee, the Puk-wudjies, the Jeebi,—how could any one write a great poem with such *dramatis personæ* as these? The work contains, of course, occasional quaint and pretty passages, and one or two pieces of really vigorous writing,—e.g., the beginning of the nineteenth canto,—but as a whole it seems an example of genuine poetic power and sympathy misapplied, and can hardly have failed, by its immense circulation, to exert a weakening influence on American literature.

Of all forms of poetry the lyric is pre-eminently the one which should rest upon what has been called the "autobiographic basis," and almost every one of Longfellow's lyrics has this characteristic. The autobiographic basis, however, is of two kinds, personal and local. The personal is seen when the lyric has its origin in some deep-rooted emotion in the poet's breast, love, disappointment, jealousy, anger; the local basis is when the lyric is the expression of the poet's emotional relationship to some merely local interest, a view, a house, or even a person. In many cases it is difficult to draw the line between the two, but when the distinction can be clearly made there is no doubt that the former is the higher and greater kind of poetic inspiration; its interest is common to all men, and not half universal and half local. A glance through the index of Longfellow's collected works shows that the autobiographic basis of the majority of his lyrics is the local one. "To the River Charles," "The Belfry of Bruges," "The Arsenal at Springfield," "The Lighthouse," "The Fire of Driftwood," "The Herons of Elmwood," "The Bridge,"—these are specimens of the subjects that attracted his pen. Some concrete interest is necessary to call forth the sympathy of the less cultivated reader, the man who is accustomed to have each of his thoughts linked to a fact, and hence the welcome which these lyrics have received from those who form the majority of our society. They exhibit no sudden transport when a poetic idea re-

veals itself; none of the insight of great passion; little of the suggestion of an original view. Given a man of healthy temperament, of tender heart, of much cultivation, with a genuine poetic faculty, whose life had been passed in circumstances of comfort and uneventful privacy, and these are just the lyrics that he would naturally write. This is not saying so little as might at first appear, for such a coincidence of man and circumstances is rare in our time. And though there is much of Longfellow's lyrical poetry that is commonplace enough, there is not wanting some that belongs to a high order of verse.

A poet who has the reflection and echo of our common life to such an extent as Longfellow would naturally find much of his inspiration take the corresponding poetical form, the epic-lyric. "King Witalaf's Drinking-Horn" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are among the best, as they are the best known of his ballads. "Paul Revere's Ride" suggests and can sustain comparison with Browning's "How they brought the Good News from Ghent." But by far his best single epic-lyric piece is "The Skeleton in Armor," a splendid and powerful piece of versification. There is nothing in English that has caught the old Norse spirit better than Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," the Musician's tale at the Wayside Inn. It is the single time when Longfellow has been strong, when he has shown real passion. With great variety of style and metre he has wrought the Heimskringla into an animated and impulsive English poem. The best of the twenty-two divisions of the saga are "Thora of Rimol," "The Wraith of Odin," "Thangbrand the Priest," "King Olaf's Christmas," and "King Olaf and Earl Sigvald." The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" exhibit all the marked features of Longfellow's poetical work. The following key to the persons who figure in them was given to me by the late Mr. John Owen, Longfellow's first publisher and life-long Bohemian friend: The Landlord, Lyman Howe (the scene is laid in the old Howe Tavern, near Sudbury, Massachusetts); the Student, Henry Ware Wales; the Spanish Jew, Isaac Edraeles; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti; the Musician, Ole Bull; the Poet, Thomas W. Parsons; the Theologian, Samuel Longfellow. Three of these persons are still living. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that their meeting under such circumstances is wholly fictitious; they were not even

all mutually acquainted, and their only common ground was in the poet's imagination. It is much to be doubted if most of them — possibly including the author himself — ever stopped at the Wayside Inn at all.

The sonnet was a form of poetical expression well suited to Longfellow's genius. So far as his muse bore him he was accustomed to think clearly; he had great power of imagination, and an accurate aim in literary matters. Besides these he was possessed of a characteristic which is perhaps the one most conspicuous by its absence from the school of poetry prevalent at the present day, viz., a constant self-control. A dithyramb would have been impossible to him; he never lost sight of the artistic quality of the work he had in hand, and the freest of his songs exhibits a complete subordination of the parts. Just as in the *prestissimo* each finger of the pianist falls accurately upon the proper note, so, in the most rapid utterance of which the sonnet-writer is capable, accuracy of accent, syllable, contrasted rhyme, quatrain, and octave, must be strictly secured. To this difficult end self-control is the one indispensable attribute.

As we might expect, most of Longfellow's sonnets are in the legitimate form, and in a majority of cases they preserve the due separation of the quatrains, an observance which is easily, and therefore frequently, neglected. He had, too, the power to make the sonnet sing, one of its primary attributes, and one which is utterly absent from many of the complicated sonnets of the last few years. It is, however, probable that the readers of Longfellow's sonnets will be conscious of missing something to which they are accustomed, and on reflection will find that something to be richness and luxury of imagery and language. The self-control, however, which is demanded by the sonnet gives it necessarily a certain asceticism; it is a finely chiselled, well-fitted work of art, and we miss a familiar luxuriance in sonnets which answer this description, only because our taste has been vitiated by constant reading of bad examples. Let any one who doubts this compare a couple of sonnets from the earlier English poets — say Ben Jonson, or Shakespeare, or even Wordsworth — with any of the sonnets of D. G. Rossetti, for instance, and see if he does not find the latter by comparison cloying, burning, overlaid, and tangled. Leigh Hunt's fourth rule for the sonnet was, "It must

not have a speck of obscurity." One may almost say that half our contemporary sonnets have not a speck of transparency.

It is questionable whether the English language contains a series of six original sonnets equal in every point to those which are prefixed to Longfellow's translation of the "Divina Commedia." They are perfect in form, splendid and yet moderate in language, and full of scholarly suggestion; they exhibit a distinct progression of thought, and, though they are of great virility, their singing quality never relaxes. The sonnets on "Giotto's Tower," "Night," "President Garfield," "My Books," "Possibilities," the pathetic "Victor and Vanquished," and several of his earlier ones, exhibit Longfellow's best work, and are surpassed by few modern sonnets, if by any.

If, in addition to a knowledge of many languages, a poet possesses a true gift of song, the same qualities which make him a good sonneteer will make him a good translator. The same clearness, subordination of himself to the style of his model, constant self-control in avoiding unwarranted addition or subtraction—these are the indispensables to good translation. To reproduce the total impression made by the original, with only the slightest possible departure from exact transcription—to turn literalism into realism—should be the translator's ideal. An example of such a translation is furnished by Strodtmann's rendering of Tennyson's "Bugle Song," beginning, "*Es fällt der Strahl auf Burg und Thal.*" Longfellow, by his extensive linguistic knowledge and skill with rhyme and metres, was exceptionally well fitted for the work of translation, and he employed his gifts to such good purpose that it is not too much to say of him that, as a translator, he had no living rival.

Every one knows that it is much more difficult to translate a folk-song well than an artistic poem, and every one who is familiar with the rollicking side of German university life remembers the never-failing *Kneiplied* of sweet "Aennchen von Tharau," and what a really large place it holds in the hearts of the students, each of whom believes in its peculiar applicability to a certain "Aennchen" of his own, present or to come. So a few stanzas from it will serve to show Longfellow's facility. He translated it directly from the Low German of its author, Simon Dach; the following German words are Herder's translation, by which it is gen-

erally known in Germany. This will explain the few discrepancies.

Aennchen von Tharau hat wieder ihr Herz
Auf mich gerichtet in Lieb und in Schmerz.

Krankheit, Verfolgung, Betrübniß und Pein
Soll unsrer Liebe Verknotigung sein.
Würdest du gleich einmal von mir getrennt,
Lebstest da, wo man die Sonne kaum kennt;
Ich will dir folgen durch Wälder, durch Meer,
Eisen und Kerker und feindliches Heer.
Aennchen von Tharau, mein Licht, meine
Sonn',
Mein Leben schliesst sich um deines herum.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again,
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.
Should'st thou be torn from me to wander
alone,

In a desolate land where the sun is scarce
known,
Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea
flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies
of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Longfellow's great work as a translator, however, and perhaps the great work of his life, is his three splendid volumes of the "Divina Commedia." His election to the position of the first president of the Dante Society at Cambridge—a position in which Mr. James Russell Lowell has succeeded him—was a fitting recognition of this work. As early as 1839, in his "Voices of the Night," he published translations of a few of the chosen passages of the poem, but it was not until 1863, when in need of some anodyne for the shock caused by the terrible death of his wife, that he determined to attempt a version of the entire "Divine Comedy." The people of Florence had given notice of their approaching celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante's birth, and had invited the co-operation of all lovers of the poet, so there was a special appropriateness in the time of his work. The translation of the "Inferno" was completed and sent to the printer. He then invited two of his intimate friends, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, professor of the history of art, at Harvard University—the *chiarissimo signore* and *profondo conoscitore di Dante* to whom Witte dedicated his *variorum* edition of the "Vita Nuova"—and Mr. Lowell, to assist him in the delicate work of final revision. Mr. Norton has given the following ac-

count of their meetings: "Every Wednesday evening Mr. Lowell and I met in Mr. Longfellow's study to listen while he read a canto of his translation from the proof-sheet. We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire confidence which existed between us." Ten copies of an *édition de luxe* of the translation of the "Inferno" were printed, bearing the special dedication, "In Commemorazione del Secentesimo Anniversario della Nascita di Dante Alighieri," and five of them were despatched to Florence as a New World contribution to the festival of May, 1865. The two remaining parts were prepared with the same care, and the three volumes of the complete translation appeared early in 1867. With what sympathy Longfellow performed his great task may be learned from the following extract from a private note which he wrote while at work on Dante: "How different from this gossip is the divine Dante with which I begin the morning! I write a few lines every day before breakfast. It is the first thing I do—the morning prayer, the key-note of the day."

To give anything like an adequate account of this translation, and to cite passages for comparison with the original, would take up far too much space. For the same reason a number of eulogistic reviews which are before me must all be condensed into the statement that the work has received the commendation of almost every famous Dante scholar, and, with very few exceptions, of every literary authority. There can be no doubt that Longfellow's presentation of the "medieval miracle of song" is by far the best that we have, and probably the best that we shall have in English, and that it will take final rank among the greatest achievements of American letters.

To raise again here the old question of Longfellow's originality would be to depart widely from the intention of discussing only the unfamiliar aspects of his work. The best thing that has been said upon the subject, and one which contains more truth than do all the pages of literary comparisons, is the following remark of a German critic: "Besondere Originalität wird man bei Longfellow vergeblich suchen, wenn man sie nicht in sein-

er bezaubernden Gemüthstiefe erblicken will." "We shall look in vain for any special originality in Longfellow, if we are not willing to perceive it in his fascinating depth of heart." This is the whole truth in the matter: Longfellow possessed an aboriginal humanity of disposition; his spirit seemed to go back from the modern complication of motives to the sources of human feeling.

Two days after Longfellow's death a friend of mine who knew him very well wrote to me as follows: "It is surprising how the man has taken hold of the hearts of all. I have never heard him say anything very striking, or very grand or beautiful, yet his face is always associated in my mind with qualities partaking of all three. He had not a majestic presence to stir you into great feeling for himself personally, yet one could not see his face, nor see or know his daily life and ways, without being deeply inspired by the simplicity, purity, and entire unselfishness of his nature." This is an admirable statement of the common experience. The smaller acts and sayings of his life, assumedly the best indexes of a man's character, showed the "invincible sweetness" of the underlying disposition. I remember that he told me once that a Chicago lady had sent him a packet containing two hundred of her visiting-cards, with the request that he would put his autograph upon each of them, as she was about to give a reception to her friends, and wished to present them with some pleasing memento of the occasion. I expressed the hope that the lady's cards had promptly found their way to his waste-basket. "Oh, no!" he said in a tone of surprise, and almost of reproach, and added, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "I returned them with a note, saying that the many demands upon my time made it quite impossible for me to do as she asked." Mr. William Winter has told us that when he once alluded to Poe's attacks upon Longfellow—mostly contemptible fabrications—the latter only said gravely: "My work seemed to give him much trouble, first and last; but Mr. Poe is dead, and I am alive, and still writing, and that is the end of the matter." Then he picked up a volume of Poe, and particularly commended certain pieces. And one who knew Longfellow intimately all his life has just said, "Nothing human that I ever saw exceeded the tenacity of his friendship." In the light of these anecdotes it is not surprising to learn of the universal affection that was felt for

him, or to find one reviewer saying, "How like a benediction on our homes his music falls!"

All this bears testimony to the correctness of the German critic in attributing Longfellow's originality to his *Gemüths-tiefe*, or depth of heart; and to those who hold with Lotze and his school that the choicest parts of our experience are those that come to us from the *Gemüth*, this originality will seem one of no mean order.

In conclusion, setting aside for the moment what it has been the special object of this study to show, namely, that, besides writing a quantity of commonplace verse, Longfellow has done really first-rate work in several fields, and that he is, therefore, entitled to a higher rank than that to which the critics have customarily assigned him; and admitting all that any one wishes about art for its own sake, we must still recognize and honor his position as a teacher of the people. It is certain that multitudes of people have received direct help from Longfellow's poetry — their lives have gained new sentiment, their sorrows have been made less dismal, they have been strengthened in their efforts to live decently.

Longfellow preserved to the end the vigorous and cheery tone of his song; not even such a subject as "Morituri Salutamus" could dampen it. While some men of genius in their worship at what one of their own number has called the "altar to the unknown god of unachieved desire," are writhing in their efforts to parade all the sensuousness of which human nature is capable, this simple man with his sweetness of life — a "sweetness as of home-made bread" — must not be allowed to pass away without our reverent recognition. His was not the gift of "song which shall spur you to soar," but we may be confident that whenever the army of true bards is mustered, the suffrage of future ages will not grudge him the fulfillment of his modest hope — "to have my place preserved among the rest."

HENRY NORMAN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LEFT to themselves, Millefleurs and Beaufort stood opposite to each other for a moment with some embarrassment. To have anything to do with a quarrel is al-

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ways painful for the third person; and it was so entirely unexpected, out of the way of all his habits, that Beaufort felt himself exceptionally incapable of dealing with it. "Millefleurs," he said, with hesitation, "I don't understand all this. That was a very strange tone to take in speaking to — a friend."

He felt for the first time like a tutor discharging an uncomfortable office, knowing that it must be done, yet that he was not the man to do it, and that of all the youthful individuals in the world, the last person to be so lectured was Millefleurs.

"Naturally you think so. The circumstances make all the difference, don't you know," said Millefleurs, with his ordinary composure. "And the situation. In Frisco it might not have been of any great consequence. Helping a bully out of the world is not much of a crime there. But then it's never hushed up. No one makes a secret of it: that is the thing that sets one's blood up, don't you know. Not for Torrance's sake — who, so far as I can make out, was a cad — or poor Lady Car's, to whom it's something like a deliverance —"

"Torrance!" cried Beaufort, with a gasp. "Lady — Car! Do you mean to say —"

"Then," said Millefleurs, "he never told you? That is a curious piece of evidence. They do things straightforward in Denver City — not like that. He never spoke of an event which had made the country ring —"

"Torrance!" repeated Beaufort, bewildered. The world seemed all to reel about him. He gazed at his companion with eyes wide opened but scarcely capable of vision. By-and-by he sat down abruptly on the nearest chair. He did not hear what Millefleurs was saying. Presently he turned to him, interrupting him unconsciously. "Torrance!" he repeated; "let there be no mistake. You mean the man — to whom Carry — Lady Caroline — was married?"

Millefleurs fixed upon him his little keen black eyes. He recalled to himself tones and looks which had struck him at the moment, on which he had not been able to put any interpretation. He nodded his head without saying anything. He was as keen after any piece of human history as a hound on a scent. And now he was too much interested, too eager for new information, to speak.

"And it happened," said Beaufort, "on Thursday — on the day I arrived?" He

drew a long breath to relieve his breast, then waved his hand. "Yes; if that is all, Erskine told me of it," he said.

"You have something to do with them also, old fellow," said Millefleurs, patting him on the shoulder. "I knew there was something. Come along and walk with me. I must see it out; but perhaps we had better not meet again just now — Erskine and I, don't you know. Perhaps I was rude. Come along; it is your duty to get me out of harm's way. Was there anything remarkable, by the way, in the fact that this happened just when you arrived?"

Beaufort made no reply; he scarcely heard, so violently were his pulses beating in his ears, so high was the tide of new life rising in his veins. Who can think of the perplexities, even the dangers, of another, when something unparalleled, something that stirs up his very being, has happened to himself? But he allowed himself to be led out into the open air, which was a relief — to the road leading to Lindores, from which they soon came in sight of Tinto dominating the country round from its platform. Millefleurs stopped at the point where this first came in view, to point out how high it rose above the river, and how the path ascended through the overhanging woods. The Scaur itself was visible like a red streak on the face of the height. "You can see for yourself that horse or man who plunged over that would have little hope," Millefleurs said. But Beaufort did not hear him. He stood and gazed, with a sense of freedom and possibility which went to his head like wine. Even the ordinary bonds of nature did not seem to hold him. His mind seemed to expand and float away over the wide country. Of all people in the world he was the last who could cross that distance actually, who could present himself to the lady there — the widow — the woman who had married Torrance. He could not offer his services or his sympathy to Carry; he alone of all the world was absolutely shut out from her, more than a stranger: and yet he stood gazing at the place where she was, feeling himself go out upon the air, upon the empty space, towards her. The sensation dizzied his brain and bewildered all his faculties. Millefleurs flowed on, making a hundred remarks and guesses, but Beaufort did not hear him. He would have said afterwards, that as he never spoke, it was impossible he could have betrayed himself. But he betrayed himself completely, and something more than

himself, to the keen little eyes of Millefleurs.

The day passed as days full of agitation pass — looking long, protracted, endless — blank hours of suspense following the moment of excitement. Sir James Montgomery had gone away shaking his good grey head. He had not believed John Erskine's story — that is, he believed that there was something suppressed. He had listened with the profoundest interest up to a certain point, but after that he had shaken his head. "You would have done better to tell me everything," he said, as he went away. "It would have been more wise — more wise." He shook his head; the very truth of the story went against it. There was so much that fitted into the hypothesis of the countryside. But then there came that *suppressio veri* which took all the value from the statement. Sir James went away fully determined to repeat the story in the most favorable way — to give the best representation of it possible; but he was not satisfied. It was with a most serious face that he mounted his horse and rode away, shaking his head from time to time. "No, no," he said to himself, "that will never hold water — that will never hold water!" When this interview was over, John went back to his library and sat down in his usual chair with a sense of exhaustion and hopelessness which it would be difficult to describe. He had told his story as best he could, searching his memory for every detail; but he had not been believed. He had gone on, growing impassioned in his self-defence — growing indignant, feeling himself powerless in face of that blank wall of incredulity, that steady incapacity to believe. "Why should I tell you a lie?" he cried at last. "Do not you see? Have you not said that it was for my interest to tell you the truth?" "I am not saying you have told a lie," Sir James said, always shaking his head. "No, no — no lie. You will never be accused of that." When he went away, he had laid his heavy old hand on John's shoulder. "My poor lad, if you had only had the courage to open your heart all the way!" he said. John felt like a victim in the hands of the Inquisition. What did they want him to confess? Half-maddened, he felt as if a little more pressure, a few more twists of the screw, would make him accuse himself of anything, and confess all that they might require.

He did not know how long he sat there, silent, doing nothing, not even thinking anything, alone with himself and the cloud

that hung over his life, with a consciousness that all his movements were watched, that even this would be something against him, a proof of that remorse which belongs to guilt. And thus the slow moments, every one slower than the other, more full of oppression, rolled over him. Beaufort had disappeared, and did not return till late in the afternoon, when the twilight was falling. A few words only passed between them, and these related solely to Beaufort's thoughts, not to Erskine's.

"It is *her* husband who has been killed," Beaufort said; "you never told me."

"I could not tell you. It was too extraordinary; it was an impiety," John said.

But neither did he ask himself what he meant, nor did Beaufort ask him. They said nothing more to each other, except such civilities as are indispensable when men eat together, — for they dined all the same, notwithstanding the circumstances. In every crisis men must still dine; it is the only thing that is inevitable, in trouble or in joy.

And then the night followed. Night is horrible, yet it is consolatory to those who are in suspense. John could not suppose that his trials were over, that nothing was to follow; but by ten o'clock or so he said to himself, with relief, that nothing could happen to-night. Rolls, too, had evidently arrived at the same conclusion. He was heard to close and bolt the door ostentatiously while it was still early, and there was something in the very noise he made which proclaimed the satisfaction with which he did it. But after this there was a long, black evening still, and hours of darkness, to follow, which John did not know how to get through. Almost he had made up his mind to step out of the window at midnight, as Rolls had suggested, and withdraw from all this alarm and unjust suspicion. He did go out, and felt the cool freshness of the night caress him, hot and weary as he was, and thought with a sigh of distant places far away, where he might be safe from all these frets and passions. But he knew, if he did so, that his cause would be lost forever — that nothing could save him or his reputation. Perhaps in no case could anything save him: but if he fled, his ruin was certain. What did it matter, he thought with bitterness, that he had no witnesses to produce, that nobody would believe him? And if he were condemned, what would any one care? His mother, indeed, would feel the shame, but more the shame than

anything else; and her name was not Erskine, nor that of any of her family. There was no one who actually belonged to him in the wide world, to whom his living or dying could be of any consequence. As he stood alone with these bitter thoughts, on the terrace, looking out upon the night, feeling the wind blow upon him from the fields of sleep, but no other trace in the darkness of the great wide landscape which he knew lay stretched out like a map under cover of the clouds, something breathed another name in his ear. Ah! how did he know if she would care? Sometimes he had thought so, hoped so, vaguely, with a tremor of alarmed delight. But if this shadow of crime came over him, would Edith stoop under it to say a word of consolation? — would she? could she? He stood still for a long time on the terrace, with the lighted window and common life behind him, and all the secrets of the hidden night before, and asked himself what she would do. What would she do? That question, and not the other, was, after all, the great one in life.

Next morning John awoke with the sense of a coming trial, which made his heart jump in his breast the moment he opened his eyes, though it was some time before he recollected what it was. But he did so at last, and accepted the certainty with outward calm. He came down-stairs with a steady conviction of what was about to happen. To make up his mind to it was something. He sat down at the breakfast table opposite to Beaufort — who was restless and uncomfortable — with a calm which he felt to be fictitious, but which nevertheless was calm.

"You must remember," he said, "Beaufort, whatever happens, that Dalrulzian is altogether at your command."

"What can happen?" Beaufort asked.

"I scarcely know. I can be taken away, I suppose, and examined somewhere. You had better come with me. You are a barrister, and might help; and besides, it will always be for your advantage to get a little insight into Scotch law."

"I might be of use, perhaps; but in that case, you must tell me everything," Beaufort said.

"I ask no better," said the young man; and he repeated the narrative which he had told to Sir James Montgomery. "Don't you disbelieve me. What I say to you is the whole truth," he said, — "everything that there is to say."

"To disbelieve you would be impossible," said Beaufort, which was the first gleam of consolation he had. They had a long consultation, some of which was surprised by Rolls, who went and came, busy about the door, with sombre and undisguised anxiety.

Beaufort scouted at the idea that there could be any question of murder. "Had you done as they suppose — seized the bridle in self-defence, and forced the horse a step too far — it would still only be accident," he said, — "at the very worst and bitterest, manslaughter; though I don't see how it could bear even such a verdict as that. There is no occasion for unnecessary alarm. Anything more is impossible."

At this moment Rolls came in; his countenance was lightened, yet excited. "There is one — that would like to speak to you, sir," he said.

There could be no doubt as to what the summons was. Rolls lingered behind when his master, with changing color, but self-possession, left the room. He came up to Beaufort stealthily. "Sir," he said — "sir, will you be all true?"

"What? Neither Mr. Erskine nor myself is in the habit of saying what is not true."

"That's no doubt the case. I'm saying nothing of him; but you might have smoothed it off a bit, just to soothe him. Will it be all exact you said about manslaughter? Manslaughter is just culpable homicide, so far as I can see. And what's the punishment for manslaughter (as you call it), if you'll be so kind as say?"

"That depends on the gravity of the case, on the character of the judge, on many things. A year's, two years' imprisonment — perhaps only a month or two. I have known it but a day."

"And previous character would be taken into account?" said Rolls; "and aggravation, and — many a thing more?"

"No doubt; it is a thing upon which no certain rule can be observed. It may be next to no harm at all, or it may be close upon murder. In such a case as this, severity is very unlikely."

"But it will make a parting," said Rolls solemnly, "atween him and all he maist cares for. I'm no' of the young maister's mind myself. There are some would have set him far better, and in every way more suitable; but what a man likes himself, it's that will please him, and no' what another man likes. It takes us a' a lang time," said Rolls, shaking his

head, "to learn that. Many's the one in my place would think here's just a grand opportunity to pairt him and — them; but you see I take his ain wishes into consideration."

The old servant spoke less to Beaufort than to himself; but the visitor was not accustomed to hold such colloquies with a family butler. He stared, then grew impatient, and disposed to resent the old fellow's familiarity. The next moment the bell rang, and Rolls hurried away. Beaufort followed him out into the hall, where a man was standing evidently on guard. John was at the door of the drawing-room, pale, but perfectly composed. "The dogcart immediately," he said to Rolls, and beckoned to Beaufort to come in. "I am going before the sheriff-substitute about this matter," he said. "Beaufort, you will come with me. Mr. Granger, this is my friend Mr. Beaufort, an English barrister. He may go with me, I suppose, to watch over my interests? You see that what we were threatened with yesterday has come to pass."

"I see, indeed," said Beaufort, "with sorrow and surprise. What is it that has to be done now?"

"The sheriff will make no objection," said the head of the county police, a plain, grave man, with regret in his face. "It's my duty to take Mr. Erskine before the sheriff. The result of the examination will be, let us hope, that he'll come canily home again, when all has been inquired into in due form. There is no reason to take a gloomy view. The sheriff will maybe find there's no case; and I'm sure I wish so with all my heart."

They all sat round with the utmost gravity to listen to this little speech. It was not a moment for light-heartedness. John sat between the table and the door, in perfect self-command, yet very pale. Notwithstanding all the respect shown to him, and the good feeling from which he had everything to hope, the most innocent of men may be excused a feeling of dismay when he is, to all intents and purposes, arrested on a criminal charge, with issues to his good fame and social estimation, even if nothing more, which it is impossible to calculate. They sat in silence while the dogcart was getting ready, a strange little company. After a while the officer, to lessen the embarrassment of the moment, and make everything pleasant, began to address various little remarks about the weather and other commonplace topics to the two gentlemen, such as, "This is a very agreeable change

from all the wet we've been having;" or, "The news this morning is more satisfactory about that Afghan business." The responses made, as may be supposed, were not very effusive. It was a relief when the dogcart came to the door. Old Rolls stood and watched it go down the avenue, with his countenance firmly set, and a stern resolution gathering about his mouth. Bauby stole out and stood by his side in the morning light, with her apron to her eyes, and her capacious bosom convulsed with sobs. "Eh, that I should have lived to see this day, and shame come to oor dwellin'!" cried Bauby; "and as bonny a young lad as ever steppit, and as good!"

"Hold your peace, woman!" said her brother; "ye may see shame come nearer hame or a's done."

"Eh, Tammas, man! what do you ca' nearer hame? My heart's just broken; and what will his mammaw say?" the faithful creature cried.

Meanwhile it might have been a party of pleasure that threaded its way among the trees, somewhat closely packed in the dogcart, but no more than they might have been, starting for the moors. John Erskine drove himself to the examination which was to decide his fate one way or another, with all the appearance of a perfectly free agent. The horse was fresh, the morning bright; and though the four men were a heavy load, they skimmed along the country road as gaily as if all had been well. Tinto was visible for the greater part of the way. They passed by the very gates of Lindores. John had shaken himself together as he took the reins in his hand, and with perhaps a little unconscious bravado, paused now and then to indicate a favorite point of view to his friend. But he had harder work in store. Just before they reached Dunearn, he perceived drawn up by the roadside Lady Lindores's carriage, in which Edith was seated alone. Impossible to describe the feelings with which, as across a gulf of pain and trouble, the unfortunate young man, at this crisis of his fate, looked at the girl with whom, when he last saw her, he had been so near to the edge of a mutual understanding. It was impossible for him now to do other than draw up by the side of the carriage to speak to her; and there, in the hearing of the two men who formed his escort, and whose presence was heavy on his heart, the following conversation took place. Edith looked up at him with a smile and an expression of pleasure which

brightened her whole aspect. She was in mourning, and somewhat pale.

"I am waiting for mamma," she said. "One of her pensioners is ill in that cottage. I was glad of the chance of bringing her out for a little air. We are with poor Carry, you know."

"How is Lady Caroline?" John asked.

"Oh — well enough — when one considers all things," said Edith hastily; and to escape that subject, which was not to be entered on before strangers, she said, "You are going to Dunearn?"

"On painful business," he said. "I wonder if I may ask you one thing?" She looked up at him with a smile which said much — a smile of trust and belief, which might have encouraged any man to speak. Edith had no fear of what he might ask her. For John it was more difficult to command himself and his voice at that moment than at any previous one since his trial began. He cleared his throat with an effort, and his voice was husky. "You will hear things said of me — that may make you turn from — an old friend altogether. I want you not to believe them. And tell Lady Lindores. Do not believe them. It is not true."

"Mr. Erskine, what is it — what is it? You may be sure I shall believe nothing against you — nor mamma either! Is it — is it" — her eyes fixed upon him anxiously and upon the stranger beside him, whose face was unknown to her, and who sat blank and passive like a servant, yet who was not a servant. Edith rose in the carriage in her great anxiety, and gazed as if she would have read a volume in John's face. What it cost him to look at her and to keep a kind of smile on his, it would be hard to tell.

"I cannot enter into explanations now. I may not be able to do so soon. Only — tell Lady Lindores."

She held out her hand to him, which he stooped to touch — it was all he could do — and once more gave him an anxious, tender smile. "You may trust both mamma and me," she said.

And in another moment, so it seemed, the dogcart stopped again. John went over the streets of Dunearn like a man in a dream — in a sort of exquisite anguish, a mingled sweetness and bitterness such as never went into words. Their looks seemed to cling together, as, with a start, the horse went on; and now they stopped again and got down — for a very different encounter. Even now, however, John's progress was to be interrupted. Some one called to him as he was about

to go into the sheriff's court in the little Town House of Dunearn. "Is that you, John Erskine? and what has brought you here?" in peremptory tones. He turned round quickly. It was Miss Barbara in her pony-carriage, which Nora was driving. The old lady leaned across the young one and beckoned to him with some impatience. "Come here. What are you doing in Dunearn without coming to me? It's true I'm out, and you would not have found me; but Janet would have understood to be prepared for your luncheon. And what's your business in the Town House this fine morning, and with strange company?" Miss Barbara said. She cast a keen glance at the man, who stood aside respectfully enough, and yet, backed by his assistant, kept a watchful eye on John.

"I am afraid I cannot wait to tell you now. It is not pleasant business," John said.

"Come round here," said the old lady imperiously: "can I keep on skreighing to you before all the town? Come round here." Her keen eyes took in the whole scene: John's glance at his grave companion, the almost imperceptible gesture with which that person made way for him. Miss Barbara's perceptions were keen. She gripped her nephew by the arm. "John Erskine, have ye done anything to bring ye within the power of the law?"

"Nothing," he said firmly, meeting her eye.

"Then what does that man mean glowering at you? Lord guide us, what is it, boy? It cannot be money, for money has none of these penalties now."

"It is not money — nor anything worth a thought."

"Mr. Erskine," said the officer civilly, "the sheriff is waiting." And after that, there was no more to be said.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ROLLS went up-stairs and dressed himself in his best — his "blacks," which he kept for going to funerals and other solemnities — not the dress in which he waited at table and did his ordinary business. The coat, with its broad, square tails, gave him an appearance something between that of a respectable farmer and a parish minister — a little too solemn for the one, too secular for the other; and for to-day at least no man's servant, he enveloped his throat in a large black silk neckerchief, square in shape, and folded like a substantial bandage with a little bow in

the front. His forehead was lined with thought. When he had finished his toilet, he opened the large wooden "kist" which stood in a corner of his room, and was the final receptacle of all his worldly goods. Out of that he took a blue-spotted handkerchief, in which a pocket-book was carefully wrapped up, and took from it a few somewhat dirty pound-notes. Then restoring the pocket-book, he locked the kist carefully, and went down-stairs with the key — a very large one — in his hand. This he gave to Bauby, who still hung about the door, with her apron to her eyes. "You should go ben to your work, my woman," said Rolls, "and no make the worst of what's happened: in a' likelihood the master will be back afore the dinner's ready." "Do you think that, Tammas? do you really think that?" cried Bauby, brightening up and showing symptoms of an inclination to cry for joy as she had done for sorrow. "I'm no saying what I think. I'm thinking mony things beyond the power o' a woman-person to faddom," said Rolls solemnly. "And if the maister should be back, it's real possible I mayna be back. You'll just behave conformably, and put forrit Marget. If she wasna so frightened, she's no a bad notion at a' of waiting at table. And if there's ony question where I am, or what's become of me —"

"Oh, Tammas, what will I say? It will be the second time in a week. He'll no like it," cried Bauby, diverted from one trouble to another. The absence of her brother when the dinner was ready was almost as extraordinary as her master's conveyance away to unknown dangers by the functionaries of the law.

"If he's here to be angry, a' will be well," said Rolls grimly; and then he handed her the key. "If there should be any question about me, when I'm no here to answer for myself, you'll inform whoever it concerns that the kist is yours and everything in it, in proof of which you'll produce the key. That's no to say but what you'll respect the bits of things in it, and hand me back possession when I come, soon or late," said Rolls. "You'll mind what I say to you, Bauby. It's yours in the one case, but no in the other. You'll take possession if there is ony other claimant; but me being back, you'll respect my rights."

"I wuss I would ken what you meant first," said Bauby, gazing at him wistfully. Rolls had an air of satisfaction on his face for the first time: he was pleased to have puzzled her. His face relaxed al-

most into a smile as he said, "According to a' probabilities, you'll soon understand that."

With these words he set out from the hall-door, walking very deliberately, and crushing the pebbles under his feet at every step. He had taken his best silk umbrella, which, loosened from its habitual folds, and used as a stick, made a sort of flapping accompaniment to his progress, like a large bird walking by him. As he turned from the door the solemnity of his aspect returned. He walked slowly, thinking as he went — thinking so profoundly that he scarcely saw Peggy at the lodge, and passed her, taking no notice of her in the gravity of his preoccupation. She said afterwards that it was awfu' evident he had something on his mind. She told Jean Tamson, who was in the lodge at the moment — come for a crack, and talking of nothing else but this very subject, — "I wouldna wonder," she said, "but Mr. Rolls kens more about it than any of us." This at least was what she informed the world she had said to her gossip when all was known.

It was four miles to Dunearn; but old Rolls was a steady, good walker, with no irregularity about him. Every step he took was just of the same length as the step before. Yard for yard he did his four miles in the regulated time, neither shorter nor longer. When he arrived at the Town House, there was a little flutter about the door as of people dispersing; but there had not been any number of people, and though the rumor of what had transpired had begun to blow about the place, there were not as yet many gazers. By-and-by, as he stood outside, his master came out, with one of the emissaries of the morning close by him, and Beaufort behind. John Erskine was pale; but there was a sort of smile on his face — a smile which had no pleasure in it, but some contempt, and that sort of outward looking to heaven and earth, with the head held high, and the nostrils somewhat dilated, which is so often the aspect of a man unjustly accused. He was making light of it to himself — persuading himself that it was nothing and meant nothing. He saw Rolls standing by, and waved his hand to him. "What, have you walked all this way," he said, "old Truepenny," — with something of the same levity of despair which dictated the same words to Hamlet, — "to see the last of me?"

"It's not come to that, sir, I hope," said Rolls, with a seriousness which was

as solemn as if what John had said was real. The young man laughed.

"You will pack my portmanteau and send it after me: I suppose I may be allowed that?" he said. The officer who was in attendance bowed his head. The people about gathered round, staring at John with too much surprise to express any other emotion; and by-and-by the party drove off again, nobody apparently divining exactly what it all meant. There were a number of petty cases to be tried by the sheriff, who was in the Town House, as it was called, and as many different interests as there were loungers about. Rolls went in with hesitating steps after his master had disappeared. The old man had come, in full expectation of the event which had happened; but fact is always different from anticipation. When he saw what he had only looked for, the effect upon him was something overwhelming. He stood staring and gaping in the little crowd which gradually drew together, realizing only after it was over what had taken place before their eyes. "What's wrang with the young maister, Mr. Rolls?" said one of the bystanders. "Let me be!" cried the old man, shaking himself free; and he went into the Town House with tottering steps. He had intended taking certain bold and immediate steps, carrying out the project he had been framing in his mind; but his nerves were shaken when the moment came. The law terrified him. If his master, in all the strength and confidence of his youth, was thus peremptorily dealt with, what aggravations might not he, an old and humble individual — nothing but a servant — look for? He was cowed. He stole up to an attendant and made faltering inquiries. "What will they have settled about yon case?" he said. "About what case? — the sheep-lifting, or the unlawfu' wounding, or the robbery at Willyam Tamson's —" "Nane o' thae things — nane o' thae things," said old Rolls. "It's about young Mr. Erskine of Dalrulzian." "Oh, ay, ay," said the attendant, shaking his head; "that's very serious. The circumstances a' point to some agent mair than accident — that's what the sherra says, and he canna see his way to discharging the panel." "The panel!* — he's nae panel! — mind what you're saying," cried Rolls. "Well, maybe that's going owre fast. I would say the gentleman under suspicion. He maun just bide the result of a mair formal ex-

* *Scotick*, accused.

amination — that's a' I can tell ye; I have nae time to enter into particulars," the official said.

Rolls, who had meant such heroic things, turned away tremulously. He went out again, scarcely knowing where he was going, into the streets of Dunearn. There everybody looked at him with curious eyes. The town had at last become conscious of what had happened: from a public-house in the environs a stone had been thrown at John Erskine as he went past, and hootings had risen on his path. This roused the population fully, and now the streets were full of groups discussing the matter. Torrance, as has been said, was popular in his way, especially now in that warmth of pity and charity which follows a sudden and unexpected death; and John Erskine was comparatively unknown. The tide was strongly against him, as a semi-foreigner — a man who had come from "abroad." "He'll find here that gentle and simple must keep the laws alike," said one. "A man daurna ride roughshod over his fellows here."

Old Rolls heard the growl of popular excitement, and it alarmed him still more. "If it was me, they would tear me in bits," he said to himself. His alarm on this point, as much as his original intention, drove him in at Mr. Monypenny's door, which was in his way. He was afraid of being recognized as the butler at Dalrulzian ("for everybody kens me," he said to himself, with mingled pride and panic), and he was anxious to consult the "man of business" who had Dalrulzian estate in his hands.

Mr. Monypenny was out; and Rolls requested permission to sit down and wait. He had a long time of quiet to think over his plan again, and he did think it over, and recovered his courage. After a time Mrs. Monypenny, hearing who it was, sent to request him to have some cold beef in the kitchen, an offer of which Rolls availed himself at once. "For what is the use of punishing yourself?" he said. "A man's more qualified for everything when he has eaten his dinner." He was very serious, and unlike his usual cheerfully communicative mood, in Mr. Monypenny's kitchen. The maids did not know what had come over him. To have such a grand subject of discourse as his master's arrest, and yet to be so silent, struck them with astonishment; but they, too, remarked his perturbed countenance afterwards, and said to one another, "I told you there was mair in him than met the eye."

Meanwhile Miss Barbara and her young companion had been driving up and down in the pony-carriage in a state of great excitement. They had passed the Town House half-a-dozen times, always looking for the reappearance of John; but he, as was to be expected, had come out and gone away in the interval between. Miss Barbara had maintained during the whole time a lively monologue, scarcely interrupted by her young companion. "I've heard what they daured to say," Miss Barbara cried; "as if one of my family would stoop to soil his fingers with any Tinto of them all! What were the Torrances but bonnet-lairds till old Torrance married the railway man's daughter? But I never thought they would have dared to do anything against an Erskine. Times are changed. (Go round by the Stone Bridge, Nora; it's an easier road for the pony.) What would my father have said if he had heard a descendant of his evened with one of that race? That's what your Radicalism comes to."

"But death is the same, whether it comes to a saint or — a bully; and life has to be protected," said Nora, fired with political ardor.

"Life — and death. They're grand words to use: a drunk man falling over a steep bank that it was the wonder of the whole country-side he had not gone over years and years before."

Nora did not say any more. She was not so warm a partisan as Miss Barbara's companion ought to have been. She drove along quietly, taking no further part in the talk, which the old lady maintained alone. "How can I go in to my peaceful house and eat my comfortable dinner, not knowing but my own flesh and blood may be shut up in a jail?" she said. Then she added quickly, "There's that lad, young Rintoul. I'm not fond of any of his family; but I suppose he's a gentleman. He'll go in and ask what has happened. Fast — to your right hand, Nora. Now draw up. He sees what I mean. Lord Rintoul," added Miss Barbara, "I have a favor to ask of you. You may have heard my nephew John Erskine's name bandied about these late days. He's been in the Town House before the sheriff and the procurator-fiscal this hour and a half or more. It's not for me to ask the town-bodies about what has happened. Will you go and bring me word?"

Rintoul stood silent for a moment before he made any reply. Her voice seemed to have called him from painful

reflections of his own, the chain of which he could not in a moment break. He gave her a half-bewildered look, then turned to Nora, who looked at him more gently, with sympathetic eyes. How haggard he looked, and worn! — he who had been so ruddy and manly, only too much flesh and blood, almost too little inclination to be moved by emotion or sentiment, — was all this because of the sudden death of his brother-in-law, a man for whom he cared nothing? Nora was extraordinarily impressed by Rintoul's changed appearance. Miss Barbara, preoccupied by her own anxieties, scarcely noticed him at all.

"In the Town House with the sheriff? What does that mean?"

"I forgot you were English," said Miss Barbara, with a touch of contempt. "It means some examination of witnesses anent the death of Pat Torrance, your brother-in-law. What my nephew should have to do with it, I cannot tell you. It's just that I would have you inquire."

"He can have nothing to do with it," said Rintoul; and then he stopped short, and the momentary animation died out of his face. He shivered as he stood in the sunshine, which was as warm as September ever is in Scotland. "It must be a mistake; we have heard nothing of this," he said. "I am sure Carry — would be averse to any fuss. It was such a thing for her that there was no coroner's inquest. I made sure we were all safe. You must be mistaken," he said.

"Lord Rintoul," said Nora, who was given to opposition, "though there is no coroner's inquest, there must be justice; and if they think Mr. Erskine has anything to do with it —"

"He has nothing to do with it," said Rintoul, with petulant impatience. Miss Barbara stretched her hand over Nora to grasp his, but this gesture seemed to drive him back into himself. He withdrew a little from the side of the pony-carriage, and made a pretence of not seeing the old lady's outstretched hand. Miss Barbara was shocked, and gave him a curious look; but she was not prepared for disrespect, and did not expect it. She went on more eagerly than before.

"And here I am helpless," she said. "I cannot go in myself. I will not send Nora. Will you do my errand, Lord Rintoul? Bring me word, not here, but to my house. I am going home."

He gave a little bow of assent, and stood on the pavement looking after them as they drove away. He stood longer

than was necessary for that, till they had disappeared round the corner of the High Street, till the children about — of whom there was always a large supply in Dunearn — began to gape at him with expectations of amusement. "Look at the man glowering frae him," these spectators cried, and a small pebble tumbled along the flags where he stood — a harmless experiment to see if there was any fun in him. He did not notice this, nor any other outside occurrence, but after a while got slowly under way again, as if the operation was difficult, and went on to the Town House. When he got there, he went in reluctantly, with evident disinclination. The attendant who had talked to Rolls made way for him respectfully. The other people about opened the doors and took off their hats to the young potentate. A small case which was going on at the time was even suspended while the sheriff, not nearly so great a man, answered his lordship's questions in his own person. "Yes, there has been an examination," the sheriff said. "The circumstances are very suspicious. I have thought it best to order that young Erskine should be detained till there can be a more complete investigation. That, it is to be hoped, will clear the matter up; but if not —"

Lord Rintoul's fair and ruddy countenance was dark with anxiety and pain. "You cannot mean," he said, "that you believe Erskine —"

"I believe nothing but what there is evidence for," the sheriff said. "We are not men of theories, Lord Rintoul. Experience shows every day that men do the most unlikely things. I hear he's shown an *animus*, — and there are two or three points very strange. I saw it my duty to give orders that he should be detained —"

"You have sent him to prison, do you mean?" There was a sharp tone as of personal anguish in Rintoul's voice. "But you'll admit him to bail? My father, I, Millefleurs, any gentleman in the country —"

"Will be his bail? I doubt if it's aailable offence; but if Lord Lindores were willing to do that, no doubt it would have a good effect. However, nothing can be done before the investigation," said the sheriff; "a day or two will do the young man no harm."

This was all he could elicit. The sheriff was a man who had a great idea of his office, and it was not often that he had a case so interesting and important. The

attendants thought Lord Rintoul had been drinking, as he stumbled out. He went along the quiet street with an uncertain step, now and then taking off his hat that the air might refresh him. He, too, stopped at Mr. Monypenny's door, as Rolls had done a very short time before. It was afternoon now, and the shadows were lengthening as he reached Miss Barbara's house. What a sunny glimpse there was from door to door, across the little hall to the garden, where the brightness of the autumn flowers made a flush of color! Rintoul saw a figure against the light which was not Miss Barbara's. There was in him a forlorn desire for consolation. "Don't tell Miss Barbara I am here just yet," he said hastily to the maid, and opened the glass door, beyond which Nora stood among all the geraniums and mignonette. There was no agitation about her. She was not sufficiently interested in John Erskine to be deeply troubled by the idea of annoyance to him as his old aunt was, or alarmed by a passing shadow upon his name. She was serene and calm in this quiet world of flowers and greenness where no trouble was. She welcomed him with a smile. "Miss Barbara is very anxious," she said. "She has gone up-stairs to rest, but I am to let her know when you come."

"Wait a little," he said, glad of the interval; "you are not anxious."

"Not so much. Of course I am interested in my friends' friends — but I don't know very much of Mr. Erskine," said Nora, unable to divest herself altogether of the imaginative offence that lay between John and her. "And it cannot do him much harm, can it? It will only be disagreeable — till the facts are known. Young men," she said, with a smile, "have a right to have something unpleasant happen to them now and then; they have so much the best of it in other ways."

"Do you think so?" he said, with a seriousness which put her levity to shame. "To be sent to prison — to have a stigma put upon you — perhaps to be tried for your life! — that is rather worse than mere unpleasantness."

Nora was greatly impressed, not only by the gravity of what he said, but the air with which he said it. "It surely cannot be so bad as that: and he — is innocent, Lord Rintoul?"

"I have no doubt of it," cried Rintoul eagerly — "no doubt of it! If there is any one to blame, it is some one — whom most likely nobody suspects. What would

you think of the man who had done it, and yet said nothing, but let John Erskine suffer for his fault?"

"I do not believe," said Nora, like Desdemona, "that there could be any such man. It is impossible. You think too badly of human nature. How can you suppose another would do what you know you would not do yourself? Oh, no, no, never! Lord Rintoul" — she paused after this little outburst, and drawing a step nearer to him, asked in a low and horror-stricken tone — "do you really think that poor Mr. Torrance was — murdered?"

"No, no!" he cried, almost violently — "no, no!" He stopped short, with a dryness in his throat, as if he could not speak; then resumed, in a quieter tone, "But I think in all likelihood there was, as people imagine, a quarrel, a scuffle — and that somebody — took hold of the mare's bridle —"

"Some tramp, no doubt," said Nora sympathetically, much affected by his emotion, "who perhaps doesn't even know —"

"That is it," said Rintoul eagerly — "who perhaps never dreamt at the moment. And even if he knows now, such a man might think, as you did, that it would come to nothing with Erskine. I believe it will come to nothing — a day, or two days, in prison."

"But if it should turn out more serious," said Nora, "even a tramp — would give himself up, surely, would never let an innocent man suffer?"

"We must hope so, at least," said Lord Rintoul. His countenance had never relaxed all this time. It was almost solemn, set, and rigid — the muscles about his mouth unmoving. "There should not be any question about right and wrong, I know," he said, "but such a man might say to himself — he might think — young Erskine is a gentleman, and I'm only a common fellow — they will treat him better than they would treat me. He might say to himself —"

"I cannot believe it," cried Nora. "In such a case there could be no question of what any one would do. It is like ABC. What! let another man suffer for something you have done! Oh, no, no — even in the nursery one knows better than that!"

"I don't think," said Rintoul, "that you ever can understand all the excuses a man will make for himself till you've been in the same position. Things look so different when you've done it — from what they do when some one else has done it."

There are so many things to be taken into consideration. Punishment is not the same to all; it might ruin one, and not do much harm to another. A man might feel justified, or at least there would be excuses for him, if he let another bear the punishment which would not hurt *him* much, but would be destructive to himself. Of course it would be his business to make it up somehow."

"Lord Rintoul, this is dreadful doctrine!" said Nora; "if it were carried out, then you might do any wickedness you wished, and hire somebody to be punished instead of you." She laughed half nervously, shaking off the graver turn the conversation had taken. "But this is absurd," she said; "of course you don't mean that. I think I know what you mean; but I must not delay longer, I must tell Miss Barbara."

"Don't disturb her now," said Rintoul eagerly. "Besides, I really have not time. If you would say that it is unfortunately true, that Erskine is—detained till there can be a full investigation. I am hurrying off to get bail for him, for of course they must accept bail—and it will only be for a few days. The investigation—at which we shall all be examined," he said, with a nervous tremor—"will clear up everything, I hope."

"I hope so, with all my heart," said Nora, waving her hand to him as he hurried away. Rintoul had reached the garden-door on his way out, when he suddenly paused, and came back to her, and took that hand, holding it for a moment between his own.

"All this is very hard upon me," he said incoherently; "it gives me a great deal of misery. Feel for me—stand by me. Will you, Nora? I don't care for the rest, if you—"

And he wrung her hand almost violently, dropped it, and hurried away. The girl stood looking after him with wonder and dismay, and yet with a gush of a different kind of feeling, which filled her heart with a confusing warmth. "A great deal of misery!" Was it the tenderness of his heart for his sister, for the unfortunate man who had been summoned out of the world so abruptly—though he did not love him—and for his friend who was unjustly accused, which made Rintoul say this? But anyhow, Nora was not capable of resisting such an appeal. Poor Rintoul: though he did not show it to any one, how tender he was, how full of sympathy! John Erskine (against whom she could not help entertaining a little grudge)

died out of her mind altogether. She was so much more sorry for the other, who felt it so deeply though it was not his concern.

From The Spectator.

"OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS."

THE recent observations made on the planet Venus during her transit across the sun, appear to confirm the impression derived from the last transit, in 1874, that she has an atmosphere not less dense than our own, and aqueous vapor and cloud within that atmosphere. This conclusion would have grieved the late Professor Whewell, who, in his ingenious essay to disprove the plurality of inhabited worlds, took for granted that "we discern no traces of a gaseous or watery atmosphere surrounding her [Venus]," and built on this negative evidence one of his arguments to prove that, in the whole universe, the earth is not improbably the only habitable globe. Professor Whewell did his best to show that the earth held a very singular place in what might be a very unique solar system; that it occupied what he called "the temperate zone" of its own sun's system, and that there is no particular reason to suppose that any other sun has planetary attendants at all. In order to make out the singular position of the earth in its own sun's system, Professor Whewell was compelled to make the most of the intensity of the light and heat in Mercury and Venus, and the most, again, of the comparative cold of Mars. In point of fact, however, it is probable that a very slight modification of our human organization—even if any structural modification at all of that organization were necessary—would enable creatures of the same general structure and habits as man to live with ease in either of the planets nearest to the earth, in either Mars, which should, *ceteris paribus*, be colder and darker, or in Venus, which should, *ceteris paribus*, be lighter and hotter than the earth. We know, to some extent, the configuration of the continents in Mars, and our astronomers have at times watched the area of the polar snows of that planet increasing with the approach of winter, and dwindling with the approach of summer. Of Venus we know much less, the intense brightness of her reflected light being a very unfavorable condition for minute observation. But the apparently clear

evidence for an atmosphere of a good deal of density, and for the presence of cloud and aqueous vapor in that atmosphere, disposes completely of the late Professor Whewell's assumption that no creature resembling man, now has, or could ever have, his abode there. There now seems no reason to doubt that in Venus the conditions of physical existence are such that either there now may be there, or may have been, or may be in future, a being whose physical existence might, like that of man and the animal natures nearest to man, exist under something closely approaching to those of terrestrial life. The length of the day in Venus is nearly the same, the weight of any given mass is nearly the same, the atmospheric conditions are probably not very different from our own; the only material differences being probably the length of the year, which is not very much above the half of ours—or say, about seven months, instead of twelve—and the amount of light and heat, which, unless mitigated by special atmospheric conditions, as they easily might be, would probably be twice as intense as terrestrial light and heat.

We insist on this analogy, however, only for the sake of those who, like the late Dr. Whewell, made the argument from analogy so all-important, though in relation to a question on which, as it appears to us, the argument from analogy has really a very slight bearing indeed. There is no reason in the world why spiritual beings, much more like to us in their thoughts than it is at all probable that birds and tortoises are like to us in their thoughts, should not exist everywhere,—in the pure ether, in the hottest flames of the sun, in the dimness of the darkest recesses of space, in the heart of the volcano, or in the depth of the ocean. Ignore the reasoning from analogy,—and we can hardly have a less secure basis for reasoning, where observation is limited, as it is in this case, to one minute corner of an infinite universe,—and we shall find no more reason why we should confine the Creator's power to working within conditions closely resembling our own, than there is why we should assume that he will work at all in regions where we have no evidence of that work. Nothing will give us a better idea of the utter arbitrariness of the argument from analogy, when it is used by creatures of extremely feeble powers as their only means of determining the direction and limits of the divine activity, than to suppose a reason-

ing bookworm,—we mean the genuine thing, and not the human being so nicknamed,—arguing from analogy that because it has verified the existence of a large supply of the food which best suits it,—say in some great public library,—therefore it may safely infer the existence of a large and increasing population of bookworms, for whose consumption that ample provender is intended. The bookworm, being supposed entirely ignorant of the true use of books, would leave out of sight the trivial fact that his own existence, and that of his race, is regarded by the actual makers and keepers of these books as inconsistent with the purposes which lead men to produce and preserve them, and so all his argument from analogy would be worthless; while if he could but know that what he regards as mere food to be passed into his stomach and there digested and assimilated, other beings regard as infinitely more useful to them, if it never passes into any stomach, but is stored with as little injury to its form as is consistent with its being continually passed under the eyes of this different order of beings, he might found on it a solid argument for inferring the existence and activity of that very different order of beings who really produce books, and do whatever is in their power to protect books from the ravages of himself and his species. Well, just as the bookworm, arguing from his own petty point of view, would found the most misleading inferences on the existence of a great public library, and be likely to deduce from it a totally mistaken conception as to the numbers and destiny of bookworms, so, as it seems to us, even human beings, arguing to the habitation, or non-habitation, of other worlds than ours from the very insufficient premises of the physical analogies suggested by our own state of being, are as likely to make inferences concerning the Creator's purpose at least as false as the bookworm himself would have made in the case supposed. How do we know that the very conditions which we look upon as unfavorable to the life of beings like ourselves in worlds beyond our own, may not rather minister to the life of far higher beings, whose chief care it may be to *prevent any* evolution in their world of creatures like men, whom they might regard as destructive of, or at least noxious to, their own highest purposes? How do we know that these other worlds may not be full of beings who regard the planets where human life is possible much as we regard

nests of wasps or hornets? How do we know, again, that if higher orders of beings exist and flourish there, they do not use the very physical conditions which we, in our narrow and petty sphere, think of only as subsidiary to the development of a bodily life like ours, for totally different ends, as auxiliary to moral characteristics of which we have absolutely no guess, or to the prosecution of studies of which we do not even possess the germs? The simple truth is that the argument from analogy in such a case as this is an argument hardly worth anything, so far as the right to found deliberate expectations on it goes. If it may be assumed that we know enough of the drift of creative purpose on the earth to infer from it the existence of a similar creative purpose in Mars and Venus so far as similar conditions exist; and if we may assume that all the variations which may affect those conditions are insufficient to vary materially the scope of that creative purpose, why, then, it may be safe to say that beings somewhat like ourselves either do exist, or have existed, or will exist, in Mars and Venus; but then, the "ifs" here are so tremendous, and attach to our mere ignorance of any material difference so much of the importance which would attach to a very different state of things, namely, the knowledge that there is no material difference, that the whole validity of the argument is vitiated by them. The truth is, that in arguments of this kind the only sure way is to argue from known differences of an essential kind, to known differences of a corresponding kind. We can safely say that if the moon has no atmosphere and no aqueous vapor worth mentioning, the whole organization of living bodies there — if living bodies there be — must be totally different from the organization of human bodies. We may safely say that if there be no atmosphere in the moon, there can be no lungs in the lunar inhabitants, and no winged creatures, and no balloons, and no vegetable growth of the sort which requires the constituents of the atmosphere to live upon; and that if there be no aqueous vapor, there can be no seas, and no lakes, and no streams, and no snows, and no glaciers. So again, we may safely say that if there be twice as much light and heat in Venus as there is on the earth, then, supposing bodies like those of the mammalia to exist, there must either be a great modification

of the physical structure of those bodies in Venus, fitting them to endure and enjoy much more light and heat than we endure and enjoy, or else there must be some peculiar physical arrangements protecting the animals in Venus from the excessive glare and heat. But we are wholly unable to say that there need be bodies resembling ours at all, or that even if there be none such, there may not yet be minds resembling ours, — or that the same physical conditions which we should regard here as specially adapted to produce particular physical results, may not there be important chiefly or wholly for the purpose of a totally different class of results of which we can form no conjecture. The truth is that, in our opinion, a great deal too much is made of the argument from analogy, when the facts on which we reason are a mere infinitesimal fraction of the facts which would be wanted in order to draw any certain inference. Granted the Creator's infinitude, it seems to us more than possible that beings of a totally different order from ourselves permeate the whole universe, stellar and ethereal not less than planetary. But for the actual existence of such beings, we have no analogies on which to reason with any confidence at all.

For the existence of physical conditions not unlike those of our own earth in a few specific planets, we have good evidence. But whether that constitutes any solid argument for the existence of beings like ourselves in those few planets, considering the enormous extent of our ignorance as to the totally different purposes which these conditions may also subserve, and the vastness of the differences in the play of life which a very slight change of physical condition might imply, we are very doubtful indeed. That creatures more or less like ourselves in physical constitution *may* exist in Venus and Mars, and cannot exist in the moon, is perfectly clear. But that creatures like ourselves in physical constitution, do exist in Venus and Mars, or ever have existed there, or ever will exist there, we have, to our thinking, no substantial reason to believe. None the less, beings like ourselves in intellectual and moral, though not in bodily constitution, may people not only the planets most resembling the earth, but the infinite spaces of the universe, even those which least resemble the earth in any physical condition whatever.

From The Economist.

CONSERVATISM IN PRUSSIA.

IF Baron George von Bunsen is correct in his account of Prussian affairs, Conservatives throughout the world may rejoice in the conviction that at least one first-class State in Europe remains thoroughly Conservative. The great commotion of 1866-71 has passed over the kingdom without the usual result of great commotions, and in Prussia all influential classes are, for the present at least, thoroughly Conservative. Liberalism, to begin with, has disappeared from court, yet the dynasty was never more powerful or less threatened. The old emperor, says the baron, though he loses no opportunity of announcing his dislike to Liberals, is still trusted even by the Radical Berliners. They feel that, hemmed in as Prussia is by foreign armies on all sides, she must have a strong executive, and they do not suspect their old monarch of absolutism, which in the Russian sense is now abandoned on all hands. Add to these convictions the undoubted merits of the king, who, whatever his intellectual merits, chose out of the crowd all the men who have made Prussia so great, Bismarck, Von Moltke, Von Roon having all been of his personal selection, and the popularity of the crown prince, and we may readily understand that there never was an opposition more "faithful" than that of Prussia. The king is, in fact, as he once described himself, still "the pivot of power," and much less resisted than he was in 1864. The next power in the State—the army—is entirely Conservative, the soldiers obeying all orders, while the sixty thousand officers are in principles and tendencies nearly absolutist. They are, at all events, devoted to royalty, and so little are they disliked on this account that the Liberal party have been compelled by the electors to desist from all attacks upon the army, and increased sums for its support are voted almost without a murmur. The civil service, which from the much-governed condition of Prussia, is a power of the first force, has gradually been weaned from its old Liberalism, partly, no doubt, by dislike to violent or subversive ideas, but mainly, as the baron reports, by the careful weeding of its ranks. The Protestant clergy are almost all Conservative, "none but the rationalistic school numbering Liberals among their ranks." The great mass, moreover, contrary to a prevalent English idea, are orthodox, so ortho-

dox that we have lately seen letters from competent German observers complaining of the "decay of all freedom of religious thought in Prussia." The capitalists, who desire strong government, are all on the same side, and so are the manufacturers, who are enchanted by Prince Bismarck's Protectionist ideas. Finally, the landed proprietors, who in the beginning of this reign were often Liberal, have now, for various reasons, joined the Conservative ranks, and it is difficult to find one landlord who avows himself a Liberal. In fact, the whole upper class of Prussia may be described as honestly Conservative.

Such a state of affairs should render Conservatism very hopeful, but this is not all the ground for feeling sanguine. The Liberals have nothing to hope for from the suffrage, for in Germany it is universal, and in Prussia its extension would, it is well known, reduce the Liberal return, while organization among the Liberal electors has become nearly impossible. The Liberals have lost the whole Catholic vote, a fourth of the whole country, partly from the contest with the Vatican, and partly because Liberalism has been pronounced by the priesthood irreligious, while the Socialists have carried off from them perhaps a third, in some places much more, of the handicraftsmen. The Catholics will hardly come back in the present state of feeling, even if the Liberals gave up the *Culturkampf*, while the Socialists show a strong disposition to accept Prince Bismarck's offers and rely upon the throne. They know, in fact, that Liberalism in Prussia cannot break with the *bourgeoisie*, and that from the *bourgeoisie* they have themselves nothing to expect. The Liberals, therefore, as a party of action, are nearly powerless, especially while Prince Bismarck lives, for with him they occupy this untenable position, that while they are opposed to his internal legislation, they are not willing to remove him. They think him essential both to Germany and to Prussia, and would be horrified by his dismissal, even though they feel that while he holds the reins they will have none of their own way. They are, therefore, a party paralyzed, unable even to urge advance, while the actual government of the country, the administration in all branches, the control of foreign politics, the regulation of the army, which in Prussia includes all men and affects everybody, the disposal of all patronage, and much influence even over the distri-

bution of wealth, remain with the king and his advisers.

What, hope, then, is there for Liberalism? We should say, if Liberalism is to be interpreted in its English sense, very little indeed. Prince Bismarck will, it is true, pass away, but most of the other conditions are likely to remain. The dynasty will not be enfeebled by the next vacancy, for though the crown prince keeps himself in the shade, it is sufficiently well known that he is a strong man, with great experience of large affairs; and that though probably less determined than his father, he has outlived his early, and possibly impulsive, Liberalism. Even his son, though only a lad, is supposed to be a true Hohenzollern, and there is no reasonable probability either of a weak or of an irritating sovereign. On the other hand, the army will remain strong, for the danger from France and Russia must exist for generations, while the civil service is pretty certain to take its tone from the court, where the disposal of patronage must rest. The Liberals are not likely, as we have said, to regain either the Catholics or the Socialists, while long-continued defeat will probably still further weaken their cohesion. Indeed, if the Socialist idea spreads, the numbers of their rank and file may decrease rapidly, until it is quite possible that the majority of electors, attracted by a new reign, weary of a fruitless contest, and alarmed by Socialist threats, may return a Parliament wholly devoted to the sovereign. We should think, therefore, there was no hope at all, but for one reason. The dynasty in Prussia may desire a freer Parliamentary life. As Baron von Bunsen says, that dynasty has never been entirely hostile to progress; nor, while extremely jealous of the prerogative, or, to put it in other words, convinced that a strong central executive, not too much criticised, is essential to Prussia, is it indisposed to receive assistance from its people. It is essentially conservative rather than absolutist, and in its worst moments has preferred to use fresh decrees. Such a dynasty is sure to wish to remove widely felt discontent, and of the existence of grave and wide-spread discontent under all the apparent Conservatism of Prussia there is no reasonable doubt. The rapid spread of Socialism in a population among whom

property is widely diffused proves this. So also does the emigration, which, though it is not proportionally so large as Englishmen believe, and does not catch up the natural increment of population, still annually carries away armies of the energetic and young. There is increasing irritation also with the economic conditions of Prussia, which are not improved by Protection, and which reduce nearly half the population to one of two alternatives, — a want of comfort, which begins to be bitterly resented as the influence of narratives from the emigrants to America grows wider and deeper, or an increase of daily labor to a kind of Chinese point. We believe this occurs on a large scale, and that the poorer Prussians, and especially the poorer peasantry, are now toiling to a degree which has hardly been seen in Europe, except, perhaps, among some of the poorest freeholders of central France and Lombardy, where the people actually work themselves into ill-health, or, in Lombardy, into positive disease, in order to earn sufficient to save a little. The king is certain to wish to remove this discontent, and may believe that it can best be done through the aid of Parliament, which can attack social questions more easily than a king, and can better bear the consequences of any blunder. With the consent of the court, Parliamentary life in Prussia would readily revive, and this consent may hereafter be not unwillingly given, the king conceding much power to the representatives if they, on their part, will leave the executive untouched. Otherwise, we see little chance of serious change, except from a revolution in Russia, which is out of the range of calculation, though of course possible, or from a defeat of Germany by a coalition, which Prince Bismarck so dreads, but of which there is no serious danger. The interests of Germany and Austria force them to renew that secret league of central Europe, which has now lasted five years; and while that league endures, no probable combination could seriously endanger the ascendancy of Prussia on the Continent. The combined armies are too powerful for any attack, even if any power except France had a serious interest in making one, which is not the case, and unless Constantinople fell suddenly into anarchy before men had made up their minds as to its disposal, could hardly be the case.

From The Academy.
THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN ITALY.

IN studying the history of Italy, as of other countries, we dwell far too much on the battles and political intrigues of the time, as if these were the main and only important incidents, history, for the most part, contenting herself with chronicling "the stupid languor and the evil deeds of kings and scoundrels;" whereas, in truth, the real heart-life of the country was throbbing with quite other thoughts and aims than these; while every day brought forth some new beauty of painter, sculptor, or humbler craftsman — a mighty army, chiefly unnamed to us, before whose lasting achievements the martial successes of *condottieri* and their leaders were really quite insignificant and momentary. We are led thus to think of the age as mainly a turbulent and bloody time, when men's thoughts were given up to unscrupulous intrigues or luxurious and bestial self-indulgence, forgetting the countless peaceful homesteads and the noble and unobtrusive lives of thousands of workers laboring in some field of art to produce joy-giving objects of beauty — humble, maybe, in use, but none the less a delight both to the makers and the users. Long after all faith and religious feeling had perished from the hearts of the so-called rulers of the land, love and reverence for purity and goodness were the mainspring of the life of the great bulk of the Florentine people, still happy in possessing a faith, which, whatever its faults may be, has at least been the very soul of the great art-growth of the time — a faith which supplied the noblest motives for painter and sculptor, stories of unselfishness and willing renunciation for a noble end. In this respect the mediæval Florentine was even happier than the ancient Greek, whose feeling for beauty, perfect as it was, went little below the surface, and mainly dealt only with the physical outsides of things. The great

image of the Madonna (Santa Maria del Fiore) — the patron saint of the Florentines, who, more than any other people, paid her the devoutest homage — is perhaps the noblest and most elevating conception ever attained to by humanity. The worship given to her, in fact though not in theory, was deeper and more reverential than that paid to any other member of the Christian hierarchy, not excepting Christ himself. In this supreme devotion to the noblest of all types we cannot but see the germ of some due acknowledgment of the superiority of woman over man in her greater purity and her keener sense of moral right, and of the deference due to her in her three-fold character of mother, wife, and daughter. No subject was so oft repeated, and represented with such loving care in every detail, as the story of the Virgin's life — from her infant days at her mother's knee, to the mystery of the Annunciation; the sufferings of her maternal heart through her son's anguish; and finally, pregnant with meaning above the rest, the grand scene of her coronation, where her divine son sets on her head the crown, and raises her to a throne equal in splendor to his own. It is impossible, I think, to overrate the softening and humanizing influence of this great conception on the lives and thoughts of the people of Florence — still less its effect upon their art. The devotion paid to this high ideal gave stateliness to the female figures of Andrea Pisano, soft loveliness to the reliefs of Mino da Fiesole, and depth of feeling and expression to those of Verrocchio and Donatello. We are forced to admit that, among the many evils brought upon us by the destructive and revolutionary sides of Protestantism, none has been so great as that which we have suffered from the wilful destruction of this ennobling worship; and the injury has been many-sided, extending alike to our morality, our social virtues, and our art.

THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN. — Under the domination of a many-sided, sensitive, and highly strung nervous system, the health of the late Charles Darwin was always delicate, and often seriously impaired. For many years he was a sufferer from catarrhal dyspepsia; later, he suffered from various irregular manifestations of a gouty constitution, such as eczema, vaso-motor nerve-storms, vertigo, and other disorders of sensation. Nevertheless, by means of great care in diet, exercise, and regularity of sleep, he managed to keep himself in suffi-

ciently good order for almost continual work of the highest kind. He became subject to attacks of palpitation, with irregularity of the heart's action, occasionally accompanied by pain in the chest, spreading to the arms. Later it was found that the heart and greater blood-vessels were degenerating. The aginal attacks became more frequent, and signs of heart-failure more serious; and it was, as we understand, in one of these attacks that our greatest naturalist expired.

British Medical Journal.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2016.—February 10, 1883.

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Vol. CLVI.

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LEON GAMBETTA.

THE fiery and vehement heart is spent
That throbb'd with hope when all was numb :
 the glance
That launched its lightning over wasted
 France
When all her land was lying torn and rent.
Mute are the lips which as a trumpet sent
Men yet once more to dare the desperate
 chance
And fling themselves upon the foe's advance
Broken like waves on iron rocks imminent.

France hangs above his couch with trembling
 mouth
And widowed eyes. When morning seemed
 fordone

He was her dayspring ; in the later drouth
The wellspring of her hope was this her son,
Her lover and defender from the South :
She seeketh help, fearful of finding none.
Academy. C. E. DAWKINS.

SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

THE hollow sea-shell which for years hath
 stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent ; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea ? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.
Lo ! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool ; this echo is a cheat as well, —
The hum of earthly instincts ; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

THERE was a captive once at Fenestrèl,
To whom there came an unexpected love
In the dim light which reached his narrow cell
From high above.

Between the flagstones of his prison floor
He saw one day a pale green shoot peep out,
And with a rapture never felt before
He watched it sprout.

Oh such another Picciola hast thou,
My prison-nurtured Poetry, long been ;
Sprung up between the stones, I know not how,
From seed unseen !

This book is all a plant of prison growth,
Watered with prison water, not sweet rains ;
The writer's limbs and mind are laden both
By heavy chains.

Not by steel shackles, riveted by men,
But by the clankless shackles of disease ;
Which Death's own hand alone can sever,
 when
He so shall please.

What work I do, I do with numbed, chained
 hand,
With scanty light, and seeing ill the whole,
And each small part, once traced, must change-
 less stand
Beyond control.

The whole is prison work : the human shapes
Are such fantastic figures, one and all,
As with a rusty nail the captive scrapes
Upon his wall.

Scatched on that prison stone-work you will
 find
Some things more bold than men are wont to
 read.
The sentenced captive does not hide his mind ;
He has no need.

Oh, would my prison were of solid stone
That knows no change, for habit might do
 much,
And men have grown to love their dungeons
 lone ;
But 'tis not such.

It is that iron room whose four walls crept
On silent screws, and came each night more
 near
By steady inches while the victim slept,
And had no fear.

At dawn he wakes ; there somehow seems a
 change ;
The cell seems smaller ; less apart the beams.
He sets it down to fancy ; yet 'tis strange
How close it seems !

The next day comes ; his narrow strip of sky
Seems narrower still : all day his strained eyes
 sweep
Floor, walls, and roof. He's sure the roof's
 less high ;
He dares not sleep.

The third day breaks. He sees — he wildly
 calls
On God and man, who care not to attend ;
He maims his hands against the conscious
 walls
That seek his end.

All day he fights, unarmed and all alone,
Against the closing walls, the shrinking floor,
Till Nature, ceasing to demand her own,
Rebels no more.

Then waits in silence, noting the degrees —
Perhaps with hair grown white from that
 dread doubt —
Till those inexorable walls shall squeeze
His strong soul out.
Athenæum. E. LEE-HAMILTON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE AMERICANS:

A CONVERSATION AND A SPEECH, WITH AN ADDITION.
BY HERBERT SPENCER.

I.—A CONVERSATION:

October 20, 1882.

[The state of Mr. Spencer's health unfortunately not permitting him to give in the form of articles the results of his observations on American society, it is thought useful to reproduce, under his own revision and with some additional remarks, what he has said on the subject; especially as the accounts of it which have appeared in this country are imperfect: reports of the conversation having been abridged, and the speech being known only by telegraphic summary.

The earlier paragraphs of the conversation, which refer to Mr. Spencer's persistent exclusion of reporters and his objections to the interviewing system, are omitted, as not here concerning the reader. There was no eventual yielding, as has been supposed. It was not to a newspaper reporter that the opinions which follow were expressed, but to an intimate American friend; the primary purpose being to correct the many misstatements to which the excluded interviewers had given currency; and the occasion being taken for giving utterance to impressions of American affairs. — ED.]

HAS what you have seen answered your expectations?

It has far exceeded them. Such books about America as I had looked into had given me no adequate idea of the immense developments of material civilization which I have everywhere found. The extent, wealth, and magnificence of your cities, and especially the splendor of New York, have altogether astonished me. Though I have not visited the wonder of the West, Chicago, yet some of your minor modern places, such as Cleveland, have sufficiently amazed me by the results of one generation's activity. Occasionally, when I have been in places of some ten thousand inhabitants where the telephone is in general use, I have felt somewhat ashamed of our own unenterprising towns, many of which, of fifty thousand inhabitants and more, make no use of it.

I suppose you recognize in these results the great benefits of free institutions?

Ah! Now comes one of the inconveniences of interviewing. I have been in the country less than two months, have seen but a relatively small part of it, and but comparatively few people, and yet you wish from me a definite opinion on a difficult question.

Perhaps you will answer, subject to the qualification that you are but giving your first impressions?

Well, with that understanding, I may reply that though the free institutions have been partly the cause, I think they have not been the chief cause. In the first place, the American people have come into possession of an unparalleled fortune — the mineral wealth and the vast tracts of virgin soil producing abundantly with small cost of culture. Manifestly, that alone goes a long way towards producing this enormous prosperity. Then they have profited by inheriting all the arts, appliances, and methods, developed by older societies, while leaving behind the obstructions existing in them. They have been able to pick and choose from the products of all past experience, appropriating the good and rejecting the bad. Then, besides these favors of fortune, there are factors proper to themselves. I perceive in American faces generally a great amount of determination — a kind of "do or die" expression; and this trait of character, joined with a power of work exceeding that of any other people, of course produces an unparalleled rapidity of progress. Once more, there is the inventiveness which, stimulated by the need for economizing labor, has been so wisely fostered. Among us in England, there are many foolish people who, while thinking that a man who toils with his hands has an equitable claim to the product, and if he has special skill may rightly have the advantage of it, also hold that if a man toils with his brain, perhaps for years, and, uniting genius with perseverance, evolves some valuable invention, the public may rightly claim the benefit. The Americans have been more far-seeing. The enormous museum of patents which I saw at Washington is significant of the attention paid to inventors' claims; and the nation profits immensely from

having in this direction (though not in all others) recognized property in mental products. Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances the Americans are ahead of all nations. If along with your material progress there went equal progress of a higher kind, there would remain nothing to be wished.

That is an ambiguous qualification. What do you mean by it?

You will understand me when I tell you what I was thinking the other day. After pondering over what I have seen of your vast manufacturing and trading establishments, the rush of traffic in your street-cars and elevated railways, your gigantic hotels and Fifth Avenue palaces, I was suddenly reminded of the Italian republics of the Middle Ages; and recalled the fact that while there was growing up in them great commercial activity, a development of the arts which made them the envy of Europe, and a building of princely mansions which continue to be the admiration of travellers, their people were gradually losing their freedom.

Do you mean this as a suggestion that we are doing the like?

It seems to me that you are. You retain the forms of freedom; but, so far as I can gather, there has been a considerable loss of the substance. It is true that those who rule you do not do it by means of retainers armed with swords; but they do it through regiments of men armed with voting-papers, who obey the word of command as loyally as did the dependants of the old feudal nobles, and who thus enable their leaders to override the general will, and make the community submit to their exactions as effectually as their prototypes of old. It is doubtless true that each of your citizens votes for the candidate he chooses for this or that office, from president downwards; but his hand is guided by an agency behind which leaves him scarcely any choice. "Use your political power as we tell you, or else throw it away," is the alternative offered to the citizen. The political machinery as it is now worked, has little resemblance to that contemplated at the outset of your political life. Manifestly, those who framed your Constitution never dreamed

that twenty thousand citizens would go to the poll led by a "boss." America exemplifies, at the other end of the social scale, a change analogous to that which has taken place under sundry despotisms. You know that in Japan, before the recent revolution, the divine ruler, the mikado, nominally supreme, was practically a puppet in the hands of his chief minister, the shogun. Here it seems to me that "the sovereign people" is fast becoming a puppet which moves and speaks as wire-pullers determine.

Then you think that republican institutions are a failure?

By no means: I imply no such conclusion. Thirty years ago, when often discussing politics with an English friend, and defending republican institutions, as I always have done and do still, and when he urged against me the ill-working of such institutions over here, I habitually replied that the Americans got their form of government by a happy accident, not by normal progress, and that they would have to go back before they could go forward. What has since happened seems to me to have justified that view; and what I see now, confirms me in it. America is showing, on a larger scale than ever before, that "paper constitutions" will not work as they are intended to work. The truth, first recognized by Mackintosh, that constitutions are not made but grow, which is part of the larger truth that societies, throughout their whole organizations, are not made but grow, at once, when accepted, disposes of the notion that you can work as you hope any artificially devised system of government. It becomes an inference that if your political structure has been manufactured and not grown, it will forthwith begin to grow into something different from that intended — something in harmony with the natures of the citizens, and the conditions under which the society exists. And it evidently has been so with you. Within the forms of your Constitution there has grown up this organization of professional politicians altogether un contemplated at the outset, which has become in large measure the ruling power.

But will not education and the diffusion

of political knowledge fit men for free institutions?

No. It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been made sufficiently clear by the evidence daily disclosed in your papers. Are not the men who officer and control your Federal, your State, and your municipal organizations — who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns — all educated men? And has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning, the briberies, lobbyings, and other corrupt methods which vitiate the actions of your administrations? Perhaps party newspapers exaggerate these things; but what am I to make of the testimony of your civil-service reformers — men of all parties? If I understand the matter aright, they are attacking, as vicious and dangerous, a system which has grown up under the natural, spontaneous working of your free institutions — are exposing vices which education has proved powerless to prevent.

Of course, ambitious and unscrupulous men will secure the offices, and education will aid them in their selfish purposes. But would not those purposes be thwarted, and better government secured, by raising the standard of knowledge among the people at large?

Very little. The current theory is that if the young are taught what is right, and the reasons why it is right, they will do what is right when they grow up. But considering what religious teachers have been doing these two thousand years, it seems to me that all history is against the conclusion, as much as is the conduct of these well-educated citizens I have referred to; and I do not see why you expect better results among the masses. Personal interests will sway the men in the ranks, as they sway the men above them; and the education which fails to make the last consult public good rather than private good, will fail to make the first do it. The benefits of political purity are so general and remote, and the

profit to each individual is so inconspicuous, that the common citizen, educate him as you like, will habitually occupy himself with his personal affairs, and hold it not worth his while to fight against each abuse as soon as it appears. Not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiment, is the root of the evil.

You mean that people have not a sufficient sense of public duty?

Well, that is one way of putting it; but there is a more specific way. Probably it will surprise you if I say the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others — for the two traits are organically related. I observe that they tolerate various small interferences and dictations which Englishmen are prone to resist. I am told that the English are remarked on for their tendency to grumble in such cases; and I have no doubt it is true.

Do you think it worth while for people to make themselves disagreeable by resenting every trifling aggression? We Americans think it involves too much loss of time and temper, and doesn't pay.

Exactly; that is what I mean by character. It is this easy-going readiness to permit small trespasses, because it would be troublesome or profitless or unpopular to oppose them, which leads to the habit of acquiescence in wrong, and the decay of free institutions. Free institutions can be maintained only by citizens, each of whom is instant to oppose every illegitimate act, every assumption of supremacy, every official excess of power, however trivial it may seem. As Hamlet says, there is such a thing as "greatly to find quarrel in a straw," when the straw implies a principle. If, as you say of the American, he pauses to consider whether he can afford the time and trouble — whether it will pay, corruption is sure to creep in. All these lapses from higher to lower forms begin in trifling ways, and it is only by incessant watchfulness that they can be prevented. As one of your early statesmen said, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." But it is far less against foreign aggressions upon

national liberty that this vigilance is required, than against the insidious growth of domestic interferences with personal liberty. In some private administrations which I have been concerned with, I have often insisted that instead of assuming, as people usually do, that things are going right until it is proved that they are going wrong, the proper course is to assume that they are going wrong until it is proved that they are going right. You will find continually that private corporations, such as joint-stock banking companies, come to grief from not acting on this principle; and what holds of these small and simple private administrations holds still more of the great and complex public administrations. People are taught, and I suppose believe, that the "heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and yet, strangely enough, believing this, they place implicit trust in those they appoint to this or that function. I do not think so ill of human nature; but, on the other hand, I do not think so well of human nature as to believe it will go straight without being watched.

You hinted that while Americans do not assert their own individualities sufficiently in small matters, they, reciprocally, do not sufficiently respect the individualities of others.

Did I? Here, then, comes another of the inconveniences of interviewing. I should have kept this opinion to myself if you had asked me no questions; and now I must either say what I do not think, which I cannot, or I must refuse to answer, which, perhaps, will be taken to mean more than I intend, or I must specify, at the risk of giving offence. As the least evil, I suppose I must do the last. The trait I refer to comes out in various ways, small and great. It is shown by the disrespectful manner in which individuals are dealt with in your journals — the placarding of public men in sensational headings, the dragging of private people and their affairs into print. There seems to be a notion that the public have a right to intrude on private life as far as they like; and this I take to be a kind of moral trespassing. Then, in a larger way, the trait is seen in this damaging of private property by your elevated railways without making compensation; and it is again seen in the doings of railway autocrats, not only when overriding the rights of shareholders, but in dominating over courts of justice and State governments. The fact is that free institutions can be properly worked only by men, each of

whom is jealous of his own rights, and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others — who will neither himself aggress on his neighbors in small things or great, nor tolerate aggression on them by others. The republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature — a type nowhere at present existing. We have not grown up to it; nor have you.

But we thought, Mr. Spencer, you were in favor of free government in the sense of relaxed restraints, and letting men and things very much alone, or what is called *laissez faire*.

That is a persistent misunderstanding of my opponents. Everywhere, along with the reprobation of government intrusion into various spheres where private activities should be left to themselves, I have contended that in its special sphere, the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens, governmental action should be extended and elaborated.

To return to your various criticisms, must I then understand that you think unfavorably of our future?

No one can form anything more than vague and general conclusions respecting your future. The factors are too numerous, too vast, too far beyond measure in their quantities and intensities. The world has never before seen social phenomena at all comparable with those presented in the United States. A society spreading over enormous tracts, while still preserving its political continuity, is a new thing. This progressive incorporation of vast bodies of immigrants of various bloods, has never occurred on such a scale before. Large empires, composed of different peoples, have, in previous cases, been formed by conquest and annexation. Then your immense *plexus* of railways and telegraphs tends to consolidate this vast aggregate of States in a way that no such aggregate has ever before been consolidated. And there are many minor co-operating causes, unlike those hitherto known. No one can say how it is all going to work out. That there will come hereafter troubles of various kinds, and very grave ones, seems highly probable; but all nations have had, and will have, their troubles. Already you have triumphed over one great trouble, and may reasonably hope to triumph over others. It may, I think, be concluded that, both because of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in

evolving its ultimate form, but that its ultimate form will be high. One great result is, I think, tolerably clear. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed; and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.

II. — A SPEECH :

Delivered on the occasion of a Complimentary Dinner in New York, on November 9, 1882.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN : — Along with your kindness there comes to me a great unkindness from fate; for, now that, above all times in my life, I need full command of what powers of speech I possess, disturbed health so threatens to interfere with them that I fear I shall very inadequately express myself. Any failure in my response you must please ascribe, in part at least, to a greatly disordered nervous system. Regarding you as representing Americans at large, I feel that the occasion is one on which arrears of thanks are due. I ought to begin with the time, some two-and-twenty years ago, when my highly valued friend Professor Youmans, making efforts to diffuse my books here, interested on their behalf the Messrs. Appleton, who have ever treated me so honorably and so handsomely; and I ought to detail from that time onward the various marks and acts of sympathy by which I have been encouraged in a struggle which was for many years disheartening. But, intimating thus briefly my general indebtedness to my numerous friends, most of them unknown, on this side of the Atlantic, I must name more especially the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during my late tour, as well as, lastly and chiefly, this marked expression of the sympathies and good wishes which many of you have travelled so far to give, at great cost of that time which is so precious to the American. I believe I may truly say, that the better health which you have so cordially wished me, will be in a meas-

ure furthered by the wish; since all pleasurable emotion is conducive to health, and, as you will fully believe, the remembrance of this event will ever continue to be a source of pleasurable emotion, exceeded by few, if any, of my remembrances.

And now that I have thanked you sincerely though too briefly, I am going to find fault with you. Already, in some remarks drawn from me respecting American affairs and American character, I have passed criticisms, which have been accepted far more good-humoredly than I could have reasonably expected; and it seems strange that I should now propose again to transgress. However, the fault I have to comment upon is one which most will scarcely regard as a fault. It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say that they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West, men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which my assertion is true. You know that the primitive man lacks power of application. Spurred by hunger, by danger, by revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time; but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry; until, among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature has another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions, and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise, the American, eagerly pursuing a future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counterchange — a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion,

of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact, that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by over-work, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn, Emerson, says, in his essay on the gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to the man, to the father, to the citizen. We hear a great deal about “the vile body;” and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that amusements cease to please; and, when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England that, when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest time, I find current here also: it is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that “they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion,” would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion. In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that, beyond the serious physical mischief caused by over-work, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life.

Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in children, and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties, care of the body is imperative; not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate, which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved, to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life. Once more, there is the injury to fellow-citizens, taking the shape of undue disregard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it, and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which should deter from this excess in work.

The truth is, there needs a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable, and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient peoples of note, as it is still among many barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business, and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars, there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies; especially in England, and still more in America. With the decline of militant activity, and the growth of industrial activity, the occupations once disgraceful have become honorable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight; and in the one case, as in the other, the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely any dream of questioning it. Practically, business

has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixed. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man, and spread of the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of nature to human use, is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference? I think we may. Some twenty years ago, a good friend of mine, and a good friend of yours too, though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrews an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the lord rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at the time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary. The apostle of culture as it is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when, making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction, he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated — that industry too, bodily or mental, is but a means; and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion

of that complete living it subserves, as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter, when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this, there is the reason that the process of evolution throughout the organic world at large, brings an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs, and points to a still larger surplus for the humanity of the future. And there are other reasons, which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of "the gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population; if there results an undermining of the physique, not only in adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from your daily journals, are also being injured by over-work; if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them, — then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the "Germanic" on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

[A few words may fitly be added respecting the causes of this over-activity in American life — causes which may be identified as having in recent times partially operated among ourselves, and as having wrought kindred, though less marked, effects. It is the more worth while to trace the genesis of this undue absorption of the energies in work, since it well serves to illustrate the general truth which should be ever present to all legislators and politicians, that the indirect and unforeseen results of any cause

affecting a society are frequently, if not habitually, greater and more important than the direct and foreseen results.

This high pressure under which Americans exist, and which is most intense in places like Chicago, where the prosperity and rate of growth are greatest, is seen by many intelligent Americans themselves to be an indirect result of their free institutions and the absence of those class distinctions and restraints existing in older communities. A society in which the man who dies a millionaire is so often one who commenced life in poverty, and in which (to paraphrase a French saying concerning the soldier) every news-boy carries a president's seal in his bag, is, by consequence, a society in which all are subject to a stress of competition for wealth and honor, greater than can exist in a society whose members are nearly all prevented from rising out of the ranks in which they were born, and have but remote possibilities of acquiring fortunes. In those European societies which have in great measure preserved their old types of structure (as in our own society up to the time when the great development of industrialism began to open ever-multiplying careers for the producing and distributing classes) there is so little chance of overcoming the obstacles to any great rise in position or possessions, that nearly all have to be content with their places: entertaining little or no thought of bettering themselves. A manifest concomitant is that, fulfilling, with such efficiency as a moderate competition requires, the daily tasks of their respective situations, the majority become habituated to making the best of such pleasures as their lot affords, during whatever leisure they get. But it is otherwise where an immense growth of trade multiplies greatly the chances of success to the enterprising; and still more is it otherwise where class restrictions are partially removed or wholly absent. Not only are more energy and thought put into the time daily occupied in work, but the leisure comes to be treasured upon, either literally by abridgment, or else by anxieties concerning business. Clearly, the larger the number who, under such conditions, acquire property, or achieve higher positions, or both, the sharper is the spur to the rest. A raised standard of activity establishes itself and goes on rising. Public applause given to the successful, becoming in communities thus circumstanced the most familiar kind of public applause, increases continually the stimulus to ac-

tion. The struggle grows more and more strenuous, and there comes an increasing dread of failure — a dread of being "left," as the Americans say: a significant word, since it is suggestive of a race in which the harder any one runs, the harder others have to run to keep up with him — a word suggestive of that breathless haste with which each passes from a success gained to the pursuit of a further success. And on contrasting the English of to-day with the English of a century ago, we may see how, in a considerable measure, the like causes have entailed here kindred results.

Even those who are not directly spurred on by this intensified struggle for wealth and honor, are indirectly spurred on by it. For one of its effects is to raise the standard of living, and eventually to increase the average rate of expenditure for all. Partly for personal enjoyment, but much more for the display which brings admiration, those who acquire fortunes distinguish themselves by luxurious habits. The more numerous they become, the keener becomes the competition for that kind of public attention given to those who make themselves conspicuous by great expenditure. The competition spreads downwards step by step; until, to be "respectable," those having relatively small means feel obliged to spend more on houses, furniture, dress, and food; and are obliged to work the harder to get the requisite larger income. This process of causation is manifest enough among ourselves; and it is still more manifest in America, where the extravagance in style of living is greater than here.

Thus, though it seems beyond doubt that the removal of all political and social barriers, and the giving to each man an unimpeded career, must be purely beneficial; yet there is (at first) a considerable set-off from the benefits. Among those who in older communities have by laborious lives gained distinction, some may be heard privately to confess that "the game is not worth the candle;" and when they hear of others who wish to tread in their steps, shake their heads and say, "If they only knew!" Without accepting in full so pessimistic an estimate of success, we must still say that very generally the cost of the candle deducts largely from the gain of the game. That which in these exceptional cases holds among ourselves, holds more generally in America. An intensified life, which may be summed up as — great labor, great profit, great expenditure, has for its concomitant a

wear and tear which considerably diminishes in one direction the good gained in another. Added together, the daily strain through many hours and the anxieties occupying many other hours — the occupation of consciousness by feelings that are either indifferent or painful, leaving relatively little time for occupation of it by pleasurable feelings — tend to lower its level more than its level is raised by the gratifications of achievement and the accompanying benefits. So that it may, and in many cases does, result that diminished happiness goes along with increased prosperity. Unquestionably, as long as order is fairly maintained, that absence of political and social restraints which gives free scope to the struggles for profit and honor, conduces greatly to material advance of the society — develops the industrial arts, extends and improves the business organizations, augments the wealth; but that it raises the value of individual life, as measured by the average state of its feeling, by no means follows. That it will do so eventually, is certain; but that it does so now seems, to say the least, very doubtful.

The truth is that a society and its members act and react in such wise that while, on the one hand, the nature of the society is determined by the natures of its members; on the other hand, the activities of its members (and presently their natures) are redetermined by the needs of the society, as these alter: change in either entails change in the other. It is an obvious implication that, to a great extent, the life of a society so sways the wills of its members as to turn them to its ends. That which is manifest during the militant stage, when the social aggregate coerces its units into co-operation for defence, and sacrifices many of their lives for its corporate preservation, holds under another form during the industrial stage, as we at present know it. Though the co-operation of citizens is now voluntary instead of compulsory, yet the social forces impel them to achieve social ends while apparently achieving only their own ends. The man who, carrying out an invention, thinks only of private welfare to be thereby secured, is in far larger measure working for public welfare: instance the contrast between the fortune made by Watt and the wealth which the steam-engine has given to mankind. He who utilizes a new material, improves a method of production, or introduces a better way of carrying on business, and does this for the purpose of distancing

competitors, gains for himself little compared with that which he gains for the community by facilitating the lives of all. Either unknowingly or in spite of themselves, nature leads men by purely personal motives to fulfil her ends: nature being one of our expressions for the ultimate cause of things, and the end, remote when not proximate, being the highest form of human life.

Hence no argument, however cogent, can be expected to produce much effect: only here and there one may be influenced. As in an actively militant stage of society it is impossible to make many believe that there is any glory preferable to that of killing enemies; so, where rapid material growth is going on, and affords unlimited scope for the energies of all, little can be done by insisting that life has higher uses than work and accumulation. While among the most powerful of feelings continue to be the desire for public applause and dread of public censure; while the anxiety to achieve distinction, now by conquering enemies, now by beating competitors, continues predominant; while the fear of public reprobation affects men more than the fear of divine vengeance (as witness the long survival of duelling in Christian societies), — this excess of work which ambition prompts, seems likely to continue with but small qualification. The eagerness for the honor accorded to success, first in war and then in commerce, has been indispensable as a means of peopling the earth with the higher types of man, and the subjugation of its surface and its forces to human use. Ambition may fitly come to bear a smaller ratio to other motives, when the working out of these needs is approaching completeness; and when also, by consequence, the scope for satisfying ambition is diminishing. Those who draw the obvious corollaries from the doctrine of evolution — those who believe that the process of modification upon modification which has brought life to its present height must raise it still higher, will anticipate that "the last infirmity of noble minds" will in the distant future slowly decrease. As the sphere for achievement becomes smaller, the desire for applause will lose that predominance which it now has. A better ideal of life may simultaneously come to prevail. When there is fully recognized the truth that moral beauty is higher than intellectual power, when the wish to be admired is in large measure replaced by the wish to be loved, that strife for distinction

which the present phase of civilization shows us will be greatly moderated. Along with other benefits may then come a rational proportioning of work and relaxation; and the relative claims of to-day and to-morrow may be properly balanced.

H. S.]

From Temple Bar.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLE-STAR."

[Being an extract from the journal of John McAlister Ray, student of medicine, kept by him during the six months' voyage in the Arctic Seas of the steam-whaler "Pole-star," of Dundee, Captain Nicholas Craigie.]

September 11th. Lat. $81^{\circ} 40' N.$; Long. $2^{\circ} E.$ — Still lying to amid enormous ice-fields. The one which stretches away to the north of us, and to which our ice-anchor is attached, cannot be smaller than an English county. To the right and left unbroken sheets extend to the horizon. This morning the mate reported that there were signs of pack ice to the southward. Should this form of sufficient thickness to bar our return, we shall be in a position of danger, as the food, I hear, is already running somewhat short. It is late in the season and the nights are beginning to reappear. This morning I saw a star twinkling just over the foreyard — the first since the beginning of May. There is considerable discontent among the crew, many of whom are anxious to get back home to be in time for the herring season, when labor always commands a high price upon the Scotch coast. As yet their displeasure is only signified by sullen countenances and black looks, but I heard from the second mate this afternoon that they contemplated sending a deputation to the captain to explain their grievance. I much doubt how he will receive it, as he is a man of fierce temper, and very sensitive about anything approaching to an infringement of his rights. I shall venture after dinner to say a few words to him upon the subject. I have always found that he will tolerate from me what he would resent from any other member of the crew. Amsterdam Island, at the north-west corner of Spitzbergen, is visible upon our starboard quarter — a rugged line of volcanic rocks, intersected by white seams, which represent glaciers. It is curious to think that at the present moment there is probably no human being nearer to us than the Danish settlements in the south

of Greenland — a good nine hundred miles as the crow flies. A captain takes a great responsibility upon himself when he risks his vessel under such circumstances. No whaler has ever remained in these latitudes till so advanced a period of the year.

9 P.M. — I have spoken to Captain Craigie, and though the result has been hardly satisfactory, I am bound to say that he listened to what I had to say very quietly and even deferentially. When I had finished he put on that air of iron determination which I have frequently observed upon his face, and paced rapidly backwards and forwards across the narrow cabin for some minutes. At first I feared that I had seriously offended him, but he dispelled the idea by sitting down again, and putting his hand upon my arm with a gesture which almost amounted to a caress. There was a depth of tenderness too in his wild, dark eyes which surprised me considerably. "Look here, doctor," he said, "I'm sorry I ever took you — I am indeed — and I would give fifty pounds this minute to see you standing safe upon the Dundee quay. It's hit or miss with me this time. There are fish to the north of us. How dare you shake your head, sir, when I tell you I saw them blowing from the masthead!" — this in a sudden burst of fury, though I was not conscious of having shown any signs of doubt. "Two and-twenty fish in as many minutes, as I am a living man, and not one under ten foot.* Now, doctor, do you think I can leave the country when there is only one infernal strip of ice between me and my fortune? If it came on to blow from the north to-morrow we could fill the ship and be away before the frost could catch us. If it came on to blow from the south — well, I suppose, the men are paid for risking their lives, and as for myself it matters but little to me, for I have more to bind me to the other world than to this one. I confess that I am sorry for *you*, though. I wish I had old Angus Tait who was with me last voyage, for he was a man that would never be missed, and you — you said once that you were engaged, did you not?"

"Yes," I answered, snapping the spring of the locket which hung from my watch-chain, and holding up the little vignette of Flora.

"Blast you!" he yelled, springing out of his seat, with his very beard bristling

* A whale is measured among whalers not by the length of its body, but by the length of its whalebone.

with passion. "What is your happiness to me? What have I to do with her that you must dangle her photograph before my eyes?" I almost thought that he was about to strike me in the frenzy of his rage, but with another imprecation he dashed open the door of the cabin and rushed out upon deck, leaving me considerably astonished at his extraordinary violence. It is the first time that he has ever shown me anything but courtesy and kindness. I can hear him pacing excitedly up and down overhead as I write these lines.

I should like to give a sketch of the character of this man, but it seems presumptuous to attempt such a thing upon paper, when the idea in my own mind is at best a vague and uncertain one. Several times I have thought that I grasped the clue which might explain it, but only to be disappointed by his presenting himself in some new light which would upset all my conclusions. It may be that no human eye but my own shall ever rest upon these lines, yet as a psychological study I shall attempt to leave some record of Captain Nicholas Craigie.

A man's outer case generally gives some indication of the soul within. The captain is tall and well-formed, with dark, handsome face, and a curious way of twitching his limbs, which may arise from nervousness, or be simply an outcome of his excessive energy. His jaw and whole cast of countenance is manly and resolute, but the eyes are the distinctive feature of his face. They are of the very darkest hazel, bright and eager, with a singular mixture of recklessness in their expression, and of something else which I have sometimes thought was more allied with horror than any other emotion. Generally the former predominated, but on occasions, and more particularly when he was thoughtfully inclined, the look of fear would spread and deepen until it imparted a new character to his whole countenance. It is at these times that he is most subject to tempestuous fits of anger, and he seems to be aware of it, for I have known him lock himself up so that no one might approach him until his dark hour was passed. He sleeps badly, and I have heard him shouting during the night, but his room is some little distance from mine, and I could never distinguish the words which he said.

This is one phase of his character, and the most disagreeable one. It is only through my close association with him, thrown together as we are day after day,

that I have observed it. Otherwise he is an agreeable companion, well-read and entertaining, and as gallant a seaman as ever trod a deck. I shall not easily forget the way in which he handled the ship when we were caught by a gale among the loose ice at the beginning of April. I have never seen him so cheerful, and even hilarious, as he was that night, as he paced backwards and forwards upon the bridge amid the flashing of the lightning and the howling of the wind. He has told me several times that the thought of death was a pleasant one to him, which is a sad thing for a young man to say; he cannot be much more than thirty, though his hair and moustache are already slightly grizzled. Some great sorrow must have overtaken him and blighted his whole life. Perhaps I should be the same if I lost my Flora — God knows! I think if it were not for her that I should care very little whether the wind blew from the north or the south to-morrow. There, I hear him come down the companion and he has locked himself up in his room, which shows that he is still in an amiable mood. And so to bed, as old Pepys would say, for the candle is burning down (we have to use them now since the nights are closing in), and the steward has turned in, so there are no hopes of another one.

September 12th. — Calm, clear day, and still lying in the same position. What wind there is comes from the south-east, but it is very slight. Captain is in a better humor, and apologized to me at breakfast for his rudeness. He still looks somewhat *distract*, however, and retains that wild look in his eyes which in a Highlander would mean that he was "fey" — at least so our chief engineer remarked to me, and he has some reputation among the Celtic portion of our crew as a seer and expounder of omens.

It is strange that superstition should have obtained such mastery over this hard-headed and practical race. I could not have believed to what an extent it is carried had I not observed it for myself. We have had a perfect epidemic of it this voyage, until I have felt inclined to serve out rations of sedatives and nerve-tonics with the Saturday allowance of grog. The first symptom of it was that shortly after leaving Shetland the men at the wheel used to complain that they heard plaintive cries and screams in the wake of the ship, as if something were following it and were unable to overtake it. This fiction has been kept up during the whole

voyage, and on dark nights at the beginning of the seal-fishing it was only with great difficulty that men could be induced to do their spell. No doubt what they heard was either the creaking of the rudder-chains, or the cry of some passing sea-bird. I have been fetched out of bed several times to listen to it, but I need hardly say that I was never able to distinguish anything unnatural. The men, however, are so absurdly positive upon the subject that it is hopeless to argue with them. I mentioned the matter to the captain once, but to my surprise he took it very gravely, and indeed appeared to be considerably disturbed by what I told him. I should have thought that he at least would have been above such vulgar delusions.

All this disquisition upon superstition leads me up to the fact that Mr. Manson, our second mate, saw a ghost last night — or, at least, says that he did, which of course is the same thing. It is quite refreshing to have some new topic of conversation after the eternal routine of bears and whales which has served us for so many months. Manson swears the ship is haunted, and that he would not stay in her a day if he had any other place to go to. Indeed the fellow is honestly frightened, and I had to give him some chloral and bromide of potassium this morning to steady him down. He seemed quite indignant when I suggested that he had been having an extra glass the night before, and I was obliged to pacify him by keeping as grave a countenance as possible during his story, which he certainly narrated in a very straightforward and matter-of-fact way.

"I was on the bridge," he said, "about four bells in the middle watch, just when the night was at its darkest. There was a bit of a moon, but the clouds were blowing across it so that you couldn't see far from the ship. John McLeod, the harpooner, came aft from the foc'sle-head and reported a strange noise on the starboard bow. I went forrard and we both heard it, sometimes like a bairn crying and sometimes like a wench in pain. I've been seventeen years to the country and I never heard seal, old or young, make a sound like that. As we were standing there on the foc'sle-head the moon came out from behind a cloud, and we both saw a sort of white figure moving across the ice-field in the same direction that we had heard the cries. We lost sight of it for a while, but it came back on the port bow, and we could just make it out like a

shadow on the ice. I sent a hand aft for the rifles, and McLeod and I went down on to the pack, thinking that maybe it might be a bear. When we got on the ice I lost sight of McLeod, but I pushed on in the direction where I could still hear the cries. I followed them for a mile or maybe more, and then running round a hummock I came right on to the top of it standing and waiting for me seemingly. I don't know what it was. It wasn't a bear anyway. It was tall and white and straight, and if it wasn't a man nor a woman, I'll stake my davy it was something worse. I made for the ship as hard as I could run, and precious glad I was to find myself aboard. I signed articles to do my duty by the ship, and on the ship I'll stay, but you don't catch me on the ice again after sundown."

That is his story, given as far as I can in his own words. I fancy what he saw must, in spite of his denial, have been a young bear erect upon its hind legs, an attitude which they often assume when alarmed. In the uncertain light this would bear a resemblance to a human figure, especially to a man whose nerves were already somewhat shaken. Whatever it may have been, the occurrence is unfortunate, for it has produced a most unpleasant effect upon the crew. Their looks are more sullen than before and their discontent more open. The double grievance of being debarred from the herring fishing and of being detained in what they choose to call a haunted vessel, may lead them to do something rash. Even the harpooners, who are the oldest and steadiest among them, are joining in the general agitation.

Apart from this absurd outbreak of superstition, things are looking rather more cheerful. The pack which was forming to the south of us has partly cleared away, and the water is so warm as to lead me to believe that we are lying in one of those branches of the Gulf Stream which run up between Greenland and Spitzbergen. There are numerous small Medusæ and sea-lemons about the ship, with abundance of shrimps, so that there is every possibility of "fish" being sighted. Indeed one was seen blowing about dinner time, but in such a position that it was impossible for the boats to follow it.

September 13th. — Had an interesting conversation with the chief mate Mr. Milne upon the bridge. It seems that our captain is as great an enigma to the seamen, and even to the owners of the vessel, as he has been to me. Mr. Milne

tells me that when the ship is paid off, upon returning from a voyage, Captain Craigie disappears, and is not seen again until the approach of another season, when he walks quietly into the office of the company, and asks whether his services will be required. He has no friend in Dundee, nor does any one pretend to be acquainted with his early history. His position depends entirely upon his skill as a seaman, and the name for courage and coolness which he had earned in the capacity of mate, before being entrusted with a separate command. The unanimous opinion seems to be that he is not a Scotchman, and that his name is an assumed one. Mr. Milne thinks that he has devoted himself to whaling simply for the reason that it is the most dangerous occupation which he could select, and that he courts death in every possible manner. He mentioned several instances of this, one of which is rather curious, if true. It seems that on one occasion he did not put in an appearance at the office, and a substitute had to be selected in his place. That was at the time of the last Russian and Turkish war. When he turned up again next spring he had a puckered wound in the side of his neck which he used to endeavor to conceal with his cravat. Whether the mate's inference that he had been engaged in the war is true or not I cannot say. It was certainly a strange coincidence.

The wind is veering round in an easterly direction, but is still very slight. I think the ice is lying closer than it did yesterday. As far as the eye can reach on every side there is one wide expanse of spotless white, only broken by an occasional rift or the dark shadow of a hummock. To the south there is the narrow lane of blue water which is our sole means of escape, and which is closing up every day. The captain is taking a heavy responsibility upon himself. I hear that the tank of potatoes has been finished, and even the biscuits are running short, but he preserves the same impassible countenance and spends the greater part of the day at the crow's nest, sweeping the horizon with his glass. His manner is very variable, and he seems to avoid my society, but there has been no repetition of the violence which he showed the other night.

7.30 P.M. — My deliberate opinion is that we are commanded by a madman. Nothing else can account for the extraordinary vagaries of Captain Craigie. It is fortunate that I have kept this journal of

our voyage, as it will serve to justify us in case we have to put him under any sort of restraint, a step which I should only consent to as a last resource. Curiously enough it was he himself who suggested lunacy and not mere eccentricity as the secret of his strange conduct. He was standing upon the bridge about an hour ago, peering as usual through his glass, while I was walking up and down the quarterdeck. The majority of the men were below at their tea, for the watches have not been regularly kept of late. Tired of walking, I leaned against the bulwarks, and admired the mellow glow cast by the sinking sun upon the great ice-fields which surround us. I was suddenly aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by a hoarse voice at my elbow, and starting round I found that the captain had descended and was standing by my side. He was staring out over the ice with an expression in which horror, surprise, and something approaching to joy were contending for the mastery. In spite of the cold, great drops of perspiration were coursing down his forehead and he was evidently fearfully excited. His limbs twitched like those of a man upon the verge of an epileptic fit, and the lines about his mouth were drawn and hard.

"Look!" he gasped, seizing me by the wrist, but still keeping his eyes upon the distant ice, and moving his head slowly in a horizontal direction, as if following some object which was moving across the field of vision. "Look! There, man, there! Between the hummocks! Now coming out from behind the far one! You see her, you *must* see her! There still! Flying from me, by God, flying from me — and gone!"

He uttered the last two words in a whisper of concentrated agony which shall never fade from my remembrance. Clinging to the ratlines he endeavored to climb up upon the top of the bulwarks as if in the hope of obtaining a last glance at the departing object. His strength was not equal to the attempt, however, and he staggered back against the saloon skylights, where he leaned panting and exhausted. His face was so livid that I expected him to become unconscious, so lost no time in leading him down the companion, and stretching him upon one of the sofas in the cabin. I then poured him out some brandy, which I held to his lips, and which had a wonderful effect upon him, bringing the blood back into his white face and steadying his poor

shaking limbs. He raised himself up upon his elbow, and looking round to see that we were alone, he beckoned to me to come and sit beside him.

"You saw it, didn't you?" he asked, still in the same subdued, awesome tone so foreign to the nature of the man.

"No, I saw nothing."

His head sank back again upon the cushions. "No, he wouldn't without the glass," he murmured. "He couldn't. It was the glass that showed her to me, and then the eyes of love — the eyes of love. I say, doc, don't let the steward in! He'll think I'm mad. Just bolt the door, will you?"

I rose and did what he had commanded.

He lay quiet for a little, lost in thought apparently, and then raised himself up upon his elbow again, and asked for some more brandy.

"You don't think I am, do you, doc?" he asked as I was putting the bottle back into the after-locker. "Tell me now, as man to man, do you think that I am mad?"

"I think you have something on your mind," I answered, "which is exciting you and doing you a good deal of harm."

"Right there, lad!" he cried, his eyes sparkling from the effects of the brandy. "Plenty on my mind — plenty! But I can work out the latitude and the longitude, and I can handle my sextant and manage my logarithms. You couldn't prove me mad in a court of law, could you, now?" It was curious to hear the man lying back and coolly arguing out the question of his own sanity.

"Perhaps not," I said, "but still I think you would be wise to get home as soon as you can and settle down to a quiet life for a while."

"Get home, eh?" he muttered with a sneer upon his face. "One word for me and two for yourself, lad. Settle down with Flora — pretty little Flora. Are bad dreams signs of madness?"

"Sometimes," I answered.

"What else? what would be the first symptoms?"

"Pains in the head, noises in the ears, flashes before the eyes, delusions —"

"Ah! what about them?" he interrupted. "What would you call a delusion?"

"Seeing a thing which is not there is a delusion."

"But she *was* there!" he groaned to himself. "She *was* there!" and rising, he unbolted the door and walked with slow and uncertain steps to his own cabin,

where I have no doubt that he will remain until to-morrow morning. His system seems to have received a terrible shock, whatever it may have been that he imagined himself to have seen. The man becomes a greater mystery every day, though I fear that the solution which he has himself suggested is the correct one, and that his reason is affected. I do not think that a guilty conscience has anything to do with his behavior. The idea is a popular one among the officers, and, I believe, the crew; but I have seen nothing to support it. He has not the air of a guilty man, but of one who has had terrible usage at the hands of fortune, and who should be regarded as a martyr rather than a criminal.

The wind is veering round to the south to-night. God help us if it blocks that narrow pass which is our only road to safety! Situated as we are on the edge of the main Arctic pack, or the "barrier" as it is called by the whalers, any wind from the north has the effect of shredding out the ice around us and allowing our escape, while a wind from the south blows up all the loose ice behind us and hems us in between two packs. God help us, I say again!

September 14th. — Sunday, and a day of rest. My fears have been confirmed, and the thin strip of blue water has disappeared from the southward. Nothing but the great motionless ice-fields around us, with their weird hummocks and fantastic pinnacles. There is a deathly silence over their wide expanse which is horrible. No lapping of the waves now, no cries of seagulls or straining of sails, but one deep, universal silence in which the murmurs of the seamen, and the creak of their boots upon the white, shining deck, seem discordant and out of place. Our only visitor was an Arctic fox, a rare animal upon the pack, though common enough upon the land. He did not come near the ship, however, but after surveying us from a distance fled rapidly across the ice. This was curious conduct, as they generally know nothing of man, and being of an inquisitive nature become so familiar that they are easily captured. Incredible as it may seem, even this little incident produced a bad effect upon the crew. "Yon puir beastie kens mair, aye an' sees mair nor you nor me!" was the comment of one of the leading harpooners, and the others nodded their acquiescence. It is vain to attempt to argue against such puerile superstition. They have made up their minds that there is a curse upon the

ship, and nothing will ever persuade them to the contrary.

The captain remained in seclusion all day except for about half an hour in the afternoon, when he came out upon the quarterdeck. I observed that he kept his eye fixed upon the spot where the vision of yesterday had appeared, and was quite prepared for another outburst, but none such came. He did not seem to see me although I was standing close beside him. Divine service was read as usual by the chief engineer. It is a curious thing that in whaling vessels the Church of England Prayer-book is always employed, although there is never a member of that Church among either officers or crew. Our men are all Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, the former predominating. Since a ritual is used which is foreign to both, neither can complain that the other is preferred to them, and they listen with all attention and devotion, so that the system has something to recommend it.

A glorious sunset, which made the great fields of ice look like a lake of blood. I have never seen a finer and at the same time more ghastly effect. Wind is veering round. If it will blow twenty-four hours from the north all will yet be well.

September 15th.—To-day is Flora's birthday. Dear lass! it is well that she cannot see her boy, as she used to call me, shut up among the ice-fields with a crazy captain and a few weeks' provisions. No doubt she scans the shipping list in the *Scotsman* every morning to see if we are reported from Shetland. I have to set an example to the men and look cheery and unconcerned; but God knows, my heart is very heavy at times.

The thermometer is at nineteen Fahrenheit to-day. There is but little wind, and what there is comes from an unfavorable quarter. Captain is in an excellent humor; I think he imagines he has seen some other omen or vision, poor fellow, during the night, for he came into my room early in the morning, and stooping down over my bunk whispered, "It wasn't a delusion, doc, it's all right!" After breakfast he asked me to find out how much food was left, which the second mate and I proceeded to do. It is even less than we had expected. Forward they have half a tankful of biscuits, three barrels of salt meat, and a very limited supply of coffee beans and sugar. In the after-hold and lockers there are a good many luxuries such as tinned salmon, soups, haricot mutton, etc., but they

will go a very short way among a crew of fifty men. There are two barrels of flour in the storeroom, and an unlimited supply of tobacco. Altogether there is about enough to keep the men on half rations for eighteen or twenty days—certainly not more. When we reported the state of things to the captain, he ordered all hands to be piped, and addressed them from the quarterdeck. I never saw him to better advantage. With his tall, well-knit figure and dark, animated face, he seemed a man born to command, and he discussed the situation in a cool, sailor-like way which showed that while appreciating the danger he had an eye for every loophole of escape.

"My lads," he said, "no doubt you think I brought you into this fix, if it is a fix, and maybe some of you feel bitter against me on account of it. But you must remember that for many a season no ship that comes to the country has brought in as much oil-money as the old 'Pole-star,' and every one of you has had his share of it. You can leave your wives behind you in comfort while other poor fellows come back to find their lasses on the parish. If you have to thank me for the one you have to thank me for the other, and we may call it quits. We've tried a bold venture before this and succeeded, so now that we've tried one and failed we've no cause to cry out about it. If the worst comes to the worst, we can make the land across the ice, and lay in a stock of seals which will keep us alive until the spring. It won't come to that, though, for you'll see the Scotch coast again before three weeks are out. At present every man must go on half rations, share and share alike, and no favor to any. Keep up your hearts, and you'll pull through this as you've pulled through many a danger before." These few simple words of his had a wonderful effect upon the crew. His former unpopularity was forgotten, and the old harpooner whom I have already mentioned for his superstition, led off three cheers, which were heartily joined in by all hands.

September 16th.—The wind has veered round to the north during the night, and the ice shows some symptoms of opening out. The men are in a good humor in spite of the short allowance upon which they have been placed. Steam is kept up in the engine-room, that there may be no delay should an opportunity for escape present itself. The captain is in exuberant spirits, though he still retains that wild "fey" expression which I have al-

ready remarked upon. This burst of cheerfulness puzzles me more than his former gloom. I cannot understand it. I think I mentioned in an early part of this journal that one of his oddities is that he never permits any person to enter his cabin, but insists upon making his own bed, such as it is, and performing every other office for himself. To my surprise he handed me the key to-day and requested me to go down there and take the time by his chronometer while he measured the altitude of the sun at noon. It is a bare little room containing a washing-stand and a few books, but little else in the way of luxury, except some pictures upon the walls. The majority of these are small cheap oleographs, but there was one water-color sketch of the head of a young lady which arrested my attention. It was evidently a portrait, and not one of those fancy types of female beauty which sailors particularly affect. No artist could have evolved from his own mind such a curious mixture of character and weakness. The languid, dreamy eyes, with their drooping lashes, and the broad, low brow unruffled by thought or care, were in strong contrast with the clean-cut, prominent jaw, and the resolute set of the lower lip. Underneath it in one of the corners was written "M. B., æt. 19." That any one in the short space of nineteen years of existence could develop such strength of will as was stamped upon her face seemed to me at the time to be well-nigh incredible. She must have been an extraordinary woman. Her features have thrown such a glamor over me that though I had but a fleeting glance at them, I could, were I a draughtsman, reproduce them line for line upon this page of the journal. I wonder what part she has played in our captain's life. He has hung her picture at the end of his berth so that his eyes continually rest upon it. Were he a less reserved man I should make some remark upon the subject. Of the other things in his cabin there was nothing worthy of mention — uniform coats, a camp-stool, small looking-glass, tobacco-box and numerous pipes, including an Oriental hookah — which by-the-bye gives some color to Mr. Milne's story about his participation in the war, though the connection may seem rather a distant one.

11.20 P.M. — Captain just gone to bed after a long and interesting conversation on general topics. When he chooses he can be a most fascinating companion, being remarkably well-read, and having the

power of expressing his opinion forcibly without appearing to be dogmatic. I hate to have my intellectual toes trod upon. He spoke about the nature of the soul, and sketched out the views of Aristotle and Plato upon the subject in a masterly manner. He seems to have a leaning for metempsychosis and the doctrines of Pythagoras. In discussing them we touched upon modern spiritualism, and I made some joking allusion to the impostures of Slade, upon which, to my surprise, he warned me most impressively against confusing the innocent with the guilty, and argued that it would be as logical to brand Christianity as an error, because Judas who professed that religion was a villain. He shortly afterwards bade me good-night and retired to his room.

The wind is freshening up, and blows steadily from the north. The nights are as dark now as they are in England. I hope to-morrow may set us free from our frozen fetters.

September 17th. — The bogie again. Thank Heaven that I have strong nerves! The superstition of these poor fellows, and the circumstantial accounts which they give, with the utmost earnestness and self-conviction, would horrify any man not accustomed to their ways. There are many versions of the matter, but the sum-total of them all is that something uncanny has been fitting round the ship all night, and that Sandie McDonald of Peterhead and "lang" Peter Williamson of Shetland saw it, as also did Mr. Milne on the bridge; so, having three witnesses, they can make a better case of it than the second mate did. I spoke to Milne after breakfast and told him that he should be above such nonsense, and that as an officer he ought to set the men a better example. He shook his weatherbeaten head ominously, but answered with characteristic caution. "Mebbe aye, mebbe na, doctor," he said; "I didna ca' it a ghaist. I canna' say I preen my faith in sea bogles an' the like, though there's a mony as claims to ha' seen a' that and waur. I'm no easy feared, but maybe your ain bluid would run a bit cauld, mun, if instead o' speerin' about it in daylight ye were wi' me last night, an' seed an awfu' like shape, white an' gruesome, whiles here, whiles there, an' it greetin' and ca'ing in the darkness like a bit lambie that hae lost its mither. Ye would na' be sae ready to put it a' doon to auld wives' clavers then, I'm thinkin'." I saw it was hopeless to reason with him, so contented myself with begging him as a

personal favor to call me up the next time the spectre appeared — a request to which he acceded with many ejaculations expressive of his hopes that such an opportunity might never arise.

As I had hoped, the white desert behind us has become broken by many thin streaks of water which intersect it in all directions. Our latitude to-day was 80° 52' N., which shows that there is a strong southerly drift upon the pack. Should the wind continue favorable it will break up as rapidly as it formed. At present we can do nothing but smoke and wait, and hope for the best. I am rapidly becoming a fatalist. When dealing with such uncertain factors as wind and ice a man can be nothing else. Perhaps it was the wind and sand of the Arabian deserts which gave the minds of the original followers of Mahomet their tendency to bow to *kismet*.

These spectral alarms have a very bad effect upon the captain. I feared that it might excite his sensitive mind, and endeavored to conceal the absurd story from him, but unfortunately he overheard one of the men making an allusion to it, and insisted upon being informed about it. As I had expected, it brought out all his latent lunacy in an exaggerated form. I can hardly believe that this is the same man who discoursed philosophy last night with the most critical acumen, and coolest judgment. He is pacing backwards and forwards upon the quarterdeck like a caged tiger, stopping now and again to throw out his hands with a yearning gesture, and stare impatiently out over the ice. He keeps up a continual mutter to himself, and once he called out, "But a little time, love—but a little time!" Poor fellow, it is sad to see a gallant seaman and accomplished gentleman reduced to such a pass, and to think that imagination and delusion can cow a mind to which real danger was but the salt of life. Was ever a man in such a position as I, between a demented captain and a ghost-seeing mate? I sometimes think I am the only really sane man aboard the vessel—except perhaps the second engineer, who is a kind of ruminant, and would care nothing for all the fiends in the Red Sea, so long as they would leave him alone and not disarrange his tools.

The ice is still opening rapidly, and there is every probability of our being able to make a start to-morrow morning. They will think I am inventing when I tell them at home all the strange things that have befallen me.

12 P.M. — I have been a good deal startled, though I feel steadier now, thanks to a stiff glass of brandy. I am hardly myself yet however, as this handwriting will testify. The fact is that I have gone through a very strange experience, and am beginning to doubt whether I was justified in branding every one on board as madmen,* because they professed to have seen things which did not seem reasonable to my understanding. Pshaw! I am a fool to let such a trifle unnerve me, and yet, coming as it does after all these alarms, it has an additional significance, for I cannot doubt either Mr. Manson's story or that of the mate, now that I have experienced that which I used formerly to scoff at.

After all it was nothing very alarming — a mere sound, and that was all. I cannot expect that any one reading this, if any one ever should read it, will sympathize with my feelings, or realize the effect which it produced upon me at the time. Supper was over, and I had gone on deck to have a quiet pipe before turning in. The night was very dark — so dark that standing under the quarter boat, I was unable to see the officer upon the bridge. I think I have already mentioned the extraordinary silence which prevails in these frozen seas. In other parts of the world, be they ever so barren, there is some slight vibration of the air—some faint hum, be it from the distant haunts of men, or from the leaves of the trees, or the wings of the birds, or even the faint rustle of the grass that covers the ground. One may not actively perceive the sound, and yet if it were withdrawn it would be missed. It is only here in these Arctic seas that stark, unfathomable stillness obtrudes itself upon you in all its gruesome reality. You find your tympanum straining to catch some little murmur, and dwelling eagerly upon every accidental sound within the vessel. In this state I was leaning against the bulwarks when there arose from the ice almost directly underneath me, a cry, sharp and shrill, upon the silent air of the night, beginning, as it seemed to me, at a note such as *prima donna* never reached, and mounting from that ever higher and higher until it culminated in a long wail of agony, which might have been the last cry of a lost soul. The ghastly scream is still ringing in my ears. Grief, unutterable grief, seemed to be expressed in it and a great longing, and yet through it all there was an occasional wild note of exultation. It seemed to come from close beside me,

and yet as I glared into the darkness I could make out nothing. I waited some little time, but without hearing any repetition of the sound, so I came below, more shaken than I have ever been in my life before. As I came down the companion I met Mr. Milne, coming up to relieve the watch. "Weel, doctor," he said, "maybe that's auld 'wives' clavers tae? Did ye no hear it skirling? Maybe that's a supersteetion? what d'ye think o't noo?" I was obliged to apologize to the honest fellow, and acknowledge that I was as puzzled by it as he was. Perhaps to-morrow things may look different. At present I dare hardly write all that I think. Reading it again in days to come, when I have shaken off all these associations, I should despise myself for having been so weak.

September 18th.—Passed a restless and uneasy night still haunted by that strange sound. The captain does not look as if he had had much repose either, for his face is haggard and his eyes blood-shot. I have not told him of my adventure of last night, nor shall I. He is already restless and excited, standing up, sitting down, and apparently utterly unable to keep still.

A fine lead appeared in the pack this morning, as I had expected, and we were able to cast off our ice-anchor, and steam about twelve miles in a west-sou'-westerly direction. We were then brought to a halt by a great floe as massive as any which we have left behind us. It bars our progress completely, so we can do nothing but anchor again and wait until it breaks up, which it will probably do within twenty-four hours, if the wind holds. Several bladder-nosed seals were seen swimming in the water, and one was shot, an immense creature more than eleven feet long. They are fierce, pugnacious animals, and are said to be more than a match for a bear. Fortunately they are slow and clumsy in their movements, so that there is little danger in attacking them upon the ice.

The captain evidently does not think we have seen the last of our troubles, though why he should take a gloomy view of the situation is more than I can fathom, since every one else on board considers that we have had a miraculous escape, and are sure now to reach the open sea.

"I suppose you think it's all right now, doctor?" he said as we sat together after dinner.

"I hope so," I answered.

"We mustn't be too sure — and yet no

doubt you are right. We'll all be in the arms of our own true loves before long, lad, won't we? But we mustn't be too sure — we mustn't be too sure."

He sat silent a little, swinging his leg thoughtfully backwards and forwards. "Look here," he continued. "It's a dangerous place this, even at its best — a treacherous, dangerous place. I have known men cut off very suddenly in a land like this. A slip would do it sometimes — a single slip, and down you go through a crack and only a bubble on the green water to show where it was that you sank. It's a queer thing," he continued with a nervous laugh, "but all the years I've been in this country I never once thought of making a will; not that I have anything to leave in particular, but still when a man is exposed to danger he should have everything arranged and ready — don't you think so?"

"Certainly," I answered, wondering what on earth he was driving at.

"He feels better for knowing it's all settled," he went on. "Now if anything should ever befall me, I hope that you will look after things for me. There is very little in the cabin, but such as it is I should like it to be sold, and the money divided in the same proportion as the oil-money among the crew. The chronometer I wish you to keep yourself as some slight remembrance of our voyage. Of course all this is a mere precaution, but I thought I would take the opportunity of speaking to you about it. I suppose I might rely upon you if there were any necessity?"

"Most assuredly," I answered; "and since you are taking this step, I may as well —"

"You! you!" he interrupted. "*You're* all right. What the devil is the matter with *you*? There, I didn't mean to be peppery, but I don't like to hear a young fellow, that has hardly begun life, speculating about death. Go up on deck and get some fresh air into your lungs instead of talking nonsense in the cabin, and encouraging me to do the same."

The more I think of this conversation of ours the less do I like it. Why should the man be settling his affairs at the very time when we seem to be emerging from all danger? There must be some method in his madness. Can it be that he contemplates suicide? I remember that upon one occasion he spoke in a deeply reverent manner of the heinousness of the crime of self-destruction. I shall keep my eye upon him however, and though I

cannot obtrude upon the privacy of his cabin, I shall at least make a point of remaining on deck as long as he stays up.

Mr. Milne pooh-poohs my fears, and says it is only the "skipper's little way." He himself takes a very rosy view of the situation. According to him we shall be out of the ice by the day after to-morrow, pass Jan Meyen two days after that, and sight Shetland in little more than a week. I hope he may not be too sanguine. His opinion may be fairly balanced against the gloomy precautions of the captain, for he is an old and experienced seaman, and weighs his words well before uttering them.

The long-impending catastrophe has come at last. I hardly know what to write about it. The captain is gone. He may come back to us again alive, but I fear me—I fear me. It is now seven o'clock of the morning of the 19th of September. I have spent the whole night traversing the great ice-floe in front of us with a party of seamen in the hope of coming upon some trace of him, but in vain. I shall try to give some account of the circumstances which attended upon his disappearance. Should any one ever chance to read the words which I put down, I trust they will remember that I do not write from conjecture or from hearsay, but that I, a sane and educated man, am describing accurately what actually occurred before my very eyes. My inferences are my own, but I shall be answerable for the facts.

The captain remained in excellent spirits after the conversation which I have recorded. He appeared to be nervous and impatient however, frequently changing his position, and moving his limbs in an aimless, choreic way which is characteristic of him at times. In a quarter of an hour he went upon deck seven times, only to descend after a few hurried paces. I followed him each time, for there was something about his face which confirmed my resolution of not letting him out of my sight. He seemed to observe the effect which his movements had produced, for he endeavored by an overdone hilarity, laughing boisterously at the very smallest of jokes, to quiet my apprehensions.

After supper he went on to the poop once more, and I with him. The night was dark and very still, save for the melancholy sighing of the wind among the spars. A thick cloud was coming up from the north-west, and the ragged tentacles which it threw out in front of it were

drifting across the face of the moon, which only shone now and again through a rift in the wrack. The captain paced rapidly backwards and forwards, and then seeing me still dogging him, he came across and hinted that he thought I should be better below—which I need hardly say had the effect of strengthening my resolution to remain on deck.

I think he forgot about my presence after this, for he stood silently leaning over the taffrail, and peering out across the great desert of snow, part of which lay in shadow, while part glittered mistily in the moonlight. Several times I could see by his movements that he was referring to his watch, and once he muttered a short sentence of which I could only catch the one word "ready." I confess to having felt an eerie feeling creeping over me as I watched the loom of his tall figure through the darkness, and noted how completely he fulfilled the idea of a man who is keeping a tryst. A tryst with whom? Some vague perception began to dawn upon me as I pieced one fact with another, but I was utterly unprepared for the sequel.

By the sudden intensity of his attitude I felt that he saw something. I crept up behind him. He was staring with an eager, questioning gaze at what seemed to be a wreath of mist, blown swiftly in a line with the ship. It was a dim, nebulous body devoid of shape, sometimes more, sometimes less apparent, as the light fell on it. The moon was dimmed in its brilliancy at the moment by a canopy of thinnest cloud, like the coating of an anemone.

"Coming, lass, coming," cried the skipper, in a voice of unfathomable tenderness and compassion, like one who soothes a beloved one by some favor long looked for, and as pleasant to bestow as to receive.

What followed, happened in an instant. I had no power to interfere. He gave one spring to the top of the bulwarks, and another which took him on to the ice, almost to the feet of the pale, misty figure. He held out his hands as if to clasp it, and so ran into the darkness with outstretched arms and loving words. I still stood rigid and motionless, straining my eyes after his retreating form, until his voice died away in the distance. I never thought to see him again, but at that moment the moon shone out brilliantly through a chink in the cloudy heaven, and illuminated the great field of ice. Then I saw his dark figure already a

very long way off, running with prodigious speed across the frozen plain. That was the last glimpse which we caught of him — perhaps the last we ever shall. A party was organized to follow him, and I accompanied them, but the men's hearts were not in the work, and nothing was found. Another will be formed within a few hours. I can hardly believe I have not been dreaming, or suffering from some hideous nightmare as I write these things down.

7.30 P.M. — Just returned dead beat and utterly tired out from a second unsuccessful search for the captain. The floe is of enormous extent, for though we have traversed at least twenty miles of its surface, there has been no sign of its coming to an end. The frost has been so severe of late that the overlying snow is frozen as hard as granite, otherwise we might have had the footsteps to guide us. The crew are anxious that we should cast off and steam round the floe and so to the southward, for the ice has opened up during the night, and the sea is visible upon the horizon. They argue that Captain Craigie is certainly dead, and that we are all risking our lives to no purpose by remaining when we have an opportunity of escape. Mr. Milne and I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to wait until to-morrow night, and have been compelled to promise that we will not under any circumstances delay our departure longer than that. We propose therefore to take a few hours' sleep, and then to start upon a final search.

September 20th, evening. — I crossed the ice this morning with a party of men exploring the southern part of the floe, while Mr. Milne went off in a northerly direction. We pushed on for ten or twelve miles without seeing a trace of any living thing except a single bird, which fluttered a great way over our heads, and which by its flight I should judge to have been a falcon. The southern extremity of the ice-field tapered away into a long, narrow spit which projected out into the sea. When we came to the base of this promontory the men halted, but I begged them to continue to the extreme end of it, that we might have the satisfaction of knowing that no possible chance had been neglected.

We had hardly gone a hundred yards before McDonald of Peterhead cried out that he saw something in front of us, and began to run. We all got a glimpse of it and ran too. At first it was only a vague darkness against the white ice, but as we

raced along together it took the shape of a man, and eventually of the man of whom we were in search. He was lying face downwards upon a frozen bank. Many little crystals of ice and feathers of snow had drifted on to him as he lay, and sparkled upon his dark seaman's jacket. As we came up some wandering puff of wind caught these tiny flakes in its vortex, and they whirled up into the air, partially descended again, and then, caught once more in the current, sped rapidly away in the direction of the sea. To my eyes it seemed but a snowdrift, but many of my companions averred that it started up in the shape of a woman, stooped over the corpse and kissed it, and then hurried away across the floe. I have learned never to ridicule any man's opinion, however strange it may seem. Sure it is that Captain Nicholas Craigie had met with no painful end, for there was a bright smile upon his blue, pinched features, and his hands were still outstretched as though grasping at the strange visitor which had summoned him away into the dim world that lies beyond the grave.

We buried him the same afternoon with the ship's ensign around him, and a thirty-two-pound shot at his feet. I read the burial service, while the rough sailors wept like children, for there were many who owed much to his kind heart, and who showed now the affection which his strange ways had repelled during his lifetime. He went off the grating with a dull, sullen splash, and as I looked into the green water I saw him go down, down, down until he was but a little flickering patch of white hanging upon the outskirts of eternal darkness. Then even that faded away and he was gone. There he shall lie, with his secret and his sorrows and his mystery all still buried in his breast, until that great day when the sea shall give up its dead, and Nicholas Craigie come out from among the ice with the smile upon his face, and his stiffened arms outstretched in greeting. I pray that his lot may be a happier one in that life than it has been in this.

I shall not continue my journal. Our road to home lies plain and clear before us, and the great ice-field will soon be but a remembrance of the past. It will be some time before I get over the shock produced by recent events. When I began this record of our voyage I little thought of how I should be compelled to finish it. I am writing these final words in the lonely cabin, still starting at times and fancying I hear the quick, nervous

step of the dead man upon the deck above me. I entered his cabin to-night as was my duty, to make a list of his effects in order that they might be entered in the official log. All was as it had been upon my previous visit, save that the picture which I have described as having hung at the end of his bed had been cut out of its frame, as with a knife, and was gone. With this last link in a strange chain of evidence I close my diary of the voyage of the "Pole-star."

[NOTE by Dr. John McAlister Ray, senior. — "I have read over the strange events connected with the death of the captain of the 'Pole-star,' as narrated in the journal of my son. That everything occurred exactly as he describes it I have the fullest confidence, and, indeed, the most positive certainty, for I know him to be a strong-nerved and unimaginative man, with the strictest regard for veracity. Still, the story is, on the face of it, so vague and so improbable, that I was long opposed to its publication. Within the last few days, however, I have had independent testimony upon the subject which throws a new light upon it. I had run down to Edinburgh to attend a meeting of the British Medical Association, when I chanced to come across Dr. P——, an old college chum of mine, now practising at Saltash, in Devonshire. Upon my telling him of this experience of my son's, he declared to me that he was familiar with the man, and proceeded, to my no small surprise, to give me a description of him, which tallied remarkably well with that given in the journal, except that he depicted him as a younger man. According to his account, he had been engaged to a young lady of singular beauty residing upon the Cornish coast. During his absence at sea his betrothed had died under circumstances of peculiar horror."]

From The Contemporary Review.
THE BOLLANDISTS:

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF A MAGNUM OPUS.

THE majority of educated people have from time to time, in the course of their historical reading, come across some mention of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," or "Lives of the Saints;" while but few know anything as to the contents, or authorship, or history of that work. Yet it is a very great, nay a stupendous monument of what human industry, steadily directed for ages towards one point, can effect. Industry, directed for ages, I have said—an expression which to some must seem almost like a misprint, but which is quite justified by facts, since the first volume issued by the company of the Bollandists

is dated Antwerp, 1643; and the last, Paris, A.D. 1875. Two hundred and forty years have thus elapsed, and yet the work is not concluded. Indeed, as it has taken well-nigh two centuries and a half to narrate the lives of the saints commemorated in the first ten months of the year, it may easily happen that the bones of the present generation will all be mingled with the dust, before those saints be reached who are celebrated on the 31st of December. Some indeed—prejudiced by the very name "*Acta Sanctorum*"—may be inclined to turn away, with a contempt bred of ignorance, from the whole subject. But if it were only as a mental and intellectual tonic the contemplation of these sixty stately folios, embracing about a thousand pages each, would be a most healthy exercise for the men of this age. This is the halcyon period of primers, introductions, handbooks, manuals. "Knowledge made easy" is the cry on every side. We take our mental pabulum just as we take Liebig's essence of beef, in a very concentrated form, or as homœopaths imbibe their medicine, in the shape of globules. I do not desire, however, to say one word against such publications. The great scholars of the seventeenth century, the Bollandists, Casaubon, Fabricius, Valesius, Baluze, D'Achery, Mabillon, Combesius, Vossius, Canisius, shut up their learning in immense folios, which failed to reach the masses as our primers and handbooks do, penetrating the darkness and diffusing knowledge in regions inaccessible to their more ponderous brethren. But at the same time their majestic tomes stand as everlasting protests on behalf of real and learned inquiry of accurate, painstaking, and often most critical research into the sources whence history, if worth anything, must be drawn.

I propose in this paper to give an account of the origin, progress, contents, and value of the work of the Bollandists, regarded as the vastest repertory of original material for the history of mediæval times. This immense series is popularly known either as the "*Acta Sanctorum*" or the Bollandists. The former is the proper designation. The latter, however, will suit best as the peg on which we shall hang our narrative. John Bolland, or Joannes Bollandus as it is in Latin, was the name of the founder of a company which, more fortunate than most literary clubs, has lasted well-nigh three centuries. To him must be ascribed the honor of initiating the work, drawing the lines, and laying the foundations of a building

which has not yet been completed. That work was one often contemplated but never undertaken on the same exhaustive principles. Clement, the reputed disciple of the apostles Peter and Paul, is reported — in the "*Liber Pontificalis*" or "Lives of the Popes," dating from the early years of the sixth century — to have made provision for preserving the "Acts of the Martyrs." Apocryphal as this account seems, yet the honest reader of Eusebius must confess that the idea was no novel one in the second century, as is manifest from the well-known letter narrating the sufferings of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne. Space would now fail us to trace the development of hagiography in the Church. Let it suffice to say that century after century, as it slowly rolled by, contributed its quota both in East and West. In the East even an emperor, Basil, gave his name to a Greek martyrology; while in both West and East the writings of Metaphrastes, Mombritius, Surius, Lipomanus, and Baronius, embalmed abundant legends in many a portly volume. Still the mind of a certain Heribert Rosweid, a professor at Douai, a Jesuit, and an enthusiastic antiquarian, was not satisfied. Rosweid was a typical instance of those Jesuits, learned and devout, who at a great crisis in the battle restored the fallen fortunes of the Church of Rome. As the original idea of the "Acta Sanctorum" is due to him, we may be pardoned in giving a brief sketch of his career, though he was not in strictness a member of the Bollandist Company.

Rosweid was born at Utrecht, in 1569, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1589, the year when all Europe, and the world at large, was ringing with the defeat of the Armada and the triumph of Protestantism. He studied and taught first at Douai and then at Antwerp, where, also after the manner of the Jesuits, he entered upon active pastoral work, in which he caught a contagious fever, of which he died A.D. 1629. His literary life was very active, and very fruitful in such literature as delighted that age. Thus he produced editions of various martyrologies, the modern Roman, the ancient Roman, and that of Ado; he discussed the question of keeping faith with heretics; took an active share in the everlasting controversy concerning the "Imitatio Christi," wherein he espoused the side of A Kempis and the Augustinians, as against Gerson and the Benedictines; published the lives of the Eastern ascetics, who were

the founders of modern monasticism; debated with Isaac Casaubon concerning Baronius; and published, in 1607, the "Lives of the Belgic Saints," where we find the first sketch or general plan of the "Acta Sanctorum." The idea of this great work suggested itself to Rosweid while living at Douai, where he used to employ his leisure time in the libraries of the neighboring Benedictine monasteries, in search of manuscripts bearing on the lives of the saints. It was an age of criticism, and he doubtless felt dissatisfied with all existing compilations, content as they were to repeat, parrot-like and without any examination, the legends of earlier ages. It was an age of research, too — more fruitful in some respects than those which have followed — and he felt that an immense mass of original material had never yet been utilized. It was at this period of his life he produced the work above mentioned, which we have briefly named the "Lives of the Belgic Saints," but the full title of which is, "Fasti Sanctorum quorum Vitæ in Belgicis Bibliothecis Manuscriptæ." He intended it as a specimen of a greater and more comprehensive work, embracing the lives of all the saints known to the Church throughout the world. He proposed that it should embrace sixteen volumes, divided in the following manner: the first volume dealing with the life of Christ and the great feasts; the second with the life of the Blessed Virgin and her feasts; the third to the sixteenth with the lives of the saints according to the days of the month, together with no less than thirteen distinct indexes, biographical, historical, controversial, geographical, and moral; so that the reader might not have any ground for the complaint so often brought against modern German scholars, that they afford no apparatus to help the busy student when consulting their works. Rosweid's idea as to the manner in which those volumes should be compiled was no less original. He proposed first of all to bring together all the lives of saints that had been ever published by previous hagiographers; which he would then compare with ancient manuscripts, as he was convinced that considerable interpolation had been made in the narratives. In addition, he desired to seek in all directions for new materials; and to illustrate all the lives hitherto published or unpublished, by explaining obscurities, reconciling difficulties, and shedding upon their darker details the light of a more modern criticism. Rosweid's fame was European in

the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and his proposal attracted the widest attention. To the best judges it seemed utterly impracticable. Cardinal Bellarmine heard of it, and proved his keenness and skill in literary criticism by asking what age the man was who proposed such an undertaking. When informed that he was about forty, "Ask him," said the learned cardinal, "whether he has discovered that he will live two hundred years; for within no smaller space can such a work be worthily performed by one man," — an unconscious prophecy, which has found in fact a most ample fulfilment; for death snatched away Rosweid before he could do more towards his great undertaking than accumulate much precious material; while more than two hundred years have elapsed, and yet the work is not completed.

After the death of Rosweid, the Society of Jesus, which now regarded the undertaking as a corporate one, entrusted its continuation to Bollandus. He was thirty-three years of age, and had distinguished himself in every branch of the society's activity as a teacher, a divine, a scholar, and an orator. In this last capacity, indeed, it was his duty to address Latin sermons to the aristocracy of Antwerp, a fact which betokens a much more learned audience than now falls to any preacher's lot. He was a wise director of conscience too, a sphere of duty in which the Jesuits have always delighted. A story is told illustrating his skill in this direction. One of the highest magistrates of the city, being suddenly seized with a fatal illness, despatched a messenger for Bollandus, who at once responded to the call, only however to find the sick man in deepest trouble, on account of the sternness with which he had exercised his judicial functions. He acknowledged that he had often been the means of inflicting capital punishment when the other judges would have passed a milder sentence, in the belief that he was rescuing the condemned from greater crimes which they would inevitably commit, and securing the salvation of their souls through the repentance to which their ghostly adviser would lead them prior to their execution. Bollandus at once perceived that he had to deal with the over-scrupulous conscience of one who had striven, according to his light, to do his duty. He therefore produced his breviary, and proceeded to read and expound the hundred and first Psalm, "I will sing of mercy and judgment;" making such a very pertinent

application of it to the magistrate's case, as led him to cry out with tears, "What comfort thou hast brought me, father! now I die happy." A consideration of these numerous and apparently inconsistent engagements may not be without some practical use in this age. Looking at the varied occupations of Bollandus and his fellows, and at the massive works which they at the same time produced, who can help smiling at the outcry which the advocates for the endowment of research, as they style themselves, raised some time ago against the simple proposal of the Oxford University Commission, that well-endowed professors should deliver some lectures on their own special subjects? Such a practice, they maintained, would utterly distract the mind from all original investigation of the sources. Such certainly was not the case with the Bollandists, who yet could make time carefully — far more carefully than most modern historians — to investigate the sources of European history. But then the Bollandists were real students, and had neither lawn-tennis nor politics to divert them from their chosen career.

Bollandus again is a healthy study for us moderns in the triumph exhibited by him of mind over matter, of the ardent student over physical difficulties. His rooms were no pleasant college chambers, lofty, commodious, and well-ventilated; on the contrary the apartments where the volumes commemorating the saints of January saw the light were two small, dark chambers next the roof, exposed alike to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, in the Jesuit House at Antwerp. In them were heaped up, for such is the expression of his biographer, the documents accumulated by his society during forty years. How vast their number must have been is manifest from this one fact that Bollandus possessed upwards of four hundred distinct lives of saints, and more than two hundred histories of cities, bishoprics, and monasteries in the Italian language alone, whence our readers may judge of the size of the entire collection which dealt with the saints and martyrs of China, Japan, and Peru, as well as those of Greece and Rome.

Bollandus was summoned to his life's work in 1629. He at once entered upon a vigorous pursuit of fresh manuscripts in every quarter of the globe, wherein he was mightily assisted by the organization of the Jesuit Society, and by the liberal assistance bestowed upon his undertaking by successive abbots of the great Bene-

dictine Monastery of Liessies, near Cambray, specially by Antonius Winghius, the friend and patron, first of Rosweid, and then of Bollandus. Indeed, it was the existence and rich endowments of those great monasteries which explains the publication of such immense works as those of Bollandus, Mabillon, and Tillemont, quite surpassing any now issued even by the wealthiest publishers among ourselves, and only approached, and that at a distance, by Pertz's "Monumenta" in Germany.

New material was now poured upon him from every quarter, from English Benedictines even and Irish Franciscans; though indeed, as regards the latter, Bollandus seems to have cherished a wholesome suspicion as to the genuineness of many, if not most, of the Irish legends. But Bollandus, though he worked hard, and knew no other enjoyment save his work, was only human. He soon found the labor was too great for any one man to perform, while, in addition, he was racked and torn with disease in many shapes; gout, stone, rupture, all settled like harpies upon his emaciated frame, so that in 1635 he was compelled to take Henschenius as his assistant. This was in every respect a fortunate choice, as Henschenius proved himself a man of much wider views as to the scope of the work than Bollandus himself. Bollandus had proposed simply to incorporate the notices of the saints found in ancient martyrologies and manuscripts, adding brief notes upon any difficulties of history, geography, or theology, which might arise. To Henschenius was allotted the month of February. He at once set to work, and produced, under the date of Feb. 6, exhaustive memoirs of SS. Amandus and Vedastus, Gallic bishops of the sixth and eleventh centuries, whose lives present a striking picture of those troubled times amid which the foundations of French history were laid. Henschenius scorned the narrow limits within which his master would fain limit himself. He boldly launched out into a discussion of all the aspects of his subject, discussing not merely the men themselves, but also the history of their times, and doing that in a manner now impossible, as the then well-stored, but now widely scattered muniment rooms of the abbeys of Flanders and northern France lay at his disposal. Bollandus was so struck with the success of this innovation that he at once abandoned his own restricted ideas, and adopted the more exhaustive method of his assistant,

which of course involved the extension of the work far beyond the sixteen volumes originally contemplated. The first two volumes appeared in 1643, and the next three, including the "Saints of February," in 1658. About this time the reigning pontiff, Alexander VII., who had been the life-long friend and patron of Bollandus, pressed upon him an oft-repeated invitation to visit Rome, and utilize for his work the vast stores accumulated there and in the other libraries of Italy. Bollandus had hitherto excused himself. In fact, he possessed already more material than he could conveniently use. But now that larger apartments had been assigned to him, and proper arrangements and classifications adopted in his library — due especially to the skill of Henschenius — he felt that such a journey would be most advantageous to his work. As, however, he could not go in person, owing to his infirmities, which were daily increasing, he deputed thereto Henschenius and Daniel Papebrock, a young assistant lately added to the company, and destined to spend fifty-five years in its service. The history of that literary journey is well worth reading. The reader, curious on such points, will find it in the "Life of Bollandus," prefixed to the first volume of the "March Saints," chap. xiii.-xx. Still more interesting, were it printed, would be the diary of his journey kept by Papebrock, now preserved in the Burgundy Library at Brussels, and numbered 17,672. Twenty-nine months were spent in this journey, from the middle of 1659 to the end of 1661. Bollandus accompanied his disciples as far as Cologne, where they were received with almost royal honors. After parting with their master, his followers proceeded up the Rhine and through southern Germany, making a very thorough examination of the libraries, to all of which free access was given; the very Protestant town of Nuremberg being most forward to honor the literary travellers, while the president of the Lutheran Consistory assisted them even with his purse. Entering Italy by way of Trent, they arrived at Venice towards the end of October, where they found the first rich store of Greek manuscripts, and whence also they despatched by sea to Bollandus the first fruits of their toil. From Venice they made a thorough examination of the libraries of north-east Italy, at Vicenza, Verona, Padua, Bologna; whence they turned aside to visit Ravenna, walking thither one winter's day, November 18, a journey of thirty

miles — and Henschenius, be it observed, was now sixty years of age.* They spent the greater part of the year 1661 at Rome, at Naples — where the blood and relics of St. Januarius were specially exhibited to them, an honor only conferred on kings and their ambassadors — and amid the rich libraries of the numerous abbeys of southern Italy. But even when absent from Rome their work there went on apace. They enjoyed the friendship of some wealthy merchants from their own land, who liberally supplied them with money, enabling them to employ five or six scribes to copy the manuscripts they selected; while the patronage of two eminent scholars, even yet celebrated in the world of letters, Lucas Holstenius and Ferdinand Ughelli, backed by the still more powerful aid of the pope, placed every library at their command. The pope, indeed, went so far as to remove, in their case, every anathema forbidding the removal of books or manuscripts from the libraries. Lucas Holstenius, in his boyhood a Lutheran, in his later age an agent in the conversion of Queen Christina of Sweden, and one of the greatest among the giants of the black-letter learning of the age, rated the Bollandists and their work so highly that, at his decease, which took place while they were in Rome, he used their ministry alone in receiving the last sacraments of the Roman Church. Encouraged and supported thus, the Bollandists economized and utilized every moment. They were in the habit of rising before day to say their sacred offices; and then prosecuted, with their secretaries, their loved work till ten or eleven o'clock at night. When leaving Rome they were enabled therefore to send to Bollandus, by sea, a second consignment of three chests of manuscripts, in addition to a large store which they carried home themselves.

On their return journey they visited Florence and Milan, spending more than half a year in these libraries, and then proceeded through France to Paris, where they met scholars like Du Cange, Combesis, and Labbe. They finally arrived at home December 21, 1661, to find Bollandus in a very precarious state of health,

* Henschenius was a man of great physical powers. He always delighted in walking exercise, and executed many of his literary journeys in Italy on foot, even amid the summer heats. Ten years later, when close on seventy, he walked on an emergency ten leagues in one day through the mountains and forests of the Ardennes district, and was quite fresh next day for another journey. He was a man of very full complexion. According to the medical system of the time, he indulged in blood-letting once or twice a year.

which terminated in his death in 1665. The life of Bolland is a type of the lives led by all his disciples and successors. Devout, retired, studious, they gave themselves up, generation after generation, to their appointed task, the elders continually assuming to themselves one or two younger assistants, so as to preserve their traditions unimpaired. And what a work was theirs! How it dwarfed all modern publications! Bollandus worked at eight of those folios, Henschenius at twenty-four, Papebrock at nineteen, Janningus his successor at thirteen; and so the work went on, aided by a subsidy from the Imperial house of Austria, till the suppression of the Jesuits, which was followed soon after by the dissolution of the Bollandists in 1788. Their library became then an object of desire to many foreigners, who would undoubtedly have purchased it, had it not been for the opposition of the local government, and of several Belgian abbeys. It was finally bought by Godfrey Hermans, a Præmonstratensian abbot, under whose auspices the publication of the work continued for seven years longer, till, on the outburst of the wars of the French Revolution, the library was dispersed, part burnt, part hidden, part hurried into Westphalia. At length, after various chances, a great part of the manuscripts was obtained for the ancient library of the house of Burgundy, now forming part of the Royal Library at Brussels, while others of them were reclaimed for the library of the New Bollandists at Louvain, where the work is now carried on. After the dissolution of the old company, two attempts at least, one in 1801 and the other in 1810 — this last under the all-powerful patronage of Napoleon — were made, though without success, to revive the work. Better fortune attended a proposal made in 1838 by four members of the Jesuit Society — viz., J. B. Boone, J. Vandermoere, P. Coppens, and J. van Hecke. Since that time the publication of the volumes has steadily proceeded; we may even hope that the progress of the work in the future will be still more rapid, as the company has lately added to its ranks P. C. de Smedt, one of the most learned and laborious ecclesiastical historians in the Roman communion.*

* Since this paper was written the Bollandists have issued a prospectus of an annual publication called "Analecta Bollandiana." From this document we learn that disease and death have now reduced the company very low. De Smedt has had to retire almost as soon as elected.

After this sketch of the history of the Bollandists, which the literary student can easily supplement from the various memoirs of deceased members scattered through the volumes of the "Acta Sanctorum," we proceed to a consideration of the results of labors so long, so varied, and so strenuous. We shall now describe the plan of the work, the helps all too little known towards the effective use thereof, and then offer some specimens illustrating its critical value. When an ordinary reader takes up a volume of the "Acta Sanctorum," he is very apt to find himself utterly at sea. The very pagination is puzzling, two distinct kinds being used in all of the volumes, and even three in some. Then again lists, indexes, dissertations, acts of saints, seem mingled indiscriminately. This apparent confusion, however, is all on the surface, as the reader will at once see, if he takes the trouble to read the second chapter of the general preface prefixed to the first volume of the "January Saints," where the plan of the work is elaborately set forth. Let us briefly analyze a volume. The daily order of the Roman martyrology was taken as the basis of Bolland's scheme. Our author first of all arranged the saints of each day in chronological order, discussing them accordingly. A list of the names belonging to it is prefixed to the portion of the volume devoted to each separate day, so that one can see at a glance the lives belonging to that day and the order in which they are taken. A list then follows of those rejected or postponed to other days. Next come prefaces, prolegomena, and "previous dissertations," examining the lives, actions, and miracles of the saints, authorship and history of the manuscripts, and other literary and historical questions. Then appear the lives of the saints in the original language, if Latin; if not, then a Latin version is given; while of the Greek *menologion*, which the Bollandists discovered during their Roman journey, we have both the Greek original and a Latin translation. Appended to the lives are annotations, explaining any difficulties therein; while no less than five or six indexes adorn each volume: the first an alphabetical list of saints discussed; the second chronological; the third historical; the fourth topographical; the fifth an onomasticon, or glossary; the sixth moral or dialectic, suggesting topics for preachers.

Prefixed to each volume will be found a dedication to some of the numerous pa-

trons of the Bollandists, followed by an account of the life and labors of any of their company who had died since their last publication. Thus, opening the first volume for March, we find, in order, a dedication to the reigning pope, Clement IX; the life of Bollandus; an alphabetical index of all the saints celebrated during the first eight days of March; a chronological list of saints discussed under the head of March 1; the lives of saints, including the Greek ones discovered by Henschenius during his Italian tour, ranged under their various natal days, followed by five indexes as already described. But, the reader may well ask, is there no general index, no handy means of steering one's way through this vast mass of erudition, without consulting each one of those fifty or sixty volumes? Without such an apparatus, indeed, this giant undertaking would be largely in vain; but here again the forethought of Bollandus from the very outset of his enterprise made provision for a general index, which was at last published at Paris, in 1875. We possess also in Potthast's "Bibliotheca Historica Medii Ævi," a most valuable guide through the mazes of the "Acta Sanctorum," while for a very complete analysis of every volume, joined with a lucid explanation of any changes in arrangement, we may consult De Backer's "Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus," t. v., under the name "Bollandus."

But some may say, what is the use of consulting these volumes? Are they not simply gigantic monuments of misplaced and misapplied human industry, gathering up every wretched nursery tale and village superstition, and transmitting them to future ages? Such certainly has been the verdict of some who knew only the backs of the books, or who at farthest had opened by chance upon some passage where—true to their rule which compelled them to print their manuscripts as they found them—the Bollandists have recorded the legendary stories of the Middle Ages. Yet even for an age which searches diligently, as after hid treasure, for the old folk-lore, the nursery rhymes, the popular songs and legends of Scandinavia, Germany, and Greece, the legends of mediæval Christendom might surely prove interesting. But I regard the "Acta Sanctorum" as specially valuable for mediæval history, secular as well as ecclesiastical, simply because the authors—having had unrivalled opportunities of obtaining or copying documents—printed

their authorities as they found them; and thus preserves for us a mine of historical material which otherwise would have perished in the French Revolution and its subsequent wars. Yet it is very strange how little this mine has been worked. We must suppose indeed that it was simply due to the want of the helps enumerated above — all of which have come into existence within the last twenty-five years — that neither of our own great historians who have dealt with the Middle Ages, Gibbon or Hallam, have, as far as we have been able to discover, ever consulted them.

Yet the very titles of even a few out of the very many critical dissertations appended to the "Lives of the Saints," will show how very varied and how very valuable were the purely historical labors of the Bollandists. Thus opening the first volume of the "Thesaurus Antiquitatis," a collection of the critical treatises scattered through the volumes published prior to 1750, the following titles strike the eye: "Dissertations on the Byzantine Historian Theophanes," on the "Ancient Catalogues of the Roman Pontiffs," on the "Diplomatic Art" — a discussion which elicited the famous treatise of Mabillon, "De Re Diplomatica," laying down the true principles for distinguishing false documents from true — on certain mediæval "Itineraries in Palestine," on the "Patriarchates of Alexandria and Jerusalem," on the "Bishops of Milan to the year 1261," on the "Mediæval Kings of Majorca" and no less than three treatises on the "Chronology of the Early Merovingian and other French Kings." Let us take for instance these last-mentioned essays on the early French kings. In them we find the Bollandists discovering a king of France, Dagobert II., whose romantic history, banishment to Ireland, restoration to his kingdom by the instrumentality of Archbishop Wilfrid, of York, and tragic death, had till their investigations lain hidden from every historian. As soon, indeed, as they had brought this obscure episode to light, and had elaborately traced the genealogy of the Merovingians, their claim to the discovery was disputed by Hadr. Valesius, the historiographer to the French court, who was of course jealous that any one else should know more about the origins of the French monarchy than he did. His pretension, however, was easily refuted by Henschenius, who showed that he had himself discovered this derelict king twelve years before Valesius turned his thoughts to

the subject, having published in 1654 a dissertation upon him distinct from those embodied in the "Acta Sanctorum." Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," introduces this king, and notices that his history had escaped all historians till discovered by some learned men in the seventeenth century — for it is in this vague way he alludes to the Bollandists — and then refers for his authority to Sismondi, who in turn knows nothing of the Bollandists' share in the discovery, but attributes it to Mabillon when treating of the "Acts of the Benedictine Saints." Let us again take up Hallam, and we shall in vain search for notices of the kings of Majorca, a branch of the royal family of Arragon, who reigned over the Balearic Islands in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Let any one, however, desirous of a picture of the domestic life of sovereigns during the Middle Ages, take up Papebrock's treatise on the "Palatine Laws" of James II., King of Majorca, A.D. 1324, where he will see depicted — all the more minutely because from the size of his principality the king had no other outlet for his energy — the ritual of a mediæval court, illustrated, too, with pictures drawn from the original manuscript. In this document are laid down, with painful minuteness, the duties of every official from the chancellor and the major-domo to the lowest scullions and grooms, including butlers, cooks, blacksmiths, musicians, scribes, physicians, surgeons, chaplains, choir-men, and chamberlains. Remote, too, as these kings of Majorca and their elaborate ceremonial may seem to be from the England of to-day, a careful study of these "Palace Laws" would seem to indicate either that our own court ritual was derived from it, or else that both are deduced from one common stock. The point of contact, however, between our own court etiquette and that of Majorca is not so very hard to find. The kings of Arragon, acting on the usual principle, might is right, devoured the inheritance of their kinsmen, which lay so tantalizingly close to their own shores, during the lifetime of the worthy legislator, James II. But as Greece led captive her conqueror, Rome, so too Arragon, though superior in brute force, bowed to the genius of Majorca, at least on points of courtly details, and adopted *en bloc* the laws of James II., which were published as his own by Peter IV., king of Arragon, A.D. 1344. Thence they passed over to the united kingdom of Castile and Arragon, and so may have

easily found their way to England; for surely, if a naturally ceremonious people like the Spaniards needed instruction on such matters from the Majorcans, how much more must colder northerners like ourselves! The incident illustrates the special opportunities possessed by the Bollandists for consulting ancient documents, which otherwise would most probably have been lost forever. Their manuscript of those Majorcan laws seems to have been originally the property of the legislator himself. When King James was dispossessed of his kingdom he fled to Philip VI. of France, seeking redress, and bearing with him a splendid copy of his laws as a present, which his son and successor John in turn presented to Philip, Duke of Burgundy. After lying there a century it found its way to Flanders, in the train of a Duchess of Burgundy, and thus finally came into the possession of the Antwerp Jesuits.

Again, the study of the Bollandists throws light upon the past history and present state of Palestine. Thus the indefatigable Papebrock, equally at home in the most various kinds of learning, discusses the history of the bishops and patriarchs of Jerusalem, in a tract preliminary to the third volume for May. But, not content with a subject so wide, he branches off to treat of divers other questions relating to Oriental history, such as the Essenes and the origin of monasticism, the Saracenic persecution of the Eastern Christians, and the introduction of the Arabic notation into Europe. On this last head the Bollandists anticipate some modern speculations.* He maintains, on the authority of a Greek manuscript in the Vatican, written by an Eastern monk, Maximus Planudes, about 1270, that, while the Arabs derived their notation from the Brahmins of India, about A.D. 200, they only introduced it into eastern Europe so late as the thirteenth century. Upon the geography of Palestine again they give us information. All modern works of travel or survey dealing with the Holy Land, make frequent reference to the records left us by men like Eusebius and Jerome, and the itineraries of the "Bordeaux Pilgrim," of Bishop Arculf, A.D., 700, Benjamin of Tudela, A.D. 1163, and others. In the second volume for May, we have presented to us two itineraries, one of which seems to

have escaped general notice. One is the record of Antoninus Martyr, a traveller in the seventh century. This is well known and often quoted. The other is the diary of a Greek priest, Joannes Phocas, describing "the castles and cities from Antioch to Jerusalem, together with the holy places of Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine," as they were seen by him in the year 1185. This manuscript, first published in the "Acta Sanctorum," was discovered in the island of Chios, by Leo Allatius, afterwards librarian of the Vatican. It is very rich in interesting details concerning the state of Palestine and Christian tradition in the twelfth century. The Bollandists again were the first to bring prominently forward in the last volume of June the "Ancient Roman Calendar of Polemeus Silvius." This seems to have been a combined calendar and diary, kept by some citizen of Rome in the middle of the fifth century. It records from day to day the state of the weather, the direction of the wind, the birthdays of eminent characters in history, poets like Virgil, orators like Cicero, emperors like Vespasian and Julian; and is at the same time most important as showing the large intermixture of heathen ideas and fashions which still continued paramount in Rome a century and a half after the triumph of Christianity.

The new Bollandists, indeed, do not produce such exhaustive monographs as their predecessors did; but we cannot join in the verdict of the writer in the new issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who tells us that the continuation is much inferior to the original work. Some of their articles manifest a critical acquaintance with the latest modern research, as, for instance, their dissertation on the Homerite martyrs and the Jewish Homerite kingdom of southern Arabia, wherein they display their knowledge of the work done by the great Orientalists of England and Germany, while in their history of St. Rose, of Lima, A.D. 1617, they celebrate the only American who was ever canonized by the Roman Catholic Church, and, at the same time, give us a fearful picture of the austerities to which fanaticism can lead its victims. Perhaps to some readers one of the most interesting points about this great work, when viewed in the light of modern history, will be the complete change of front which it exhibits on one of the test questions about papal infallibility. One of the great difficulties in the path of this doctrine is the case of Liberius, pope in the middle

* Cf., for instance, Colebrooke's "Life and Essays," i. 309, iii. 360, 379, 474; Wœpké, "Memoir on the Propagation of Indian Cyphers in Jour. Asiatique," 1863.

of the fourth century. He is accused — and to ordinary minds the accusation seems just — of having signed an Arian formula, of having communicated with the Arians, and of having anathematized St. Athanasius. He stood firm for a while, but was exiled by the emperor. During his absence Felix II. was chosen pope. Liberius after a time was permitted to return; whereupon the spectacle, so often afterwards repeated, was witnessed of two popes competing for the papal throne. Felix, however he may have fared in life, has fairly surpassed his opponent in death, since Felix appears in the Roman martyrology as a saint and a martyr under the date of July 29; while Liberius is not admitted therein even as a confessor. This would surely seem to give us every guarantee for the sanctity of Felix, and the fallibility of Liberius, as the Roman martyrology of to-day is guaranteed by a decree of Pope Gregory XIII., issued “under the ring of the fisherman.” In this decree “all patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and religious orders,” are bidden to use this martyrology without addition, change, or subtraction; while any one so altering it is warned that he will incur the wrath of Almighty God and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul. The earlier Bollandists, with this awful anathema hanging over them, most loyally accepted the Roman martyrology, and therefore most vigorously maintained, in the seventh volume for July, the heresy of Liberius, as well as the orthodoxy and saintship of Felix. But, as years rolled on, this admission was seen to be of most dangerous consequence; and so we find, in the sixth volume for September, that Felix has become, as he still remains in current Roman historians, like Alzog, a heretic, a schismatic, and an anti-pope, while Liberius is restored to his position as the only valid and orthodox Bishop of Rome. But then the disagreeable question arises, if this be so, what becomes of the papal decree of Gregory XIII. issued *sub annulo piscatoris*, and the anathemas appended thereto? With the merits of this controversy, however, we are, as historical students, in a very slight degree concerned; and we simply produce these facts as specimens of the riches contained in the externally unattractive volumes of the “Acta Sanctorum.” Space would fail us, did we attempt to set forth at any length the contents of these volumes. Suffice it to say that even upon our English annals, which have been so thor-

oughly explored of late years, the records of the Bollandists would probably throw some light, discussing as they do, at great length, the lives of such English saints as Edward the Confessor and Wilfrid of York; and yet they are not too favorably disposed towards our insular saints, since they plainly express their opinion that our pious simplicity has filled their acts with incredible legends and miracles, more suited to excite laughter than to promote edification.

But, doubtless, our reader is weary of our hagiographers. We must, therefore, notice briefly the controversies in which their labors involved them. Bollandus, when he died, departed amid universal regret: Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, all joined with Jesuits in regret for his death, and in prayers for his eternal peace. A few years afterwards the society experienced the very fleeting character of such universal popularity. During the issue of the first twelve volumes, they had steered clear of all dangerous controversies by a rigid observance of the precepts laid down by Bollandus. In discussing, however, the life of Albert, at first Bishop of Vercelli, and afterwards papal legate and Latin patriarch of Jerusalem, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, Papebrock challenged the alleged antiquity of the Carmelite order, which affected to trace itself back to Elijah the Tishbite. This piece of scepticism brought down a storm upon his devoted head, which raged for years and involved popes, yea even princes and courts, in the quarrel. Du Cange threw the shield of his vast learning over the honest criticism of the Jesuits. The Spanish Inquisition stepped forward in defence of the Carmelites; and toward the end of the seventeenth century condemned the first fourteen volumes of the “Acta Sanctorum” as dangerous to the faith. The Carmelites were very active in writing pamphlets in their own defence, wherein after the manner of the time they deal more in hard words and bad names than in sound argument. Thus the title of one of their pamphlets describes Papebrock as “the new Ishmael whose hand is against every man and every man’s hand is against him.” It is evident, however, that they felt the literary battle going against them, inasmuch as in 1696 they petitioned the king of Spain to impose perpetual silence upon their adversaries. As his most Catholic Majesty did not see fit to interfere, they presented a similar memorial to Pope In-

nocent XIII., who in 1699 imposed the *clôture* upon all parties, and thus effectually terminated a battle which had raged for twenty years. Papebrock again involved himself at a later period in a controversy touching a very tender and very important point in the Roman system. In discussing the lives of some Chinese martyrs, he advocated the translation of the Liturgy into the vulgar tongue of the converts; which elicited a reply from Gueranger in his "Institutions Théologiques;" while again between the years 1729 and 1736 a pitched battle took place between the Bollandists and the Dominicans touching the genealogy of their founder, St. Dominic. All these controversies, with many other minor ones in which they were engaged, will be found summed up in an apologetic folio which the Bollandists published. In looking through it the reader will specially be struck by this instructive fact, that the bitterness and violence of the controversy were always in the inverse ratio of the importance of the points at issue. This much also must any fair mind allow: the Society of Jesus, since the days of Pascal and the "Provincial Letters," has been regarded as a synonym for dishonesty and fraud. From any such charge the student of the "Acta Sanctorum" must regard the Bollandists as free. In them we behold oftentimes a credulity which would not have found place among men who knew by experience more of the world of life and action, but, on the other hand, we find in them thorough loyalty to historical truth. They deal in no suppression of evidence; they give every side of the question. They write like men who feel as Bollandus their founder did, that under no circumstances is it right to tell a lie. They never hesitate to avow their own convictions and predilections. They draw their own conclusions, and put their own gloss upon facts and documents; but yet they give the documents as they found them, and they enable the impartial student—working not in trammels as they did—to make a sounder and truer use of them. They display not the spirit of the mere confessor, whose tone has been lowered by the stifling atmosphere of the casuistry with which he has been perpetually dealing; but the braced soul, the hardy courage of the historical critic, who, having climbed the lofty peaks of bygone centuries, has watched and noted the inevitable discovery and defeat of lies, the grandeur and beauty of truth. They were Jesuits

indeed, and, like all the members of that society, were bound, so far as possible, to sink all human affections and consecrate every thought to the work of their order. If such a sacrifice be lawful for any man, if it be permitted any thus to suppress the deepest and holiest affections which God has created, surely such a sacrifice could not have been made in the pursuance of a worthier or nobler object than the rescue from destruction, and the preservation to all ages, of the facts and documents contained in the "Acta Sanctorum."
GEORGE T. STOKES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A SINGULAR CASE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the autumn of 1880 I was making a journey from Chicago to San Francisco. Travelling alone, I naturally looked about me when the train had left Omaha, to see of what character my fellow-passengers were, and if there was any prospect of getting entertainment or amusement out of them to shorten the hours as we sped across the monotonous plains. The car was not crowded, and I had an entire section to myself. The one opposite was in possession of a clergyman—Episcopal, I thought—with his wife and two rosy-cheeked, charming children. I am very fond of children if about the age these were, and I felt that I might amuse myself with the little cherubs for at least a part of the time if nothing better offered; but I had strong hopes of finding some whist-players who loved the game as well as I do. Immediately behind, and with his back toward me, was a strongly-built, elderly man, deeply absorbed in a medical journal, and whom I therefore judged to be a doctor. I walked down the aisle and back in order that I might get a view of his face, which, when I did, gave evidence of so much intelligence and such varied experience, that I felt sure if the whist-party failed I would find in him an unusually entertaining conversationalist. Besides the doctor and the clergyman there were several parties of tourists, whose entire attention was occupied by the flitting landscape, and who were very enthusiastic over the "wild West,"—taking every ugly dog for a *coyote*,* and every roughly dressed farmer for a border ruffian. Then there were some business

* Prairie wolf.

men, evidently returning to their Western homes, who were lost in the latest Denver and San Francisco newspapers. After scrutinizing the passengers, and settling in my mind their various characteristics, I felt that I would like to engage my medical neighbor in conversation; but I saw no opportunity, as he remained interested in his reading. I thought if I had a table adjusted in my section it might perhaps attract his attention, and give me a chance to ask him if he would like a game of cards; so I told the porter to fetch one and put it up. But the doctor kept on reading; and I finally took out a cigar and sauntered forward into the smoking-car, taking a seat by a window, and gazing abstractedly out across the undulating plain, which stretched like a heaving ocean as far in all directions as the eye could reach. I had not been there long before a voice suddenly said,—

"I beg pardon, but is this seat taken?" indicating the one by my side.

"No," I replied, and turned to find myself face to face with the medicine-man of my own car.

"If you have no objection I will sit here, then," he said, at the same time lighting a cigar.

"None in the least," I answered. "On the contrary, I shall be glad to have you."

"Oh, thank you," he said quietly, as he sat down.

"I came near disturbing you in the other car," I continued, "to ask if you would take a hand at whist; but you were so deeply absorbed in your magazine that I didn't have the courage to do it."

He laughed a frank, good-natured laugh.

"Yes," he said; "that was the last number of the *Medical Record*, and I was interested in the description of a very singular case of aphasia."

"You are a doctor then?"

"I am; Dr——, at your service. And you?" he said.

"Oh, I—I'm what you would call a quill-driver, I suppose."

"Aha!—an author, editor, etc., etc. Ah, yes; I see, I see. I must be careful what I say to you, or I'll find myself in print the first thing I know,—eh?" he said, with his good-natured laugh again.

"No, no," I returned, laughing also; "you're perfectly safe. I'm not a journalist; I won't 'interview' you. At any rate, consider me off duty just now. But you have reminiscences,—I know you have,—and if you will give me some points out of what I am sure has been a varied ex-

perience, I will gladly listen, and will promise to use them judiciously, or not at all, as you like."

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully, "I don't know that I have anything very extraordinary to tell about. Let me see. Yes; there was that Burnfield case that came under my notice about ten years ago. That was a singular—a very singular case."

"A singular case!" I said eagerly; "that's just the thing, I know. Tell me all about it, I beg of you."

He consented willingly, and proceeded to narrate the facts on which the following story is based, giving me full permission to use them as I saw fit. I was deeply interested, and afterwards visited the genial doctor in his own home to secure further details, and while there he introduced me to Governor——, the Putterton of my story. Both the doctor and the governor rode with me over the Bighorn Pass, though a railway had succeeded in traversing the Smoky Hill Range by a series of steep grades and long tunnels. They assured me I could get no idea of the country from the railway, and insisted on conducting me on horseback by the old trail. I confess I never before saw, either in Europe or America, such a magnificent view as that from the summit of the pass looking toward Glen Ellen. After several delightful weeks spent in that region, I reluctantly bade farewell to the doctor and returned home; and I desire to embrace this opportunity of thanking him once more, not only for his interesting narrative, but for his kind and generous hospitality

GREY, August, 1882.

CHAPTER I.

THE bar-room or office of the Park View House, Rubyville, was well-nigh deserted; for though the month was February, and the weather had for some time been raw and disagreeable, the air on the day of which I write was fresh and balmy, and a flood of brilliant sunlight spread over all outdoors with a softness that clearly heralded the near approach of spring. It was one of those exceptionally charming winter days which cause the interior of any habitation whatever to seem little better than a dungeon; and as the bar-room of the Park View House was on no occasion the least cheerful or inviting, the miners and citizens who spent the days while the mines were "shut down" in lounging here for lack of

a better place, were glad enough to betake themselves to the open air, and, while strolling along the single narrow street, speculate on the feasibility of a prospecting tour into the almost unknown Smoky Hill Range, or ponder on the future of the enterprising and fast-growing mining-camp of Rubyville. Therefore it was that the great flat spittoons, the dilapidated and much-whittled furniture, and the huge rusty stove, instead of being appropriated by the usual coterie of expectorating pioneers, were left almost entirely to themselves. The door of the stove hung carelessly open, and the smouldering fire exhibited only feeble signs of life by a dull red glow—a striking contrast to the furnace-heat which had raged within almost constantly for the last three months. During that time the apartment was comparatively gay, and resounded with laughter and heated argument; but now it was duller and drearier than ever, and the monotonous dripping of the icicles hanging from the eaves added to the dreariness. Even the clerk, fat and lazy, had departed so far from the ordinary routine of the establishment as to partially open the outer door for a while, thereby giving entrance to a soft breeze and a ray of dancing sunshine. But, as if fearful lest this might prove a disturbing element to the two persons earnestly talking together in the farthest corner of the dingy room, he altered his mind apparently, and slipping quietly across the rough floor—not, however, without stumbling over one of the spittoons—gently closed the door, and the apartment assumed once more its cell-like character. The men in the corner were too busily engaged in their conversation to notice any trivial action going on about them, so that the inviting sunshine, and the fresh atmosphere, and the dull interior of the room in which they were seated, disturbed them not in the least, nor did they appear to notice the presence of a third party in the person of the hotel-clerk: and this functionary, on his part, as was doubtless his custom under such circumstances, seemed to have forgotten even his own existence after closing the door; for he had lazily seated himself on a low bench by a window, extended his legs along it, braced his back and head against the counter immediately behind him, and dropped off into peaceful and innocent slumber.

Mr. William Chloride, one of the two individuals in the corner, tipped his chair slowly back against the wall, and as he deliberately whittled the end of a match

into a toothpick, said meditatively, as if in reply to some question,—

“Wal, I dun’no,—can’t say. P’raps we may find out wen we go thur. Anyway, we won’t hev no trouble findin’ it, if it’s thur, map or no map; an’ I reckon Bill Chloride kin smell out the trail some way or nuther.”

“That being the case then,” said the other, “we will overhaul the papers and be ready to start as soon as the snow leaves the pass. If we find it, we can organize a district and fix things to suit ourselves.”

“Prezackly,” answered Chloride; “an’ I tell ye, Putterton, ye’ll see a rush wen it gits out, you bet.”

“Without a doubt; but we don’t care if we can have a week or two there beforehand. Let’s take something, and then go to my room and look over the papers. Perhaps after a drop of Tarantula juice, as you fellows call it, to stimulate our wits, we can discover something that will give us more light on the mystery. I say, Tommy!”—to the clerk—“oh, Tommy! The rascal is asleep on duty. Tommy Bolanger!”

Tommy Bolanger slowly opens his sleepy eyes, and, with a vast yawn, looks inquiringly about in search of the cause of his disturbance.

“Wat an ole snoozer you air, Tommy! Come—come, skip aroun’ lively now, an’ give us some o’ yer rat-pizen.”

At the sound of Chloride’s voice Tommy aroused himself very quickly, and slipping behind the bar, inquired of Putterton what he would have. Putterton thought he would take a little peach-brandy, and Tommy accordingly selected one from the numerous cut-glass bottles on the decorated shelf, and placed it with glasses before him. Then to Bill he said, “As usual, I suppose;” and Bill calmly replied, “As usual.” A bottle, labelled “Old Rye,” was set out for Mr. Chloride, and from it he filled the small glass before him to the brim. Lifting it, he said to Putterton, “Here’s luck!” at the same time carrying it to his lips and emptying the contents down his throat at a single gulp; then swallowing half a glass of water he turned on his heel, cleared his throat, and exclaimed in a tone of disgust,

“Damn the stuff!”

“Why do you say that, Bill?” asked Putterton in some surprise, for he knew that Bill consumed no small quantity of the self-same liquor.

“Wal, I’ve bean thinkin’ o’ late that the less a feller hes to do with wiskey the

better fur him as a rule. See how Tom Boland went down wen whiskey got the better o' him, an' it wur whiskey 'at brought on the row 'at killed poor little John Burns. An' so it goes, — whiskey — whiskey — whiskey — the ole devil himself is in it."

"Why don't you stop drinking it, then?"

"Stop! Wal, first, 'cause my health kinder seems to need it; an' second, 'cause a feller can't be a teetotaller roun' a mining-camp without too much trouble, — the easiest thing is to drink moderately, which ye know I do."

"Probably you are right," answered Putterton, leading the way to the staircase which gave access to the floor above, — "probably you are right," he repeated; and taking three steps at a time, was quickly on the next floor, at the door of room Number One — his own apartment. Chloride followed closely; and when they had entered, Putterton carefully closed the door and pushed the bolt into its socket, saying at the same time, "Now, old fellow, we are alone, and can talk with perfect freedom." Then taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he unlocked his trunk, and took therefrom a worn and battered metallic box, about six inches wide and deep, and a foot long. The lock of this had been forced, so that it was not necessary to apply a key to open it. He placed it on the table, lifted the cover, and exposed to view several packages of letters and papers, which had evidently so long rested in this time-worn receptacle, and had been so much exposed to the weather, that they were tender and mouldy with age. Carefully lifting these out, and laying them on a newspaper arranged for the purpose, he brought to light several larger folded documents, also much the worse for age and exposure, which he proceeded to extract with great care and place beside the first papers he had removed. Bill Chloride had rested his folded arms on the edge of the table, and calmly watched the proceedings with deep interest. As the last paper was taken out Putterton exclaimed, —

"There they are now — in better order than I ever hoped to see them. We will begin by opening the letters. We may find out through them who he was and where he came from; perhaps we may find out where he went to. But, I say, Bill, you were in such a hurry before when you told me about finding this, and skipped through your story, so that I am all mixed up. I wish you would tell me

again — we have plenty of time now — come."

"Wal," said Bill, "ef ye can stand my lingo long enough, I kin tell ye the hull of it — from the time I left the boys in Buckskin Valley, till I mounted the pass on the way to Ruby."

"Suppose you do then; just give me the whole thing unabridged, — there's no hurry. But I wish Winmore had arrived this morning, as he wrote he would, so that he could hear it too. Hello! a rap — I'll bet it's Win; speak of the devil, and so forth, you know," and so saying, he drew the bolt and partly opened the door. As he obtained a full view of the person without, he threw it wide open, exclaiming heartily, "Welcome, old boy! welcome to the wilds of the far West! How are you, anyway? Ah, Bill, this is Philip Winmore; and, Phil, the gentleman before you is Mr. William Chloride — better known, perhaps, in all this region as Chloride Bill."

Philip Winmore grasped the hand of Chloride Bill, and it closed over his with the grip of a grizzly, causing him to wince slightly, while Bill said with a broad, honest smile, "How air ye, sir!" Winmore was at once impressed with an idea that Bill was no ordinary character, in spite of the incorrectness of his speech and the roughness of his dress, and he felt a great admiration for him. He fell to talking with Putterton over some business affairs, and Bill meanwhile pulled out his pocket-knife and again engaged his attention in the manufacture, with excessive care, of a toothpick from the unsulphured end of a match. This was a favorite occupation of Chloride's when not otherwise engaged, and usually denoted deep thought on his part; for with all his peculiarities he was a good deal of a philosopher. He seemed always to take a philosophical view of matters, and under no circumstances could he be excited. Whether seated in a warm corner of the bar-room, puffing leisurely at his immense meersch-chaum pipe, or whether face to face with a bear or mountain lion, it was to him much the same. His wonderful nerve and steady coolness had more than once preserved not only his own life, but also the lives of his companions; and the name of Chloride Bill had finally come to be a synonym for daring and bravery. To say a man was as bold as Chloride Bill was to bestow on him one of the highest compliments known in the Smoky Hill district. Bill was tall — over six feet — but in consequence of a slight drooping

of the shoulders, his height was not so much remarked. He would weigh, perhaps, no more than a hundred and fifty pounds, but every ounce of this was solid bone and sinew. His shoulders, though they drooped, were square in build; his countenance, adorned with a soft beard and moustache, of an iron-grey color, was handsome and well-modelled; and his clear eyes were dark and penetrating. He spoke the dialect common to most of the miners of the region; but whether it was the language of his youth or the result of association, no one in the Smoky Hill district knew. He had never been heard to mention a single incident of his life previous to his first appearance in the district, and he conducted himself as if all before that time had been blotted out of his mind. But as it was a common thing at that period for men to appear in the wilder regions of the great West without antecedent history—for reasons best known to themselves—no questions were asked, and Bill's silence on points relating to his early life was duly respected. No one knew whence he had come. Accompanied only by a half-famished shepherd-dog, he had sprung mysteriously into being, so far as the Smoky Hill district was concerned, at Granite City, some fourteen years before; and from the circumstance of his having had in his possession several fine specimens of chloride of silver, he was unanimously dubbed "Chloride Bill."

His actions were occasionally so erratic and singular that he was sometimes suspected of being what was termed "half crazy;" but the more charitable ascribed his peculiarities to the extremely violent attacks of headache to which he was known to be subject, and which frequently prostrated him for several days. During these periods of illness his mind appeared to wander, but each recurrence was shorter and less severe, till, finally, they disappeared almost entirely. His good luck, which was as mysterious as the man himself, soon placed him among the wealthiest in the district, though he cared nothing for the gold, and spent it with a lavish hand. His boundless generosity had lifted many a struggling creature out of the depths of despair, and placed him on the road to fortune; and Granite, which was fast growing to be one of the most flourishing cities of the West, owed much of its improvement and importance to the princely munificence of the citizen who came so strangely within its gates. Gradually Bill's peculiarities became less

marked, or his friends came to notice them less. His keen perception and excellent judgment began to be respected to such a degree, that many men went to great trouble to secure the counsel of Chloride Bill, or Bill Chloride, as he came to be called by those not on terms of intimacy with him. The citizens at length gained so much confidence in, and respected to such an extent, their peculiar townsman, that they desired to nominate him for an important political office,—but he firmly declined. And herein he differed decidedly from Putterton, who had been seeking a nomination of the very same kind for some time. But Putterton was young and ambitious. He was no more than seven-and-twenty, while Bill was at least twenty years his senior. Putterton had taken up his residence in Granite two or three years before, and a close friendship had sprung up between him and Chloride. He was a mining engineer by profession, and was well and favorably known throughout the whole of the extensive district, and he meant to win all the distinction possible. Small and wiry, he was full of energy and pluck, and was certain to secure for himself a foremost place in the rapidly growing territory. Winmore, the last of the trio shut together in room Number One of the Park View House, was fresh from the East, just out of college, and not over twenty-five years of age. He was intelligent, muscular, well-read, well-balanced, and fearless. Such were the general characteristics of the men who had undertaken to elucidate the mystery connected with the box discovered by Bill Chloride.

CHAPTER II.

THE conversation between Putterton and Winmore was at length interrupted by Bill, who, growing tired of manufacturing toothpicks, suddenly burst out with,—

"Say thur, ef you fellers is goin' to hold prayer-meetin' all night, I'm goin' to git, I am."

"Well, Bill, we'll stop at once. I was anxious to talk with Win about some matters back home, and forgot myself. Fire away with your story—we're ready;" and with this Putterton drew a chair up to the table. Winmore followed his example. Bill thereupon settled comfortably back into the large armchair in which he was seated, and began his narrative.

"Wal, ye see, we fellers was over in the Smoky Hill—hole on—whur's my pipe? I must fill *her* up first and give her a start;

I'd be plumb lost without that thur ole pipe o' mine—I would. Han' me the terbacker, will ye?" — pointing to a pouch lying on the table at the farther end. "Here you are," said Winmore, and Bill took it, plunged into it the bowl of his pipe, which he had produced from one of his pockets, and by vigorous stuffing, soon succeeded in packing the capacious cavity full. Then placing the amber-tipped end in his mouth, he drew forth from another pocket a small but elaborately engraved silver box, and took from it a match. Deliberately lighting this, he held it aloft over the rich brown bowl, and as he drew on the stem, the flame shot alternately into the pipe and into the air. As soon as he felt that the tobacco had fairly ignited, Bill, still holding the burning match over the pipe, recommenced his tale, drawing on the tobacco between the words, evidently to make doubly sure that the ignition was complete.

"Ye see" — puff, puff — "ye see, we fellers" — puff — "was over" — puff, puff, puff — "in the Smoky" — puff, puff — "Hill" — puff, puff, puff, puff — the blaze of the match reached his fingers and he threw it down. Silence reigned for some time, as he gave a number of additional rapid puffs, till the smoke was thick about his head. "There, now — she's goin' fine;" and once more he settled down into the chair, put his feet up on the table in true Western fashion, and proceeded: —

"We was over in the Smoky Hill kentry a-prospectin'. Most o' the fellers hed never bean thur afore 'cept me, and I hedn't bean thur — I mean over the Bighorn — more'n three four times. It wur gittin' 'long purty late in the fall, — wur 'bout the last o' October, if I remember rightly, — an' the sky fur some time hed bean purty dull an' grey-like — looked as ef it would like to snow; an' I ses to the boys one evenin', ses I: 'See yer, it's 'bout time we was gittin' out'n yer, or first thing we know we'll be snowed in — leastwise the snow'll come so deep in the pass, 't we'll hev an all-fired tough time a-crossin', an' I, fur one, don't keer to winter this side. Game ain't none too plenty jest yer; an' they hain't no houses, and Bill Chloride don't keer to begin bildin' any, he don't — so le's pack up an' skip out. If thur's any gold or silver yer, I reckon it'll stay till we kin come agin: wat d'ye say?' They was all purty much o' my mind in the matter, an' the upshot wur we decided to pull out next mornin'. But ole Jake — you know ole Jake, Jake

Stubwell — ole Jake, he didn't git in that night till after dark — till after we'd had the conflag 'bout skippin' fur Ruby; so wen he comes an' finds we air goin' to move, he gits kind o' mad-like, an' ses we was all a lot o' babies to be skeered by a little murky sky. He said to wait till the first fly o' snow 'fore we talked 'bout breakin' camp; an' he went on in that thur style — he's a good talker, Jake is — till all the fellers 'cept me felt a leetle shamed, an' kalkilated it would be safe enough to wait a few days longer — 'specially as Jake brought in a deuced rich piece o' float, wich, he said, he must ha' foun' within a short piece o' the main lead. 'Wal,' ses I, 'you kin all stay if ye likes, o' course; but jest put this in yer pipes and smoke it — ye'll be sorry fur it,' Queer, too; fur they nearly allus takes my advice. With that I tole 'em I was off in the mornin' bright an' airy, — an' so I wur. I slung my saddle on to ole Doc, an' tole the boys good-bye, — wished 'em good luck, an' pulled out. The kentry over thur, as you will see, air wild an' rough as hell itself; an' I know mighty little 'bout it, an' no feller knows more'n me. I hedn't gone not more'n ten mile, I reckon, from the camp 'fore I came in sight o' Bald Mounting, wich air the mounting on the north o' the Bighorn Pass. Wen I see Baldy, I diskivered — or thought I diskivered — thet the trail we hed follered first swung too fur to the north, an' thet by cuttin' 'cross fur a sharp gap in a high spur to the right — wich wur a prominent feater o' the region — I could save at least ten mile; thet wur my kalkilation. I don't believe in cuttin' 'cross-lots, as a rule, wen a feller's in a hurry, fur he mos' allus loses more'n he gains by it: but this day I felt a sort o' hankerin' to go through the gap afore-said; I wus kind o' drawn tow'ds it — I felt as ef I *must* go that way; so wen the trail commenced swingin' further an' further to the north'ard, I jest turned ole Doc straight fur the gap. It wur a rash proceedin' under the circumstances; but I felt thet wur the way to go, an' go I did. Wal, fur 'bout a mile an' a half it wur rough as blazes, an' I wur 'bout beginnin' to think I hed made a mighty bad go of it, wen all to onc't I noticed, much to my supprise, an ole an' dim trail some twenty or thirty feet to my right. I rode closter, an' foun' it plainer 'n I hed thought. It seemed to hev onc't bean travelled considerable, an' I took it fur an' ole Injun trail. I started in an' follered it a ways, an' demme, ef it didn't go straight for the

gap. It got plainer an' plainer, an' took along a stretch o' level bench land, where I could let ole Doc right out. It wur not long 'fore I reached the edge o' the gap, an' then I wur astonished agin at the curos appearance o' the place. The rocks stood up bold-like all roun', an' wur different from any I hed ever seed in the Smoky Hill range, an' thur wur a queer, creepy kind o' feelin' 'bout the spot. I looked fur Bald Mounting, to be sure 'at I wur not plumb lost, but the cliffs o' the gap hid it from sight. I looked back in the direction o' camp, an' could see the tall dome o' the Buckskin, so I felt more at home. While I wur a star-gazin' at the Buckskin an' the rocks o' the gap, one o' ole Doc's shoes gave a sharp ring; an', thinkin' he had cast a shoe, I pulled him up mad like, an' sayin', 'Cuss the luck!' got off to pick it up."

Bill paused for a moment, and took a series of deliberate puffs at his pipe. "Thur lay the shoe," he went on; "but demme, it wur old an' worn an' rusty, an' more'n that, Doc's shoes was all on tight as drums. 'Hey, how's this?' I says, sorter rubbin' my eyes — 'a horseshoe here — over in the Smoky Hill Range, on a trail 'at no one knows nothin' about, — an' ole horseshoe! I'll hev to investigate this;' an' I cut off a good-sized branch from a scrub cedar growin' clost by, an' stuck it up 'side the trail, 'tween four or five rocks, fur a sign like, so I could tell jest whur I foun' the shoe, in case I wanted to. 'Now, Bill Chloride,' ses I to myself an' ole Doc, 'if you kin find a bit o' a spring or water-pocket yerabouts, you an' ole Doc'll risk another night or two this side the pass fur the sake o' an investigation of this singler locality. Some one's bean yer afore us, an' we must find out about it.' I takes the shoe, — it wur a singler shoe too — sort o' rough made, — an' gits on ole Doc agin, an' starts on into the gap. An idee struck me as I looked at the shoe, an' I ses, 'Doc, ole boy, we'll jest call this Horseshoe Gap to onc't.' So I rode on into Horseshoe Gap, an' foun' it narrer an' steeper'n I hed thought it would be. I bed got about half-way through, an' couldn't no longer see out behind, wen the trail swung sharp to the right, an' tuk up a narrer cañon. The bottom wur the bed o' an ole stream, o' course — but it wur dry. The cañon wur very narrer, an' the walls in some places overhung. Very suddint, then, the rocks broke away, an' thur, openin' out right 'fore my eyes, wur the purtiest little valley Bill Chloride ever

laid eyes on. It wur a mile or so long, an' 'bout half a mile wide, 'most level, an' hemmed in by steep cliffs an' mountings. The bottom wur covered with grass knee-deep, with yer an' thur a clump o' cotton-woods, an' some cedars an' pines. The trail tuk across the valley fur a group o' tall cotton-woods that grew not fur from the base o' the cliffs on the right-hand side, 'bout two-thirds o' the distance across. The creek-bed wur fringed with cotton-woods too; an' wen I come near the line — 'bout a quarter o' a mile into the place — I heard the soun' o' runnin' water, an' ses, ses I, 'Doc, ole boy, thur's water, d'ye hear?' an' Doc he pricked up his ears, an' purty soon we come to the creek-bed, whur the trail crossed it. It wur filled with clear, bubblin' water, thet sparkled like champagne. I let ole Doc hev a good long drink with his bridle off, an' I took one myself. The water wur as good as I ever flopped a lip over, an' you'll say so wen we go thur. I ses to myself agin, 'Wal, this is gettin' interestin', — ole trail, horseshoe, purty valley, an' plenty water; an' yer's plenty wood too, an' all the grass ole Doc could eat in ten year!' I follered the creek down through the cotton-woods thet lined its banks, an' foun' it swung to the left summit, an' emptied itself into a big deep pool or lake — the lower end o' wich was right against the clift, only a few yards from whur the trail came through the cañon. The cañon wur the nateral outlet at high water. Ducks were a-swimmin' about in the lake, an' I knew I could pop some of 'em over with my rifle if I needed any. I felt certing o' plenty to eat, fur the valley wur jest the place fur all sorts o' game. I went back an' crossed the stream on the trail. Started up a fine doe from the bushes; but as I had plenty venison-jerk, I didn't shoot at the poor thing, an' she wur soon out o' sight. As I went along, I came to a cedar-stump 'longside the trail. 'Hello!' I ses to myself agin, 'yer's bean some one a-choppin', but it's bean a long time ago, it has.' The top o' the stump wur as black as ef it hed been painted, it hed bean so long cut. A little further on was a pile o' cut wood, wich would ha' bean handy in case a feller got snowed in. By this time I wur clost to the clump o' tall cotton-woods. I could see the cañon beyond, whur the creek came out o' the mountings, an' I could see purty well through the cotton-woods, but the trunks wur thick, an' thur wur considerable heavy underbrush. I hed bean cautious enough

to look to my shooters, an' hed my gun ready fur biz, though everything looked so quiet an' forlorn-like, that I wur sure thur wur no human bein' nearer than the fellers I hed left in the mornin'. It wur high noon by this time, an' the sun wur comin' straight down. Everything wur as bright as daylight could make it. As I got nearer, I could see no sign o' life; but a dark spot 'mongst the trees, wich I couldn't make out, looked suspicious. Then I passed a half broken-down pole-corral. 'Oh, ho!' ses I; 'guess some one must hev lived yer.' Further on, I came to an old water-wheel, fur the trail were runnin' 'longside the brook agin. Jest then somethin' started. It wur nothin', however, but a coyote, an' he skulked off. I didn't shoot at him, 'cause I didn't want to make a noise, an' 'cause I hed my eye on the dark spot under the tree. I began to suspect wat it was 'fore I got up to it; but I were completely dumfounded, kerflummexed, wen I foun' it wur really a log-cabin. Thur it wur, though, large as life. Yes, sir, thur, in one o' the remotest parts o' the Smoky Hill wilderness, wur a log-cabin, wat hed once been a human habitation! It wur enough to take a feller's breath away. I got off'n Doc. The door wur wide open, an' I looked in. The place wur completely deserted, an' looked as if it hed bean runnin' of itself fur a long time. I sot down on a big rock clost by, an' jest stared at the ole thing fur some minutes. It made my head spin, an' I har'ly knew whur I wur. I couldn't make it out. I'd never heerd o' any one a-livin' in the Smoky Hill Range; an' fur the life o' me, I couldn't make it out. Thur she wur, though, plain as dirt. Thur wur the ole cabin, an' the big chimley, an' thur were the ole corral; yes, thur wur no gettin' round it,—I wur not dreamin'. Some one hed lived yer; an', demme, I hed a heap o' respect fur the feller 'at managed to find the purtiest spot in the hull kentry. At last I ses to myself an' ole Doc, ses I, 'Wal, yer's a go fur a camp right yer fur to-night, in spite o' the devil; an' so sayin', I tuk off the saddle an' bridle from ole Faithful, an' let him graze free. Then after takin' a snack from my bread an' jerk, an' gettin' a good swig o' clear water, I packed the ole pipe yer full, lit her, and started to investergate."

He took several meditative puffs and then proceeded:—

"Clost by on one o' the big cotton-woods, whur the bark hed been peeled off,

I see somethin' like letters, an' goin' clost-er, I could read—it hed been cut deep—'W. BURNFIELD,' eighteen hundred fifty somethin' or nuther, wich I couldn't make out, 'cause the last figger was completely grown over—clean gone—but anyway the W. Burnfield wur plain enough, an' it wur clear that Mr. Burnfield hed bean thur, but wether he wur the feller wat hed built the house an' lived thur or no, wur a question. A leetle lower on the tree wur another name, but it wur not so easy to make out. After some study, however, I managed to git some o' the letters an' made 'Elle.' 'Elle,' ses I, 'wat kin that mean?' Then I looked at it agin, an' concluded the next letter wur a 'n,' wich would make 'Ellen.' It wur a gal's name, an' I saw how it wur plain enough. The feller must ha' bean snoozin' in the shade one day, an' happened to git to cuttin' on the tree, an' after cuttin' his own name, cut that o' his gal's too, quite nateral enough. But they was too many letters jest fur thet; an' I went at it agin, an' succeeded in making out a 'G,' then 'l,' an' 'e,' an' 'n.' 'Glen,' ses I—Glen must ha' bean her last name; Glen—Ellen Glen. No, by thunder! an' I laughed wen I thought o' my stupidity,—the feller named this yer valley after his gal; her name wur Ellen; so he jest called the place Ellen Glen, an' cut it on a tree so t' be a sign like! Don't ye see, it wur all nateral enough. Wal, all this yer made me feel 'at the feller wat hed lived thur wur sort o' white, an' I begun to take more interest 'n ever in the place. I went back to look at the house agin. It wur a purty good-sized shanty, an' hed bean well built, though it wur considerably dilapidated an' weatherbeaten. The roof, wich wur covered with split cedar shingles, hed some holes in it, but otherwise wur still strong enough to turn the wet. The big chimley hed fell in a little at the top too, but not enough to hurt. Inside thur wur a pine table, an' some purty decent sort o' chairs,—a large bunk, a cupboard full o' cups, plates, an' so on,—an' a big fireplace, o' course. In the cupboard, too, wur some coffee an' tea in tin boxes, an' some sugar an' other kitchen truck. Everything wur trim an' shipshape,—ye'll see wen we git thur. But dust an' dirt covered it all, an' it wur plain 'at Mr. Burnfield hed bean gone fur a long time. Amongst the ashes an' burned sticks o' the fireplace wur a Dutch oven. I raised the lid an' thur wur a loaf o' bread burned to charcoal. I thought the feller must ha' left suddint like, if he couldn't take care

o' his bread. The blankets in the bunk hed been torn to pieces and dragged about the room, p'r'aps by the coyotes. I hunted high an' low fur some clue to Mr. Burnfield himself, but couldn't find nothin' 'at looked promisin', till finally, off in one corner, I foun' that box thur. I took it out to the light an' tried to prise open the kiver. Ye see how I succeeded," pointing to the box on the table. "As I raised the lid, I really felt kind o' nervous like. Everything fur a minit looked as familiar as the ole stove down thur in the bar-room. I couldn't help lookin' round." Bill stopped and puffed furiously at his pipe with a slightly troubled expression of countenance, and continued: "However, thur wur ole Doc quietly croppin' the grass as nateral as ever; thur wur the sunshine, an' thur wur the rocks,—all nateral enough. So I lifted the cover an' saw before me that lot o' half-rotten papers. For a minit I wur somewhat disappointed—they looked so dirty. I felt like slinging the demmed thing away at first, then I ses to myself, 'Hole on, Bill Chloride; p'r'aps them papers is not so much decayed as they looks, an' ken be read after all, an' you'd better jest pack 'em back to Ruby with you;' an' so sayin', I shut the thing up agin, an' tied a buckskin string around it. Then I skirmished roun' some more, but didn't find nothin' o' importance. I left the cabin, an' looked about outside. Clost by wur a little log-shanty, wich I foun' hed bean a workshop. Thur wur a small forge an' bits o' iron,—an' several horseshoes wur layin' round. On the wall wur a good many tools o' various kinds. I tell you, the feller wur a worker; an' he wur derned well fixed, he wur. By this time it wur gettin' on towards night, an' I hed spent so much time about the cabin 'at I hed no time to look further. I hed foun' no Burnfield,—he wur gone; thur wur no doubt on that pint. Whur he hed gone, an' how he hed gone, wur a mystery wich the papers in the box might give away or might not; but he wur gone, an' the place hed a mighty forlorn look without him. I begun to fix fur a camp. The house wur tight enough, but I liked outside best under the circumstances; so I cut a lot o' boughs off'n a near cedar, an' fixed 'em down for a bed in a snug corner 'tween a big rock an' a cotton-wood trunk. Thur wur plenty wood, an' I brought a lot to whur my bed wur, so't I could keep my fire goin' all night. It wur purty cool, o' course. By the time I hed got my bacon toastin' the sun dropped out o' sight, but

left the hull sky afire behind him. Doc hed filled hisself chuck-full, an' hed come up to sort o' snooze as he does; an' wen the sky turned so flamin' red, an' all the rocks an' mountings looked so like coals o' fire, he opened his cunnin' ole eyes wide an' looked at me knowin' like, as much as to say, 'Ole man, d'ye take due notice o' thet thur sunset;' an' I ses, 'Yes, Doc, ole boy, you're quite right: thet sunset means biz,—thur's ugly weather in thet thur sky, an' we'll git up an' git, by sun-up.' An' it wur jest comin' day wen I woke to put some fresh wood on the fire the last time. I jest biled a cup o' coffee an' swollered it, to sort o' start the cirki-lation, an' then I wistled fur ole Doc. I wrapped the box in my blankets, an' tied 'em behind on my saddle, an' started. The sky looked heavy as lead, an' every onc't an' a wile a leetle speck o' snow'd sail down slow an' lonesome, an' forlor'n an' shiverin', as ef it wur lost an' wur afeared to 'light. I knew ef I didn't git over the pass 'fore night, I'd have trouble; so I put ole Doc to his best licks. Down we went to the narrers, an' jest beyant I left the trail an' struck to the right, in the direction o' Baldy. The travellin' wur purty rough, but ole Doc wur good fur it; an' purty soon I see ole Baldy, or ruther the base o' it, fur the top wur lost in the clouds. I struck straight as I could fur it, an' by the middle o' the afternoon I wur at the summit o' the pass. I felt better, an' I stopped to let the ole cayuse* rest a leetle, an' to make a cup o' coffee fur the ole man. The hull valley wur filled with clouds a-creepin' an' rollin' an' surgin' about like a lot o' porpoises; an' they hung round the mountings, an' covered the sky with a cold grey curting thet shut out the sun entirely. Then I went on, an' yer I am. Thet,"—said Bill, pausing to strike a match to relight his pipe, which had gone out during the latter part of the narrative,—“thet wur pre-zackly how I foun' the box.”

Winmore, who had been profoundly interested throughout, started up, exclaiming, “I declare that's as strange as fiction!”

“Strange as truth, you might say; for truth is stranger, you know,” said Putterton. “But the most interesting thing will be the following up of this clue,—the discovery of Burnfield's fate—his mine, if he had one—and all that.”

“How did you come to show the box

* Horse, in the vernacular of the Pacific Slope. The word is said to be from the Chinook language. The Chinooks are a race, or rather family, of Oregon.

to Putterton, Mr. Chloride?" inquired Winmore.

"Wal, ye see, two heads is better'n one, an' I wanted to hev another head or two in the biz wat knew more'n mine. I ain't much good at readin', you know. I begun to think thur wur a mine at the bottom o't somewhur, an' if thur wur, I wanted to know it; not that I hev any pertikeler need fur any more mines, but I like to hunt 'em out, — prospectin's my profession, d'ye see. The feller wur'n't over thur fur nothin', thet's certing. So I thought I'd jest show the box straight to Putterton, an' tell him all about it — me an' him's pards anyway, you know — an' see wat he thought o' it. An' wen I got in, I jest tole Uncle Jimmy, who drove next mornin's stage to Granite, to tell Mr. Putterton as Bill Chloride wanted to see him. I knew thet'd fetch him, though he was comin' to Ruby every few days anyway. He came straight."

"Yes," said Putterton; "when Uncle Jimmy told me Bill wanted to see me, I knew there was something in the wind, and I came over by the next stage. We gave the box a hasty examination — enough to determine that the affair was worth the trouble of investigation; arranged for a scout over there in the spring, and then I had to go back. I wrote you about it, because I knew you had finished your course, and would like to rough it for a few months."

"I never was so much interested in anything in my life," said Winmore. "It's such a singular thing that a man could come out here, and live here and disappear, and no one know anything about him."

"Not so very singler," put in Bill, — "not so very singler, wen you think how many square miles o' territory thur air yer thet wite men hev never yet sot foot on, — an' wen you think how many men come out with good reasons for keepin' dark. This yer Burnfield may hev come an' gone without advertisin' his comin' or goin' fur the sake o' his own convenience."

"We may find out all about it in the papers," said Putterton.

"But, by the way," exclaimed Winmore, "what became of the party you left in the Buckskin Valley? Did they get snowed in?"

"Not prezakly, — thet is, they didn't hev to stay thur the hull winter. They's most on 'em in Ruby now."

"But how did they get out?" persisted Winmore.

"Wal, after I left they got kind o'

skeered like, an' wur oneasy, so't wen the snow begun to fly they packed up an' started to onc't; an' by worryin' along, an' keepin' fresh horses on the lead, they finally got through. It's bean snowin' a good deal over thet way since."

"How do you know?" asked Winmore, who was of an inquiring and investigating turn of mind.

"Know? — kin see," replied Bill.

"See the pass from here?" Winmore said with surprise.

"Why not? P'r'aps ye can see it from this yer windy."

The window was in the front of the hotel, and the building faced the Smoky Hill Range, overlooking the intervening valley, or Rainbow Park as it was called, from the vivid and varied coloring of the rocks. The view was unobstructed, hence the name of the hotel.

"Yes," continued Bill, as he pulled aside the curtain and looked out, — "thur she is."

"Where?" said Winmore.

"D'ye see whur thet whitest, smoothest peak is wat chops down square on the south'ard?"

"Yes."

"Wal, thet air Bald Mounting, or Ole Baldy, as we sometimes calls it; an' the square chop on the south'ard is the cliffs on the north side o' the Bighorn Pass."

"But that is not far from here, and I thought you said it was quite a long ride to the pass," said Winmore.

"Yaas," Bill remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "I reckon you could walk over thur in an hour or two."

"Yes, — it seems to be no more than eight or ten miles. How far do you call it?"

"As near as I kin kalkilate," said Bill, puffing deliberately at his pipe between the words for emphasis, — "as near as I kin kalkilate, it air jest thirty-seven mile."

"Thirty-seven miles? — impossible!" exclaimed Winmore; "you are joking."

"No, I hain't — am I, Put?"

Putterton thus appealed to settled the matter by stating that he would judge the distance to be about forty miles. "You can't estimate distances here as you did at home, Phil, because the atmosphere is so much clearer and drier; you will have to learn all over again. When you go back you'll make the mistake the other way, and estimate a house a mile away to be ten. You are not the first who has been deceived by distances, however."

"It is remarkable," Winmore said; "I

never could have believed that objects at so great a distance could be seen so plainly."

"It is strange," Putterton replied. "I remember when I first came out I was as much puzzled over it as you are. Why, I have seen the Smoky Hill Range in spring, late in the afternoon, apparently so close that you could almost put your foot on it." He looked out as he said this. "Ah! there has been a change already: you see how the range draws nearer as the sun gets lower."

"An'thet reminds me," said Bill, "thet it is gettin' late" — looking at his watch. "Five o'clock! we might as well adjourn till to-morrow."

"A good scheme," Putterton replied; "but no — why not come up to-night?"

"I promised to play a game o' draw with some o' the boys to-night," answered Bill.

"To-morrow morning, then — at ten," said Putterton. "I suppose you are tired, too, from your journey, Win?"

"Yes; I feel as if I could sleep well to-night. The old rattle-trap I came up in was not the most comfortable conveyance in the world."

"Wal, good-night, fellers," said Bill, who had put on his hat, and was passing out — and the door closed silently behind him.

"What a singular character!" Winmore exclaimed, almost before the door had fairly shut.

Putterton, who was lighting a fresh cigar, puffed some moments before replying, as if turning over in his mind the thoughts suggested by the remark, and then answered absently, —

"Yes, he appears singular — very — on first acquaintance."

Winmore stepped to the window and gazed wonderingly out toward the distant range — its snowy magnificence now dyed crimson by the fast-sinking sun. How beautiful it was! How majestic! He was vividly impressed by the gorgeous view; but as the sun sank lower, and the golden glow faded into a cold, leaden hue that sent a shiver through him, he felt lonely. His thoughts wandered, and the landscape before him melted away. The scenery shifted. The gigantic mountain-forms, so suggestive of the birth of the world, were transformed into a quiet, peaceful village by the banks of the far-off Mohawk. Soft lights glimmered from the windows of comfortable homes, and the lowing kine had scarcely been housed for the night. Suddenly starting from his

reverie, he said to Putterton, who had been meanwhile quietly smoking, —

"Come, George, let's go out for a breath of fresh air before supper."

"All right," replied Putterton; and arm in arm they strolled along the principal and only street of Rubyville till the clang of the supper-bell summoned them back to the dingy quarters of the Park View House.

From The Nineteenth Century.
PUSS IN BOOTS.

POPULAR tales are, as a general rule, provided with exemplary morals. Virtue in them is, in the long run, almost always triumphant, and honest right seldom fails to overcome dishonest might. An exception must perhaps be made in the case of certain stories about thieves, in which the audacious ingenuity of the malefactor is called as a witness in his favor, and eventually procures for him not only an acquittal but a reward. But such freaks of popular fiction as the Highland "Shifty Lad," the German and Scandinavian "Master Thief," and all the rest of their felonious kinsmen, belong to a peculiar class. They are, for the most part, purloiners who, like Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, have been rendered heroic by literature. There have been periods, moreover, in which properly regulated larceny was regarded in the light of an art or science, and these records of theft may date back to some such unprejudiced epoch. However this may be, they occur in most of the collections of the tales of the common people. But the modern introducers of folk-tales into polite society, the writers who, like Perrault, have made the fortune of the fairy-tale by rendering it neat and trim and fit to be received into drawing-rooms, have generally avoided subjects which might be looked upon with suspicion by stern moralists, and have selected as the heroes and heroines of their tiny dramas only such beings as regulate their lives in accordance with modern opinions about right and wrong. In the case of Perrault's "*Contes*" there is only one notorious exception to this rule. The true hero of "*Le Maître Chat, ou le Chat Botté*," is not the miller's son who passes under the name of the Marquis de Carabas, but the cat which gains for him the hand of the princess, by means of several falsehoods and the murder of an

unsuspecting and hospitable ogre. The success of the youthful peasant whom these manœuvres convert into a king's son-in-law, and that of the intriguing cat itself, which becomes a grandee, and no longer chases mice except by way of relaxation, do not lend themselves to edification. The story, as it runs in Perrault's pages, teaches a distinctly immoral lesson. It was all very well for the author to tack on to it a *moralité*, to the effect that industry and tact are of more use to young people than a rich inheritance. The conclusion at which an ordinary reader would arrive, if he were not dazzled by fairy-land glamor, would probably be that far better than either tact or industry on a master's part is the loyalty of an unscrupulous retainer of an imaginative turn of mind. The impropriety of this teaching is not balanced by any other form of instruction. What the story openly inculcates is not edifying, and it does not secretly convey any improving doctrine.

But this great fault appears to be mainly due to the pains which its narrators have taken to make it presentable. They have ignored its proper beginning and its fitting termination, and they have thereby suppressed the whole of its moral significance. At the same time they have conferred upon it the characteristic attraction which it did not originally possess, and which has had much to do with its world-wide success, in the shape of the boots which the cat asked its master to make for it in order that it might tread thorn bushes unpricked. It is impossible to say whether this stroke of genius was due to Perrault's unassisted imagination, or to the fancy of the narrators from whom he drew so much of his inspiration. All that we know with certainty is that the animal which figures as the hero of the story wears, as a general rule, no boots; and indeed is, in most instances, not only no booted cat, but no cat at all. In what seem to be the more archaic forms of the tale, the leading animal is usually a fox; and its behavior, throughout the whole of its history, appears to be more in accordance with vulpine than feline traditions. But of that more anon.

In that rich treasure-house of information respecting popular fiction, the introduction to his translation of the "*Panchatantra*," the late Professor Benfey remarked that the booted cat had no sufficient motive for its abnormal conduct. It was merely a commonplace retainer, bound by no tie but that of ordinary do-

mesticity to its master. Therefore some piece of evidence was undoubtedly wanting at the beginning of the story, to prove why the cat acted in so remarkable a manner. Then again, the cat's unbroken prosperity to the end was evidently a liberty taken with the original. For the narrative clearly belonged to the great cycle of stories, apparently of Buddhistic origin, in which the gratitude of the lower animals was strongly contrasted with the ingratitude of the self-styled "superior animal," man. The story, therefore, ought to begin with an explanation of the reasons which induced the cat to do what it did for the miller's son, and to end with an account of the ungrateful manner in which that youth, after becoming an aristocrat, repaid the cat's devotion to his interests.

If we turn from Perrault's artistic rendering of the tale to the ruder variants current in different parts of Europe, we find that some of them have preserved the due opening and others the meet termination, but that scarcely any of them can boast of both opening and closing aright. The story does not occur in the collection of the brothers Grimm, but one variant of it figures in Haltrich's "*Deutsche Volksmärchen*" (No. 13), and another in the Tyrolese collection of Schneller. In the tale told by Haltrich, the tutelary animal is a wild cat, which carries off an infant from a cradle and rears it in a forest. When the boy comes to man's estate the cat provides him with a dress composed of feathers borrowed from all manner of birds, for it has the power of calling together all the fowls of the air whenever it sounds its silver pipe, and also with a splendid feather mantle, which he offers as a present to the king. The rest of the story closely resembles the Norwegian "Lord Peter" ("Tales from the Norse," No. 42). In that variant a youngest son is helped by a domestic cat which but for him would have starved. So the opening is partially correct. But for the proper termination, in which the cat ought to be ungratefully treated, there has been substituted a quite inappropriate close, borrowed from the story which we know best under the name of "The White Cat"—in which a cat, or other equally valuable animal friend, is beheaded by the hero, at its own urgent request, and then turns into a beautiful princess. The leading idea of stories of "The White Cat" class—that of a brilliant being who is condemned to suffer a temporary eclipse, a celestial spouse who is

obliged to don for a time a disfiguring hide or husk—is quite different from that which manifests itself in unadulterated variants of the “Puss in Boots” group. The Swedish story of “The Castle that stood upon Golden Pillars” (Hyltén-Cavallius & Stephens, No. 12), is remarkable for the fact that its cat works not for a master but for a mistress, but this discrepancy seems to be due to the forgetfulness of some narrator who has mixed up several stories together. In three other Scandinavian variants, one Norwegian the others Swedish, the protecting animal is not a cat but a dog.

The domestic cat, so far as Europe is concerned, is generally supposed to be somewhat of an upstart. In Egypt its cultus had existed for ages before our ancestors dreamt of paying it that species of worship which at present appears to connect it with the tutelary genius of the hearth. We have the authority of Herodotus for the fact that when a cat died in an Egyptian home the members of the bereaved family shaved off their eyebrows, and that of Diodorus for the touching statement that although Egyptians have been known to eat their fellow-creatures during famines, no instance of cat-eating was ever heard of. If an Egyptian happened to find a dead cat, says the Sicilian historian, he was careful not to approach it closely, for fear of being suspected of its murder. Standing at a distance, he made the sad loss known by cries of distress. During conflagrations, according to Herodotus, the Egyptian spectators allowed the flames to rage unchecked, devoting their attention to saving the cats belonging to the burning houses. A Roman happened one day to kill a cat by accident. The melancholy event took place at a time when the Egyptian government was very anxious to conciliate Rome. But in spite of the exertions of the king and his ministers, the mob broke into the Roman's dwelling and intentionally did to him what he had accidentally done to the cat. Of this act of popular vengeance Diodorus says that he was a spectator. According to Lenormant, the cat does not appear on Egyptian sculptures earlier than the twelfth dynasty (2020 B.C.), and therefore the credit of its domestication is due to the inhabitants of the upper Nile. That process, remarks Hehn, must have taken a long time, but it was thoroughly successful in the end. The domestic cat very rarely deserts civilization in favor of savage freedom, its character offering in this respect a strong

contrast to that of its fellow Oriental, the gipsy. How the tame cat made its way into Europe remains uncertain, although it is reported to have travelled from Egypt by the way of Cyprus. The period of its arrival, also, is shrouded in mystery. It does not seem to have been known in classic times, and the early centuries of our era appear to have been unaware of its existence. In so eatless a period, the arrival of such a beneficent beast as that which has kept Whittington's memory green might well be hailed with acclamation. It is easy to believe that the progress of the cat was rapid when it had once shown itself. Silently but irresistibly it seems to have subjugated the European hearth. It is terrible to think of how much pleasure as well as profit the world would have been deprived, if the cat's career had been cut prematurely short. Most fortunate was it, as Hehn remarks, that its introduction preceded those epochs in which its associations with idolatry might have caused it to fall a victim to the fanaticism of Islam or the asceticism of Christianity.

The cat has never filled quite so high a position in Europe as it occupied in Egypt, but still it has never been entirely deprived of its supernatural reputation. In Sicily, says Professor A. de Gubernatis, “the cat is sacred to St. Martha and is respected in order that she may not be irritated. He who kills a cat will be unhappy for seven years.” That there is something diabolical about a domestic cat is still a fixed idea in the popular European mind. A Russian proverb asserts that a black tom-cat, at the end of seven years, is bound to become a devil. In Brittany it is believed that an animal of that kind, which has served seven masters in succession, has the right of carrying off the soul of the seventh to hell. In such cases as these it seems to be probable that the cat's “fallen divinity” has spread a shade over its character. Such stories as “Puss in Boots” might be taken as evidence of the favor with which the cat has been regarded by the people, were it not that the balance of testimony is against that animal's claims to be considered the guardian angel of the Marquis de Carabas and his brethren. For in the south and the east of Europe, as well as in Asia, the four-footed creature which plays that part is almost invariably a fox. There seems to be good reason for supposing that in all the stories of the “Booted Cat” cycle, there ought to be no cat and no boots.

The variants of the story in which a fox figures instead of a cat have this advantage, that they have retained the proper opening of the narrative. Thus, in a Finnish variant* the assisting animal is a fox which had been trapped by a youth, who let it go when it asked him if he would like to get married. The rest of the story runs the usual course, and at the end the fox retires quietly into the forest. In another Finnish variant the proper opening has been as much forgotten as the close. A youth who has inherited nothing but a cow sells it to an unknown man. The purchaser turns into a fox, and makes over the cow to fifty other foxes, which it afterwards presents, along with an equal number of wolves and bears, to a king whose son-in-law the youth becomes. Here both the beginning and the end have been changed. The Russian variants of the story (Afanasief, iv., Nos. 10 and 11) are curious. In one of them a certain Bukhtan Bukhtanovich is wont to lie stretched on a pillared stove, "half elbow-deep in tarakan milk" — the tarakan being the Russian equivalent for our black-beetle. A fox, without any perceptible motive, wins for him the hand of the usual princess — employing the well-known trick of returning a borrowed sieve with a coin fastened in it, and pretending that it has been used to measure Bukhtan's countless wealth — and also the property of two demoniacal beings, Voron Voronovich and Kokot Kokotovich (Raven Raven's son and Cock Cock's son), whom it puts out of the way after inducing them to hide from "a king who is coming with fire and a queen with lightning." In the other tale, that of "Kosma the Swiftly-rich," the assisting animal is a fox which was in the habit of killing Kosma's poultry. Caught by him in the act, it promised to make him "swiftly rich" if he would pardon its offence. He consented, and the fox showed its gratitude by inducing scores of wild beasts to follow him to the palace of the king, to whom it presented them in Kosma's name. The sieve trick followed, after which fine clothes were obtained for Kosma, who had fallen into a river together with a bridge which he and the fox had cut half through. Kosma married the king's daughter, and the fox gained for him the property of a "Tsar Zmiulan," a snake prince of the Nāga class, who was induced, by the news that "King Fire and

Queen Lightning" were coming, to take refuge in a hollow tree, which Kosma and his royal father-in-law afterwards blew to bits. The fox was regaled with chickens, and stayed at Kosma's dwelling till they were all eaten up. In a third Russian variant (Khudyakof, No. 98) a fox of its own free will offers the hand of a princess to a youth, and obtains it for him in the usual way. The youth's want of retinue is accounted for by the explanation that all his attendants and baggage have been lost in a swamp. The proprietor who is dispossessed in favor of the youthful impostor is an ordinary landowner, a Barin (or Mr.) Tsygaryn. He and his wife are induced by the fox to take refuge from the wrath of "King Thunder and Queen Lightning" in a hollow tree in their garden. The king and his son-in-law hear sounds proceeding from the tree, which are really due to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Tsygaryn are choking in their hiding-place. The king inquires what that noise is. The fox replies that the tree is haunted by devils, and had better be burnt. So the tree is consumed with fire, and together with it the innocent victims of the fox's partiality for the king's son-in-law. In a fourth Russian variant (Afanasief, iv., p. 45), a youth who was "not in the full possession of his reason," but who rejoiced in the singular name of Nikita of Macedon, was presented by his parents with a horse and a cock, with which he set out to seek his fortune. A fox met him and asked for the fowl, promising in return the hand of the beautiful daughter of "King Fire and Queen Lightning." The rest of the story is as before.

The idea of the youth whom the animal assists being more or less idiotic occurs in some other variants of the story. The opening of the Sicilian tale of "Count Pear-tree" is a case in point (Gonzenbach, No. 65). A youth was left nothing at his father's death but a cottage and a pear-tree. Moreover he was ignorant and foolish. "As he could not earn his bread, God mercifully allowed the pear-tree to bear fruit all the year long, whereby the youth was nourished." One day in winter a fox came by, and asked for a basketful of pears. The youth gave them, and the fox took them to a king whose daughter it eventually obtained for the Conte Piro. The main body of the story is much the same in all these variants. But the Sicilian tale possesses the final incident which the foregoing variants have omitted. The fox had asked the Conte

* Quoted by Dr. Reinhold Köhler in his exhaustive note to Gonzenbach's Sicilian tale of "Conte Piro."

Piro to give it a handsome funeral when it died. One day it lay down and pretended to be dead. Conte Piro's princely spouse was much grieved, and said, "Now must we hasten to have a right beautiful coffin made for it." But the count exclaimed, "A coffin for that beast! Take it by its legs and fling it out of window!" Whereupon the fox jumped up and severely reprimanded the ingrate, who hastened to excuse himself by affirming that he had spoken without thinking of what he was saying. In this Sicilian form the story ends as it ought to end, but its opening is defective, for the fox obtains the pears not for itself but for the king, therefore it has no reason for being grateful to the man. The missing incident, however, is supplied by another Sicilian variant of the same story (Pitré, ii., No. 88). In it Don Giuseppi Piru begins by pardoning a fox which he catches in the act of stealing pears from a tree belonging to himself and his brothers. The grateful animal plays the usual tricks, and Don Giuseppi becomes a great man. One day, when he is walking on the terrace with his wife, and the fox is lying down near an open window, Don Giuseppi takes some dust and sprinkles the animal's head with it. The fox is disgusted with this ungrateful levity, and threatens to tell that the don used to be a pear-owner. Don Giuseppi is frightened at the idea of his wife being told the story of his early career. So he takes a flower-pot, and hits the fox over the head with it. "Thus, ingrate that he was, he killed the creature that had done so much for him." This variant of the story is complete at both ends. The tragic termination of the tale, so far as the protecting animal is concerned, is found also in "*Lou Compaire Gatet*," a cat story from the south of France,* and the man's ingratitude is mentioned in a Bulgarian variant quoted by Khudyakof, at the commencement of which a miller is promised a regal crown by a fox, on condition of his daily providing it with a hot wheaten cake, a roast fowl, and a pitcher of wine. A Polish variant (Glinski, iii. 149) is more akin to the French and Scandinavian than to the Russian, Sicilian, and Bulgarian forms of the story. There remains to be mentioned one other European variant which has the merit of being quite complete, having preserved the orig-

inal opening as well as close of the tale. A man named Triorrhōgas, who was "both lazy and poor," caught a fox one day in the act of stealing his grapes. He was about to kill it when it begged for mercy, promising to make him a king. In this it succeeded, after playing the usual tricks, including the burning of forty dragons. In return for this service the king, who had been Triorrhōgas, promised it a silver coffin at its death. One day it pretended to be dead. The king said, "Take it by the tail, and fling it out of window." Then the fox jumped up and severely reprimanded the king in the presence of his wife, thereby reducing him to confusion. This well-preserved specimen of the story was found at Melos. It is published in the "*Contes Populaires Grecs*" of M. Emile Legrand, who says that he himself heard a variant of the tale at Philippopolis, in 1875, in which the fox was replaced by a greyhound.

The Asiatic variants of the tale are unfortunately few in number. But one of them is so complete that it may be supposed to give a fair idea of the story as it originally existed in India, which doubtless was its original home. Let us take first two specimens from central Asia, preserved by Radloff in his great work on "*The Turkish Races of South Siberia*." The first (i. 271) is a quaint Tartar poem about an orphan youth who lived alone without food to eat or clothes to wear. To him there came a fox which told him what to do. Borrowing a pair of scales from a rich neighboring prince, he pretended to weigh in them butter belonging to the youth to the amount of a thousand poods, or forty thousand pounds. "A thousand poods is a great deal," justly observed the prince. A second time the fox borrowed the scales, and sent them back with a string broken and a coin inserted, thereby producing a high opinion of the orphan's wealth. For the fox declared that it was the weight of the young man's money which had broken the string, he having weighed in the scales seventy poods of bank-notes and a hundred of copper coins. On the strength of this the fox induced the prince to accept the orphan as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The youth set out with a train of seven sledges laden with empty barrels. These the fox contrived to push off a bridge into the water below, before the eyes of the prince, who was deluded into believing that a rich wedding present had been lost by the fall. The youth married the

* Quoted by M. Charles Deulin in his excellent work, "*Les Contes de ma Mère L'Oye avant Perrault*," (Paris, 1879), who refers to the *Revue des Langues Romanes*, vol. iii., p. 396.

prince's daughter and went away with her, wondering what he should do for a house and fine raiment when his father-in-law visited him. Coming to a desert he found a stone house out of which crept innumerable snakes. These he induced to hide under hay, saying, "The bird will catch you and carry you away" — an evident allusion to an Indian Nāga-destroying Garuda — and then he set the hay on fire, consumed the snakes, and took possession of their dwelling. When the prince came he was entertained in great style by his son-in-law. "Seven days they drank brandy, seven days they drank tea." And so all went well. In the other Tartar story, which is in prose, an orphan named Salamyā is brought up by a fox, which, when he is grown up, goes forth to seek him a wife. First it has recourse to the money-measuring trick, which proves highly successful. Then it avails itself of a remarkable artifice. It makes out of straw a ship, and equips it with soldiers who are literally men of straw. This ship it sends by water to the city where dwells the prince whose son-in-law the fox wishes the orphan to become. While the whole city is admiring the approaching vessel, in which the fox declares the suitor is bringing rich wedding presents, the fox, "which was a storm-maker," calls up storm and tempest. Down goes the ship of straw, away drift the straw soldiers, and the orphan is cast naked on the shore. The prince hastens to supply the shipwrecked impostor with all that he desires, including the princess his daughter. Salamyā goes away with his wife, and the fox running on in front obliges all the people it meets to say that the surrounding lands and flocks are the property of that youth. And finally it induces the real owner, a seven-headed Yilbigän, a demoniacal dragon, to creep into a well, the mouth of which it closes with a stone. Having done all these kind things for the youth, the fox goes tranquilly away. The moral of the story has been missed by its wild narrators in central Asia.

By far the best variant of the story, that in which the reason for the animal's kindness to the man is recorded in the opening, and the ingratitude of the man to the animal is depicted in the close, while the various incidents of the central part are invested with as great an air of probability as befits a "fairy-tale," has been preserved among the rapidly dwindling Avars or Lesghians of the Caucasus, from whose but little studied language it has been translated by the late Professor Anton

Schiefner.* It runs as follows. There once was a miller who was known by a name which may be translated as the Loathsome Hadji. From his house things used to be stolen. Angered thereat, he lay in wait for the thief, and caught a fox in the act of stealing. He was about to put it to death when it besought him to be calm, observing that "hasty water reaches no sea," and promising in case of pardon to make the miller a great man, and to gain for him the hand of a khan's daughter. The miller accepted the offer of the fox, and promised, if it made good its words, to feed it as long as it lived on fat and to bury it after its death enveloped in a mass of fat sheep's tails. The fox ran off and searched among rubbish till it found a silver coin. Then it went to the khan and asked for the loan of a measure in which to mete the silver wealth of its master Bukutchi Khan. The khan wondered who this unknown potentate could be, but lent the measure, which the fox presently returned with the coin sticking in it. Next the fox searched about till it found a morsel of gold. Then it went again to the khan and borrowed the measure once more, this time for the purpose of measuring the golden stores of its master Bukutchi Khan; taking care that the measure, when returned, had in it the morsel of gold it had found. The khan formed a high opinion of Bukutchi Khan's pecuniary resources, and "died of joy," that is to say, was glad, when the fox asked for the hand of the khan's daughter on behalf of its master Bukutchi Khan. Next day the fox made a garment for the miller "out of the most beautiful flowers of the hills," and sent him down with a gun made of lime-wood on his shoulder, to a river on the further side of which the khan's retainers were to meet him. In accordance with the instructions of the fox, the miller stumbled and fell while fording the river, and the stream rapidly carried away all he had on and with him. The khan's servants dashed into the water, rescued the miller, and provided him with raiment so sumptuous that he could not keep his eyes off it. The fox explained that Bukutchi Khan was mourning for the loss of his own garments, which were composed of nothing but diamonds and rubies. "They did look like a rainbow," replied the khan's attendants, who were likewise induced to believe that the lime-wood gun was a

* *Avarische Texte*. St. Petersburg, 1873, pp. 53-59.

priceless heirloom of Stamboul manufacture. "We remarked," they observed, "that it shone like silver."

The so-called Bukutchi Khan received the khan's daughter in marriage, and, at the end of a festive week, set out to take her to his home. The fox ran on in front, and when it came to a prairie on which much cattle was grazing, asked to whom the herds belonged. "To the dragon," was the reply. "Take care," exclaimed the fox, "utter the dragon's name no more, his cause is lost: the host of the seven princes is going up against him with cannon, artillery, mortars, and guns. If you say the cattle is his, you will be killed, and every head of cattle carried off. There is a khan, feared by kings, called Bukutchi Khan. If any one asks you, say the cattle is his; then no man will have anything to say against you." The herdsman followed the advice of the fox, as did the shepherds, mowers, and other laborers whom it accosted. Whenever the attendants of the young married couple asked to whom belonged the cattle, or sheep, or meadows they saw, the answer was always, "To Bukutchi Khan."

Meanwhile the fox entered the castle of the dragon, who was the real proprietor, and informed him that the host of the seven princes was coming against him. "What shall I do?" exclaimed the terrified dragon. "Creep underneath that hay," replied the fox, pointing to a huge stack in the middle of the courtyard. The dragon did so, and the fox set it on fire. The dragon was fried "like a sausage," and his castle, together with all his property, passed into the hands of the newly wedded pair.

All went well for a time. At last the fox determined to test the ex-miller's gratitude. So it lay down one day and pretended to be dead. "Just look!" cried the khan's daughter, "our fox seems to be dead." "It would be a piece of luck if it were to die seven times more, one after the other," replied her husband. "This good-for-nothing has become a bore." Up jumped the fox and cried, "Shall I tell, shall I tell of the Loathsome Hadji? Tell about the lime-wood gun? All about the miller tell?" Down on his knees went Bukutchi, wept and prayed, and smote himself on the head. So the fox forgave him. But soon afterwards the fox died in reality. Bukutchi Khan was afraid that this also might be a pretence, so he slit open a fat sheep's tail, and carefully placed the fox inside.

There can be little doubt that the Avars borrowed this well-preserved specimen of the "Puss in Boots" story from the same source to which the Tartars were indebted for their versions of the narrative. Some day, perhaps, probably in some Buddhist land, the story may be found in its original form. It seems to have established itself in the south of Europe under its cat form at an early period, for it figures in the Italian story-books of both Straparola, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and Basile, in the first half of the seventeenth. In the "*Piacevoli Notti*," of the former, the youth Constantino is assisted by his cat, "which was a fairy," and which performs all the ordinary tricks. Nothing is said at the end about its master's ingratitude. In Basile's "*Pentamerone*" a cat behaves in precisely the same manner, and its enriched master declares that after its death he will cause it to be embalmed and will keep its remains, encased in a golden vessel, in his own room. Three days later the cat, "displeased by this exaggeration," lies down in the garden and pretends to be dead. "Take it by its tail and fling it out of window," exclaims its ungrateful master. Whereupon the cat arises, and reprimands him in a long and rather tedious oration. After which it retires from the scene.

As the story is evidently of a moral nature, mythological ideas entering into it only so far as the supernatural being is concerned whom the cat contrives to kill in its master's behalf, it has undergone less alteration in the course of its travels than legends which, like "Cinderella," or "Beauty and the Beast," appear to have originally involved some mythological conception. Its comparatively commonplace character in this respect has prevented its being turned to account by the extreme section of the solar-myth school. Other cats of popular fiction have been found by such commentators to be sublimely mythical.

There are two Indian fables the meaning of which seems at first sight to be perfectly plain and simple. In one of them ("*Panchatantra*," iii. 2), a hare and a sparrow agree to refer a dispute to the arbitration of a wild cat named Dadhikarna or Milk-Ear, that is, having ears as white as milk. This cat pretends to be leading an ascetic life, and the two litigants find it standing on one foot, with its face turned towards the sun and its forepaws lifted on high, uttering the most edifying sentiments, to the effect that

"life is the illusion of an instant," and so forth. Entreated to act as judge, the cat asks the suitors to draw near, on the ground that it is old and hard of hearing. When they have come within reach, it seizes one of them with its claws and the other with its teeth, and so puts a complete end to their dispute. A similarly hypocritical cat, mentioned in the "*Mahābhārata*," lives on the shores of the Ganges and feeds upon the mice in which its feigned austerities have inspired confidence. After referring to these two stories, an accomplished scholar goes on to say: * "Thus far we have seen the cat with white ears, who hunts the hare (or moon), the morning twilight, and the penitent cat, who eats mice at the river's side, and which is mythically the same. . . . The thieving cat . . . is now the morning twilight, now the moon who gives chase to the mice of the night." But the booted puss seems never to have been likened even to the smallest luminary of the night, not to speak of a morning or evening twilight. One of the greatest changes which have come over it, or its prototype the fox, is to be found in a South African variant of the story. Benfey has remarked that future investigations will some day show clearly that there are very few peoples to whom Indian tales have not made their way; and among the savage races which thus became acquainted with the wisdom of India were some of the African tribes, to whom Mussulman narrators probably conveyed Indian traditions obtained by Arabs from Persian sources. At all events some such migration as this is much more easily to be believed in than any kind of "independent evolution," in the case of the variant of the "Puss in Boots" story which is contained in Mr. Steere's "Swahili Tales" (No. 2). In it a miserable wretch finds a coin in a heap of rubbish, and expends it upon the purchase of a gazelle which he thus saves from death. The gazelle proves grateful, and renders its master the services which the booted cat rendered to the Marquis de Carabas, gaining for him the hand of a king's daughter, and the property of a seven-headed snake. At last the gazelle falls ill, and its master shows it no sympathy. It dies, and instead of giving it an honorable burial, he flings it into a well. That night he dreams that he is back in his original position, grovelling on the heap of rubbish. He wakes, and finds his dream realized. He

is back again there, all his state and prosperity as Sultan Darai having disappeared. This termination seems to have been borrowed from some other tale, of the class to which belongs the German tale of "The Fisherman and his Wife," wherein the enriched fisher-folk who ask for too much suddenly find themselves reduced to their former misery in their original hovel.

The group of stories to which "Puss in Boots" belongs is one of the largest and most widely ramified of the divisions of folk-tales. The themes those stories handle, the sentiments they express, are within the comprehension of all hearers, and appeal to feelings which influence every heart. The leading part allotted in them to animals endears them to youth, their slightly cynical flavor is grateful to old age. Even in Europe they still indirectly support the cause of kindness towards the brute creation. The dullest peasant cannot mistake the sense of such a story as the "Well Done and Ill Paid" of the Norse Tales (No. 38), in which the man behaves so ungratefully to the fox which has saved him from a bear, or the Russian story which tells how "old kindness is forgotten" (Afanasief, iii., No. 24). The latter tale is almost identical with that of "The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges" in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," which is the same in all but a few details as the old Indian story (Benfey's "*Panchatantra*," i. 113) of the crocodile which induced a Brahman to carry it in a sack to Benares, in order that it might live in the holy Ganges. At the end of the journey it was about to devour its benefactor, when he appealed for sympathy to a mango-tree and an old cow. The mango replied that men were accustomed to destroy trees after having derived benefit from their shade and fruit. The cow said that now it could be no longer of use to men, they had abandoned it to the beasts of prey. Fortunately for the Brahman, a fox came up which persuaded the crocodile, to go back into the bag, whereupon it was killed by the man and eaten by the fox. In the Russian variant, the man who has been rescued from death by the fox finally hit it over the head and beat it to death, saying the while, "Old kindness is forgotten." In many of the Indian stories of this kind, a warning against man's ingratitude is given in a very straightforward manner. A hunter, says one of them, took refuge from the wrath of a tiger in a tree, and was hospitably entertained by a monkey which

* Zoological Mythology, ii. 58.

had its home there. In the course of the night, while the man was asleep, the tiger came and asked the monkey to throw him down. The monkey refused, in spite of the tiger's warning that his guest, being a man, would be sure to do him an injury. Later on the tiger came back and found the man awake, and easily persuaded him to throw down the sleeping monkey. But the monkey escaped, and next morning went forth to seek a breakfast for his guest. The man availed himself of its absence to kill its entire family. On its return the monkey was grieved but not angered, and proceeded to show its guest the way out of the forest. When they reached the open country, the man killed the monkey and set out homewards. Before he got there, however, he fell into a hole, and so right through into hell. Meantime the monkey was carried up into heaven, where it found its family restored to life. In one of the sacred books of Tibet ("*Kahgyur*," vol. iv., f. 212), the hunter who rescues from a hole into which they have fallen a lion, a snake, a mouse, and a hawk, is expressly warned by the lion not to have anything to do with a woodcutter who is also in the same place of captivity. "I shall be grateful to you," it says, "but do not draw up that black-haired forgetter of kindness received." In spite of that warning the hunter rescues the woodcutter, and suffers accordingly. The story occurs also in the "*Panchatantra*," and from the work of which the "*Panchatantra*" is the Indian representative it passed towards the middle of the eighth century into the Syriac and Arabic "*Kalilah and Dimnah*," and thence in the eleventh century through Symeon Seth's Greek translation, and in the thirteenth century through the Latin translation (from a Hebrew version) of Joannes of Capua, it made its way into the literature of Europe.

Among ourselves the best-known story of the kind is that of Whittington's cat, which offers an interesting illustration of the manner in which fictitious events are connected with the career of a real person. According to the chap-book legend, young Whittington purchased a cat with the only penny he possessed in the world, not out of pity, but with the sensible view of keeping down the rats and mice by which he was annoyed in his garret. The cat, being sent out as a venture in one of his master's ships, fetched a high price in Barbary, where rats and mice were rife but cats were unknown, and so laid the foundation of his fortunes. Sir Richard

Whittington's biographers have made a touching stand in defence of the authenticity of this highly improbable story. Dr. Lysons refused to yield a jot to the argument that, as the tale had been told over and over again in many lands, and had been known in Persia before Whittington was born, therefore the author of the legendary life of his hero probably borrowed the incident. He even held that "the very fact of the story being so widely spread goes to prove that it has some foundation of reality." Mr. Besant, in the bright and graphic memoir of Whittington which he contributed to the "*New Plutarch*," after justly dismissing Mr. Riley's "ingenious" suggestions as to "cat" being a corruption of *achat*, a purchase, or a term meaning a collier, goes on to argue in favor of the credibility of the story on the following grounds. There used to exist in the Mercers' Hall a portrait of Whittington, dated 1536, in which a black and white cat figured at his left hand. A still existing portrait by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished about 1590, represents him with his hand resting on a cat. The story is told that the hand originally rested on a skull, but that in deference to public opinion a cat was substituted, which proves that the legend or the history had been by that time completely spread. That is also proved by a reference to the cat legend in Heywood's "If You know not Me," and by another in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." Newgate gaol was rebuilt by Whittington's executors, and his statue, with a cat at his feet, is said to have been set up on the gate, and to have remained there till the fire of 1666. Moreover a piece of plate, on which figured "heraldic cats," was presented to the Mercers' Company in 1672; and in the house at Gloucester which the Whittingtons occupied till 1560, there was dug up a stone, when repairs were being made in 1862, "on which, in *basso rilievo*, is represented the figure of a boy carrying in his arms a cat. The workmanship appears to be of the fifteenth century."

This is all that can be said in favor of the legend. Against it, besides its inherent improbability, may be called as witnesses various folk-tales, which at least suggest that the story is one of the commonplaces of popular fiction, capable of being associated with any historical or fictitious personage. In the German "*Three Luck Children*" (Grimm, No. 70), the story becomes farcical. The cat,

after being bartered for a mule laden with gold, frightens its new proprietors so greatly by its mewling that they attempt to rid themselves of it by means of artillery, whereby they destroy the royal palace. The Whittington's cat story is told of a citizen of Venice by Albertus of Stade, who wrote his chronicle about a hundred years before Whittington was born.* A poor man, he says, who possessed nothing but two cats, entrusted them to a rich merchant, who happened to visit a mouse-plagued land. There he sold the cats at a high price (*vendidit catos pro magna pecunia*), and brought home much wealth to his poor fellow-citizen. The Norse story of "The Honest Penny" ("Tales from the Fjeld," p. 22), is told at much greater length, approaching very closely in form to the variants current in eastern Europe. From Sicily come two highly religious specimens of the tale. In one (Pitré, No. 116), St. Michael the archangel protects a youth in many ways. Among other things, the saint tells him to procure a ship-load of cats from a king. The king issues an order that "all persons who possess cats shall bring them to the king's palace." Having obtained his feline cargo, the youth sells it in a catless land for its weight in gold. In the other Sicilian variant St. Joseph is the supernatural protector, and a ship-load of gold is the price realized by the cats, but in other respects the two legends entirely agree. The Servian version (Vuk, No. 7) begins, like the Norwegian, with the account of a righteously earned coin, which the earner entrusts to a merchant, who with it ransoms a cat which boys are about to drown. After a time the merchant comes to a land where rats and mice sadly vex the inhabitants, who are obliged to shut themselves up at night in chests, for fear of their ears being gnawed off, and where a ship-load of gold and silver is gladly given in exchange for the cat. In Afanasief's collection of Russian folk-tales the story occurs twice. "The Three Kopeks" (v., No. 32), opens in the same way as the Norwegian and Servian variants. A workman at the end of a year accepts from his master only one small coin. This he tests by throwing it into a river, saying, "If I have served truly and faithfully, then my kopek will not sink." It does sink, and he recommences his labors.

* He is supposed to have been made abbot of the monastery at Stade in 1240. His *Chronicon Universale* was not published till 1587, and the cat story may be an interpolation.

At the end of the second year the coin which represents his wages sinks also. But when the third year has gone by, and he has a third time thrown a kopek into the river, all three coins rise to the surface of the water. With one of them he purchases a cat, which is eventually bartered for three ships. The other story, that of "The Wise Wife" (vii. 22), is one of the most remarkable of all the variants of the tale. A youngest son of feeble intellect purchased a dog and a cat with the money his father had left him, and set out to seek his fortune. Meeting some merchants, he entrusted to them his cat, which they carried to a land where no one had ever seen a cat, but rats and mice were as plentiful as grass in a field. The chief merchant was invited one day to the house of a commercial man, who made him drunk and left him to spend the night in a barn, saying to himself, "Let the rats eat him up, and we shall get his wealth for nothing." Fortunately the cat had followed the merchant, from whom it could not bear to be absent. So when the rats arrived they suffered greatly. The host looked in next morning, and found to his great surprise that "the merchant was not a bit the worse, and the cat was finishing the last rat." He straightway purchased it for six barrels of gold. The merchant returned home and handed over to the youth his share of the money. "What shall I do with it?" thought the young man. At length an idea occurred to him. Wandering through towns and villages, he distributed two-thirds of his money among the poor. With the remainder "he bought incense, piled it up afield, and set it alight. As it burnt, the odor thereof went up to God in heaven. Suddenly an angel appeared, saying, "The Lord has ordered me to ask you what you would like to have." "I don't know," answered the fool. Unable to decide for himself, the youth was at length instructed by an old man as to what he should ask for. "If riches are given to you, you will probably forget God," said the grey-beard. "Better ask for a wise wife." The youth did so, and was made happy forever.

In this story we are carried far away from Sir Richard Whittington and the thrice-gained mayoralty of London town. The "natural" who spends a fortune on almsgiving and incense-burning is a very different being from the practical mercer of our own land; so impulsive and altogether untradesmanlike a speculator was much more likely to be indebted for the

foundation of his fortune to a bartered cat than the practical Englishman whose real success has been associated by tradition with a probably fictitious feline friendship. We can scarcely hope that any new evidence will be found in support of the Whittington legend. But it is very probable that fresh variants of the story of his cat will be discovered in Eastern lands, all tending to preach the same doctrine — that it is right to show kindness to animals, and that he who saves the life of even a cat shall not go unrewarded. The same lesson is taught also by the "Puss in Boots" tale, when it appears in its complete form, with the warning appended thereunto that of all animals man is the most ungrateful. And thus Whittington's cat and the booted cat may fairly claim the right of standing side by side amid the ranks of the great moral instructors of the world.

There remains to be told but one more cat story of importance. It claims to be of recent date, and it conveys the useful moral that they who attempt to benefit their fellow-men must be prepared for frequent disappointments. A few years ago, if newspaper reports may be believed, a ship was sent to the colony of Tristan d'Acunha with a score of cats on board. These animals were a present from the lords of the admiralty, to whom it had been reported that the island was mouse-ridden. When the vessel arrived the governor of the colony begged that the cats might be kept on board. It was quite true, he explained, that the island was infested by mice, but it was also overrun by cats. And in Tristan d'Acunha cats, in consequence of some strange climatic influence, always abandoned mousing, a fact which accounted for the abnormal development of the mouse population. So that a gift of cats to Tristan d'Acunha was even less likely to be welcome than a present of "owls to Athens."

W. R. S. RALSTON.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
HIGH TIDE IN VENICE.

LAST year the whole of the Veneto has been subject to floods ruinous in their violence and duration. It might have been supposed that Venice itself would suffer little from these, floating as she does upon the water, her natural element. That is not the case, however; and more than once the city has been under water

for several hours. The floods in the city have a different cause from those which desolate the mainland; it is the sea and the wind which are responsible for them, and not the continual pour of rain upon the Alps. No doubt before the rivers — the Piave, the Sile, and the Brenta — were canalized and their mouths diverted from the lagoons into the open sea, a flood on the mainland would mean high water in Venice; but now the principal author of a flood in the city is "that son of a dog the scirocco." A heavy wind blowing up the Adriatic for two days, and sending a turbid sea rolling on the sands of the Lido, virtually blocks the mouths by which the tidal waters escape from the lagoons into the open. The downgoing tide cannot pass out till it has lost its hour for falling, and begins to turn and rise again. Then it comes sweeping in before the wind; swirling round the point by St. Elena and the Public Gardens, streaming along the curve by the Riva degli Schiavoni, dividing at the point of the Dogana; half the grey-green flood pours up the Grand Canal, and half fills the wider Giudecca from marge to marge.

Both the floods of this year have taken place in the morning. As one opens the window a blast of warm, moist air streams into the room, wetting all the walls, and standing in drops on the scagliola pavement; the air is thick and heavy, and charged with salt sea spray; and far off, above the roofs of the houses, there reigns a continual booming noise, unremitting and impressive in its pervasiveness — it is the roar of the sea on the Lido, two miles or more away. Then the small canal below the window begins to feel the incoming tide. The chips of hay or of wood, the cabbage-stalks and scraps of old matting, move uneasily, as if in doubt which way they are to go; then, with a final turn on their pivots, they yield to the current and sweep away towards the Giudecca. The color of the water changes to a pale pea-green, not quite clear, but looking as if it had come fresh from the sea. Steadily the tide flows faster and faster under the bridge, and the market-men and gondoliers begin to secure their boats to the posts. So it goes on for an hour or more, till the jade-colored flood has nearly brimmed to the edge of the *fondamenta*, but not yet overflowed it. Then the water begins to appear in the *calle*; it comes welling up through every drain-hole and between the flags of the pavement, bubbling like a little geyser and making a low, gurgling

noise ; for the sea begins to flood Venice under the pavements, and not over the *fondamente*, which are usually higher than the streets. Presently the baker's shop puts out a board to serve as a bridge for its customers ; but soon the water from the canal has joined that in the calle ; the bridge ceases to be of use and floats idly away. Persistently the sea rises ; it creeps under the large door of the palace, and swells the little pools that are bubbling up in the courtyard, and flows right out by the great gates on the Grand Canal, converting the whole *cortile* into a little lake. Then the first boat passes down the calle, stopping at the shop-doors to pick up fares, and bare-legged men offer their services as porters from the high bridge-steps to the upper end of the street, which is still dry. Indeed, the flood is an excuse for the display of bare legs, and half the population of the quarter are tucked above the knee. All the windows are full of women and children laughing at the traffic below — laughing at the thrifty, high-kilted housewife out for her marketing, who grudges a sou for the boat and shrinks from the portorage ; laughing at the thin-shod dandy whose hat was blown off and umbrella turned inside out ; laughing at the heavy man who nearly brings himself and his bearer prone upon the water. Then suddenly, without a moment's warning, there is a dazzling flash of lightning, a rattling peal ; every face disappears from the windows, and all the green shutters go to with a bang.

All the streets are full of people, most of them bound for the Piazza to see the fun. There is laughter and jesting everywhere, and the impression of a capital joke in bare legs and top-boots ; the people get their amusement out of it all, though the basements of their houses are soaking and their winter firewood slowly taking in the water. Here is one woman walking along through the flood serenely regardless of indiscreet disclosure ; another in a pair of high top-boots, lent by her friend, who stands on the bridge and looks on. The Piazza is one large lake from the door of St. Mark's up to the raised walk that runs under the colonnades, and right down the Piazzetta out into the stormy lagoon. Under the colonnades a crowd promenades or stands in the arches watching the boats, the gondolas, sandolos and barche, that charge two sous for a row. The bright mosaics of St. Mark's façade and the long lines of the two Procuratie seem to gain in color and in form as they

rise right up from this level of the sea. The doves go wheeling about in the upper air, half in alarm at the unwonted sight below them. Hard by the two granite columns at the sea end of the Piazzetta some speculators have fixed a rickety wooden bridge two planks wide, that leads to the Ponte della Paglia ; but the wind is so high that only a venturesome few attempt the passage, and more, it would seem, to keep the game alive than from any pressure of business. They are greeted with applause or laughter as they make the transit in safety or lose their hats on the way. Presently the water begins to go down, and then follows a regular stampede of all the boats in the Piazza, for, once caught there, it is a serious matter to lift a gondola down to the sea. In a moment the bridge is broken up, and the boats, in inextricable confusion, come streaming down the Piazzetta, bumping together, or now and then giving an ominous crunch against the flags. There is laughter, encouragement, and help from the on-looking crowd. Any excuse serves for some one to rush into the water : a hand to this gondola, a lift to that barchetta. In a very short space the Piazza is empty once more. The water falls fast, leaving patches of green seaweed on the stones. Out towards San Giorgio and the Gardens a heavy haze hangs in the sky ; a wind laden with foam drives inward from the sea. There is the perpetual boom of the Adriatic on the beach, and the hot breath of the scirocco sweeping over the heaving grey expanse of water that breaks in waves on the marble steps and foundations of the Piazzetta.

From St. James's Gazette.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

A FEW weeks since Lord Lamington complained, and the sympathetic *Times* published his plaint, that he was unable to get a *wagon-lit* at Paris to travel south in, though he had given ten days' notice to the railway company. Ten days' premonition of the coming-on of sleep is ample, one would think, and his lordship's bed should certainly have been made. It was not, however ; and therefore he advised the British public not to travel to the south of France. The premisses seem hardly adequate to support so momentous a conclusion ; and so I asked myself at the Gare de Lyon whether one

might not stop somewhere to sleep between Paris and the Riviera. Lyons may be too commercial, perhaps, and, moreover, one reaches it too soon for slumber; but Avignon is conveniently placed as to bed-time. Besides, it has a sleepy look about it; its very name, too, is of a soothing sound. And when you wake at Avignon!

It is not in our beds that we wake, and they distinguish not nicely who think so. I rose and left the inn; but it was at the Porte de l'Oulle that I awakened. The Rhone, too, had left his bed, and tumbled tumultuously over the edges of it. How little one realized him when he occurred with such iteration — *Rhodanusque flumen* — in Cæsar's "Commentaries"! How wide the stream, how irresistible the current, how many Rubicons to cross at once are here! At this moment a peasant traverses the bridge with his sheep, which he leads to the slaughter on the further side of it. See there, if you please, Cæsar and his legions; or, if it please you better, compare them simply with the fatter flocks of Leicestershire.

While I stand on the new bridge here, it occurs to me that as a rule there is a painful sameness in bridges — Waterloo, Charing-cross, le Pont Neuf — they are all alike in their main feature: they span a stream and unite the two banks of the river they stand over. It is commonplace, is that, though doubtless convenient. A complete bridge leaves nothing to the imagination. The commonplace is, by its nature, of such general occurrence that Avignon has, of course, a bridge of the usual sort — good enough for traffic. But Avignon has more — another has it, an affair purely of pleasure, of fantasy, of speculation. It is the singular merit of the Bridge of St. Benezet that it does not extend across the river, but only to the middle of it. I have been told it did at one time reach to the opposite bank: which redeems it from the suspicion of being merely a jetty, that symbol of resignation to incompleteness in presence of the unattainable ideal. The bridge of the saintly shepherd, as becomes its name and origin, has withdrawn from the hurried and mundane traffic of to-day, for which a vulgar iron bridge may well enough suffice. Over one-half the river stretch the piers and arches of St. Benezet, carrying the roadway for passengers who have all gone by, and lifting above the flood a chapel for the good of souls who long ago crossed a wider stream than the Rhone. Four only are the arches

that stand, and I know not the width of them — yet they bridge, I think, a greater chasm than Clifton. Surely it is no *impasse*, that roadway of St. Benezet, for it leads you back far into the past — to the time when the shore you now stand on was the further one — the future. There it leaves you, till you choose to turn and walk back. I feel somewhat ashamed that, having come to Avignon merely to sleep, I should stay to examine the town. Certainly the *coupé-lit* is not so distracting. The walls of the city, the palace of the popes, the tower called Glaciere, the prison of Rienzi — all these arrest the idle traveller; and memory peoples for him the streets of the town with popes and cardinals, warriors and poets. Here Petrarch first saw Laura. Here Crillon had his home: Crillon, "le brave des braves," the companion-in-arms of Henry IV. A statue of him stands in the Place; for almost any little French town has statues better than those of London, whether Mr. Belt or Ver Heyden, or both, make them for us.

This bronze helps to recall Crillon for a moment from the past. The *mots* of his which have come down to us may fit well that bold and haughty presence. So looked he on the field of Moncontour, you may fancy. Yet, probably, he did not there pose so much; and so we must remember him in less serious circumstances. One sees the great captain, and thinks of his dancing-master. "Pliez, monsieur, reculez," said the professor. "Je n'en ferai rien," says the statue, as said the man. "Crillon ne plia, ni ne recula, jamais!" He understood no pleasantries, this soldier; and still they tell of him at Avignon how the Duc de Guise, to try his courage, roused him one night at Marseilles with news that the Spaniards were upon them, and proposed flight. Then, on Crillon's taking his arms and calmly choosing to meet the enemy, the duc laughed at the success of his jest, and so procured himself a rough grasp on the arm and these words to add to his merriment. "Harnibleu!" ("C'était son juron," remarked he who told me the story) "si tu m'avais trouvé faible je te poignardais sur le champ." A hero, Crillon, but without, apparently, a nice sense of the ludicrous, as is the case with many heroes, ancient and modern. A man who could occasion the line, "Pleure comme Crillon exilé d'un combat." A man who, hearing in that old Church of St. Agricole down there a sermon, somewhat realistic, on the Crucifixion, rose and exclaimed —

his hand on his sword and in attitude as there before you — "Où étais-tu, Crillon?" A question hitherto unanswered, and which merely suggests another and similar: Crillon, where now are you?

Refreshed by my sleep at Avignon, I arrived at Nice; which proves that a *wagon-lit* is not essential to the preservation of life in travelling. Much I missed where all is newer than New York; but it is arranged that though we leave behind us illusions of one sort, we shall in return find illusions of many. Hardly, therefore, am I seated before my cup of coffee in the Place Masséna, when a benevolent gentleman puts into my hand what looks like a tract. Had I been in England, the appearance of his offering and the evangelical air with which he tendered it had made me reject the paper; but being at Nice I took it, and read as follows: "La solution du problème pour toujours gagner au jeu de la roulette vient d'être définitivement trouvée, après sept ans de recherches incessantes, par un esprit penseur." What news for the Society of Monte Carlo! I reflect; what ruin for the heirs of M. Blanc! whom straightway I begin to pity, as is becoming. And this worthy man, I say (with admiration of his generosity), has chosen me, a complete stranger, for a disclosure so important, a confidence so touching! The explanation, somewhat veiled, of this system was developed in one or two paragraphs of attractive simplicity. Again the suspicion that I had been presented with a tract came over me when I read, "Ce n'est pas assez de bien commencer, il faut bien finir," a precept of incontrovertible morality. But that idea was dispelled by the somewhat worldly statement that followed. "L'auteur (my evangelical friend) demande quelqu'un avec un peu de fonds pour aller jouer à Monte-Carlo." Gain was affirmed to be certain, and this noble heart asked only one-half of the winnings from him who should provide the "peu de fonds." The unselfishness of this conduct was apparent when I noticed that one thousand francs a day was certain to be won. After one day's work that "esprit penseur" would have quite enough to go alone; yet he proposed and contemplated a partnership of indefinite length. "Poor thinker!" said I; "how the world will abuse your confidence! how little you know of its treatment of great discoverers!"

They were expecting a great man at Nice, to bury him. I found myself again in Paris. On to the Place de la Concorde

came a deputation from Alsace-Lorraine and deposited a mourning wreath at the foot of the statue there of Strasburg. I would give nothing for the journey that goes right on; and being *en voyage*, I went backward some twelve years of time. Then, while the crowd about me praised the resistance on the Loire, and while I heard the names of Gambetta and Chanzy on every side, recollection perhaps — though I thought it was the statue with the wreath at its feet — whispered sadly the words, "Où étais-tu, Crillon?"

From The Spectator.

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

IN turning over the admirably edited and amusing book which Mr. Samuel Arthur Bent has just given us on the sayings of great men,* nothing, perhaps, strikes one more than the interest attaching to the sayings of persons of very poor capacity, so long as that poor capacity has been weighted with sufficient self-confidence to make it measure itself coolly against the world. The most memorable quality attaching to the sayings of eminent men, is not usually the wit, or the wisdom, or the truth of the saying, but the stamp of a distinct personality upon it. A hundred wise or witty sayings go astray in the world, and get fathered upon wrong parents, for every one sharply marked characteristic saying that thus goes astray. For example, Goethe's sayings are very many of them really wise and instructive, but it is often extremely difficult to remember from whom they proceeded, because they are not stamped with a distinct personality. "Stupidity is without anxiety," or "Architecture is petrified music," or "Mastery is often considered a kind of egotism," for instance, are all sayings of interest, but not sayings which shed much light on the character of the sayer, and, therefore, not closely associated with the sayer. But when George III. said, "Was there ever such stuff as great parts of Shakespeare? Is there not sad stuff? But one must not say it," it is impossible to forget this courageous attempt of the poor old king to cut himself out, as it were, in a bas-relief on the background of Shakespeare, and to mark even his British deference to a widespread admiration which he did not in the least share. Mr. Bent might also

* Published by Chatto and Windus.

have recalled King George's remark, when he was asked to give preferment to Archdeacon Paley, and replied, with reference to Paley's celebrated illustration of the artificial character of the institution of property taken from the demeanor of a crowd of pigeons scrambling for their share of a heap of corn, "What, Paley, Paley, pigeon-Paley? No, no, no, no." George III. gained from his crown only the ability, which most dull people lack, to have confidence in himself, — to hold his own opinion against the universe, however "infinitely little" that opinion may have been; and it is this power to annex an opinion, to make it part of a man's own character, much more even than the greatness or truth of it, or even the brilliant manner in which it is expressed, which makes it memorable for us. George III.'s sayings are, like his own image stamped on copper, poor in expression, but very strongly stamped. It was the same with Madame de Pompadour's celebrated expression of recklessness, "Après nous, le déluge," a saying which has become part of history, partly from its truth, partly from its vivid expression of the selfishness and recklessness which made it historical. And it is this quality of personal expressiveness which, when the character so stamped is not poor, but has anything magnificent or noble in it, that makes a great saying take rank with a great deed. Louis XIV.'s declaration on his death-bed to Madame de Maintenon, "I imagined it more difficult to die," as though *his* departure at least must have involved a convulsion of nature; and Pitt's grand farewell to power, when he returned, dying, from Bath, "Fold up the map of Europe," are excellent specimens of the sort of sayings which, though containing no thought at all, nothing but a great consciousness of power, yet impress us more than the most vivid wisdom or the most poignant wit. This is why dignity tells for so much in a saying of this kind, — for so much more, indeed, than even truth. Burke's grand sentence on the hustings, when referring to the death of another candidate, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" makes an even greater impression on the imagination than the other sentence, "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people," not because it embodies half the political wisdom of the second sentence, but because it recalls Burke and his soaring imagination more impressively to the mind. Even Lord Chesterfield, with all

his thinness and superficiality, makes his mark upon us directly he begins to delineate himself. "There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures, as well as in business," and "Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments give lustre, and many more people see than weigh," paint so exactly a man thoughtfully and consistently anxious about appearances, that they impress us almost as much as one of Dr. Johnson's vivid self-portraits of a much nobler kind. Indeed, they impress us not only almost as much, but for nearly the same reason, that by imaging the man who lived in appearances, they throw up in strong relief on our minds the recollection of men to whom mere appearances were naught.

Sayings, however excellent, which do not convey in them any self-portraiture are seldom vividly associated with their true authors. How many of our readers will remember who it was that said, "Nothing is certain but death and taxes;" or, "We must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately," or even, "It is better to wear out than rust out," which last does represent the energy of a certain kind of temperament, but energy so common that it marks rather a class than an individual. Benjamin Franklin said the two first sayings, and Bishop Cumberland the last, but we should be surprised to find any one in a company of literary men who could have pronounced on the spot to whom any one of the three was to be attributed. On the other hand, we seldom misappropriate sayings containing much less that it is worth while to remember, if only they vividly portray a memorable figure, — like Frederick the Great's indignant "Wollt ihr immer leben?" ("Do you fellows want to live forever?") when his soldiers showed some disinclination to being shot down (a saying which Mr. Bent has forgotten, though he has included several by the same speaker much less remarkable), or Gambetta's peremptory "Il faudra ou se soumettre, ou se démettre," of Marshal MacMahon's "Government of Combat." Thus, the most impressive of all sayings are probably those of great rulers who contrived to embody the profound confidence they felt that a life of command was before them, in a few weighty words. Julius Cæsar's "Veni, vidi, vici," and his question to the skipper who feared for the loss of his boat, "What dost thou fear, when Cæsar is on board?" or his disdainful apology for an unjust divorce, "Cæsar's wife ought to be free even from

suspicion," are likely to be in every one's mouth as long as the world lasts. And so, perhaps, is Napoleon's, "I succeeded not Louis XIV., but Charlemagne," and the same great man's remark, "Imagination rules the world," and, "I ought to have died at Waterloo."

But the most influential of all great sayings are those which combine great force and weight of character with a precept, express or implied. Thus, Cavour's remarkable prophecy, written seven-and-twenty years before its fulfilment, "In my dreams, I see myself already minister of the kingdom of Italy," — the most impressive of all precepts to have faith in great national cravings, — or, again, his expressive saying, "In politics, nothing is so absurd as rancor;" or, "I will have no state of siege; any one can govern with a state of siege," will do more to keep Italy united, to keep her governments statesmanlike, and to keep her people free, than reams of argument from men less memorable and less potent. Has not Danton's "Let us be terrible, to prevent the people from becoming so," and his still more celebrated, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!" done more to excite an unfortunate enthusiasm for deeds of terror done in the name of the people, than all the windy eloquence of the Gironde or the Mountain? When a man once manages to compress a strong character — good or bad — into a pithy sentence which claims to regulate the conduct of others, he lives after death in a sense denied to the great majority even of men of genius, though his posthumous life may be either for evil or for good.

Indeed, the essence of the grandest sayings appears to be that in such sayings the speaker flings down his glove to all the forces which are fighting against him, and deliberately regards himself as the champion in some dramatic conflict the centre of which he is. Cromwell's "Paint me as I am," and the more elaborate, though not more memorable, "I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work," or his reputed saying of Charles, "We will cut off his head with the crown on it," all implied his supreme conviction that he was the involuntary minister of a great series of providential acts. It is the same with Mirabeau's contemptuous thrusting aside

of the part taken by Lafayette with the scornful remark, "He would fain be a Grandison-Cromwell!" and still more with his inflated, but still genuinely sincere, avowal in the Constitutional Assembly. "When I shake my terrible locks, all France trembles," and his brushing away of the thought "impossible," — "Never mention that stupid word again." Even Voltaire, in his flippant way, regarded himself, and deliberately elected to regard himself as the one personal enemy of the Roman Catholic Church, when he said, in reply to a friend who had noticed his reverence as the host passed, and who asked whether he had been reconciled to the Church, "We bow but do not speak." It is true that many such sayings acquire their dramatic meaning by the artificial moderation rather than the emphasis of their language, as when the Duke of Wellington spoke of the battle of Navarino simply as "an untoward event;" but this, too, was supreme assumption in disguise, for it meant that he was able entirely to ignore its drift as a battle, and to concentrate his attention and the attention of the world solely on its tendency to unsettle "the balance of power." The perfect silence in which he passed over the commonplace view of Navarino, and insisted on looking at it solely in the attitude of a diplomatist, indicated in the most graphic manner how completely indifferent he felt to the class of consequences which would first strike the popular mind. His serene indifference to the Turkish disaster as a disaster was quite Olympian. Perhaps the finest thing ever said was Burke's answer to Pitt, who declared that England and the British Constitution were safe till the day of judgment, "It is the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of;" but it is not certain that Burke really meant to convey all that the words do convey. Possibly, he meant it chiefly as a sarcasm on Pitt's want of judgment; but the larger sense of the saying, in which it means that it is not the day of divine judgment that is to be feared, so much as the day when the reality of divine judgment is hidden from men, and human beings go on in the frivolous, irresponsible pursuit of their own wishes, is quite worthy of Burke, and conveys a grander conception of the spiritual scales in which political negligence will be judged, than any other saying which even Burke himself has uttered.

From The Athenæum.
THE WENTWORTH PAPERS.*

"UT clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus." So runs the motto which gossiping James Howell prefixed to the "Epistolæ Ho-Elizianæ," yet could not save himself from the accusation of Anthony à Wood that he had manufactured his "Familiar Letters" in the enforced retirement of the Fleet. And in truth the adage is scarcely of universal application. There is little "liberation of the mind," for instance, in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Horace Walpole, lightly recording for Montagu or Mann the freshest tittle-tattle about Miss Chudleigh or the last new squib of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Still less can any very overt sincerity be claimed for Pope's disingenuous and artful utterances, with their sophisticated dates and manipulated anecdotes; still less, again, for the "elegant effusions," carefully transcribed for the press, which the "Swan of Lichfield" left for Constable to publish after her death. Swift's letters to Stella, written, as he phrases it, "leaning on his elbow;" or Steele's messages to Prue, with a parcel of walnuts, and a notification that he will lie that night "at a baker's, one Leg, over against the Devil Tavern, at Charing Cross," and begging her to oblige him "with his night-gown, slippers, and clean linen," are much more in the spirit of Howell's maxim. But even these are the productions of literary men, who must be supposed to be never quite free from professional self-consciousness. For the real letter that "opens Breasts," "As Keys do open Chests," we must go to some example that seemed never by any chance likely to be published. Such, for example, is that tender farewell which Arundel Penruddock addressed to her husband before his execution. Or, in a minor degree, we may find candor in some of the forgotten family correspondence now and then exhumed from country houses and noblemen's seats, at no time intended for more than the narrow domestic circle, and still, though faded, retaining its "innocent blacknesses" and impotent spelling. Of this last class the interesting selection which Mr. Cartwright has made from the mass of Strafford papers lately acquired by the British Museum may stand as type.

* *The Wentworth Papers, 1705-1730.* With a Memoir and Notes by James J. Cartwright, M.A. Wyman & Sons.

Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, afterwards Earl of Strafford, was, as Mr. Cartwright's careful and very necessary "Introductory Memoir" informs us, a considerable personage in the reigns of William and Anne. Beginning as a page to Mary of Modena, he subsequently obtained a cornet's commission, and served in the Highlands against Dundee. In Flanders he was in all the campaigns until the Peace of Ryswick. At Landen he acted as William's aide-de-camp, and was one of the four officers who passed the Mehaigne with the king after the army was put to flight; "and he lay all night in an orchard near the little house where William and the elector of Bavaria slept on straw. At a place near Louvain, where the king dined the next day, he desired some great man to rise and make room for Mr. Wentworth, saying, 'Pray let us who continued in the battle and all night together dine together.'" In 1695, by the death of his cousin William, second Earl of Strafford (the first having been executed on Tower Hill in May, 1641), he inherited the title of Lord Raby, and took his seat in the House of Lords. The next important event in his life was a successful mission to Berlin in 1701. Then King William died. After serving again under Marlborough he was chosen—rather against his will, as it appears—envoy to the Prussian court, where his appointment was exceedingly well received by Frederick I. Some of his letters from Berlin are of great interest, and one of them affords a curious glimpse of the court ceremonial at the death of the queen of Prussia in 1705:—

You would laugh heartily to see me in the mourning I am in at present for the Queen of Prussia. I have a crape hat band which, when my hat is on, trails two yards on the ground, so when it is off you may judge how long it is. Then I wear a long black cloak down to my feet, before which is a train-belling (?) of three yards long, and my page holds up my train as the ladies, and my long crape hat band looks like the veils the ladies used to wear. Nothing is so dismal as the court, where you see abundance of gentlemen all in the same dresses. The King's cloak is seven yards long. The ladies come to court to see the King in black veils and black head clothes, with black crape peaks over their foreheads, and all their faces covered with black veils; and you must imagine all this company in a great room covered top and bottom with black and but four candles in it. To make it more dismal the Queen's body lies in state at Hanover and is to be brought hither, where she

is to lie upon a bed of state, dressed out as when she was alive, till September next [Lord Raby was writing in February], when she is to be buried.

From a later letter, however, it seems that the funeral took place in June. Early in 1706 Lord Raby became ambassador extraordinary at Berlin; and in the same year, during Frederick's visit to Holland, he joined the army, narrowly escaping capture with Cadogan during a forage. With the exception of short visits to England, however, he remained at Berlin until March, 1711, when he was transferred to the Hague, and in September of that year he was created Earl of Strafford. Then he was appointed joint plenipotentiary with Dr. Robinson to negotiate the Treaty of Utrecht, in which duty, but for his pride (Lord Strafford was "infinitely proud," Swift said), he would have had for coadjutor Matthew Prior. His connection with the Treaty of Utrecht is, as Mr. Cartwright observes, matter of history; and after this there is little to add respecting his life. He died at Wentworth Castle in 1739.

The chief writers in the Wentworth correspondence are Isabella, Lady Wentworth (Lord Strafford's mother), his brother Peter Wentworth, Lord Berkeley of Strafton, Lord Bathurst (Pope's friend, and brother of Walpole's Mr. Bathurst), Lady Strafford, and the Ladies Anne and Lucy Wentworth, Lord Strafford's daughters. Of these Peter Wentworth seems to have been the most copious and indefatigable. He was equerry to Prince George of Denmark, and afterwards held some similar position about the person of the queen. It is difficult to make any selection from his letters which would not involve considerable explanation; but the following, written on that memorable July 30th when Anne lay dying, has all the interest of a record by an eye-witness:—

Dear Brother, — I came to-day from signing Articles with Mr. Fitch in Dorsetshire. I mett the unwellcome news of the Queen's illness, wch was very surprising. I got to Kingstenton about six a clock, and whilst I was there Her Majesty had the benefit of vomitting thrice by the help of Cardis. Dr. Alburthead [Arbuthnot] came out and told the company of it and said 'twas the best symptom they had to day, and that she felt pain in her feet, their being Garlick laid to't wch likewise was well, and was then gone to sleep. 'Tis now nine a clock and I am come home to writ you this, but they tell me there's no judging how the decease [disease?] will turn till twelve

a clock. I overheard Dr. A—— in a whisper say 'twas ten thousand to one if she recover'd, wch was dismall to me. The Chaplains desir'd the Queen's servants that were in waiting to come and pray for the Queen, so I and three or four more was the whole congregation, the rest of the company, and there was a great deal of all sorts Whigs and Torys, staid in curiosity to hear what they cou'd pick up. The Duke of Sommerset and the Duke of Argile are in Council, wch they say they may be tho' not summon'd, for they were never formally struck out. There was a great meeting this morning at Baron Bothmar's. The Queen to day about one a clock gave the Treasurer's staff to the Duke of Shrewsbury, my Lord Chancellor holding her hand to direct it to the Duke. When he took it, he told her he wou'd keep it to resign to her again when she was better.

Peter Wentworth became somewhat incoherent as he grew older; and although in his last quoted utterance (as given by Mr. Cartwright) he expresses a determination to model himself after Steele's "Christian Hero" while he yet remains on this "terestable Glob," he ultimately fell a victim to intemperance. His mother, Lady Wentworth, is almost as active with her pen, and chatters in the most inconsequent and motherly way to her ambassador son about the home news — the pretty young ladies she designs for daughters-in-law, the last death by the smallpox, the window that the "great storm" has broken, the state of the fish-pond, the strength of the beer, and the exploits of the "coock;" but chiefly of her pets, the dog Fubs and the monkey Pug. Her usual subscription is "Your moste infenit affectionat mother." Here is her account of a bereavement, under date of November 16th, 1708, which evidently touched her more nearly than the death of Prince George of Denmark:—

My dearist and best of children. . . . I have a moste dismall story to tell you, God forgiv me for it. I cannot help being more than I ought concerned. I shall never lov anything of that kynde a quarter soe well again. I had rether lost a hundred pd., nay all the rest of my doms I would have given to have saved poor charming Fubs, never poor wretch had a harder death. As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at any body in its horrid torter but nussle its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whoe cryed for three days as if it had been for a childe or husband. . . . Sure of all its kynd thear never was such a one nor never can be, soe many good qualletys, soe much senc and good nature and cleenly and not one falt; but few human creeturs had more senc than that had. . . . I could write a quier of paper in her commendations. I have buiried her in

this garden, and there is a stone layd at her head. . . . I leiv all news and the discription of the Princ his burying [*i.e.*, George of Denmark] to your brother.

From a passage in one of her daughter-in-law's letters it would seem that Lady Wentworth's attachment to her favorites was tolerated rather than approved by her family. But space makes longer quotation impossible, although we cannot close this notice without citing two of the children's letters which come at the end of the book. One is from the little Lord Wentworth, a boy of eight:—

Dear Papa,—Master Wallpole came to me last night wee playd at Quadarill and I won 10 pence at a penny a fish. The day before yesterday we went to Lord Holderness and Lady Caralina Davesy. I hope I shall see you sone in London. My cosin Lee has sent me the dormice. We have had very good weather hear—I hope you have had the same: this letter is of my one Spilling: I am, etc.

The other is from little Lady Anne, also about eight. It is to be feared that it is not her "one Spilling:"—

Dear Pappa,—I told Lady Hariote that you said, as soon as she could speak, you would send her A compliment, and she said thank you Pappa. I also told Lady Lucy and she desired me to give her duty to you and says she would have writ but her nurse would not let her. Lady Hariote desires you to bring her a Baby. Pray give my duty to my Mamma, and tell her that Lady Lucy's head is much better, and the lump that was in her head, and the kernels that was in her neck are almost quite disperst.

To avert misapprehension let us hasten to add—what Mr. Cartwright should, indeed, have told us—that "a Baby" is early eighteenth century for a doll. And here we must close these very interesting papers. We have dwelt chiefly on their domestic side, but they are full of interest to the historian and antiquary as well as to the student of human nature, and, save that they might have been somewhat more fully annotated, reflect nothing but credit upon their editor and publishers.

From The Spectator.
A BURNT FOREST.

AMONGST the forests which met their doom in the rage for inclosure and improvement which possessed reformers some thirty years ago, was the forest of Woolmer, in Hampshire. Parliament was not then in a mood to listen to any but

the narrowest considerations of economy on such a subject, and it would have been vain to appeal to the memory of Gilbert White in behalf of the forest which he knew so well, or to quote his shrewd observation that "such forests and wastes are of considerable service to neighborhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing, with fuel for the burning their lime, and with ashes for their grasses, and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense." The fiat had gone forth that forests were to be made profitable to the State, and nothing would serve but that the queen's seignory over this wild tract of land should be turned into the ownership of a large inclosure. Happily, however, it was not thought necessary to convert the commoners' property in like manner. When the crown was satisfied, they were left to do what they liked with the residue. Partly for this reason, and partly because much of the land allotted to the crown was not worth the expense of inclosure, a large tract of the ancient forest still remains in as primitive a condition as in the days when it afforded the Vicar of Selborne "much entertainment, both as a sportsman and as a naturalist." True, some of the forest ponds have been drained, and of the three thousand acres allotted to the crown, large areas have been inclosed and planted with monotonous Scotch fir. But outside these inclosures, as in the last century, there is nothing but sand, heath, and fern. Except where young, self-sown firs are spreading near the fences, there is still "not one standing tree in the whole extent." And yet the effect is undeniably impressive. A sense of wild freedom and loneliness is produced by the expanse of stunted heather, skirted by gloomy firs, and rising, in one direction, into a curious camel-backed ridge, tufted at the extremities with scraggiest, thinnest-foliaged pines. Like the other sand-hills in the neighborhood, this forest ridge, Weaver's Down, falls abruptly on one side with a tolerably even face; while on the other it breaks up into shoulders of sand, running back at right angles to the summit line, and sloping down gradually to the more level ground, with interspersed hollows and bottoms. Although Weaver's Down is of no great height, five or six hundred feet, it commands a very delightful view. To the south are the Downs, broadening out on the west into the chalk district of Hants and Wilts, with Nore Hill, over

Selborne, in the foreground. To the east are the wooded hills and fields of Sussex, and to the north the long slope of Hindhead. It is probably due to the isolation of the ridge that the wind is felt so keenly; but certainly there is on Weaver's Down a sense of exposure which is not felt on either of the much higher neighboring hills of Blackdown and Hindhead, and the severity of the wind, in fact, is attested by the ragged and ghost-like appearance of the few firs which survive in the planted clumps. Immediately beneath the hill, to give animation to the somewhat severe landscape, is a considerable sheet of water, and some warmth of foliage of oak and birch.

Early in the last century, there were large herds of red deer in Woolmer Forest, and it is said that no less than five hundred head were on one occasion driven before Queen Anne, who diverged from the Portsmouth Road at Liphook to see the sight. The deer were subsequently unconsciously poached by a notorious gang, known as the "Waltham Blacks;" and at length, to check the wholesale demoralization of the neighborhood, the few remaining were caught alive, and conveyed to Windsor. There is little life to be seen in the forest now. A few cattle crop the heather, and perhaps the wild-looking inmate of one of the few cottages in the forest may be encountered, while the "chip" of the hatchet is heard from one of the plantations. But stillness and loneliness are the prevailing characteristics of the scene.

The sombre aspect of the forest is, no doubt, heightened by a peculiarity which might well be dispensed with. Nearly the whole of the open waste has been burned within recent years, and is in various stages of recovery. Large parts are absolutely black, the only vegetation consisting of pin-points of young heather piercing the scorched surface at intervals of two or three inches; on other tracts, where the fires are of older date, a scant, short covering of heath is spreading, dotted here and there with whitened furze-stalks. Scarcely anywhere does furze, heather, or bracken attain to the height or thickness which, even in this hungry soil, would be natural to it. Such a condition seems to be not altogether novel in the forest. "About March or April," says Gilbert White, "such vast heath fires are lighted up, that they often get to a masterless head, and, catching the hedges, have sometimes been communicated to the underwoods, woods, and

coppices, when great damage has ensued." In his day, the fires seem to have been lighted intentionally, the excuse being that when the old heather was burned, young sprouted up, which afforded tender browse for cattle. Unfortunately, the fire sometimes struck so deep that it destroyed all vegetation, so that (to quote again) "for hundreds of acres nothing is to be seen but smother and desolation, the whole circuit round looking like the cinders of a volcano." No language could more accurately describe the state of a vast tract of the forest last year, and at the present time it need be but little qualified. Even to the destruction of private property, history has repeated itself, for in 1880 considerable damage was done to the inclosures of a Mr. Cardew; while in the great fire of last year, injury to the extent of thousands of pounds was inflicted upon the property of another neighboring landowner, the Rev. William Smith.

In the last century, the fires seem to have been the work of the commoners, wishing to improve their herbage. At the present day some at least have been due to the crown officials. The pretext is that it is necessary to clear the surface for the purpose of camping. But troops very seldom camp in the forest, while on the other hand, pheasants are reared in the crown plantations for the Game Preserving Association at Aldershot, and a belt of burned land is often a great safeguard against the straying of these costly birds. It is not surprising, then, that neighboring proprietors should have come to the conclusion that their property was being put in jeopardy in the interests of sport, and that they should have appealed first, to the government, and then to the House of Commons, for protection. At the fag-end of the summer sittings, Mr. Sclater-Booth was enabled to raise a discussion on the subject in the House; and though the assurances of the War Office were somewhat vague, the measures which have been taken and the publicity given to the question may, it is to be hoped, at least for a time, check the recklessness which has recently marked the conduct of the officials in charge of the forest.

For the facts, as disclosed by the published Parliamentary papers, are sufficiently startling. "During the last three years," says Mr. Smith, the principal sufferer by the fire of last year, "three very considerable and many lesser fires have taken place in the forest." The first extensive fire, in 1878, was stopped before it reached private property by the exertions,

in great part, of private persons. The authorship of this fire was denied by the government keepers. The second, in 1880, which damaged Mr. Cardew's property, was at first repudiated by the forest warders, but was afterwards admitted to have been their work, and to have got beyond their control. The third and most extensive, in May, 1881, is alleged by the warders to have been the work of an incendiary; and their view has been accepted by a Military Court of Inquiry, so that Mr. Smith, whose plantations were totally destroyed, and whose house and stables would, but for the small garden surrounding them, have been burnt also, is denied all compensation. This fire extended in all over six hundred and seventy acres, three hundred consisting of crown plantations. It broke out on Sunday, May 22nd, and was not finally extinguished till the 30th, occupying a detachment of men from Aldershot, under the command of an engineer officer, a whole week. One peculiarity of the fire was that it appeared in its inception to be the natural sequel of some smaller fires, which were admittedly lit by the government officials some two months earlier, and one of which was stated by the chief warden to have had for its object the improvement and preservation of the game, as well as the clearance of the surface for military purposes. These earlier fires cleared the rough covert between two of the crown plantations, and the large fire commenced in the covert edging one of these plantations on another side. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Smith should not be entirely convinced as to the incendiary nature of the fire to which he fell a victim. But, admitting the conclusion of the War Office to be the correct one, it is obvious that, when so dangerous an agent as fire is freely employed by those who are charged with the management of an extensive tract of open land, and that with a view, if not solely, at least among other objects, to the raising of game, it is not unlikely to be employed by the uneducated inhabitants of a wild region for other purposes, which, to them, would seem quite as justifiable. The difference between the exercise of a legal right and incendiarism becomes in such a case rather a fine one, and one which would certainly not come home to the rustic mind. The public generally will, on this subject, be disposed to sympathize with the view of the lord chancellor, himself a near neighbor of the forest, and by no means free from danger,

that "there ought to be a stringent law making those who do these things (whomsoever they may serve) criminally responsible, when they are done so as to injure the property of those who have not authorized them, either from the omission of the precautions necessary to prevent their spreading (when such precautions, if properly taken, would be sufficient), or from doing the thing at all, in any places or in any circumstances in which such precautions cannot be effectually taken." The War Office have, to some extent, admitted the propriety of this view and the seriousness of the case, by making rules for the future management of the forest. It is to be intrusted to the care of an officer of engineers, specially detailed for the purpose; broad rides are to be cut round the edges; whenever fires are lighted, the officer of engineers in charge is to be present, with a sufficient force to keep the fire under control, and all owners of property in the neighborhood are to receive adequate previous notice. Possibly, under the operation of these rules, the forest may gradually recover its natural state, but it would have been more satisfactory to know also that fires would not henceforward be lighted at all with any reference to the interests of game-preserving. In any case, it will be some years before the singular air of desolation which the district now wears will have altogether disappeared.

From The Economist.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ASCENDENCY.

AN attack of sleeplessness, induced by worry and overwork, has compelled Mr. Gladstone to abandon his projected visit to Mid-Lothian. The keen sense of disappointment and the sincere expressions of sympathy which have everywhere greeted this enforced change of plan have given a pleasant revelation of the underlying amenities which are ordinarily hidden beneath the rough exterior of English politics. A great many respectable people regard Mr. Gladstone as a dangerous and untrustworthy statesman, but that does not in the least diminish their pride in him as a national possession, or their jealous apprehensiveness of any risk that may threaten to shorten the days or impair the powers of the one man of genius who still remains to give elevation and dignity to our public life. It is told of Coleridge that when he was once con-

fronted with the revolutionary outpourings of his early days, wherein was to be found much vilification of Mr. Pitt, he declared that there had never been a time, even in the hottest ardor of his youthful passions, when he would not readily have sacrificed his own life to save that of the great minister. Mr. Gladstone exercises to-day over both friends and foes an ascendancy to which there is no parallel in our political history since the days of Pitt. In some respects, indeed, the supremacy of Mr. Gladstone is even more striking. From the beginning to the end of his public career Pitt was matched with a rival whose personal prowess was at least equal to his own. But since death removed Lord Beaconsfield two years ago, Mr. Gladstone has been without an antagonist who could encounter him on anything like equal terms. Nor has Mr. Gladstone's pre-eminence been artificially enhanced, as Pitt's certainly was, by the insignificance of his colleagues. With the exception of Dundas, the members of Pitt's Cabinets were for the most part clerks or figure-heads. The present prime minister, on the other hand, presides over an administration which is exceptionally rich in executive ability. There could hardly be a more remarkable proof of Mr. Gladstone's personal ascendancy than the comparative indifference with which the public has come to regard the composition of the Cabinet and the prepossessions and tendencies of ten or a dozen of the most capable and independent statesmen that the country possesses. The strength of the government was not perceptibly diminished by the retirement of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Forster. It has not been perceptibly increased by the accession of Lord Derby and Sir Charles Dilke. And the reason in both cases is the same. The country feels that, so long as Mr. Gladstone is there, the policy of the Cabinet, both at home and abroad, will be his policy, that there is no occasion in an administration of which he is the head for the compromises and adjustments which result from the interaction of a number of evenly matched forces, and that the secession of one man or the adhesion of another is to be regarded rather as an indication of the present bent of the premier's opinions than as the withdrawal or addition of a really effective factor in the government of the country.

There is, doubtless, some exaggeration in the popular conception of the extent of Mr. Gladstone's ascendancy. As often happens, the imagination is so much im-

pressed by the visible influence of a great personality that the invisible fetters by which its freedom is hampered and its power limited are too much ignored. Nor is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mental constitution and temperament, the union in him of overpowering and apparently inexhaustible enthusiasm with a ceaseless and undecaying intellectual receptiveness, sufficiently kept in view. Mr. Gladstone's supremacy is as different as possible from that of the Metternichs and the Guizots. His political method is inductive, not deductive; he is, of all statesmen, in the least degree the slave of formulas and systems, and there is probably no instance of a man of the same age, and of anything like the same intellectual powers, who was equally accessible to ideas, equally open to the lessons of experience, equally free from regret for the past and dread of the future. Mr. Gladstone's ascendancy is thus not that of one who stands solitary and isolated, dominating his contemporaries by the force of an imperious authority. It is rather that of one who, with the exceptional sensitiveness and quickness of genius, feels and responds to, and is therefore enabled to control and direct, the opinions and emotions of his fellow-countrymen.

A personal ascendancy of this kind is a rare phenomenon in the history of a nation, and it is clear that, while it may bring with it great advantages, it involves, at the same time, considerable risks. The benefits which the country has derived from the fact that Mr. Gladstone has been at the head of the government during the last three years are obvious, and could not have been attained under any other leader. The presence of a man of his genius, authority, and experience in the House of Commons has had a sobering and controlling effect at a critical time in the history of Parliamentary manners. The strong feeling of personal allegiance which Mr. Gladstone alone inspires among his followers has preserved the discipline and unity of his party under the strain of severe trials. No one but Mr. Gladstone could have persuaded Parliament to pass the Land or Arrears Acts, or could have infused into the public mind a share of his own indomitable confidence in the ultimate success of a just and liberal policy in Ireland. And, again, Mr. Gladstone alone, or almost alone, supplied the impulse which carried through the resolutions on procedure. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone's supremacy is

clearly attended with certain dangers both to his party and to the country. While there is much that is inspiring, there is also something paralyzing to the powers of judgment and initiative in the unquestioned ascendancy of a great leader over his colleagues. Nor is it altogether a good thing that the country should for a time almost lose sight of the men who must in the course of a few years succeed to the real control of its affairs. The statesmen's sense of responsibility is weakened, the people's means of judging their capacity and estimating their relative worth are diminished. And, further, the superficial unity which Mr. Glad-

stone's influence preserves in his party may become deceptive and unreal, just as we find that the removal of Lord Beaconsfield has revealed unsuspected chasms and rents in the party which during his lifetime had become to all appearance a model of perfect discipline. But these drawbacks, such as they are, are insignificant in comparison with the immense service which the presence of a great man renders to the tone of public life and the march of political progress, and there is no Englishman of any party or creed who ought not to-day to hope that Mr. Gladstone's active career may be prolonged for many years.

ROMAN CARTHAGE.—Carthage presents the solitary example known to history of a great city raised from total destruction to a splendor comparable with that of its previous condition. Three times the Romans, in defiance of the maledictions pronounced by Scipio, attempted to colonize the spot. A settlement of six thousand poor citizens, planted there by Caius Gracchus, twenty-four years after the catastrophe of 146 B.C., left behind, in the name "Junonia," only a shadowy title of abortive greatness. The project was revived by Cæsar, but interrupted, with others beyond recall, by the sword of Brutus. An effort to carry it through, made by Augustus in 44 B.C., proved futile; but a second experienced more favorable conditions, and in 29 B.C., Roman Carthage was definitively founded. Its existence was a prolonged and brilliant one. For seven centuries and a quarter it continued to be the capital, and usually the seat of government, of Roman Africa. Hardly venturing to aspire to the second place, it yet disdained to be counted as third among the cities of the empire. Its famous ports were re-excavated, and were thronged with a numerous shipping. Temples, the relics of whose magnificence still adorn the churches and palaces of Spain and Italy, rose on the old sites. Its halls and porticoes were decorated with mosaics of graceful design and brilliant coloring. Crowds of eager learners filled its schools of rhetoric and philosophy. The "bread and games" of the rulers of the world were alike supplied by the territory of which it was the centre; for the granaries of Ostia were stocked with grain grown on the fertile plains of the Bagradas, and the savage spectacles of the Colosseum

were furnished by bears and lions snared in the deserts of Numidia. The name of Genseric, according to Gibbon, has deserved, in the fall of the Roman Empire, an equal rank with the "names of Alaric and Attila." And his destructive agency was, by a vicissitude of fortune as singular as it seemed improbable, exercised from Carthage. It was not till ten years after the Vandal king had transferred, on the invitation of the unstable Boniface, his fifty thousand yellow-haired warriors from Spain to Africa, that he gained possession of that great capital. This was effected by a treacherous surprise, October 19, 439, and was followed by the systematic plunder, enforced by torture, and aggravated by enslavement or exile, of the Roman inhabitants, both of the city and its surrounding province. Religious persecution added to the devastating effects of barbarian pillage. The churches were forcibly transferred from the Catholic to the Arian worship, and the passions of the tyrant did not always suffer him to adhere to the policy of abstention from the "making of martyrs," which his cold-blooded prudence dictated. The command of the ports of Carthage and Bizerta opened to his maleficent ambition a new field of activity and destruction. His adventurous followers soon acquired all the accomplishments of practised corsairs, and his pirate fleets swept the Mediterranean amid the unresisting terror of the dwellers on its shores. The Vandal pilots had orders to steer for "the land that lay under the wrath of God," leaving it to the winds to shape the corresponding course; and the Vandal crews never failed to justify the ominous direction.

Edinburgh Review.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLL. }

No. 2017.—February 17, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVI. }

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MIND-STUFF.

SYSTEM DES TRANSCENDENTALEN IDEALISMUS.

"And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin."

You said that life was Lyric, —
Or Epic was it, you said?
Your words are so wise at times, friend,
The meaning not seldom seems fled.
But perhaps 'twas the hearer at fault, friend,
And not the words that you used,
For I notice when you are wisest
My mind only gets more confused.
But Life, you say, is Lyric,
And you mean, I think, or I guess —
For the words "subjective subsistence"
Only puzzle me more, I confess —
You mean, I say, or I fancy,
That life is a sort of sham,
The result of a mental delusion
The conceit of a fancied "I am."
For I know you said, your friend, friend,
Was not the identical "I,"
But only a kind of phantasmos,
A myth, a deception, not I:
A picture, in fact, projected,
In mathematical phrase,
From the plane of a mental perception
On the plane of a mental haze.
You denied, I think I remember,
The existence of Matter *per se*,
And said it was only a "concept" —
No matter most certain to me —
And you spoke, I know, of "subjective,"
Of abstract, of concrete, of real;
And the scorn you put in your tone, friend,
Was certainly nothing ideal.
The mind, you told me, was only
The perpetual flux and the flow
Of certain perceptions we connote —
Another word, I believe, for "we know" —
That the "self" was merely a fiction,
The result of "connoting," in fact;
But nothing that really existed,
Save only in phrase, in abstract.
And then, I remember, you quoted
Some words that you said were by Hume;
No wiser could well have existence —
His words, not himself, I presume —
But I felt, as I heard you declaim them,
"True or false, I know, for my part,
I'm content to hold as sufficient,
'I think, I exist,' with Descartes."
For I gather, I think, as resulting,
If I take what you say to be true,
That yourself, friend, are only delusion,
And I but a function of you.
But still, it is curious and strange, friend,
After what you say is so plain,
That considering how close our relations,
We should differ so much in the main.
For, not to use words that are rude, friend,
Or to wax unneedfully hot,
I am clear that whatever *I am*, friend,
Most certainly *you* I am *not*.
And so, farewell, if you please, friend,
To your queer metaphysical stuff,
For though Life with you is delusion,
With me it is real enough.

"Life is a shadow," says Scripture,
But certainly not, as I'm taught,
A shadow, indeed, of nothing,
Projected on nothing from naught.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

Granborough Vicarage, January 1st.

Spectator.

GAMBETTA AND CHANZY — STATESMAN
AND SOLDIER.

Too soon! So pride will plead, so love will
say,
When towering crests stoop midmost of the
fray,
When great swords shiver ere the close of day.

Too soon! Scarce breathed in an unfinished
fight,
Dead wielders of an unexhausted might,
Who at full noontide find unbidden night.

Trees smitten in full leaf by storm's red beam,
Flood-breasting swimmers sunken in mid-
stream,
Stars quenched before their time. 'Tis so we
dream.

How may *we* know, or with what measure mark
The perfect compass of the soul's frail bark
That floats o'er life's bright gleam from dark
to dark?

Yet fallen strength and frustrate purpose move
Regret; 'tis scarce for mortals to reprove
Mortal misjudgment born of pride and love.

Gambetta — Chanzy! The republic's yoke
Of sudden grief must sympathy provoke.
The Brain, the Sword, both snatched as at one
stroke!

What labor yet, what benison or bane
For France lay hidden in that strenuous brain,
Now still forever hidden must remain.

Had his wild strength crested its highest wave?
Would it have worked to shatter or to save?
There comes no answer from Gambetta's grave.

He had the power to stir a nation's heart,
In hopeless strife to play a Titan part,
And he died young, leaving no clear-lined chart

To guide his country on her doubtful way
O'er a dark course, whence one keen lurid ray
Dies out with him. What further may one say?

At least in grief the France he loved may sit,
Folding her lowered flag, as is most fit,
Across his breast who ne'er despaired of it.

At least a sister nation soft may tread
In silent sympathy, with grief-bowed head,
Where a great people mourn its great sons
dead.

Punch.

From The Contemporary Review.
PANISLAMISM AND THE CALIPHATE.*

I USE the word "Panislamism," simply because it is one of the political catch-words of the day. The prefix *Pan* is supposed to have some great and terrible significance. It is not long since Europe exerted all her power to save Islam from the jaws of Panslavism, but now that a *Pan* has been added to Islam, it has become in its turn the bugbear of Europe. It is even supposed that England was fighting with this new monster, when she put down the revolution in Egypt. England could never have so far forgotten her liberality as to take up arms against Islam, but Panislam must be crushed by a new crusade. Such is the wondrous power of a prefix. So far as I can understand the mysterious force of this word, it is designed to express the idea that the scattered fragments of the Mohammedan world have all rallied around the caliph to join in a new attack upon Christendom, or that they are about to do so. There is just enough of truth in this idea to give it currency, and to make it desirable that the whole truth should be known. Most of the mistakes of Europe in dealing with the Ottoman Empire, during the present century, have come from a misapprehension of the forces of Islam, and the position and influence of the sultan of Turkey. There is danger now of such a misapprehension as may lead to the most unfortunate complications.

The first essential point, which must always be kept in mind by those who would understand the movements of the Mohammedan world, is the exact relation of the Ottoman sultans to the caliphate. The word caliph means the vicar or the successor of the Prophet. The origin and history of the caliphate is well known, but it may be well to give a brief *résumé* of it here. During the life of the Prophet it was his custom to name a caliph to act for him when he was absent from Medina. During his last illness he named his father-in-law, Abou-Bekir, and after his death this appointment was confirmed by

* We have received this article from a valued correspondent, whose name, for obvious reasons, is not given. — ED.

election. Omar, Osman, and Ali were successively chosen to this office, and these four are recognized by all orthodox Mohammedans as perfect caliphs. The Persians and other Shiites recognize only Ali. It is said that the Prophet predicted that the true caliphate would continue only thirty years. His words are quoted: "The caliphate after me will be for thirty years. After this there will be only powers established by force, usurpation, and tyranny." The death of Ali and the usurpation of Mouawiye came just thirty years after the death of the Prophet, and this was the end of the true and perfect caliphate. The sixty-eight imperfect caliphs who followed were all of the family of the Prophet, although of different branches, but they fulfilled the demand of the sacred law, that the caliph must be of the family of Koreish, who was a direct descendant from Abraham. Mouawiye and the Omniades, fourteen in all, were of the same branch as Osman, the third caliph. The Abassides of Kufa, Bagdad, and Cairo, fifty-four in all, descended from Abas, the great-uncle of the Prophet. There were many others who at different times usurped the name of caliph, but these seventy-two are all who are recognized as universal caliphs. Mohammed XII., the last of these, died in obscurity in Egypt in 1538. The power of the caliphs gradually decayed, until for hundreds of years it was little more than nominal, and exclusively religious.

The claim of the Ottoman sultans to the caliphate dates back to the time of Sultan Selim I. This sultan conquered Egypt and overthrew the dynasty of the Mamelukes. He found at Cairo the caliph Mohammed XII., and brought him as a prisoner to Constantinople. He was kept at the fortress of the Seven Towers for several years, and then sent back to Egypt with a small pension. While Selim was in Cairo, the shereeff of Mecca presented to him the keys of the holy cities, and accepted him as their protector. In 1517 Mohammed XII. also made over to him all his right and title to the caliphate. This involuntary cession, and the voluntary homage of the shereeff of Mecca, are the only titles possessed by

the Ottoman sultans to the caliphate, which, according to the word of the Prophet himself, must always remain in his own family. If the Omniades and the Abassides were imperfect caliphs, it is plain that the Ottoman sultans must be doubly imperfect. It was easy, however, for an all-powerful sultan to obtain an opinion from the ulema that his claim was well founded; and it has been very generally recognized by orthodox Mohammedans, in spite of its essential weakness. When the time comes, however, that the Ottoman sultans are no longer powerful, it will be still more easy to obtain an opinion that the shereeff of Mecca, who is of the family of the Prophet, is the true caliph.

The Ottoman sultans have also assumed the other and more generally used title of *Imam-ul-Mussilmin*, which may be roughly translated Grand Pontiff of all the Moslems, although, strictly speaking, the functions of an imam are not priestly. This title is based upon an article of the Mohammedan faith which says, "The Mussulmans ought to be governed by an imam, who has the right and authority to secure obedience to the law, to defend the frontiers, to raise armies, to collect tithes, to put down rebels, to celebrate public prayers on Fridays, and at Beiram," etc. This article of faith is based upon the words of the Prophet, "He who dies without recognizing the authority of the imam of his time, is judged to have died in ignorance and infidelity."

The law goes on to say, "All Moslems ought to be governed by one imam. His authority is absolute, and embraces everything. All are bound to submit to him. No country can render submission to any other."

Under this law the Ottoman sultans claim absolute and unquestioning obedience from all Moslems throughout the world; but their right to this title rests upon the same foundation as that upon which is based the title of caliph. The Prophet himself said, and the accepted law repeats, that the Imam-ul-Mussilmin must be of the family of Koreish. The Ottoman sultans belong not only to a different family, but to a different race.

With this evident weakness in their title to the caliphate, and the accompanying rank of universal imam, it is a question of interest on what grounds the doctors of Mohammedan law have justified their claims, and how far these have been recognized.

In addition to the rights said to have been conferred by the caliph Mohammed XII. and by the shereeff of Mecca upon Sultan Selim I., and by him transmitted to his posterity, the Mohammedan doctors make use of a very different argument. They say:—

The rights of the house of Othman are based upon its power and success, for one of the most ancient canonical books declares that the authority of a prince who has usurped the Caliphate by force and violence ought not the less to be considered legitimate, because, since the end of the perfect Caliphate, the sovereign power is held to reside in the person of him who is the strongest, who is the actual ruler, and whose right to command rests upon the power of his armies.

This statement presents the real basis of the claims of the sultans to the caliphate. It is the right of the strongest. Any man who disputes it, does so at his peril; and, since 1517, the Ottoman sultans have been able to command the submission of the Mohammedan world. Their title has not been seriously disputed.

But the title has this weak point in it. It is good only so long as the sultan is strong enough to maintain it. It has not destroyed the rights of the family of Koreish. It only holds them in abeyance, until some one of that family is strong enough to put an end to the Turkish usurpation. The power of the sultan does not depend upon the title, but the title depends upon his power. This is a point the political importance of which should never be overlooked.

We come now to our second question. How far is the claim of the Ottoman sultans to the caliphate now recognized in the Mohammedan world? Except with the Shiites, who have never acknowledged it, there is no open rebellion against it. But the decay of the Ottoman Empire during the last hundred years has been obvious to all the world. Not only has it

been gradually dismembered, not only have many of its Mohammedan subjects been brought under the dominion of Christian powers, and many of its Christian subjects set free, not only have its African possessions become practically independent, except Tripoli, but the house of Othman exists to-day, only because Christian Europe interfered to defend it against its own Mohammedan subjects. The house of Mohammed Ali would otherwise have taken its place. Again and again have the sultans shown their inability to defend the frontiers of Islam. Since the advent of the present sultan, the process of dismemberment has gone on more rapidly than ever.

The influence of these facts upon the Mohammedan world has been very marked. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the people of India and central Asia, but from the best information that I can obtain, I conclude that while they have lost none of their interest in Islam, while they are still interested in the fate of their Turkish brethren, they would not lift a finger to maintain the right of the sultan to the caliphate against any claimant of the family of the Prophet. The feeling of the Arabic-speaking Mohammedans is well known. Islam is an Arab religion; the Prophet was an Arab; the caliph should be an Arab. The Ottoman sultans are barbarian usurpers, who have taken and hold the caliphate by force. The Arabs have been ready for open revolt for years, and have only waited for a leader of the house of the Prophet. Their natural leader would be the shereeff of Mecca; and it is understood that the shereeff who has just been deposed by the sultan, as well as his predecessor who was mysteriously assassinated, was on the point of declaring himself caliph. The new shereeff is a young man of the same family.

So far as the Turkish, Circassian, and Slavic Mohammedans are concerned, their interests are bound up with those of the sultan. They do not distinguish between the caliphate and the sultanat. Their ruler is the Imam-ul-Mussilmin, their law is the Sheraat, their country is the Dar-Islam; and when they are fighting for

their sultan they are fighting for their faith. They know nothing of any other possible caliph. But if a new caliph should appear at Mecca, and declare the sultan a usurper and a Kaffir, it is very doubtful whether they would stand by the sultan. They would not know what to do.

Another element enters just now into the question of the caliphate, of which so much has been written of late that it is only necessary to mention it here. The Mohammedan world is looking for the coming of the Mehdy. The time appointed by many traditions for his appearance has already come, the year of the Hedjira 1300. Other traditions, however, fix no definite time — they only say "towards the end of the world," and many impostors have already appeared at different times and places claiming to be the Mehdy. According to Shiite tradition, it is the twelfth imam of the race of Ali who is to appear. At the age of twelve he was lost in a cave, where he still lives, awaiting his time. According to the Sunnis, the Mehdy is to come from Heaven with three hundred and sixty celestial spirits to purify Islam and convert the world. He will be a perfect caliph, and will rule over all nations.

It is impossible for any Christian to speak with absolute certainty of the real feeling of Mohammedans; but it is evident that this expected Mehdy is talked of by Mohammedans everywhere, and that there is more or less faith in his speedy appearance. No one who anticipates his coming, can have any interest in the claims of the sultan to be the caliph. Should any one appear to fulfil the demands of the tradition, and meet with success in rousing any part of the Mohammedan world, the excitement would become intense, especially in Africa and Arabia. The claims of the sultan would be repudiated at once. Still I think it probable that too much has been made of this Mehdy in Europe. I do not think that the pachas of Constantinople have any more faith in his coming than Mr. Herbert Spencer has in the second coming of Christ. They only fear that some impostor may take advantage of the tra-

dition to create division in the empire. This is the real danger.

It has been evident for many years that the sultans have felt that their influence in the Mohammedan world was declining. They have seen that beyond their own dominions the caliph has no real authority; that whatever influence they have depends upon the strength of their own empire. Abd-ul-Medjid and Abd-ul-Aziz seem to have had a pretty clear conception of their weakness, and of the necessity of restoring the vitality of the Ottoman Empire, by the introduction of radical reforms. There is no reason to suppose that the Hatt-i-Houmayoun and the other innumerable hatts issued by these sultans, were all intended simply to blind the eyes of Europe. None knew better than they that the empire must be reformed or lost. But they were caliphs as well as sultans, and what they would do as sultans they could not do as caliphs. The very nature of their claims to the caliphate made them more timid. They could not execute the reforms which they promised, without encountering the opposition of the whole body of the ulema, the most powerful and the best-organized force in the empire. If they could have saved their empire by resigning the caliphate, they might possibly have been willing to do it; but they were made to believe that in surrendering the caliphate they would lose the support of the only part of the nation upon which they could fully depend. So they hesitated, promising much and doing little, raising hopes on one side which could never be forgotten, and raising fears on the other which they could not allay; seeing clearly the need of reform, but seeing no way in which to accomplish it. They could decide upon nothing, and drifted on until Abd-ul-Aziz was deposed and assassinated by his own ministers, and the empire was on the verge of ruin.

The next sultan was overwhelmed by the burdens which fell upon him, and in a few months was deposed as a lunatic. Sultan Hamid came to the throne under these trying circumstances, and it seemed for a time that he might be the last of the sultans. He was but little known, as he had been forced to live in retirement, and it was supposed that he would follow meekly in the steps of his predecessors; but it very soon became evident to those about him that he had a mind and a will of his own — more than this, that he had a policy which he was determined to carry out. A sultan with a fixed policy was a

new thing, and to this day Europe is somewhat sceptical about it; but it very soon became apparent to close observers at Constantinople. Sultan Hamid was determined to be first of all the caliph, the Imam-ul-Mussilmin, and to sacrifice all other interests to this. His education had been exclusively religious, and in his retirement he had lived a serious life, associating much with the ulema, who, no doubt, pointed out to him the vacillating policy of his predecessors, and the danger that there was that the caliphate and the empire would be lost together. He determined to strengthen his empire by restoring the influence of the caliphate, and rallying the Mohammedan world once more around the throne of Othman. Judged from a European standpoint, this policy is at once reactionary and suicidal. It ignores the fact that the Ottoman Empire is dependent for its existence upon the good-will of Europe; that it has measured its strength with a single Christian power, and been utterly crushed in a year. It ignores the principle that a government can never be strong abroad which is weak at home. It ignores the history of the last hundred years. It may be doubted whether it is a policy which can be justified from the standpoint of Islam. Turkey is the last surviving Mohammedan power of any importance. Its influence depends upon its strength, and its strength upon the prosperity of its people, and this upon a wise and enlightened administration of the government. It would seem that the best thing the sultan could have done for Islam, would have been not to excite the fears of Europe by the phantom of a Pan-Islamic league, but to have devoted all his energies to the reformation of his government.

But Sultan Hamid chose the path of faith rather than of reason, and, however we may think the choice unwise, we are bound to treat it with respect. It is easy to say that it was a mere question of policy, and very bad policy; it certainly was, but I think we have good reason to believe that the sultan was actuated by religious rather than political motives, that he is a sincere and honest Moslem, and feels that it is better to trust in God than in the Giaour. I have a sincere respect and no little admiration for Sultan Hamid. Had he been less a caliph and more a sultan, with his courage, industry, and pertinacity, he might have done for Turkey what he has failed to do for Islam. He might have revived and consolidated the empire. It is possible that he may

do it yet, and should he attempt it he will have the sympathy of the world.

But thus far, having transferred the seat of government from the Porte to the palace, having secured a declaration from the ulema that his will is the highest law, and that as caliph he needs no advice, he has sought, first of all, to make his influence felt in every part of the Mohammedan world, to revive the spirit of Islam, and to unite it in opposition to all European and Christian influences. Utterly unable to resist Europe by force of arms, he has sought to outwit her by diplomacy and finesse. I know of nothing more remarkable in the history of Turkey than the skill with which he made a tool of Sir Henry Layard. Sir Henry could not be bought; but he could be flattered and blinded by such attentions as no Ottoman sultan ever bestowed upon any ambassador before; and to accomplish this object, the sultan did not hesitate to ignore all Mohammedan ideas of propriety. His demonstration of friendship for Germany is another illustration of his diplomatic skill. But while ready to yield any point of etiquette to accomplish his ends, he has resisted to the last every attempt to induce him to do anything to repress or punish any development of Moslem fanaticism. All Europe combined could not force him to punish the murderer of Colonel Coumaroff, the secretary of the Russian embassy, who was shot down in the street like a dog by a servant of the palace; nor, so far as I know, has he ever suffered a Moslem to be punished for murdering a Christian.

His agents have done their best to rouse the Mohammedans of India and central Asia. He has armed the tribes of northern Africa against France, and encouraged them to resist to the end. He has given new life to Mohammedan fanaticism in Turkey. The change from the days of Abd-ul-Aziz is very marked. The counsellors of the sultan are no longer the ministers, but the astrologers, eunuchs, and holy men of the palace. No Mussulman could now change his faith in Constantinople without losing his life. Firmans can no longer be obtained for Christian churches, and it is extremely difficult to obtain permission to print a Christian book, even in a Christian language. The greatest care is taken to seize books of every description in the Custom House. It is not long since the "Life of Mr. Gladstone" was seized as a forbidden book. It is a curious fact in this connection that the fanaticism of the

government is far in advance of the fanaticism of the people. There is no fear of the people, except as they are encouraged and pushed forward by those in authority. If left to themselves, Turks and Christians would have no difficulty in living together amicably.

The relation of the sultan to the rebellion in Egypt is not perfectly clear, and probably never will be. In one sense he was no doubt the cause of it. It was a direct result of the agitation which his policy had roused. But it was not intended by Arabi to strengthen the power of a Turkish caliph. It was originally anti-Turkish, and looked to the revival of the Arab caliphate, as well as to the personal advantage of Arabi himself. The sultan could not oppose it without exciting the enmity of those whom he most wished to conciliate, so he sought to control it and turn it to his own advantage. He gave Arabi all possible aid and support. There is no reason to suppose that Arabi and his friends were deceived by this; but it was for their interest to avoid a conflict with the sultan as long as possible, and to get what aid from him they could. But for the intervention of England, Arabi would no doubt have won the game against the Turk. He might even have caused the downfall of the sultan; for it is a well-known fact that so great was the enthusiasm of the Moslems in Syria and Arabia for Arabi, that they were with difficulty restrained by the Turkish authorities from breaking out into open rebellion. This spirit had been fostered by the sultan; but it naturally turned, not to the Turkish caliph, but to the successful Arab adventurer. Even in Asia Minor and Constantinople the enthusiasm for Arabi was universal, and had he been allowed to triumph unmolested, it seems probable the sultan would have been forced either to unite with him in a crusade against Christendom, or to send an army to put him down. Either of these courses would have been fatal; for no Moslem army would have fought against Arabi under such circumstances, and as against Europe the sultan could have accomplished nothing.

It is no doubt perfectly legitimate for a caliph, especially for one whose title depends upon the strength of his sword, to stir up the enthusiasm of his people and attract their attention to himself as their leader. He cannot be blamed for improving every occasion to defend their rights and interfere in their behalf. If he is strong enough to do so, it is no doubt in

full accord with the example and teaching of the Prophet that he should lead them against the infidels. It is not strange that a man of faith should be so dazzled by the possibility of such a crusade as to forget his own weakness. As he sits in his palace to-night,* and hears the roar of the guns announcing the great festival of Courban Beiram, and thinks that more than two hundred millions of the faithful are uniting with him in the sacrifice, and confessing their faith in the Prophet of whom he claims to be the successor and representative, it will be strange if he does not dream of what might be if he could but rally them round his throne; strange if he does not catch something of the inspiration of the Prophet himself, who, with God on his side, dared alone to face all Mecca, and with a few half-naked Arabs to brave the world. There is nothing in the palace unfavorable to such a dream as this, and there will be nothing in the pomp and ceremony of the homage to be paid to him to-morrow morning to recall him from it. What a contrast it will be to come back from such a dream of universal dominion, and the triumph of the true faith, to the discussion of the sixty-first article of the Treaty of Berlin and the rights of the Armenians! It is perfectly legitimate for a caliph to have such dreams, and perfectly natural for him to prefer to try to realize them, rather than to give his attention to the reform of his empire; but without blaming the caliph we may well doubt whether it is altogether wise for the sultan of Turkey to indulge in such dreams.

I believe that it would be better not only for Turkey but for Islam also, if the sultan would give up his doubtful title to the caliphate, and pass it over to the descendant of the Prophet who is shereeff of Mecca. As for Turkey, this is the only hope of the empire; and the experience of the pope of Rome has made it clear that the loss of temporal power tends rather to strengthen than to weaken a great religious organization. There is no inclination in any part of the world to persecute Mohammedans, or interfere in any way with their faith. Only a very small minority of them are under the government of the sultan, and those who are not enjoy as much religious liberty as those who are. This is not from fear of the sultan, but it is in accord with the spirit of the age, and the manifest interest of other governments. As a caliph

* The eve of Courban Beiram.

cannot by any possibility restore the strength of the Ottoman Empire, so a sultan of Turkey cannot be the spiritual leader of millions who are not in any way under his control. I see no reason to suppose that the transfer of the caliph to Mecca would in any way weaken the faith of Moslems or diminish their zeal. Mohammedans in India and in Russia show no more inclination to abandon their faith than those who reside at Constantinople under the shadow of the caliph; on the contrary, there is more unbelief in Constantinople than there. What is more, there is every reason to believe that such a transfer would gratify the great majority of Mohammedans, probably a majority of those living in the Turkish empire, certainly all the Arabic-speaking population. In one way or another this change is sure to come, however it may be resisted by the sultan; the very effort that he has made to arouse the spirit of Islam has made it more apparent than before that he is really powerless to defend any Mohammedan country against aggression. He could do nothing for Tunis against France. He could do nothing for Arabi against England. The very encouragement that he gave in these cases was an injury to them. The Arabs are all ready to assert their rights to the caliphate and defend them against the sultan. If he does not surrender the title voluntarily, sooner or later they will take it by force, and that part of the empire along with it.

The sultan complains of the interference of Europe in the affairs of his empire; but, in fact, he owes not only his throne, but his continued possession of the caliphate, to their protection. Let it be known in Mecca to-day that Europe would favor such a change and encourage an insurrection in Syria and Arabia, and the new shereeff of Mecca would celebrate the Courban Beiram as caliph amidst such enthusiasm as has not been known there for a hundred years.

In spite of all this, however, in spite of the imperfection of his title, and the coolness or discontent of Mohammedans throughout the world, in spite of the growing weakness of the empire and his failure to defend those whom he has encouraged to resist Europe, it is not probable that Sultan Hamid will voluntarily surrender the caliphate. Abd-ul-Aziz might have done it to save his empire, but Sultan Hamid is too religious a man; he values his title of Imam-ul-Mussilmin too highly to give it up without a struggle. It is safe to conclude that he will cling to

it until it is taken by force by a stronger man.

I have already mentioned incidentally the relation of Europe to the caliphate. England and France are most directly interested in this question, and hitherto their policy has been to sustain the claims of the sultans. They seem to be quite as anxious to maintain the caliphate of Constantinople as the sultans themselves, and its continuance has been due in great measure to their protection. As the interest of France in this question is only secondary, I will confine myself to the policy of England. It is not strange that England, with her Indian empire and forty million Mohammedan subjects, should be deeply interested in the question of the caliphate. It must be a question of vital importance to her whether it is better for the peace of India to have the caliphate in the hands of a temporal sovereign at Constantinople or of a shereeff of Mecca in Arabia. So long as she was in close alliance with the sultan, and her influence at Constantinople was supreme, there could not be any doubt on this subject, for a caliph at Mecca would be practically beyond her reach; but since the Crimean war English influence has seldom been paramount at Constantinople. Still, English statesmen have probably reasoned that, even if he were decidedly unfriendly, it was better to have a caliph who had something to lose, and who, on occasion, could be reached by a British fleet and bombarded in his palace, than one in the deserts of Arabia who could not be reached by pressure of any kind, either diplomatic or military, who might proclaim a holy war without fear of being called to account for it. There is always a great practical advantage in dealing with a responsible person. Then, again, the late sultans have manifested no inclination to rouse the fanaticism of Mohammedans against Christendom. They have been only anxious that Christendom should forget them, and leave them to manage their own affairs in their own way. Under these circumstances no English interest has demanded the consideration of the question of the caliphate. It is a religious question which no Christian government could wish to take up unless forced to do so. Whatever the Turks may believe, it is certain that no European power has any inclination to enter upon a crusade against the Mohammedan religion. Even the pope of Rome, who in former days decreed crusades against the Moslem, is now on terms of

the most friendly intimacy with the caliph. England not only carefully protects the rights of Mohammedans in India, but she has used all her influence for years to strengthen the Ottoman Empire and discourage all agitation against the caliphate of the sultan.

Such has been the policy of the past. But circumstances have changed, and long-cherished hopes have been disappointed. The effort to reform and strengthen the Turkish empire has failed chiefly because the sultans have been unwilling or unable to abandon the strictly religious constitution of the government, and to distinguish between their duties as caliphs, and their duties as civil rulers over a mixed population of various sects. This failure has led to most unhappy complications in Europe, to the dismemberment of European Turkey, and to a great development of the influence of Russia, the power most unfriendly to the existence of the Turkish empire. It is now clear to all the world that Turkey cannot be reformed by a caliph. In addition to this, the present sultan, departing from the prudent course of his predecessors, has undertaken to rouse the hostility of Islam against Christendom, and to encourage fanatical outbreaks, not only in Africa, but in Asia as well. As caliph he is no longer the friendly ally of the Christian powers, but, as far as he dares, is acting against them. Under these changed circumstances the question must arise whether it is any longer for the interest of England to defend the caliphate of Constantinople. It is not a question of deposing one caliph and setting up another. This is not the work of a Christian power. It is for Mohammedans to settle this question among themselves. If they prefer to continue to recognize the sultan as caliph, they should be free to do so. But the policy of England has not hitherto been one of neutrality. It has been the active support of the sultan. The question now is whether this support should not be withdrawn, and the Arabs made to understand that if they prefer an Arab caliph at Mecca, England will not interfere to prevent it.

This is a very serious question, and the plan is open to the objection already suggested of the inaccessibility of Mecca. It is also to be considered that the Arabs are more fanatical and more easily excited than the Turks. But, on the other hand, it may be doubted whether the influence of the shereeff of Mecca would be greatly increased by his assuming the title of

caliph. It would not be recognized by the Turks, and Constantinople would be even more opposed to Mecca than it is now. The nature of the new caliph's influence would be the same that it is now as shereeff of Mecca—a purely moral influence.

Another thing to be considered is the fact that this is only a question of time. Sooner or later this change is sure to come. As the power of the sultan continues to decline, he will be less and less able to resist the progress of this Arab movement. It is not easy to see exactly what England will gain by postponing this change. Certainly not the friendship of the Arabs. I cannot speak with authority of the feeling in India; but it is understood that Indian Mohammedans sympathize with the Arabs rather than the Turks. I cannot presume to give a decided opinion on this question; but the new responsibilities assumed by the British government in Egypt, make it one of immediate practical importance. Are the real interests of England with the Turk or the Arab?

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A SINGULAR CASE.
CHAPTER III.

AT ten o'clock on the following morning the three were again assembled in Putterton's chamber for the purpose of examining the contents of the mysterious box.

"As I said yesterday," remarked Putterton, "we may as well begin by opening these packets of letters—so here's for a start." And thus speaking, he lifted tenderly from the table, where the papers had again been deposited, one of the larger bundles. The outside portion was so much decayed that a slight pressure of his thumb-nail served to separate the cord with which it was bound, yet which had retained sufficient tenacity to keep the mass together. He was holding it close to the table, and as the cord broke, the letters fell apart like the leaves of a book, and were carefully laid on a paper. Those which had been outermost were so tender that little could be done with them.

"One would think," said Winmore, when he had for some time vainly tried to open one of these, "that papers protected in a box like this would be better preserved; but they are almost too far gone to be of any service. The ink seems

to be all faded out too; and altogether, I fear we shall not learn much from them."

"The box is rusty, and full of holes, you see, which accounts for the decay. I think we must get some clue from the whole lot. Try the middle ones—they are better preserved."

Winmore therefore took one from the middle, and proceeded to open it, while Putterton was examining one of the other packets, and Bill sat smoking, but regarding the proceedings intently. It so happened that the one he chose had been somewhat smaller than the rest, and had consequently been well protected, and was still firm and strong. He easily took the letter from the envelope and unfolded it. When he had done so, he looked steadily at the page, and remained so long silent that the attention of Putterton and Bill was finally attracted.

"Well, Win, you appear to have found something deucedly interesting," said Putterton.

Winmore smiled, and at the same time slowly turned the page to his view. An unmounted photograph of a woman and child was attached to the upper quarter of it. Putterton sprang up the better to inspect it, and his example was followed, but more deliberately, by Bill.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Putterton, "that's a wonderfully handsome woman,—and a beautiful child, too," he added. "One of them is the Ellen of the Glen, depend upon it;" and he scrutinized the picture more closely.

Bill looked at it for some time and then returned to his chair, puffing vigorously at his pipe.

"Well," said Winmore, "what do you think?"

"Purtiest face I ever see," answered Bill absently; and Winmore surmised that it perhaps recalled to him an early love. Then he wondered if it was a love-affair that had driven Bill into the wilderness and made of him such a singular man.

Putterton and Winmore continued to admire the rare beauty of the photograph for some time, and then proceeded to examine further into the contents of the letter. It was addressed to "My dear Willie," and was dated from Ramapo.

"Where's Ramapo?" asked Putterton.

"Ramapo!" repeated Winmore,— "let me see. I believe there is a small river of that name near New York. I suppose this village must take its name from the river, and be near it."

"Probably — but what does it say?"

Winmore thereupon proceeded to read it aloud, but it was found to contain nothing of special importance. The writer, who was undoubtedly a woman, regretted that Willie had taken the course he had, exposing himself needlessly to so many dangers — expressing the opinion that the difficulty might have been settled some other way. She said that Barney Garran, who seemed from the tone of the remarks to have been an important figure in the "difficulty," had not been heard from, and no one knew where he had gone.

"Well, that don't interest us very much," said Putterton. "Why didn't she say what the 'difficulty' was? then we might have judged what sort of a character this Burnfield was. You say, Bill, you never heard of such a man before you discovered the Glen."

"Nary time," replied Bill, "an' thet's the curos part o' it — not so curos, neither, wen ve think it over. This yer Burnfield must ha' gone inter the Smoky Hill in '57 at least. At thet time — but, demme, I allus git confused like wen I think back so fur — anyhow, I know Granite hedn't no more'n six or eight houses then; an' men wur all-fired skerce yer them days, an' often came an' went without tellin' whur they come from or whur they was goin'. It wurn't healthy to be too inquisitive, an' ax too many questions. It wur like thet wen I first remember Granite, an' thet wur — ah — nigh onto fourteen year ago. Nobody axed me whur I come from; mebbe I didn't know — an' I'm certing I didn't care."

This was Bill's usual language when speaking of his early days in Granite; and as every one thought he had his own reasons for not knowing, his remarks were received with a good-natured wink, and the subject of conversation was generally changed.

"Besides," Bill continued, "nobody ever inquired after Burnfield, an' 'tain't likely a man'll be remembered yer wen he's bean gone fifteen year or more, an' p'raps wasn't known wen he was yer. No, 'tain't quar to me. Whur did he git his mail — look on the envelope."

"Care of Colonel Denton — Fort Henry," read Winmore.

"Wal, ye see," proceeded Bill, "Kunel Denton, I think, wur killed in the Secesh war, an' probably nary man who wur thur fifteen year ago is thur now — 'tain't likely they would remember ole Burnfield, anyway."

"True — true," said Putterton sadly,

shaking his head. "How quickly things change in this rapid-growing region, and how soon a man is forgotten when he falls out of the race!"

"It seems to me," Winmore ventured, "that this man Burnfield must have been killed, either by Indians or accident, and never came out of his snug valley. Don't you think we'll run across the poor fellow's bones over there?"

"Possibly," answered Bill — "possibly."

The inspection of the papers was continued, and most of them were found to be bills, receipts, letters, etc., and had no reference to the Glen or its surroundings, and not much to its inhabitant. At length, however, Putterton opened a heavier and rather well-preserved paper, which proved to be a rudely executed map of Glen Ellen and vicinity. They eagerly examined it, and distinguished three or four dotted lines leading out from the Glen, which they conjectured indicated trails to the mine or mines. A closer inspection proved the conjecture to be the truth; for the lines were lettered "trail to mine," "trail to fort," and "short cut." Then there was another paper folded with the map which described the character of the mine in a very general way, but made no mention of the amount of work which Burnfield had performed on it. The lode itself appeared to be silver, but there was no statement as to quantity or quality.

"Wal," said Bill, with considerable satisfaction, "that fixes us all O.K."

"Yes, there'll be no trouble finding the mine now," said Putterton. "The only question is whether it will be valuable when we do find it. It's queer, Bill," he added, "that the Indians never told you about a solitary white man in the Smoky Hill region — they're such great friends of yours."

"Yes, that's a little singler — 'specially as they seem to be ready to tell me most anything. Sometimes, though, they seem to be a leetle afeard o' me, too; but the Range Injuns don't come yer to Ruby much, an' we hain't none o' us bean much in the Range. The other Injuns wouldn't know nothin' about it." Bill puffed slowly and thoughtfully at his pipe. "Guess, too, they would keep it dark for fear they might be accused o' killin' him, an' git into trouble."

"Perhaps they did murder him," said Winmore, to whom that seemed the most plausible explanation.

"P'raps — but I don't think so," answered Bill.

"Why?" asked Putterton.

"Wal, mostly 'cause everything in the Glen 'pears to be jest as it wur wen Burnfield lived thur; an' if the Injuns had killed him they would ha' burned the cabin an' smashed everything they could lay han's on. They didn't smash anything; an', besides, gave the place a wide berth. I wouldn't be surprised if they hadn't bean in the Glen since Burnfield left. They don't seem to go much in that part o' the Range noway."

"Then, might not Burnfield's difficulty have been settled and he gone back East?" inquired Winmore.

"Maybe," replied Bill musingly.

The remainder of the papers were examined; but though most of them would doubtless have been valuable to Mr. Burnfield himself, they gave no clue to his whereabouts, or any further information of any consequence. Finally, after every scrap had been carefully looked over, Putterton said, —

"Well, anyway we have something to go on now. Our next business is to see what kind of a mine the Ellen lode is. When can we start, Bill?"

"In about three months — about the last o' April."

"Not before!" exclaimed Winmore disappointedly; for he was eager to be off.

"Not before," answered Bill; "too much snow in the pass."

The papers were then replaced in the box, except the important ones, which Bill put in his own pocket-book. After some further conversation on the subject of preparation for the journey, and after Bill had cautioned his partners to keep "mighty mum," they separated, Bill going off down the street, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, and Putterton and Winmore preparing to take the afternoon stage for Granite.

CHAPTER IV.

THE 1st of May found the expedition in readiness for departure. Bill had given out that he was going on a "little prospect," with his friends Putterton and Winmore; and as he frequently went off on journeys of that kind, no suspicion was raised that he was on the track of anything definite. The snow had not been unusually heavy during the winter, and Bill concluded that by this time it had disappeared almost entirely from the trail over the Bighorn Pass. One bright morning, therefore, three pack-mules were brought out into the stable yard of the hotel, and Bill and Putterton prepared to

"sling" the packs, which contained supplies of all kinds sufficient to last them four or five weeks. They expected, before the end of that period, to have matters at Glen Ellen in such shape that they could announce their discovery, and give others a chance at the wealth of the new district. They were selfish enough to want the first pick and choice of the region; but they had no idea of attempting to maintain the secret and keep others out. But there was another motive besides selfishness, which moved them to secrecy at first, — and this was an intention of doing justice to the widow or heirs of Burnfield, if he had any. Though there was no written law which could compel them to trace out the history of this mountain hermit, and restore to his heirs some of the wealth for which he had labored and risked so much, they still felt a moral obligation to do so. Burnfield had done what in that region at that time usually gave a man title and priority of claim; and though he was now unable to defend his rights, they still existed, and honorable men were bound to respect them to a reasonable degree. This they proposed doing. Yet, above all, there was still another reason for secrecy. Burnfield might have deluded himself, and the mine might be of little value. Should this prove to be the case, even if they reached the spot first, they would be ridiculed for their pursuit of the traditional "wild goose." Therefore for these various considerations, they determined to keep their own counsel, and be first to fathom the mystery of Glen Ellen, and first to reap whatever reward was to be had there.

When the mules were brought out, Winmore was much puzzled to know how they were to secure on the backs of three animals all the supplies which lay scattered about the corral; and he watched the proceedings with keen interest. Bill, who was an old hand at the business, and could "sling the diamond hitch" as well as any man in the district, took hold with a will, and put things together with wonderful alacrity, having an able assistant in Putterton, who was himself quite skilful at handling a "lash-rope."

Finally, when the packing of the third mule was finished, one of two men who had been standing by burst forth with exclamations of approbation, —

"Well, be jabbers, you fellers know how to sling packs, sure enough! Tenderfeet like us always have a lot to learn."

"Learn us how to do it, won't ye?"

said the other. Bill answered them in a good-natured way, but he eyed them at the same time rather sharply. The faces were those of strangers, and he remembered seeing them about the village several times before. What he thought he kept to himself, merely saying he had no time now to show them the "diamond hitch;" but when he came back he would do it willingly.

"An' whin'll that be?" inquired the first man.

"Two or three weeks, I reckon," replied Bill carelessly.

"Goin' to make quite a trip, ain't ye?" said the second man.

"Oh no," answered Bill, "jest goin' on a leetle prospect — that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it? Goin' over Smoky Hill way, I suppose?"

"Yes, we expect to, 'fore we come back. Git up, Doc. Wal, good-bye, gentlemen;" and so saying, he rode off, leading one of the mules by the halter, while Winmore and Putterton followed, each leading a pack animal.

"Good-bye, and good luck to yez!" shouted the strangers; and "Good-bye, Chloride—the best of luck!" was a greeting which came from every side; for no one who knew him, wished ill to honest and generous Bill Chloride. As the small cavalcade was passing a large rock by the wayside at the extreme end of the village, a ragged and dirty Indian stepped forth and came towards them. They recognized one whom Bill had many times befriended. He was noted for his attachment to the whites, as well as for his shrewdness and general honesty.

"Wal, Toker, are ye goin' with us?" asked Bill, as the Indian reached him and walked along beside his horse.

"No," said the Indian. "Toker cotch piqua; Toker ashanty tell um Bill itch Mericats mawa," pointing toward the corral where they had packed — "no good. You look out; good-bye;" and with that he disappeared up a deep gulch, which at this point came out to the road.

"Thanks, Toker," said Bill, before the Indian was out of hearing; "I thought so." Then, turning to his comrades, he said, "Toker warns us to watch them fellers that hung about this mornin'—they may bother us. But if they don't foller us too close, we kin give 'em the slip; an' I don't believe they can find the way over the Bighorn."

They followed the wagon road along the valley for ten or twelve miles, when they came to a small stream flowing across

it. Here they unpacked in the shade of some tall pines to get lunch, and give the animals a chance to crop a little grass, and rest.

"I never like to crowd the animals the first day," Bill remarked, as he was lighting a fire, "so I allus make a noon stop if possible. It breaks them in gentle like, and gives a feller time to git things fixed;" and so saying, finding the fire was well going, he took the coffee-pot and a tin bucket, and started for the creek after some water. Putterton, meanwhile, had been opening up the "kitchen pack."

"Those *were* suspicious-looking men who stood by while we were packing this morning," remarked Putterton.

"Yes," said Bill, setting down the bucket of water, "I've noticed 'em several times. They hung 'bout an' seemed to watch me. I didn't think much 'bout it, but now thet Toker mentions it, I'm purty sure they're up to some game. Toker's a keen devil, an' they can't fool him much. I think they'll foller us."

"If they do," said Winmore, "we'll chloroform them while they are asleep, and run away."

"We'll what?" said Bill. "Oh yes, chloryform 'em. But hev you got some chloryform?"

"Yes, in my entomological box."

"Good," said Bill — "good; a capital idee — jest the thing. The fellers come along — go to sleep — wake up an' find us gone; capital! We kin kiver up our tracks, too, some way, an' they kin never foller us if we once git over the pass. There's nothin' like knowin'; they'll never think o' bein' chloryformed — never in this world. But will they sleep long enough?"

"Oh yes," said Winmore.

"An' it won't kill 'em? We don't want to kill 'em, ye know."

"No, it won't kill them. I won't put it strong enough for that."

"Thet's just the thing. But, boys, we must go on now — can't loaf too long over this yer grub. We've got to make Pine Creek 'fore dark, an' it's good thir-teen mile from yer."

They packed up and were soon on the road again. It was not much after six o'clock when they came to a beautiful clear stream which swept with a soothing murmur over its pebbly bottom, shadowed by a grove of magnificent pines. It was Pine Creek, Bill said, and a charming place for a camp. Wood, water, and grass were abundant, and the ground was covered with a thick carpet of pine-needles,

so soft that the hoofs of the horses made no noise whatever. There had been camping here before: for a broad cedar growing at the base of a pine had with cutting and the interweaving of boughs been so arranged that it afforded good shelter from the wind, and this shelter was taken advantage of by the travellers. The packs were thrown off, the horses and mules hopped, and preparations made for supper.

"Shall I make the bread, Bill?" asked Putterton.

"No; I guess I'd better make it," Bill answered. "I'm more used to it than you, an' kin do it quicker. So if you an' Winmore'll look after the animals an' wash the dishes, I'll be cook."

"That suits me," said Putterton. "I don't much like dabbling in flour."

"And me," said Winmore; "but do you require to make bread every meal?"

"Purty near," Bill answered.

"I should think you'd take it along," suggested Winmore.

"Fine stuff it would be after a day or two's packin', wouldn't it? Takes up too much room, anyway."

Bill had finished washing his hands, and now took several handfuls of flour from one of the bags and put them into a deep pan carried for the purpose; then he deftly added a little salt, and scattering what he judged to be a sufficient quantity of baking-powder over the flour, he gave the batch a rapid stirring with his fingers and dexterously poured some water into it, so that in a moment or two Winmore beheld him kneading the dough into a mass.

"You're an expert, Bill," he exclaimed admiringly; "but how are you going to bake it? You have no oven?"

"You'll see," replied Bill, as he broke the dough into two portions, making a neat ball of each. Then grasping two frying-pans which Putterton had placed convenient to his hand, he put them on the fire a moment. Next sprinkling a little flour in the bottom of each, he picked up one of the balls of dough, and giving it a peculiar twirl by the edge, made it into a flat cake almost the size of the bottom of the pan, in which he then placed it. With a twitch or two more it was all right, and he stuck the pan for a moment again on the fire. Serving the other in the same way, he finally propped both pans up in front of the heat by means of sticks against the handles, and the bread soon began to puff up and turn brown. Some bacon was then cut and trimmed of

the rind, the coffee was stirred into the pot which had been boiling for some time, the plates and other ware were spread out on a piece of oil-cloth, and then the loaves were done. The bacon was fried in one of the pans, and the meal was ready. Winmore was much pleased at Bill's dexterity. It was the first mountain meal he had ever seen prepared, and it was a surprise to him to see everything transformed so quickly from the raw material. He had never seen much cooking of any kind; and though familiar with all sorts of dishes as they came on the table, there was a mystery about the art for him — and especially did he marvel at the bread-making.

"Why, Bill," he said, as he sat down to the simple meal, "this bread is delicious, and you made it so quickly. I always thought bread-making was a long process."

"So it is — some kinds. This is wat ye'd call biscuit to home, and, es ye see, is not hard to make. It's the only kind o' bread ye'll git till we reach Ruby agin."

"Oh, I don't care for any other kind — I like this," said Winmore enthusiastically.

"Hunger is the best sauce," observed Putterton.

"You're right; but I still insist that Bill's bread is first-class — hunger or no hunger."

"So it is; and I don't think there's a man in the district can make better," replied Putterton, seizing another piece.

"None o' yer flattery now," said Bill.

"It's the truth, and nothing but the truth —"

"Hark!" interrupted Bill suddenly, "I hear the sound of hoofs."

They listened, and could plainly distinguish the regular beating of the hoofs of trotting horses.

"The interested gents of this morning probably," said Putterton.

"Ef it is," said Bill, "we'll dose 'em with the chloryform."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when they heard the horsemen leave the road, and a moment later two men well mounted, rode into the firelight.

"Why, how d'ye do agin, gents? — didn't spect to meet yez so soon agin; but I'm tarna glad we hev, fur we're ruther late campin', an' the sight o' yer fire looks kinder cheery. Ye wouldn't mind ef we camp by ye, would yez?"

"Not at all," said Bill quickly, for he much preferred having them close by. "Wat fools they air," he said to himself,

"ef they think we can't see through their game. Plenty room, plenty room," he continued aloud — "an' a fine lot o' coals fur ye to get supper by. We're just 'bout through our'n, so we can't ask ye to jine us."

"Ah, we're obleeged to yez," replied the elder of the new-comers with an Irish accent, "but we kin jist shing up a leetle boite t' ate in the twinklin' o' an oye; an' thin, me frins, we'll all sit down an' have a chat an' shmoke be the warrum fire there."

And so saying, he quickly unslung their single pack, and very shortly had their bacon frying on the bright fire.

Bill had finished his meal by this time, and he busied himself apparently with putting things to rights for the night, but in reality preparing for a sudden and stealthy departure. Winmore and Putterton soon joined him, and a disjointed conversation was kept up between them and the strangers, till finally the latter had also completed their repast. They left their cooking utensils, saddles, etc., scattered about in a most reckless manner; and Bill smiled as he thought how long they would be getting off in the morning.

"Oy'm a-goin' to have a good square pull at me owld poipe, that's what oy am," said the elder stranger; and he drew forth a time-worn and nicotine-soaked wooden pipe, which he filled and lighted, and then looked separately and sharply at Bill, and his companions as they also seated themselves by the fire. "Bedad!" he exclaimed, when his eyes had for some moments rested on Bill's weather-beaten countenance, "oy say, stranger, were ye iver in New York City?"

"No," answered Bill; "I wur never in New York to my knowledge, but I mean to go thur some day."

"Damn strange!" said the newcomer, as if to himself.

"You have lived in New York, I suppose?" remarked Winmore.

"Yis; oy lived there fur a long time, an' was gethin' on splendidly, till oy acted like an infarnal idiot. Then, of coorse, things went wrong, an' that brought me out here on *special* business."

He emphasized the "special" to such an extent that Putterton looked at him very sharply, as if trying to read in his eyes the nature of his special business. Was murder or highway robbery his specialty? or was he a detective in disguise, he wondered? The man looked like thousands of others who wandered about

the mountains prospecting, but Putterton had a strong suspicion that there was considerable significance in the "special business."

"Your business compels you to travel fast and late, it seems," he said.

"We was late to-night, 'cause Barney hung over his pipe too long this mornin'," put in the younger man quickly.

"Yis; oy did shmoke a thrifle too long this mornin'. Oy loike to take it aisy whin oy shmoke, ye know; but thin, we don't moind thravellin' a bit afther dark nohow."

"Ruther uncomfortable, if a feller don't git his camp fixed by sundown," said Bill.

"Let's see, — ye said ye came to Ruby from Granite, didn't ye?"

"No, we didn't say so," replied Barney, smiling at this broad hint on the part of Bill that he would like to know from whence they came. "No, we didn't say so, but then we did, ye know. Oy say, me frind, ye've been in these diggins a good long time, haven't ye?"

"Fourteen year or more," replied Bill.

"Aha! Fourteen years — fourteen years," the stranger said thoughtfully. "Why, man, yer an owld risidinter, sure. Ye ought to know the ins and outs o' the hull raygin purty well."

"Yes, I do know this district ruther well," answered Bill cautiously.

"Rich, ain't it?"

"Wal, yes — ruther," said Bill.

"Be the way," said Barney, looking sharply at Bill, "did ye iver hear o' a man named Burnfield out yer?"

"Burnfield — Burnfield," mused Bill, at the same time wondering how this man had come to know the name. "Burnfield — no, never knew Burnfield. Must ha' been 'fore my time, I guess."

"William Burnfield was his name," and he looked keenly at Bill again.

"You're sure he came to these parts?" said Bill.

"Yis — purty sure he came som'wheres in this raygin. Ye must be tired, Con," he then said suddenly to his companion; "oy'll help ye make down the bed, an' thin ye'd bether thumble in an' git a square noight's rist."

"All right," Con answered, and the two were soon busy close by preparing a sleeping-place for the night. Presently the man called Barney returned to the fire.

"Con, there, isn't used to roughing it as much as oy am, an' it's good for him t' git plenty o' sleep. We've got a long jog before us to-morrow."

"Have you indeed?" said Putterton; "and may I ask where you are going?"

"Oh yes; we're goin' down to Bigtree camp. Oy've got to see a man there — Pater Bromley; d'ye know him, maybe?"

"No," said Putterton.

"I do," said Bill.

"Oy'm glad ye know him," the Irishman remarked with interest. "He's been in this raygin a good while, hain't he?"

"You're right, he has," answered Bill; "he knows es much 'bout people an' things yerabouts es any man livin'."

"Does he?" exclaimed the Irishman.

"He does," replied Bill; "an' he's true blue, too. Ef you're a friend o' Pete Bromley's, I'm glad we met."

"Yis; oy'm a friend o' Pate's," said the Irishman slowly. "Me name's Barney Garran; ye may have heard him spake o' me."

Putterton started with surprise at the mention of the name, for he remembered it as the same which had occurred frequently in the letters they had examined — and he remembered, too, that it had not been mentioned in complimentary terms, but always as if the bearer had committed some crime. Could this be the man — escaped from justice, and roving about secure in the wilderness of mountains? Might he not have had something to do with Burnfield's mysterious disappearance, and hence know more about the matter than he pretended? But he concluded the man must be an impostor; for if he had escaped justice, he would have changed his name and not be so ready to reveal his identity. And yet, how did he know the names?

"No, I never did," said Bill, who had paused for a moment to review in his mind his conversations with the man Bromley; "but I hain't seen Pete for a year or more."

"Whin ye say him agin, an' oy hope it won't be long, jist mention my name to him, will ye?"

"Certingly, I will," replied Bill, at the same time wondering what the man meant.

"Oy think oy'll turn in too now, me frinds, as I feel a leetle shook up by the trotting this afternoon — so here goes," and he went to where his companion was, to all appearances, already sound asleep. "But," he added, as he returned with a bottle in his hand, "we'll have a wee drap furst, if ye don't mind, jist as a sort o' nightcap, eh? Here's a bottle o' foine owld rye, an' if ye've a corkscrew we'll have the stopper out in no time."

Bill eyed the bottle suspiciously, and

doubting the wisdom of drinking with a total stranger, and such a suspicious one as this, was about to decline, when he noticed that the original seal was still unbroken. His doubts were dispelled, and he said cheerfully, —

"You travel well fixed, stranger."

"There you're roight, me bye. Ye niver catch a son o' Killarney widthout his jug o' potheen handy. I've another there in the pack, but it's been opened, an' I'd rayther give yez the benefit o' a frish tap," and with a strong jerk he pulled the cork.

"You are very kind," said Winmore, as the stranger handed him a tin cup and the bottle, "but I don't often drink, and I would prefer to be excused."

The man drew back, and gave him a keen glance from under his shaggy eyebrows. "P'raps ye don't loike Irish," he said, in an indignant tone.

"Oh yes, I do — certainly. I have nothing against your countrymen."

"Well, thin, dhrink a bit, jist to show't what ye say comes from yer heart. We may mate agin some day," and he almost filled the cup.

Thus strongly urged, Winmore drank a small portion of the contents, first adding some water, while the others helped themselves more liberally without the water. The Irishman then startled them by exclaiming, —

"Here's to me owld pard, Burnfield, if you plaze." After they had drunk, he added, "And here's a good health and long life to Mr. Bill Chloride, the whitest man in the Smoky Hill country."

"Thank ye, stranger," said Bill modestly, at the same time draining his cup completely.

"An' now, me frinds, oy'll turn in. Good-noight, an' pleasant dhreams to yez all. Will the first man up in the mornin' plaze wake us? Good-noight." He stepped to his bed, and was soon lost to view beneath the blankets.

"What the devil do you suppose that fellow knows about Burnfield, and how did he find it out? And he calls himself by the same name as the one mentioned often in those letters," said Putterton.

"Dun'no," answered Bill thoughtfully.

"Dun'no — unless he heard suthin' 'bout it up at Fort Henry; the cuss may hev been thur years ago, ye know — he's no tenderfoot. Maybe he heard us talkin' at the Park View. I don't believe he ever knew Burnfield — but he *suspects* we know suthin' 'bout him anyway, if he don't know it. They'll want to jine us in

the mornin' probably, but we'll give 'em the slip. P'r'aps they're goin' to try to get Pete Bromley to show 'em over the Bighorn, if they don't succeed in going with us. He knows more about the Smoky Hill kentry than any other man besides me; but he don't know nothin' about the Glen Ellen part, so we're all right ef we kin git away without waking the beggars. Wen I begin to snore loud, Winmore, ye kin reach over from yer bed an' dose 'em — then we'll be off."

"All right; I can do it easily. But, I say, I'm going to turn in myself now — this confounded smoke makes my eyes heavy."

"But don't go to sleep," said Bill, "or I'll hev to crawl over an' dose 'em myself, an' I might give 'em too much." In half an hour the silence was broken only by an occasional crackling of the dying embers, the snoring of some of the sleepers, and the souging of the breeze through the branches of the lofty pines.

From The London Quarterly Review.
CHARITY IN THE EARLY CHURCH.*

THAT modern charity is the creation of Christianity has long been a commonplace of Christian teaching. The transformation in this respect is marvellous and hard to realize. "Old things have passed away, all things have become new." But the significance of the change can only be understood when the difference between the ancient and modern world is drawn out in detail. This is done by Dr. Uhlhorn, in the above-named work, with a completeness never attempted before. Dr. Uhlhorn is already favorably known by his kindred work, "The Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism." The subject of the present work is still more attractive, and is handled in a very broad, masterly manner. An outline of the argument will not be without profit.

The ancient world of heathenism forms the dark background against which the beneficence of Christianity shows in strong relief. "A world without love" is Dr. Uhlhorn's terrible but true description of it. The old world was not without liberality, the idea and reality of mutual help were not quite unknown, overwhelming calamities called forth practical sympa-

thy; but all phenomena of this kind do little towards disproving the truth of the above description. The forms which liberality took were such as entertainments and gifts to friends, the erection of baths, theatres, aqueducts, statues, and the like. The poor and needy, it is evident, were not thought of in such acts. It can scarcely be thought uncharitable to say that selfishness, rather than disinterestedness, underlay them. One's own reputation, or the reputation of one's friends and native city, was the motive in view.

At first sight there might seem to be considerable resemblance between Christian charity and the monthly distributions to the poor Roman citizens which were so marked a feature in the life of the old imperial city. Every citizen resident in Rome had a right to receive five bushels of wheat monthly, to which gifts of oil, salt, meat, and clothing were occasionally added. No condition was required beyond a declaration of Roman citizenship and residence in Rome. The question of need never arose. The institution grew to enormous dimensions. Its administration employed many officials. Cæsar found three hundred and twenty thousand recipients, and reduced them to one hundred and fifty thousand, which was made the maximum; but the tendency was constantly towards an increase of numbers. Septimius Severus added a dole of oil. Aurelian would have given pork and wine, if he had not been deterred by the remark of a prefect, that the people would soon expect cooked fowls. To the monthly distributions must be added the special largesses on such occasions as a coronation, an imperial birthday, triumph, etc. The amount varied from £2 to £50. At Cæsar's triumph the feast covered twenty-two thousand tables, and wine flowed in streams. But this whole system was one rather of waste and bribery than charity. It was meant to avert the discontent which is the mother of revolution. As long as the people were kept in good humor, despotism was safe. The provinces were plundered that the Roman citizen might live in idleness. No greater premium on idleness or discouragement to work could be devised. Pauperism never took a more demoralizing form than in ancient Rome. Much of the blame of the decline and fall of the empire must be laid at the door of this system.

A closer resemblance to some modern phenomena is seen in the *Collegia*, which were trade guilds and benefit societies. Such associations were found in all

* *Die christliche Liebesthätigkeit in der alten Kirche.* Von G. UHLHORN, D.D. Zweite Auflage. Stuttgart, 1882. [Christian Beneficence in the Ancient Church.] By G. UHLHORN, D.D. Second Edition.]

classes and trades. The members paid a monthly contribution. While provision for burial was a principal object, other objects were not wanting. There were club-feasts then as now. But of course the Collegia had as little of a charitable character as their modern representatives.

The nearest resemblance to Christian charity is to be found in the practice in the early days of Athens of giving two obols daily to the necessitous. Orphans of slain soldiers also were brought up at the cost of the State, and their property was exempted from taxation. In times of scarcity corn was distributed. These customs belonged to the earlier and better days of Athenian history. Afterwards a wholesale bribery of the people, as mischievous as that at Rome, came into practice.

In the later days of the Roman Empire we meet with some noble educational foundations, which breathe a truly humane spirit. Several of these were in honor of and named after wives of the emperors. One was for two hundred and forty-five boys and thirty-four girls, another for three hundred boys and two hundred girls. Still, such institutions are few, and it is impossible to say whether they were or were not partly due to Christian influence. However this may be, we rejoice in every indication of a gentler spirit amid the prevailing hardness and cruelty of the old world.

A still more obvious preparation for Christianity is to be seen in the Stoic doctrine of a common humanity and brotherhood. Such teaching was a great advance on previous ideas. Plato's Utopia has no room for beggars or beneficence. Beggars are to be simply excluded. If they are too weak to live, and therefore too weak to benefit the commonweal, let them die. The State, not the individual, is supreme. Aristotle's doctrine of liberality and friendship is not without selfish features. The liberal man gives because it is agreeable to do so. The Stoics, on the other hand, spoke of a common nature, which forms the ground of a certain equality. But they never succeeded in shaking off the pride and hardness by which they are known. Seneca, who wrote seven books on "Benefits," and said much about gratitude and ingratitude, condemns sympathy as weakness. "Old women sympathize, the wise man not. The latter helps the weeper, but weeps not with him." There is more of pride than love in his giving.

Thus the ancient world remains "a world without love." There are no hospitals, except for slaves and soldiers; no houses for the poor and aged, the widow and orphan. There is nothing approaching to an organized system of charity, precisely because the idea of the worth of the individual soul and of the unity which springs from religious faith is wanting. Boeckh says, "Mercy is no Hellenic virtue." Lactantius says: "Mercy and humanity are virtues peculiar to the righteous and to worshippers of God. Philosophy knows nothing of them." "Even in giving it was not the individual who was considered, but the State, the city, the body of citizens. But in helping the State, one is really helping one's own interests, because we need the State. Each individual is worth as much as he can aid in realizing the State-idea. Hence, the poor are nothing, really they are a burden to the State. Hence also the little interest taken in children."

The true preparation for Christian charity is to be found in Judaism. We wish it were possible for us to linger on the milder spirit breathing in the laws and institutions of the Mosaic economy, in such striking contrast with the rest of the world in this particular. If Christianity represents the noontide of love, Judaism was the dawn, as heathenism was the midnight. Charity is no mere incident in the history of Christianity, but its most characteristic feature, its abiding law. And this character it owes to the words and work of its founder. The Christian love, with sympathies wide and deep as human need, which has for ages been pouring itself out in acts of self-sacrifice such as the world never before saw, is simply the outflow of Christ's life. While the command, "Love thy neighbor," was no new one on Christ's lips, the position assigned to it was new. To coordinate it with love to God, and thus to incorporate morality in its highest form with religion, was to give it the highest possible sanction and impulse. Who can estimate the stimulus given to humanity in all ages by the parable of the Good Samaritan? Whether Christ meant in that parable to portray himself or not, the Church has always seen the Good Samaritan in him. The truest Christian philanthropists have consciously followed in his steps. "It is no play of fancy when we call Christian institutions by Bible names — a deaconesses' house 'Bethany,' a deaf and dumb institute 'Ephphatha,' an asylum for the fallen 'Magdalen.' We

mean by this to describe our work as a continuation of the Lord's work. He first healed the sick, the blind, the lepers, the deaf and dumb; he led back the fallen one to a good life, fed the hungry in the wilderness with bread; and each one of these works of his has become a seed-corn bringing forth fruit a thousandfold in the course of centuries. By doing all this in presence of the disciples, he educated them in charity. Even the drawing of woman into the work of charity—a thing of so great significance for the future of the Church—was prefigured. The Lord is surrounded by a circle of ministering women—the type of the deaconesses and other charitable women, in whom the history of the Church is so rich." Nor are there wanting deeper reasons which connect Christian charity directly with the teaching of Christ. The central truth of Christ's teaching is the new kingdom of God, which he founded upon earth, and which his followers are to extend. That kingdom is meant to embrace all mankind. Every human being is designed for membership in it. Whatever prevents or disqualifies for this blessed consummation is to be removed. In this doctrine is laid the deepest, strongest basis of universal charity. Every one is made his brother's keeper. Selfishness is branded as unchristian. Only by the exercise of charity of the most comprehensive kind can Christ's declared purpose be carried into effect. All artificial distinctions vanish before this equality of blessing and privilege in the kingdom of God. The Church is God's realized kingdom, but the whole world is his kingdom potentially.

Passing over the Apostolic Church of the New Testament, we have briefly to notice two stages in the history of early Christian charity—that before and that after the triumph of Christianity under Constantine. The first period is well described as the period of first love, a love characterized by its freshness, spontaneity, and energy. Exhortations to the duty were not needed, and they are not found. No reference to merit or reward, or to the effect on the giver, appears. The Church was yet small enough to retain the family feeling, at least during the early part of this period. The consciousness of weakness and the stern reality of persecution helped still further to confirm the unity and deepen the mutual sympathy of believers. At first there was no need of separate houses for the sick and orphans, "when every Christian house

offered shelter to Christian travellers, and every Christian was ready to succor those in need." The sound views taught by Christianity as to labor and wealth had an important effect on charity. The healthy teaching of the New Testament on these subjects was repeated and emphasized by Christian teachers. If labor was not exactly represented as a divine vocation, it was held to be honorable and necessary. The Apostles themselves were held up as examples. Wealth was not condemned in itself. Its moral dangers only, especially in times of persecution, were pointed out. Riches and poverty neither qualified nor disqualified for a place among Christians. They were simply indifferent.

The means for the support of the poor were drawn from two sources—monthly and afterwards weekly, contributions by the church-members, and the oblations or offerings at the Eucharist. The name given to the former by Tertullian is *stips*, in allusion to the monthly contributions in the old Collegia. The church-box for the reception of the gifts he calls *arca*, with a similar allusion. Instead of *arca*, Cyprian uses *corbona*, with a Jewish reference. These regular contributions were acknowledgments of the society character of the Church, and have their analogies still. But undoubtedly it was the Eucharistic oblations which had the greatest influence. Never before were poverty and the poor brought into such sacred relations. Of course the support of the poor was only one of the purposes to which these gifts were applied. The funds for the support of the Church generally came from this source. Still it was one purpose. We may remark incidentally that the time for the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the earliest period was the evening, in connection with the Agape, as is intimated in 1 Cor. xi. Only in the second century was the supper, for fear of abuse, separated from the Agape, and transferred to the morning. The old liturgies preserve the prayers offered on such occasions. Thus, "Receive, O Lord, the offerings of those who now bring an offering. As thou didst receive the offering of righteous Abel, the offering of our father Abraham, the incense of Zacharias, the alms of Cornelius, and the two mites of the widow, so receive their offerings, giving them back the eternal for the temporal, the heavenly for the earthly." And again, "Remember, O Lord, those who offer thee these gifts, and those for whom and for whose benefit

they offer them. Remember, O Lord, those who bear fruit and do good works in thy holy Church, and who remember the poor. Reward them with thy riches and heavenly gifts. Give them the heavenly for the earthly, the eternal for the temporal, the imperishable for the perishable." By such association with the most solemn act of worship the last vestige of disgrace was swept away from the condition of the poor. The rich man gave to God, the poor man received from God. It is important to notice that in these earliest days the gifts formed the sacrifice, not the consecrated elements. It was not long indeed before the idea was transferred to the latter, but this was an innovation. Nor did the primitive Church fail to pray "for those who give secretly and those who give publicly, for those who give much and those who give little, and also for those who would give and cannot." When the ordinary means were insufficient, or special need arose, collections were made. Cyprian made a collection for the imprisoned Christians in Numidia, amounting to nearly nine hundred pounds, and sends with the money a list of the contributors, "in order that you may remember in your prayers the brethren and sisters who have so gladly and quickly co-operated in such a good work, and a recompense may be given them." The same fact throws some light on the amount of the charity of the early Church. The Carthaginian Church cannot well have exceeded four thousand souls, and these included many poor. That a Church of this size should raise so much in a short time for a special need in another Church, says much for its liberality. According to a notice in Eusebius, fifteen hundred widows and needy persons were supported by the Church in Rome. Reckoning by the old scale of five bushels of wheat monthly, this implies a yearly expenditure of £3,750.

The distribution took place through the deacons as the organs first of the presbyters, and afterwards of the bishops. The deacons had no independent position in this matter, but acted as at once the eye and ear and hand of the bishop, who was responsible only to God. They reported cases of need to the bishop, who then decided on the help to be given. In the third century we read of sub-deacons. Dr. Uhlhorn thinks that there were no deaconesses at first, the recognized widows doing the work afterwards assigned to deaconesses. Up to the end of the third century deaconesses are only men-

tioned once, namely, in Pliny's letter to Trajan. Neither the Apostolic Fathers, nor Tertullian, nor Cyprian, refer to them. But widows are constantly mentioned. The reference in 1 Tim. v. is plainly to widows in some recognized position. Ignatius greets them, placing them immediately after the deacons. Clement of Alexandria puts them among the Church officials, while Tertullian describes their position at length. They are aged widows, of exemplary life, who have decided to remain unmarried. They take a certain oversight of the women and children of the Church, and are supported by the Church. Towards the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth century they are everywhere replaced by deaconesses. The reasons of the change cannot be indicated with certainty. One reason undoubtedly was the growing honor paid to the unmarried state. The ascetic spirit began to show itself very early, and gained ground rapidly. A curious indication of the change is seen in the difference on this point between the genuine and the interpolated Ignatian epistles. Whereas in the former the widows follow the deacons immediately, in the latter the deacons are followed by the subordinate clergy, these by the deaconesses, these again by the virgins, and last of all come the widows. Other reasons leading to the same change were the growth of the priestly idea, and the increasing pomp and ceremony of worship. At first the widows were a sort of presbyters to the women. But when the presbyter became a priest, the widow lost in dignity because unable to offer sacrifice. Her functions then became subordinate. For some cause or other, deaconesses were much more common in the East than in the West. A form of ordination was observed in their appointment. Their duties corresponded to those of deacons; they were doorkeepers in the churches, and distributed alms to the poor.

The Agapæ still continue, gradually changing in character. They become less and less feasts of the whole Church, more and more meals for the poor members. The disorders to which the institution seemed peculiarly liable, and which are noticed even in 1 Cor. xi., led to many special regulations, and eventually to the disuse of the custom. According to Clement of Alexandria the feasts took place on Sunday evening. After the deacon has lighted the lamp, the bishop prays for the poor and the host who has

invited them. No one begins to eat before the presbyter. All eat quietly; nothing is said unless the bishop or presbyter asks a question. Psalms are sung, and the guests quietly depart. All this is different from the earliest Agapæ, and is yet a remnant of those gatherings.

The care of the widow and orphan was always regarded as a sacred duty by the Church. It seems likely that as early as the second century there were separate homes for widows. Only widows of sixty years of age, of good character, who promised to remain unmarried, were entered on the list. Others received help in case of need. The orphans were the special charge of the bishop or presbyter, who had to arrange for the training and marriage of the girl, and for the boys being taught a trade. Origen was adopted by a Christian woman on his father's martyrdom. The infant of the martyr Felicitas also found a second mother. Tertullian is fond of contrasting the cruelty of heathenism in the exposure of children with the new spirit of Christianity which branded as murder, not merely such exposure, but the neglect to provide for children so exposed. In times of pestilence and famine the courage and humanity of the Christians formed a bright contrast to the fear and selfishness of the heathen at such times. Both Cyprian and Eusebius tell us that many Christians lost their lives through waiting on the plague-stricken and dying. After describing the conduct of the Christians in Alexandria, Eusebius says: "With the heathen all was different. Those who began to be sick they forsook: they fled from their dearest friends; the half-dead they cast into the streets from fear of infection, which yet they could not escape; they left the dead unburied." The burial of the dead also was looked on as a work of mercy. "We cannot endure," says Lactantius, "that the image and creature of God should be thrown a prey to wild beasts and birds, but return it to the earth, whence it was taken."

Mindful of the Lord's words, "I was in prison and ye came unto me," Christians were assiduous in visiting prisoners of all kinds—criminals, debtors, war-captives, slaves.

The action of Christianity on slavery was indirect, rather than direct. Slavery was not condemned as sinful in itself. The master and his slave might both be Christians, like Philemon and Onesimus. But the spirit of the relation was changed on both sides. "The slave served differ-

ently and the master ruled differently from what they did before." Emancipation became more and more common, but it was voluntary, not authoritatively enforced. Clement of Alexandria says: "Slaves are not to be treated like beasts, but the Christian master is to treat his Christian slave like a son or a brother because of their community of faith." Callistus rose from being a slave to be Bishop of Rome. Slaves who died a martyr's death were honored like other martyrs. The spiritual equality thus created was very real, and the equality of condition followed in due time.

Times of persecution made new demands on charity. Christians condemned to imprisonment, exile, fine, confiscation, and the mines, had to be succored. Those condemned to the mines were most to be pitied. The majority soon succumbed to the hardship and outrage which were their lot. Among Cyprian's letters are several from Christians in the mines, expressing thanks for sympathy and help. Many a brave confessor must have been consoled by the knowledge that his family was cared for by the Church. At the close of one letter a slave sends special greeting to his master.

New scope and meaning were given to hospitality. It was no longer shown to illustrious guests merely, but to Christian brethren. Of a bishop it was required that he should be "given to hospitality." To guard against deceit notes of recommendation, signed by the bishop, were used.

It would be wrong to overlook the shadows which began to creep over the Church, even in these early days. Then were sown the germs which afterwards bore evil fruit. The exaggerated notions of the merit of celibacy and voluntary poverty do not concern us here. We only need notice the errors bearing on charity. On this as on other points Cyprian is the chief offender. No wonder that he is such a favorite with Romish and High Church divines. Even if Origen and Tertullian scarcely understood the full meaning of some of their casual expressions, this can scarcely be said of the elaborate teaching of the African bishop and martyr. According to him, while all sin previous to baptism is washed away in baptism, all sin afterwards needs other means of removal, and these are prayer and alms. Prayer borrows its efficacy from almsgiving. "He who on the day of judgment will reward works and alms, will even now favorably hear prayer which

is conjoined with alms." "Good is a prayer accompanied by fasting and alms." Cyprian's chief appeal is to the Apocrypha. His ideas on this subject are Jewish rather than Christian. He makes Luke xi. 41 mean that the heart is cleansed by means of alms. His teaching was taken up by other writers, handed on to the Middle Ages, and there elaborated into a great system of salvation by works. The temptation to postpone baptism as long as possible contained in such a doctrine was largely yielded to. Charity was poisoned in its very springs. The motive was no longer the benefit of the receiver, but the benefit of the giver. The giver sought in this way to atone for his sins and secure heaven. Not all the vastness and splendor of a beneficence based on such grounds should blind us to its essentially selfish and pernicious character.

In passing to the second period, beginning with the days of Constantine, we must note the general character of the period. It is a pitiable scene which lies before us, nothing less than a world in dissolution. The process took centuries. That great empire of iron died hard. We see the paralysis which precedes death invading part after part. If anything can make the scene more pitiable, it is the unconsciousness of the chief actors in the drama. They do not dream that they are standing by the deathbed of the old world with its literature and heroisms. Great Christian teachers, like Ambrose and Augustine, are confident that Christianity will be able to renew the youth of the vast organism. But the old world was too deeply saturated with heathenism for its renovation to be possible even to the divine forces of the Gospel. Every part of its life—literary, social, political, religious—was penetrated with evil. It had to perish as completely as the older world in the deluge. Well that Christianity was present to smooth its passage to the grave, to ease the transition from the old to the new order of things, and to delay the end until the nations who were to be the progenitors of the modern world were fitted by Christian training to do their part. The new wine was poured into old bottles, and burst them. But it was also poured into new bottles, which with the wine were preserved. In one respect indeed Christianity helped the process of decay. In former days religion and the State were one. But union between Christianity and a heathen State was impossible. A Christian's

citizenship was in heaven. The Church gradually became a State within a State. The young life and energy, withdrawn from one, were given to the other. "Thus, the Church increases, whilst the State decreases. One may even say, the Church absorbs the State. A glance at the age shows that the real life is on the side of the Church; the State growing old, the Church in the freshness of youth; on the side of the State increasing torpor, on the side of the Church multiplying energy and influence; there a slavish race crushed by despotism, here a sense of freedom." "It is a dying world which we have before us. Everywhere dissolution. There is the greyness of age in the physiognomy of the times. Population decreases in numbers and strength. Industry, trade, art, science—all is in decay. Financial perplexities increase, the burdens which the people have to bear grow more and more intolerable. What is worst, morality sinks deeper and deeper. Unchastity, even unnatural lusts, rise to a higher pitch. A half-barbaric luxury squanders the property still left."

There can scarcely be a clearer proof of the decay of the native forces of the empire than the fact that the real work of defending it and carrying on its work fell more and more into the hands of the barbarians. The ranks of the legions were filled, not with home-born Romans, but with those strangers who might have said, as Tertullian said in the name of the Christians of his day, "We are but of yesterday, and we are found everywhere." A thoughtful observer must also have been struck by the contrast of extravagant wealth and hopeless poverty. The court and nobility revelled in more than Oriental pomp and luxury, while the masses were ground down by ever-increasing taxation. The court was surrounded by an army of officials, the governors of provinces and their satellites ruled like the worst of modern pashas, the people sank deeper and deeper in wretchedness. The emperor Julian himself says that a court barber was dressed like a privy councillor. A senator, Symmachus, spent £400,000 on a feast to celebrate the prætorship of his son. Another called Maximus spent £800,000 on a similar occasion. As to the taxation, while it amounted in Vespasian's days to six or seven shillings a head throughout the empire, in later times the land-tax alone in Gaul amounted to about fifty shillings per head. Officials were constantly inventing new methods of raising money.

Torture and imprisonment were common. Many fled or committed suicide in order to escape the burden. Others gave up house and home in despair, and betook themselves to beggary, or sold themselves into practical slavery. Laws were made to bind people to their place and business. Farmers, who could not run away so easily, were the worst off. In Campania one-eighth of the whole cultivable land lay waste. The simple phrase *gleba adscripti* tells a sad tale.

It was in such circumstances that the Church had to carry on its work of beneficence. The Church was the only power which attempted to relieve the prevailing misery. In this period Christian charity assumes altogether a new character. In some respects such a change was inevitable. The vast dimensions to which the work grew entailed corresponding changes in mode and organization. The simple arrangements of earlier times could no longer cope with increasing needs. The *Agapæ*, which had long been declining, entirely disappeared. They had formerly been held in the churches. This was now forbidden, and they soon drop out of sight. In a large mixed community it was no longer possible to continue the family feeling. The charity was now administered on a wholesale scale, and required corresponding arrangements. Individual care was impossible.

There are many indications of the immense needs pressing upon the Church. Chrysostom speaks of ten thousand Christians in a constituency of one hundred thousand who needed help. Among these ten thousand were three thousand widows and virgins. In the days of John the Almoner the list of poor at Alexandria held seventy-five hundred names. At Rome it formed a large volume. This only included the poor in the Church. In addition there was the vast mass of suffering outside. Chrysostom tells of the crowds of beggars he met on his way to church. Gregory of Nyssa speaks of their gathering in troops and trying to excite sympathy, one stretching out his crippled hand, another pointing to his emaciated stomach, a third to his cancerous limb. Justinian limited the number of deacons at the Church of St. Sophia, Constantinople, to one hundred, and of deaconesses to forty.

New sources of supply had to be opened up. One of these was found in legacies. The ancient laws which permitted bequests to certain gods and temples were transferred to the Church. Just as for-

merly it was a custom to leave bequests to friends, to eminent men, and above all to the emperor, so now it became a custom to leave something to the Church. In old Rome it was almost regarded as high treason to forget the emperor in a will. The same feeling now existed in reference to the Church. Other motives were freely applied. As we shall presently see, the dying were urged on the most selfish grounds to make liberal bequests to the Church. We do not care, with Dr. Uhlhorn, to quote Salvian's exhortations on this subject. Dr. Uhlhorn truly says that Salvian paints in strong colors, and is therefore scarcely a fair representative of the teaching of his time. But there can be little doubt that much of the revenue of the Church came from such legacies, and that the motive very often was to make satisfaction for sin. Valentinian I. was obliged to make a law fixing the limits of such bequests.

In this and other ways the property of the Church grew apace. Bishops proved themselves to be efficient administrators. Modern complaints about the secular business falling on Christian ministers remind us of similar complaints in earlier days. Gregory the Great tells of the worry he has in the administration and letting of property, the purchase and sale of goods. He advises that the rearing of horses should be limited, as the horsekeepers cost so much, and the gain is so little, not forgetting to say what is to be done with the harness in possession. In the fifth century the Church was the largest landed proprietor. In Gregory's time the Church at Rome had extensive property, not only in Italy and Sicily, but also in Gaul and the East. The Churches at Milan and Alexandria were exceedingly wealthy. In reply to the exhortations which Damasus addressed to the præfect Prætextatus to become a Christian, the latter said, "Make me Bishop of Rome, and I will become a Christian at once." On the other hand, it would be most mistaken and unjust to suppose that the property was used for any other than right purposes. It was not merely the poor, but the whole work of the Church, which had to be supported out of the means thus obtained. And many thought, as many no doubt think still, that the great officers of the Church should vie with the great officers of State in the rank and external appearance which so greatly impress the multitude. The honor of religion was supposed to be involved in the matter. Unworthy bishops formed the exception

in the early days of which we are now speaking. Alienation of Church property was strictly forbidden. Ambrose, Basil, Epiphanius, Paulinus, gave their private property to the Church for the poor. This indeed was the rule with bishops. Chrysostom and Augustine lived themselves in the simplest, even barest, way. Taunted by a Roman noble with the wealth of the bishops, Ambrose replied, "They who talk to us in this way, why do they not spend their incomes like us? The Church possesses nothing but the poor. Its only possession is the support of the poor. Let them point to the prisoners whom their temples have ransomed, to the poor whom they nourish, to those plunged in misery whom they support. And because that which would otherwise go to the priests is applied to the public weal, therefore, say they, public calamities come." The bishop was the chief dispenser of alms. Dr. Uhlhorn says: "It is a strange spectacle to see a bishop in the midst of the hungry giving alms every day with open hand, every one looking for help from him, and receiving as much as possible—the poor Roman driven by the barbarians from house and home, the German also, for the first time touched by the mild breath of Christian love, and visited with surmings of the divine compassion therein reflected; a bishop with whom the stranger finds an asylum, and the sick succor, who sells the church vessels, the silver and gold vessels of the Eucharist, in order to ransom prisoners, and himself lives a poor man's life in his own house in order to teach the poor that the Church's property belongs only to them—a Basil, who himself tends the sick and lepers; a Chrysostom, who, living simply and modestly amid Byzantine luxury, feeds seven thousand poor daily; an Ambrose, who, a proud Roman and withal a humble Christian, resists an emperor and condescends to every poor man; an Augustine, who desires no other clothing than what he can give to any brother; a Gregory, who carries on his heart all the need of the age, and yet grieves when an individual dies in Rome of hunger."

Another consequence of the changed condition of the times was the decline of the diaconate. The place of the deacons as dispensers of the Church's alms was taken by a series of other officers, at the head of whom stood the bishop's œconomus, or steward. The work of the deacons was so limited to the minor services of worship, that the very consciousness

of their ancient functions was lost in the Church.

Notwithstanding all these provisions, the clamorous need of the age was far from being fully met. The appeals to Christians to exercise private charity, in addition to what the Church does, are continuous and urgent. Every Christian preacher has something to say on the subject. Motives of humanity, justice, gratitude are appealed to; excuses of all kinds are refuted. Augustine says: "Give, then, to the poor, I beseech you, I exhort you, I command you. For I will not conceal why I thought it necessary to preach this sermon. In coming to church and going away, the poor call on me and pray me to ask you to give. They press me to speak to you, and when they see that they receive nothing from you, they suppose that my labor with you is in vain. They expect something from you. I give all I have, all I can; but am I able to meet their need? Because I am unable to satisfy their need, I am their ambassador to you. You have heard the Gospel, you have said, 'God be praised;' you have received the seed, you have repeated the words. Your praises oppress me; I bear them and tremble under them. But, my brethren, your praises are mere leaves, fruit is asked of you." Perhaps no more than rhetoric is meant when Augustine makes God say, "Thou hast Me as a giver, now make Me thy debtor. Thou givest me little, I will give thee back much. Thou givest Me the earthly, I will requite thee with the heavenly. Thou givest Me the temporal, I will return thee the eternal. I will give thee thyself in giving thee back to Myself." "Lay up thy gold above, trust it not to thy servant, but to thy God." Chrysostom is constantly preaching on charity. "Every day, it is said to me, you are talking of alms. Yes, verily, and I will not cease speaking of them. Were you as well taught as I wish, I would still speak of them, in order to preserve you from growing slack. But when you are still only half-way, whose is the fault? Is an untaught scholar to complain of his master's repetitions?" Nazianzen cries, "If you will hear me, ye servants of Christ, brethren and fellow-heirs, let us, while there is time, care for Christ, nourish Christ, clothe Christ, receive Christ, honor Christ." Basil, Ambrose, Gregory, use similar language.

We have now to notice that the errors, which began to appear in the former period, are further developed. The devel

opment, indeed, was not complete until the Middle Ages, but little more remained to be added. Much that is quoted from Chrysostom, Leo, Gregory, and even Salvian, in praise of the merit of almsgiving may be set down as heedless rhetoric. But after every allowance has been made, enough of deadly error is left. The intrinsic connection between faith and good works seems to have been utterly forgotten by the Church. The nature of faith itself was misunderstood. It was reduced to a mere intellectual assent, love supplying the emotional element. Faith and love were treated as independent co-ordinate powers. We have here also to note the gradual nature of the progress in error. Augustine divided sin into three kinds, very heavy, heavy, and light. Forgiveness for the first must be obtained by Church penance, the second by brotherly admonition, the third by prayer and almsgiving. The latter class includes sins of infirmity, like harsh words or immoderate laughter. Such satisfactions only avail for believers who are endeavoring to live a Christian life. Augustine's threefold division soon gave way to a twofold division, mortal and venial. It was strenuously maintained, as the Romish Church teaches still, that God remits the guilt, but not the penalty. The latter must still be borne or expiated. It was also constantly held that the virtue was not in the gift, but in the disposition from which the gift springs. Thus Gregory the Great says: "Although in this work all gifts are not the same, the love must be the same. For the liberality of believers is not estimated by the weight of the gifts, but by the greatness of the love of good-will. The wealthy may be richer in his gift, but the poor is not behind him in love. For although a greater harvest is expected from a greater sowing, yet rich fruit of righteousness may spring from a scanty sowing." Augustine says: "In Matt. xxv. Christ means only those who give to hungry Christians as Christians, who give to Christ himself." But these and many other cautions and qualifications could not neutralize the error taught as to the efficacy of almsgiving. Ambrose says: "Alms are, so to speak, a second bath of the soul, so that, when a man has sinned after baptism through weakness, this means remains to him to cleanse himself by alms." Gregory specifies prayers, fasting, almsgiving, as good works. "Fasting is good, but almsgiving is better. If any one can do both, both are good; but if he cannot do both, almsgiving is best.

If it is impossible to fast, almsgiving is enough. Fasting with almsgiving is doubly good." We might quote much more to the same effect. All that was necessary to complete the circle of error was to extend the efficacy of good works into the next life by the doctrine of purgatory; and this was done. To tell people that they could secure eternal life for themselves and their friends by charity, was to urge indeed the most powerful motive possible, but the mischief was enormous. It was to preach "another Gospel" with a vengeance. The corruption of the Middle Ages was the result. Our author well says: "Alms have entirely changed their character. They are no longer a moral duty, but a religious; alms are given, not in reference to our neighbor, to serve and help him in love, but in reference to oneself, in order thereby to influence our own relation to God and to obtain reward." But we gladly turn to more pleasing themes.

Even the deep shadows just pointed out must not be allowed to hide from us the great services of the Church during these ages. Dr. Uhlhorn justly says: "Nothing is farther from me than the wish to depreciate the charity of that age. On the contrary, I stand amazed before the lofty forms it produced; before these bishops who daily open their hands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, living simply and meagrely themselves; before these men who give away millions and themselves choose poverty; before this circle of noble women, whose whole life was one series of doing good. It would be to do them the greatest injustice not to acknowledge that what lived in them was really genuine Christian love streaming from the cross into their hearts. Nor did they stop at giving away their means; personal service was added. But we do them no injustice in measuring them by the standard of the Gospel, which was itself the source and strength of their life, and then with all our astonishment we must concede that their charity is no longer sound."

Let us take a few living examples. First in the East. Macrina, the sister of Basil, was betrothed, but her betrothed dying, she devoted herself to a life of religion and charity. Collecting others like-minded around her, some from higher, some from lower, circles of society, she spent her fortune in doing good. Especially during a time of scarcity was she a blessing to many. Olympia, the faithful friend of Chrysostom, rich, clever, beauti-

ful, much admired and sought after, preferred, on the death of her husband, the præfect of Constantinople, although but eighteen years old, to remain a widow and live for God and her brethren. The emperor Theodosius would fain have married her, and tried to force her consent by assuming the management of her property. On her thanking him for the relief, he restored the property. Chrysostom was the guide of her beneficence, and when the archbishop was exiled, Olympia still remained his friend. She was one of the most natural characters of the age. Charity was not with her a mere amusement. Nonna, the mother of Gregory of Nazianzen gave her all to feed the poor, and, if it had been possible, would have sold herself and children for the same purpose. Nor was this without the love of which St. Paul speaks, for she died while praying at the altar. Her daughter, Gregoria, inherited her spirit. She was a plain citizen's wife in Iconium. Gregory says of her: "She was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a mother to the orphan. Her house was a common inn for all sufferers."

Let us also take a few examples from the West. Nothing is more surprising in the last quarter of the fourth century than the number of the descendants of old Roman families who gave themselves to lives of self-denial and charity. The Marcelli, Scipios, Gracchi, Julii, Fabii figure among Christian names. The ascetic tinge is strong indeed, but this was almost inevitable in those days. Perhaps it is also partly explained by the fact that Jerome's influence was powerful with this circle of Roman Christians. The most prominent figure in this circle was Paula, related to the Scipios, Gracchi, and Julii. Her charity to the poor certainly bordered on, if it did not fall into, extravagance. When remonstrated with for her profusion, she replied that she only wished to die a beggar, and be buried in a pauper-shroud. Accompanied by her daughter Eustochia she went to the Holy Land, and settled in Bethlehem, to live and die near the cradle of the Lord. There she built a house for pilgrims, and a cloister. Another daughter, Paulina, married to the senator Pammachius, followed in her mother's steps. After his wife's death Pammachius devoted himself and his wealth to the cause of the poor. Fabiola, married to a rich spendthrift, got a divorce from him. Then, smitten with sorrow for her sin, she did public penance, and resolved to live for the poor and wretched. She built the first house for the sick in Rome,

often herself carrying them into the house, washing and binding up their wounds, and refreshing them with food. Paulinus of Nola is a famous name. Immensely rich, highly cultured, consul in the year 378, he decided, on the death of his only son, to withdraw from the world along with his wife Theresia. He settled finally at Nola, which became the centre of attraction, not only for crowds of sufferers from all quarters, but also for many others who heard of and admired his good deeds. Once, it is said, in an attack of Vandals, after all his means were exhausted in ransoming captives, he himself took the place of a widow's son, and was carried away to Africa. He was engaged in correspondence with all the great men of his day. His devotion to relics and saints was part of the growing superstition of the age.

One of the most interesting memorials of early days is to be found in the inscriptions on tombs. They bring before us, not merely the great and famous, but simple, ordinary Christians. The earliest inscriptions are the simplest. "The name, the age, the day of burial, at most a brief expression of Christian hope — a symbol, the fish, the dove, a palm-branch — this is all." After the fourth century there is less simplicity. The virtues of the deceased are commemorated. A few inscriptions bear on the present subject. A certain Junianus is called a "lover of the poor," and his wife Virginia "a lover of the poor, and zealous in well-doing." We read of a Christian man: "The orphan and widow had in him a father;" and of a Christian woman: "Noble in birth, rich in possessions, she was the mother of the poor." "Gentle to the poor" is a frequently occurring phrase; and it is said of a merchant, "He was a shelter to the wretched, and a haven to the poor." Of Bishop Namatius of Vienna, who died in 522, it is said: "The poor man went away from him rejoicing, the naked left him clothed, the prisoner rejoiced in being made free." On the grave of another we read: "Giving away everything to the stranger, the widow, the prisoner, he went, enriched by sacred poverty, to the stars." Other inscriptions are: "He conquered avarice, which usually conquers all," "He sent his treasures beforehand to heaven," "He sent what he had over and above to heaven." The errors already noticed are also reflected in the inscriptions.

The two great institutions, the founding of which belongs to the present period, are hospitals and monasteries. The only

hospitals in heathen antiquity were for slaves and soldiers, and perhaps for gladiators. The rise of hospitals is wrapped in obscurity. No doubt the motive causes were two, the great increase of distress and suffering due to the character of the age, and at the same time the strong tendency to organization in every line. Every trade had its organization. It is also pretty certain that hospitals arose by differentiation out of the early homes for travellers and the poor. Indeed, it was only by degrees that the division and classification were carried out. For a long time poverty and sickness were provided for by the same means. The institution came from the East, as the earliest names indicate: xenodochia (houses for strangers), nosocomia (houses for the sick), cherotrophia (houses for widows), orphanotrophia (houses for orphans), brephotrophia (houses for infants), gerontocomia (houses for old men), ptochotrophia (poor-houses), pandochia (houses for pilgrims). The names were transferred to the West with the things. The words *hospitia* and *hospitals* afterwards replaced these foreign titles. About A.D. 370 Basiliius founded the famous hospital of Cæsarea, called Basilias, after him. It assumed the form, and almost the dimensions, of a town. A church stood in the centre, and around it were houses arranged in the form of streets for the poor and sick, for the different officials and servants, and also for workshops. We read of similar institutions about the same time in Cappadocia and Pontus, in Edessa, Antioch, Ephesus, Alexandria, and Constantinople. Du Cange mentions thirty-five hospitals of all kinds in the latter city. The first hospitals in the West were those founded by Fabiola in Rome and Pammachius in Portus. Jerome calls this "a transplanting of a twig of the terebinth of Abraham to the Ausonian shore." There were no xenodochia in Milan in Ambrose's days. Augustine speaks of them as new things. He had one built in a garden belonging to him. Pope Symmachus (498-514) built three in Rome. Belisarius built and endowed a large one in Rome. In the sixth century there was a very large one in Lyons.

The means of support were drawn largely from the Church revenues. There were also large private subscriptions and special collections. The State also contributed. Many hospitals were privately endowed. As the Church was the largest supporter, it was natural that the management should fall to the Church and the

bishops. All hospitals, whatever their origin, were under the bishop's jurisdiction. He appointed the officers, received the reports, and directed the management. We imagine that those among us who are most jealous of ecclesiastical control in the present day would allow that no other course was possible in those days. The letters of Gregory the Great enable us to see how the bishops fulfilled their trust. "In Sardinia a xenodochium has fallen into decay. He orders its restoration. In Naples a certain Isidorus has left a legacy for the erection of a xenodochium. The 'defensor' is to see that the will is carried out. If the legacy is insufficient for the purpose, it is to be applied to the existing Xenodochium of St. Theodore. In Cagliari the accounts of the different xenodochia are no longer submitted to the bishops as formerly. The bishop is to see that this is done, and to take care that trustworthy officials are appointed." An inscription found in Africa, which probably stood over a xenodochium, runs, "The door of this house is open to the poor and strangers." Two ruins of ancient pandochia have recently been discovered in central Syria. One is in Deir Sem'an, consecrated, according to an inscription over the portal, on July 22, 479. This is the place where Simeon Stylites performed his singular exploit of living for years on a pillar. A still finer building of the same kind is in Turmanin. It is a stately building, in direct connection with a church, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade, and contains a large hall in two stories.

Among the hospital servants in the East were the parabolani, whose proper duty was to carry the sick to the hospital and wait on them there. But from some cause or other the parabolani were notorious as leaders of riot and turbulence. They seem to have been the "rowdies" of Church synods, using their fists as arguments. Perhaps they suggested the modern reference to those who "prove their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks." Let us hope that the parabolani were not fair representatives of an ancient hospital staff. We are told that Placilla, the wife of Theodosius the Great, herself not only visited the hospitals, but waited on the inmates.

Monasteries were not only schools of industry, but also homes of charity. Like hospitals, they came from the East. The chief cause of their institution undoubtedly was the failure of the Church to leaven the old heathen world with Chris-

tianity. Heathenism penetrated into the Church. Much of the common Christian life of the day was a compound of both systems. Heathen customs were perpetuated in Christian forms — a fact which Dean Stanley was fond of illustrating, perhaps with some exaggeration. Christian mothers used amulets, merely substituting a piece of a Bible or Gospel. None lamented this state of things more than the great Church teachers. We can thus easily understand how the notion arose that no one could live a perfect Christian life without withdrawing from the world. The world was practically given over to the power of evil. That such a doctrine was false, and such a course mistaken, every Protestant at least would allow. We have only here to note how the mistake was overruled for good. We do not need to dwell on the secondary causes indicated by Dr. Uhlhorn, such as the influence of ancient ideas respecting the incompatibility of an ideal and practical life, although it is interesting to note that an ascetic life was at first often called a "philosophic" life. At first the ascetic life was preferred as affording scope for "contemplation," but this feature soon gave way to another. Labor in some form or other became the note of the monkish life. The monasteries were really the arks in which the civilization of the ancient world was saved from perishing with that world. The Christianity which had failed to leaven the ancient world of heathenism was to issue from these retreats and leaven the new world reared on the ruins of the old. By labor the monks obtained means for dispensing charity. Both in the East and West the monasteries are generally scenes of industry. Jerome said: "A working monk is tormented by one evil spirit, an idle one by countless evil spirits." We find the Eastern monks engaged in weaving, basket-making, cultivating fields and gardens. Monastic labor, however, never reached the dimensions in the East which it did in the West. Here it had a long and fruitful, we may even say glorious, history. Augustine's teaching was decisive on this subject as on many others. He ridicules monkish idleness in biting words, and applies the Apostolic law of working and eating to the monks in full force. According to the Benedictine rule, meditation and labor receive each due attention. Seven times a day the brethren assemble in the church at the canonical hours. The rest of the day is given to meditation and toil. The day begins

with four hours' toil, then follow two hours devoted to reading the Scripture or good books. After the midday meal there is a time of rest, then again work till the evening meal, and again a brief period of work till bedtime. Cultivation of the land formed a large part of monkish labor in the West. "The cloisters are everywhere the advanced posts of cultivation; they make roads and build bridges; and from the monks the Franks and the other German races learnt cultivation of the soil, manufactures, and art."

After providing for the support of the monastery, the revenue was applied to the relief of need of all kinds. In the West this was done by fixed rule. According to the rule of Benedict the steward of the monastery is to look after the children, the sick, the strangers, and poor. The doorkeeper is to greet every beggar and stranger with "God be praised." Poor and strangers are to be received with respect and carefully provided for, because Christ is received in them. The prior is to eat with them, and even to break fast for their sakes, except on great fast-days. "For near and far the cloister was a source of blessing. In times of scarcity, of barbarian invasion, it was the cloisters which saved the sad remnant of the people from starvation, protected them, and gave them new heart. Benedict himself did not hesitate, in a famine in Campania, to divide all the stores of the cloister of Monte Casino among the poor, trusting God to replenish them. An abbot, Suranus, did the same in upper Italy on an incursion of Longobards. And when the floods of the national migrations had settled down, the cloisters became the centres of a new civilization, and the monks the teachers of the young nations." We must also bear in mind the connection between the monastery and hospital. Their histories are interwoven. They were both worked together, often in the same place, and by the same persons. Both at first were dependent on the bishop, and both gradually acquired independence of episcopal jurisdiction.

There are several subordinate ways in which the Church exercised its beneficence. It is no mean glory that through all these ages Christianity was found on the side of the oppressed. No doubt there were instances of priestly arrogance, but these were exceptions. In days when whole nations lay at the mercy of irresponsible despotisms, the Church was the only refuge to which the weak and oppressed could look. In the course

of time, indeed, the Church itself became a tyrant; but this was long after the days now under consideration. The Church was the only power of which emperors and governors stood in awe. The Gregories, Basils, Chrysostoms, Augustines, Ambroses, exerted their matchless eloquence on the side of clemency. Bishops were always the friends of the oppressed. The conduct of Ambrose in forbidding Theodosius to enter the church until he had done penance for the massacres at Thessalonica is typical. When all Antioch was trembling before the emperor's wrath, the bishop Flavian went to Constantinople to intercede; Chrysostom comforted the people in his "Pillar Orations," and a monk seized the reins of the judge in the streets with the words: "Say to the emperor, You are not the sole emperor; you are only a man, and reign over equals. Human nature has been made after God's image; therefore, let not God's image be effaced with such cruel barbarity."

However subject to abuse afterwards, the right of asylum attached to churches was no mean protection in those days. It was never meant to shelter gross crimes, but simply to check hasty vengeance, and afford time for negotiations. The right first attached only to the altar, but was afterwards extended to a circle of thirty steps round the church. The attitude of the Church to slavery was not one of absolute hostility. Churches, monasteries, bishops, possessed slaves. What the Church did was, by teaching and discipline, to enforce the right treatment of slaves. Chrysostom allows that slaves have faults, but reminds that there are better means of improving them than the stick. "They are inclined to drunkenness: take from them the opportunity to get drunk. They are inclined to impurity; marry them. This slave is thy sister in Christ. Has she not an immortal soul like thee? Has she not been honored by the Lord himself? Does she not sit with thee at one table of the Lord?" The emancipation of slaves was also commended. This was one of the many forms of good works by which men were taught to earn salvation. Many slaves acquired their freedom by becoming monks. And the mild treatment of slaves in the service of monasteries must have had a great influence in the way of example. The Church often used its office of intercession with the authorities on behalf of those ground down by heavy taxation, while all its strength was exerted against the crying

evil of usury. In those days usury was rampant, the system of commercial interest was unknown. Men only borrowed under the pressure of need, and were taken advantage of without mercy. Assistance was freely given by the Church in rescuing the victim from the usurer's grasp. Augustine made a collection to reimburse himself for a sum paid on behalf of one Fascius.

The gentle spirit of Christianity was still more powerfully manifested in its concern for the lot of prisoners and captives. An imperial edict of the year 409 made it the bishop's duty to visit the prisons and satisfy himself that none were imprisoned unjustly, or treated cruelly. A canon of the Synod of Orleans, 549, ordains that the archdeacon of the church shall visit the prisons every Sunday to ascertain their condition. A still wider field of beneficence lay before the Church in the ransoming of captives of war. The Roman Empire was a hunting-ground for the barbarians. Goths, Vandals, Lombards, in quick succession, swept multitudes into captivity. "It must have been a piteous spectacle to see the former masters of the world carried off in the wagons of the barbarian hordes—bound hand and foot, covered with dust and blood." Many succumbed to pain and hunger. Many, if the ransom was not forthcoming at once, were ruthlessly butchered. Many returned with crippled limbs, with noses and ears cut off. One of the most striking testimonies to the extent of the suffering is the petition common in the Liturgies of the day: "O Lord, remember the believers who groan in chains, and grant them again to see their native land." The Church did what it could to mitigate the evil. Ambrose says: "It is the highest liberality to ransom prisoners, and save them from the hands of their foes, to snatch husbands from death and wives from shame, to restore parents to children, and citizens to their native land." Chrysostom in his banishment used some of the money sent by Olympia from Constantinople in buying back prisoners from the wild Isaurians. Gregory the Great's letters contain many references to the subject. Great sums were spent in this cause. For a cleric, who was taken captive, £70 was paid. The ransoming of two Sicilian bishops cost £9,000. For about the same sum Candidus, Bishop of Sergiopolis, ransomed twelve thousand prisoners at once. Private persons exercised their beneficence in this way. No scruples were felt at

using church treasures and vessels in this service. Ambrose defends the practice thus: "Far more useful is it to preserve souls for the Lord than to preserve gold, for he who sent forth the Apostles without gold also gathered the Church without gold. The Church possesses gold, not to keep but to spend, and therewith help the needy. Would not the Lord demand of us: 'Why didst thou let so many poor die of hunger; why are so many prisoners carried off and not released; why so many slain by the enemy? Better that thou hadst preserved living than metal vessels.' What wilt thou answer? Perhaps: 'I feared lest God's temple might lack the needful ornament.' Would he not reply: 'The sacraments need no gold; their acceptance depends not on gold, for they were not bought with gold?' The beauty of the sacraments is the ransoming of prisoners. How glorious, looking at the prisoners redeemed by the Church, to be able to say: 'These has Christ redeemed. Behold gold of real value, useful gold, the gold of Jesus Christ, which saves from death, ransoms modesty, preserves chastity. I would rather restore thee these prisoners than preserve gold.' The long list of ransomed is nobler than all the glory of gold."

The Church thus presided over the transition from the old world to the new. Our author well says: "Let us suppose that the Roman Empire had fallen into the hands of the Germans earlier, *e.g.*, when Marcus Aurelius only restrained with difficulty the pressure of the Marcomanni on the Donau. They would have blotted out the civilization of the old world and Christianity, and left not a vestige. Hence the delay, the reprieve afforded to the empire by Constantine's act. The Germans were first to be so far educated as to be equal to the discharge of their high calling. Not as heathens, but as Christians, they are to seize the empire. How differently a Marcomanian leader would have treated Rome from the Goth Alaric!" As the Church stood beside the deathbed of the old world, so it stood beside the cradle of the new. The modern world is as Christian in its whole spirit and texture as the ancient world was heathen. Its poetry, its art, its social and political institutions, are essentially Christian. Only such a convulsion as overwhelmed the old world could dechristianize the new. The extreme forms of atheistic socialism thoroughly recognize this truth. Hence their creed contains but one article, annihila-

tion to everything existing. This also explains the fact that their bitterest hate is reserved for Christianity, churches, and religion in any form. This policy springs from an instinctive recognition of the truth that Christianity and modern civilization are so interwoven that one cannot be destroyed without the other.

This review of the earliest Christian charity suggests a comparison with modern. We do not think for a moment that the latter shows unfavorably in comparison. On the contrary, we believe that it is immeasurably greater in amount as it is infinitely more diversified in form. The great defect of modern beneficence, undoubtedly, is the want of unity and economy of organization. The waste on the mere machinery is very great. The channels absorb much of that which should fertilize the land. Whether greater economy and efficiency will be secured, is one of the problems of the future. That Christianity has much to say respecting the great questions of the present — capital and labor, property and co-operation — is certain. We do not see what other power there is to act the part of mediator and prevent fearful catastrophes. As to the spirit in which these questions should be approached, the Church of the present has much to learn from the past. If history teaches us anything, it is that the sympathy of the Church, in its purest and most glorious days, has been on the side of the needy and suffering. Christianity holds no brief on either side. It teaches that all classes alike have duties as well as rights. It is identified with the selfishness of no order or class, but seeks only the true interests of all. At the same time its highest glory in the future as in the past, must lie in healing the wrongs, elevating the condition, enriching the lives of the millions of mankind. In proportion as it does this it will be true to its best traditions and to its own motto: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

ESCAPES AND IMPRISONMENTS OF LATUDE.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

HENRI MASERS DE LATUDE was born March 23, 1725, near Montagnac in Languedoc, in a castle belonging to his father, the Marquis de Latude, knight of the Order of St. Louis, lieutenant colonel

of the dragoons of Orleans, and at the time of his death (which took place during his son's imprisonments) the king's lieutenant at Sedan.

Henri Latude, a younger son, and by a second marriage, was well educated with a view to his becoming an officer and a courtier, but from some slight hints in his story we judge that he made more enemies than friends at Montagnac in his early years.

A taste he had for mathematics led his father to get him an appointment as a supernumerary officer in the Engineers, under an old friend of the family, then serving at Bergen op Zoom; but the peace of 1748 cut short his military career, and he repaired to Paris to push his way in life and to improve his education.

At that time Jeanne Antoinette Poisson Marquise de Pompadour had reigned about three years over Louis XV., over France, and almost over Europe. She had resented Frederick the Great's refusal to receive her compliments through M. de Voltaire by a declaration of war, and had forced the empress Maria Theresa, good wife and staid mother, to address her as "my cousin." Her reign lasted in France for nineteen years. Latude, with all his wrongs, has painted her in no darker colors than history. "Her name," he says, "was never pronounced but with contempt mingled with horror, and every mouth echoed the sentiments with which all hearts were filled."

The woman was possibly no worse than her generation. But upon her was visited the nation's sense of all those evils and abuses which, before the century was out, was to culminate in the Revolution.

The difficulty of approaching this lady, the fountain of all favor both in camp and court, seems to have inspired more than one young simpleton with projects as dishonorable, ill-advised, and ill-laid as one conceived and carried out by Latude. He addressed a package to Madame de Pompadour, into which he put a powder, entirely harmless. Then he hastened to Versailles, and requested an audience. Having procured it, he informed her that in the garden of the Tuileries he had overheard a project formed by two men to poison her; that he had followed them to the general post-office where they had deposited a letter; this letter he believed to be for her, and to contain a subtle poison.

Madame de Pompadour expressed the utmost gratitude for his zeal, and offered him upon the spot a purse of gold. This

he declined, saying he only aspired to her patronage and protection. Madame de Pompadour, however, was a shrewd woman. She made him write down his address, which he did, without reflecting that on the envelope of his package he had not disguised his handwriting. He therefore returned to his own lodgings exulting in the success of his *ruse*, and dreaming of future advancement in the court and army.

Madame de Pompadour at once obtained her letter from the post-office, and tried the effect of the powder it contained on several animals. As these were none the worse for taking it, she compared the handwriting on the cover with Latude's. He was detected at once, and forthwith was waited upon by an agent of police, who hurried him into a *voiture de place* and set him down about eight o'clock in the evening of April 27, 1749, in the courtyard of the Bastille. He was taken into the Chamber of Council, and there found the prison authorities awaiting his arrival. Here they stripped him, and took from him all his money, papers, and valuables. His clothes were retained for further search, and he received in exchange some miserable rags, "which," as he phrases it, "had been watered by the tears of other unfortunate prisoners." This ceremony was at the Bastille called *faire l'entrée d'un prisonnier*. They then made him write his name and the date of his arrival in the prison register, after which they conducted him to a room in one of the towers, into which they locked him.

Berryer, the lieutenant (or, as we should say, minister) of police, grandfather of the celebrated advocate in Charles X.'s time, was sent next morning to interrogate him. When Latude had told him exactly what he had done and the motives that had prompted him, Berryer replied that he saw nothing in his action beyond a piece of youthful folly. He promised to intercede with the Marquise de Pompadour, and did so, but the incensed favorite could not be brought to consider the offence "a young man's indiscretion," and emphasized her intention to keep him in strict and solitary confinement. M. Berryer, however, ordered that he should have every indulgence, and even the society of an English spy, a Jew named Joseph Abuzaglio, betrayed by the opening of his letters in the post-office. But these companions in misfortune only increased each other's despair.

Abuzaglio had a wife and children, ignorant of his fate, with whom he was denied any intercourse whatever. He had, how-

ever, a supposed patron in the Prince de Conti, who he expected would exert himself in his behalf, and he and Latude made mutual promises that whoever was first released should spare no pains to procure the liberation of the other. These vows must have been overheard by their jailors. One morning, about four months after Latude's arrest, three turnkeys entered their chamber, one of whom informed Latude that the order for his liberation from the Bastile had come. He took an affecting leave of Abuzaglo, promising to remember their agreement, and no sooner was he outside the double door of his late dungeon, than he was informed that they were going to remove him to Vincennes.

Abuzaglo a short time after regained his liberty, but believing Latude to be already free, and outraged by his total inattention to his promises, he took no steps in his behalf.

Latude in his new prison fell dangerously ill. Kind M. Berryer still watched over him. He assigned him the most comfortable apartment in the Castle of Vincennes, with a window which commanded a superb view of the surrounding country. It was now that the ardent, scheming spirit of Latude began first to conceive the idea of an escape. A poor old priest had been confined in the castle many years on a charge of Jansenism. He was permitted to teach the children of one of the turnkeys, and to receive frequent visits from an old friend, the Abbé de St. Sauveur. For two hours every day Latude was allowed to take exercise in the garden of the castle, always attended by two turnkeys. Sometimes the elder turnkey waited in the garden whilst the younger went up-stairs to unlock the prisoner's door. Latude began by making a practice of running gaily down-stairs in advance of his attendant, who always found him conversing with his fellow-turnkey within the garden door.

One evening the bolts were hardly withdrawn, when Latude rushed down-stairs, and closed the outside door and fastened it upon the younger man. How he settled with the elder he does not tell us. After that he had to pass four sentinels. The first was at a gate that led out of the garden, which was always closed. He hurried towards it calling out eagerly: "Where is the Abbé St. Sauveur? The old priest has been waiting for him two hours in the garden!" Thus speaking, he passed the sentinel. At the end of a

covered passage he found another gate, and asked the sentry who guarded it, where the Abbé de St. Sauveur was. He replied he had not seen him, and Latude hurried on. The same *ruse* was successful at the other two posts. Latude was free, after fourteen months of captivity, four in the Bastile, and ten at Vincennes.

He hurried to Paris across country and shut himself up in furnished lodgings. Will it be believed that the man who had planned and executed so audacious an escape could think of no better mode of retaining his liberty than to draw up a memorial to the king, "speaking of Madame de Pompadour with respect" and expressing regret for his past conduct? He ended by giving his address in Paris, and then, having entrusted this document to one of the physicians of the court, he waited impatiently for an answer.

Throughout the narrative we are struck by the extreme ignorance or indifference of this young man of quality respecting the outside world. To him France, or rather Paris and Versailles, seem to have contained the whole human family, or at least all that portion of it with which alone it was possible for a man of his position to hold civilized intercourse.

In a few days his retreat was visited by another agent of police, who reconducted him to the Bastile. In spite of the good offices of M. Berryer, in spite of the promise made him on his arrest that he should be set at liberty if he would reveal the exact manner of his escape, he now changed his former comforts for a dungeon. This place was lighted by a loophole which admitted some faint rays of light, and M. Berryer ordered him to be supplied with books and writing materials. This indulgence proved his ruin. Hot-headed and imprudent, he could not refrain from writing, on the margin of one of the volumes furnished him, a coarse squib upon his persecutress, such as few women of her condition could have been expected to forgive.

Unblessed with talents, unadorned with charms,
Nor fresh nor fair, — a wanton can allure
In France the highest lover to her arms:
As proof of this — behold the Pompadour! *

Latude was not aware that every book was carefully examined after it had been in the hands of a prisoner. His wretched verses were no sooner found than they

* Sans esprit et sans agrements,
Sans être ni belle ni neuve,
En France on peut avoir le premier des amants,
La Pompadour en est la preuve.

were pointed out to the governor, who forthwith carried them in person to Madame de Pompadour.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

In her first paroxysm of rage she sent for M. Berryer. "See!" she cried, stammering in her excitement, "learn to know your *protégé*, and dare again to solicit my clemency!"

For eighteen months after this the compassionate Berryer left poor Latude unsolaced in his dungeon; at the end of that time he had him removed to a more comfortable apartment, and offered him the companionship of a servant if he could procure one to share his captivity. Persons confined under a *lettre de cachet* could sometimes obtain this favor on condition that the servant should share the imprisonment of his master, until the death or the pardon of his principal released him from his obligations.

Pierre Cochar, the young man whom the family of Latude succeeded in inducing to share the solitude of their kinsman, soon broke down under the horrors of captivity. He pined, he bewailed his engagement, and at last fell ill. In vain his master implored his release from prison. He was only carried from the cell when in his dying agony.

The three months of imprisonment which killed Cochar were the three least intolerable months in a captivity of thirty-five years suffered by his unhappy master. M. Berryer, unwearied in his kindness, next procured him the society of another prisoner, young, enthusiastic, talented, and full of spirit, who had already languished three years in the Bastille under a *lettre de cachet*. He had written to Madame de Pompadour, "pointing out the odium in which she was held by the public, and tendering advice as to how she might recover the good opinion of the nation, while retaining the confidence of the king."

This young man was named D'Alegre; and towards him, as towards Latude, Madame de Pompadour had sworn undying vengeance. Penetrated with the conviction that only her death, or her disgrace, could end their misery, Latude was maddened into energy, D'Alegre reduced to despair. The former planned, and both together executed, the most daring escape known in prison annals. It was out of the question to attempt to get out of the Bastille by its gates. "There remained," says Latude, "no other way but by the air." In their chamber was a chimney,

the flue of which came out at the top of the tower; but, like all those in the Bastille, it was filled with iron gratings, the bars of which were hardly far enough apart to let the smoke pass upward. From the top of this chimney to the ground was a descent of two hundred feet. This *ground*, however, was a deep moat, commanded on its other side by a very high wall.

The two prisoners had no means of communicating with the world outside their prison. They had no implements and no materials; only their bare hauds, their education, and their manhood.

The first thing to be done was to get to the top of the chimney; or, to speak more correctly, they had to begin by discovering a place of concealment for any tools and materials they might find means to secure. Latude came to the conclusion that there must be a space between their floor and the ceiling of the chamber beneath them. In order to make sure of this he made use of an ingenious stratagem.

There was a chapel attached to the Bastille in which four little closets were arranged for any prisoners permitted to attend mass. This was a great favor, but it was enjoyed, thanks to M. Berryer, by our young men, and by the prisoner in No. 3, the room beneath theirs. Latude got D'Alegre to drop his toothpick-case while going up the stairs, near the door of No. 3, to let it roll down-stairs, and to ask the turnkey to pick it up for him. While the man (still living in 1790) was so engaged, Latude contrived to get a hurried peep into the chamber. He measured it with his eye, and thought its height about ten (French) feet and a half. He then measured one step of the stairs, and counted thirty-two of them up to their own apartment. This convinced him that there must be a considerable space between the ceiling of No. 3, and the floor of the room he and D'Alegre occupied.

As soon as he and his companion were shut into their own chamber he threw himself on his friend's neck, exclaiming in a transport of delight, "We are saved!" D'Alegre naturally objected that they had no tools, and no materials. "Yes," cried Latude, "in my trunk there are at least a thousand feet of rope!" In Languedoc, as still in Germany, and in some parts of Scotland, the daily life of womankind was simplified in those days by the practice of having the family washing done about three times a year. This necessitated enormous supplies of linen. La-

tude had been permitted to have his wardrobe sent to him. He had thirteen dozen and a half of linen shirts, and towels, stockings, and nightcaps in proportion. Part of this linen he had picked up cheap from the French soldiers after the plunder of Bergen op Zoom.

They had a folding table with two iron hooks, which fastened it to the wall. They managed to sharpen these hooks, and in two hours more had whetted part of the steel of their tinder-box until it made a sort of knife which enabled them to fix handles to the hooks, which were to be used to get the gratings out of the chimney. Their first work, however, was to raise some tiles from the floor of their chamber, when, after digging about six hours, they ascertained that there was indeed a space of about four feet between their floor and the ceiling below them. They then replaced the tiles, and proceeded to draw out the threads of their shirts one by one. These were knotted together and wound into two large balls, each of which was composed of fifty strands sixty feet long. Of these they next twisted a rope about fifty-five feet in length, with which they contrived a rope-ladder of twenty feet, intended to assist their work in the chimney.

For six months they labored to remove the iron gratings. An hour at a time was all each man could endure at this employment, and they never came down without their hands and legs being covered with blood. The iron bars were set in exceedingly hard mortar, which they had no means of softening but by blowing water on it from their mouths, and it took a whole night to work away an eighth of an inch. When a bar was taken out they re-set it loosely in its place again. Next they went to work upon a ladder of wood on which they intended to mount from the moat to the top of the wall, and thence to descend into the garden of the governor. It was from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and must have cost incredible labor. They next found that they would want blocks and pulleys, which could not be made without a saw. This saw they contrived out of an iron candlestick, and the remainder of the steel in their tinder-box. With their rude knife, their saw, and the iron hooks they chopped and fashioned the firewood doled out to them. Their ladder had one upright, through which holes were pierced for the rungs. It was constructed in three pieces, mortised and fitted so that they could be put together at any moment. Each hole had

its rung and two wedges to keep it steady attached to it by a pack-thread. The upright was three inches in diameter, and the rungs projected about a foot on either side.

As each piece was finished it was carefully laid away under the floor. They also made a pair of dividers, a square, and a carpenter's rule.

The prisoners were liable to domiciliary visits, though none were ever paid them after dark. They therefore worked during the night, and had to be careful not to leave a chip or shaving to betray them. For fear they should be overheard when speaking of their project they invented names for all their tools, and signs to put each other on their guard if threatened by any danger.

Their principal rope-ladder, which was to let them down from the roof of the Bastille to the moat, was one hundred and eighty feet long. When the Bastille was captured in 1789, it was found in the museum of the place, among the curiosities of the prison.

The roof of the Bastille, after descending twenty feet from the tower in which they were confined, projected about four feet over the main building, and, in order to keep the person steady who was descending the rope-ladder, they made a second rope, three hundred and sixty feet long, which was to be reeved through a block for the fugitive to hold on by.

They continued to manufacture smaller ropes for various purposes until they had almost fourteen hundred feet of rope, and two hundred and eight wooden rounds for the two ladders. These rounds were muffled by strips of their cloth clothing.

Presuming them to have reached the moat, the next question was how to cross the wall, which was at all times lined with sentinels. They dared not risk the darkness of a rainy night, and were afraid of the torches carried by the Grand Round. They resolved, if necessary, to undermine the wall which stood between the moat of the Bastille, and the Fossé of the Porte St. Antoine. For this purpose they needed an auger, and made it out of one of their bed-screws.

The day fixed for their escape was Wednesday, February 25, 1756, seven years after the first imprisonment of Latude. They packed up a portmanteau containing for each of them a change of clothes, and provided themselves with a bottle of cordial. In the afternoon they risked putting together their great rope-ladder. Happily no one looked in upon

them, and they hid it under a bed. The gratings were already out in the chimney.

After supper their turnkey locked them in for the night, and the moment of escape had arrived. Latude was the first to climb the chimney. He had rheumatism in his arm, but was conscious of no pain under the influence of excitement. Choked by soot, and with his knees and arms excoriated, he reached the open air, and sent down a ball of twine to D'Alegre, who tied it to the end of a rope to which was fastened their portmanteau. In this way they hauled up their various stores. D'Alegre came up last on the loose end of the rope-ladder. On looking over the edge of the roof of the Bastile, they decided to descend from the foot of another tower, the Tour du Treson, as there they perceived a gun-carriage, to which they could fasten the rope-ladder, and their block with the guide-line. Latude, with this line fastened to his body, went gently down the ladder, watched breathlessly by his companion. Notwithstanding all precautions, he swung fearfully. The remembrance of it, forty-five years after, he says, made him shudder. At last he landed safely in the moat. D'Alegre lowered the portmanteau, and other articles, for which a dry spot on the bank was luckily found. When these were all down he descended, and found Latude up to his waist in water.

It was with much regret that they left their ropes behind them. Latude recovered them thirty-three years after, July 16, 1789, and they were publicly exhibited during the excitement that succeeded the destruction of the Bastile. It did not rain, and they heard the sentry treading his rounds about twelve yards from them; so that there was no hope of crossing the wall, for which they had prepared their wooden ladder. The alternative was to pierce it. The water was very cold, and there was floating ice upon its surface. They chose the deepest part of the moat, and for nine hours worked in water up to their armpits, diving when alarmed by the torches of the Grand Round.

At last through a wall four and one-half feet thick, they made a hole wide enough to admit their bodies. They scrambled through into the Fossé St. Antoine, got out of this, and were rejoicing in their safety, when they fell into another drain whose situation had been unknown to them. It was only two yards wide, but it was very deep, and at the bottom were two feet of slime and mud. Latude fell in first and D'Alegre on top of him. Vigor-

ously exerting himself, however, Latude scrambled out, and dragged up his companion by his hair. As the clocks of Paris were striking five in the morning, they found themselves upon the highway.

Their first impulse was to embrace each other. Their next to fall down on their knees and to return thanks to the Almighty. They then proceeded to change their clothes, but they were so exhausted that neither could have dressed himself without the assistance of the other.

Getting next into a hackney coach, they were driven to the residence of M. Silhouette, chancellor to the Duke of Orleans. He was away from home. They then took refuge with a tailor of Languedoc.

Here they remained concealed for nearly a month, while a search was set on foot for them in all directions. D'Alegre left first, disguised as a peasant, and went to Brussels (then the capital of the Austrian Netherlands), sending word back to Latude that he was safe, by some secret sign arranged between them.

Provided with false papers through the good tailor, and the documents of an old lawsuit, Latude set out upon his journey to Brussels. He walked some leagues out of Paris, and let the diligence to Valenciennes pick him up upon the high road. The story that he told was that he was a servant, going to Amsterdam to carry his master's brother some important papers. He met with several small adventures on his journey, and committed some acts of imprudence, for example, on passing the boundary of France and Austria, (a wooden post painted with lilies on one side and an eagle on the other) he fell upon his face and kissed the dust, to the amazement of his fellow-passengers. Eleven years before he had passed part of a winter in Brussels; he was therefore well acquainted with its localities. On inquiring for his friend at the Hotel de Coffi, in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, where he had planned to meet D'Alegre, he became convinced, from the hesitation and prevarication of the landlord, that evil had befallen his comrade. He therefore resolved to start at once for Antwerp. He was dressed like a servant, and travelled like one. In the canal boat in which he took his passage he found a chatty young Savoyard chimney-sweep and his wife, who related to him, as news of the day, the details of his own escape, and ended by informing him that one of the two fugitives had been arrested a few days before by the high provost of Brussels, who had

sent him at once over the French frontier, under charge of a French police officer. The Savoyard added that this story had been told him by the servant of an official, who had charged him to keep the matter close, as they were anxious to secure the arrest of the other party. Greatly alarmed by what he heard, and full of solicitude for poor D'Alegre, Latude determined to break off from the Savoyard, and left him at the first stopping-place under pretence that he had taken the wrong boat for Bergen op Zoom. He pushed on alone on foot until he crossed the Dutch frontier, quaking at every footstep, for the fate of D'Alegre proved that the Austrian Netherlands were no safe asylum.

He had had seven louis d'or (thirty-five dollars) when he left Paris, and this little sum was now exhausted. While trying to relieve his hunger on a canal boat by some black bread and a salad of grass, he excited the compassion of Jan Teerhorst, who kept a sort of tavern in Amsterdam. This man took him under his protection, and promised to introduce him to a Frenchman, who proved, however, to be from Picardy, and acknowledged little fellowship with a native of Languedoc; but Teerhorst, seeing the disappointment of Latude, took him to his own abode, where he slept with five other people in a cellar.

Chance next threw our escaped prisoner in the way of a native of the same town as himself, named Louis Clergue, who gave him clothes, linen, and a comfortable chamber. On learning his story he expressed great alarm, lest the same power that had arrested D'Alegre in the Austrian Netherlands should extend to Holland. He proposed to get Latude a passage to Surinam, but the young man, made confident by the opinion of Clergue's friends that the States General would never betray an unfortunate fugitive, decided to remain in Amsterdam.

The French ambassador at the Hague was already negotiating for his arrest. Among the records of the Bastille were found proofs that it cost the French government upwards of forty thousand dollars to effect his recapture. Part of this money is supposed to have been spent in bribing.

June 1, 1756, as Latude went to a bank to receive a letter and remittance from his father, he was arrested in broad daylight, and dragged through the streets of Amsterdam with violence and blows, like a notorious criminal.

In vain Louis Clergue and his friends

protested against the outrage. Latude was closely confined until permission had been obtained from the archduke Charles, the representative of Maria Theresa, to take him through Austrian territory. When this arrived, with a belt around his body to which his arms were pinioned, he began his journey, under charge of St. Marc, a French agent of police, who had arrested him.

Travelling with all kinds of tortures and indignities he arrived at Lille. There he was fastened for the night to a deserter of nineteen, who was to be hanged next day, and who proposed that they should strangle each other. The next evening he reached the Bastille. Here St. Marc received a sort of ovation, and Latude was committed to a dungeon, under charge of his former gaolers, who had suffered three months' imprisonment for his escape.

In this dungeon, desperate and hopeless as his situation was, he still found something to cheer and occupy him. He made friends with the rats, numbers of which came hunting for food and lodging in his straw. The dungeons in the Bastille were octagonal. The one in which he was confined had loop-holes eighteen inches wide on the interior, reduced to three inches by the time they reached the outer wall. There was no furniture in the dungeon, and the sills of the loop-holes served for seat and table. Latude often rested his chained arms upon these slabs, to lighten the weight of his irons.

One day, while in this attitude, a rat approached him. He threw it a bit of bread. The rat ate it eagerly, and when his appetite was satisfied, carried off a crust into his hole. The next day he came again, and was rewarded by more bread and a bit of bacon. The third day he would take food from Latude's hand. After this he took up his quarters in a hole in the wall near the window, and after sleeping in it two nights brought to it a female companion. Sometimes she quarrelled with her mate over their food, and generally had the best of it, retiring to her sleeping-place with the disputed morsel. On such occasions the old rat would seek refuge with Latude, and devour out of his mate's reach whatever was given him with an air of bravado.

Soon, whenever dinner was brought in, Latude called his family. The male rat would come directly, the female more timidly. Soon appeared a third rat, very familiar and sociable, who no sooner felt at home than he proceeded to introduce

seven others. At the end of a fortnight the family consisted of ten large rats, and subsequently of their progeny. They would eat off a plate that their human friend provided for them, and liked to have their necks scratched, but he was never suffered to touch one on the back. He gave them all names, to which they learned to answer, and taught them tricks of various kinds. One of them, a female, was a remarkable jumper, and very proud of her accomplishments.

For two years Latude solaced his captivity by this strange society. One day he found a bit of elder in his cell, brought in in some fresh straw, and though his hands were manacled, he contrived, by the help of a buckle from his small-clothes, to fashion it into a flageolet. His attachment to this instrument was such that he never parted with it during his lifetime.

At last he bethought him of the advantage it would be to the French army if its sergeants as well as privates carried firearms, instead of the old-fashioned halberd, half pike, half battle-axe. He proposed to recommend this improvement to the king, hoping thus to direct his attention to himself. He was no longer allowed pen and paper. He had, therefore, to invent substitutes. His paper was made out of tablets of moistened bread, his pen was a sharp fish-bone, and his ink his blood.

When he had finished his memorial he obtained permission to see Father Griffet, the confessor of the Bastile. From him he obtained writing materials, and in April, 1758, the memorial was presented to Louis XV.

The plan being found beneficial to the service (as it increased the effective force by twenty thousand men) was carried out, but no notice was taken of Latude.

Three months passed, and he ventured on a new suggestion. It was to add a cent and a half to the postage of every letter, and use the proceeds as a fund to pension the widows of officers and soldiers killed in battle. This likewise was adopted, so far as the increased postage went, but the prisoner was still disregarded.

Among the papers found in the Bastile when it was sacked in 1789, was a letter from an oculist, Dr. Dejean, ordered about this time to examine Latude's eyes. Each prisoner *au secret* had a prison name; that of Latude was Daury.

“MONSIEUR, — In compliance with your wishes I have several times visited the prisoner Daury in the Bastile. Hav-

ing carefully examined his eyes and reflected on all he has communicated, I am not surprised that his sight has almost entirely failed. For many years he has been deprived of sun and air, he has been chained, hand and foot, in a cell for forty months. . . . The winter of 1756-57 was extremely severe; the Seine was frozen over as in the year preceding. During this period the prisoner was confined in a dungeon, with irons on his hands and feet, and no bed but a truss of straw without covering. In his cell there are two loopholes, five inches wide and about five feet long, with neither panes of glass, nor shutters, to close them. Throughout the day and night his face is exposed to the cold and wind, and there is nothing so destructive to the sight as frosty air — especially during sleep. A continual running of the nose has split his upper lip till the teeth are exposed; the intense cold has decayed them, and the roots of his mustachios have likewise perished. [The walls of the Bastile are from nine to ten feet thick, consequently the chambers are extremely damp.] This prisoner, unable to endure his situation, resolved to commit suicide. With this object he remained one hundred and thirty-three hours without eating or drinking. They forced open his mouth with keys, and compelled him to swallow food by main force. Seeing himself restored to life against his will, he contrived to secrete a piece of broken glass, with which he opened four principal veins. During the night his blood flowed incessantly, and there remained scarcely six ounces in his whole body. He continued many days in a state of insensibility. . . . He is no longer a young man, but has passed the meridian of life, being forty-two years old, and has gone through very severe trials. For fifteen years he has been a constant prisoner, and during seven of them entirely deprived of fire, light, and sun. . . . I have considered it my duty to be thus minute in my report, as it is useless to waste the public money in paying me for my visits or remedies. Nothing but the termination of his sufferings, with fresh air and exercise, can preserve to the prisoner the feeble remnant of his eyesight. Air will strengthen every part of his frame, and exercise will disperse the humors in his head, which at present bring on the convulsive fits he is subject to, fits which will ultimately extinguish the powers of vision.

(Signed) DEJEAN.”

This heart-moving letter produced no

effect. It needed an overflow of the Seine, which put the floor of the dungeon under water, and wet the feet of the turnkeys who brought him food, to produce any alleviation.

The room into which he was next moved had a view of the open sky, and was much less damp and miserable. He was separated, however, from his rats, which he regretted bitterly, until he contrived to tame two beautiful white pigeons, which he caught from his loop-hole with a noose. His delight when the pigeons built their nest, and hatched their brood inside his cell, amounted to ecstasy. All the officers of the Bastille came to look at them. But alas! the turnkey (one of those who had suffered punishment some years before for his escape) resolved to deprive him of his pets, or to make him pay dear for the privilege of keeping them. He already received one bottle of wine in seven of the prisoner's allowance. He now demanded four, and when this was refused, he pretended an order from the governor to kill the pigeons. Latude's despair drove him to sudden madness. The turnkey made a movement towards the birds. Latude sprang forward, and with his own hands destroyed them. "This was probably," he says, "the most unhappy moment of my whole existence. I never recall the memory of it without the bitterest pangs. I remained several days without taking nourishment. Grief and indignation divided my soul."

Not long after a change came in his condition. A new governor, the Count de Jumilhac, came to the Bastille. He was a man of generosity and mercy, and took pity on Latude, whom he permitted to walk two hours every day on the roof. He also procured him an audience with M. de Sartine, lieutenant of police, who had succeeded M. Berryer. From this time forth for more than twenty years Latude's existence was one long struggle with De Sartine.

Encouraged by the interest which at first he believed himself to have inspired in the new minister, he made two new plans for the good of the public; one for the better regulation of the currency, subsequently adopted, with little benefit to France, by the National Assembly; the other a plan for the establishment of public granaries, the expenses of which were to be met by a tax on marriage.

This plan was considered so important that De Sartine wanted to adopt it as his own, and offered the prisoner an annuity of three hundred dollars to give it up,

promising to use his influence to procure his liberation.

"I would not part with my plan for fifty thousand crowns down!" cried Latude vehemently.

"If I were in your place," said the *aide majeur* of the Bastille, deputed to conduct the negotiation, "I should think myself too happy to receive the proposal."

"No doubt I should — if I were *you!*" replied the prisoner with a sneer. He thus made himself two powerful enemies, and Father Griffet prophesied the truth when he told him: "Your refusal, and more particularly the manner in which you made it, will incense M. de Sartine against you, and I fear he will give you reason to repent."

The food of the Bastille seems to have been sufficient, though Latude complains bitterly about the cooking. It ought to have been far better than it was, for the king paid from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars a day for the subsistence of each prisoner.

Whilst walking on the leads of the Bastille, Latude heard from a soldier who had served under his father that the old man was dead. This cut off his supplies of money. From that time his relations took little notice of him, with the exception of his mother, who must have been a second wife, as she speaks of him as her only son, while he tells us that his elder brother, a Count de Vissac, succeeded to the title of Latude.

Here is a letter the poor mother addressed to the Marchioness de Pompadour. She was occasionally permitted to send a letter to her son.

"My son, Madame, has long groaned in the dungeons of the Bastille for having had the misfortune to offend you. My grief surpasses his. Day and night his sad fate torments my imagination. I share all the agony of his sufferings without having participated in his fault. What do I say? Alas! I know not how he has displeased you. He was young and has been led away by others. How differently must he reason now! The reflections of a prison are very opposite to the vain thoughts of unbridled youth. If he, Madame, is unworthy of your pardon, extend your indulgence to me in his stead; feel for my situation; have compassion on an afflicted mother; let your heart be softened by my tears. Death will soon close my eyes; do not wait till I am in the grave to show compassion to my son. He is my only child; the sole shoot of the stock, the last scion of his family, the

only prop of my age. Restore him to me, Madame, you who are so kind-hearted (*si bonne*). Do not refuse me my son, madame, give him up to my affliction, restore him to my entreaties, my sighs, my tears."

Latude's next attempt was to throw a package from the towers of the Bastille to some one who would pick it up, and forward it to its destination. Having made himself as obnoxious as possible to the aide major and two sergeants deputed to watch him in his walk, he was left to himself while they conversed together, and contrived to establish a correspondence by signs with two young workwomen whom he observed at an upper window in a neighboring street. After some time he made them understand that he would throw them a package.

This package, the arrogant, exasperated, and imprudent young man filled with a memorial addressed to a literary man named La Beaumelle, containing a secret history of Madame de Pompadour's early life, abounding in scandals. "I steeped my pen in the gall with which my whole heart and soul were overflowing," he says. He wrote upon a shirt, with a pen, which, in anticipation of our pens of the present day, he fashioned out of a copper coin. But ink was wanting. For eight years he had never been allowed fire or caudle. He affected toothache, got one of his guards to let him have a whiff or two of his pipe, and having let it go out, begged for his tinder-box to light it again. In this way he obtained and secreted a bit of tinder. Next he pretended to be taken with violent pains, and the doctor ordered him some oil. This he put in a pomatum-pot, with a wick made of threads drawn from his linen. By friction he obtained a spark, which set fire to his tinder. It enabled him to light his lamp, and he was in an ecstasy of triumph and happiness. With this lamp, and an old plate, he got lampblack, which he mixed with some syrup prescribed for him by the doctor; and then proceeded to pen his memorial to his own destruction.

September 21, 1763, he flung his package. Mademoiselle Lebrun picked it up as he intended, and he waited the result. Nothing came of it, however, until April 18, 1764, when the sisters held up a placard at their window: "*The Marchioness de Pompadour died yesterday.*" Wild with delight and hope he wrote on the instant (having in the interval been permitted to receive writing materials), to demand his liberation from M. de Sartine.

Every official in the Bastille had been charged not to communicate the news of Madame de Pompadour's death to the prisoners. The lieutenant of police was therefore amazed on the receipt of this letter. He sent for Latude, and told him that his liberation depended upon his divulging the channel through which the news had reached him. Latude broke forth into violent language, little calculated to advance his interests. In vain he subsequently offered De Sartine the project about the granaries, the personal enmity of Madame de Pompadour had passed into the body of the minister, and a few months later Latude further exasperated the minister by writing him another abusive and indignant letter. In consequence of this he was removed to Vincennes, with especial orders to the governor to keep him safe, and to put him in an *oubliette*. Here he was taken very ill, and the good governor M. Guyonnet took pity upon him. He gave him a better chamber and allowed him to walk attended by three guards in the garden of the castle. The result of this last indulgence was that Latude made his escape in a dense fog. "Seize him! Seize him!" was shouted all over the grounds of the castle. "Seize him!" cried Latude, running ahead of the others, until he reached the sentry at the gate, whom he threw down, and jumped over, as the man was gaping with surprise.

Latude took refuge close to the Bastille, with the Lebrun sisters. They were daughters of a hairdresser, and poor, but very good to him. They had, however, mismanaged his memorial. His scheme had been to place it in safe hands, while he threatened Madame de Pompadour with its circulation. The first thing he did in their house was to write a letter of repentance and submission to M. de Sartine.

What effect this appeal may have produced cannot be known. Its answer miscarried, and Latude, more angry than ever at finding no notice taken of what he wrote, threw himself at the feet of the Prince de Conti.

A reward of one thousand crowns was this time offered for his return to prison, and all channels of communication with the court appeared to be closed. He however contrived in the middle of winter, weary, torn, famished, and looking like a lunatic, to reach Fontainebleau, and there requested an audience with the good Duke de Choiseul, the prime minister. The duke, influenced, as Latude maintains,

by M. de Sartine, believed him out of his senses, and returned him into the power of the police, who restored him to Vincennes, where he was immured in a more frightful dungeon than any he had yet inhabited. It had four iron-plate doors, each one foot from the other, and no other opening whatever. It was six and one-half feet long by five and three-quarters wide, just long enough to lie down in. Here, to increase his sufferings, he was informed that Viel-Castel, the sergeant from whom he had escaped, had been hanged. Months after, a compassionate sentinel, moved by his grief for the supposed fate of the poor fellow, assured him it had been a falsehood.

His escape put it out of M. Guyonnet's power to give him any more indulgences. "M. de Sartine," he said to his prisoner, "lays the blame of your escape on me. He is furious at it. Your case is hopeless. From henceforward I can only pity you." Here is a letter from him, however, at this period, found among the records of the Bastille.

"TO M. DE SARTINE :

"MONSIEUR, — I have this morning visited the prisoner Daury. I found him given up to despair as usual, but always submissive and entirely disposed to agree with any conditions you may prescribe as the price of his liberty. I am sorry to add that grief has destroyed his appetite, but he still retains his mental faculties. Heaven grant this may continue. I have the honor to be, etc., etc."

About this time three of the police were sent by M. de Sartine to say: "You can by one word regain your liberty. Give M. de Sartine the name and address of the individual who has possession of your papers. He pledges his word of honor no evil shall be practised towards him." Latude replied: "I entered this dungeon an honest man, I will die rather than leave it a knave and a coward."

After this, in frightful darkness, for in the *oubliette* he could distinguish neither night nor day, his sufferings would have reached their close, had not a compassionate turnkey brought the prison doctor to visit him, who insisted he must be moved at once to a better room. The reply was that M. de Sartine had expressly forbidden it. The doctor, however, insisted, and the removal was accomplished. By degrees his strength returned to him, and he requested pen and ink to write to M. de Sartine. These were judiciously refused him. Probably the officers at

Vincennes were afraid that the lieutenant of police should find out that he was not still in his dungeon.

His next enterprise was to bore a hole with an auger through the wall of the donjon of Vincennes. This he did by means of part of an old sword and an iron hoop from a bucket, which a year before he had picked up and secreted in the garden. This garden he was no longer allowed to walk in, but by a stratagem he succeeded in being double-locked into it for half an hour, and returned to his prison very happy, with the broken sword in a leg of his drawers, and the hoop around his body.

The granite wall was five feet thick. It took Latude twenty-six months with his imperfect tools to make his aperture. The hole was long displayed to visitors, and very probably may still be seen. Latude showed it to the Prince de Beauveau during the Revolution. It was made in the shadow of the chimney-piece, and closed by a cork; a long peg was thrust through it not quite the length of the hole. If anybody had observed it from without, or sounded it, they would have found it two inches deep only on the garden side. Latude then fashioned a wooden wand about six feet long; to this he tied a bit of ribbon, and, thrusting it through the hole, he secured the attention of a prisoner who was walking in the garden. This was a Baron de Venac from Languedoc, confined nineteen years for offering impertinent advice to Madame de Pompadour. There was another prisoner there, arrested on suspicion of having spoken ill of the same infamous woman. There was also an Abbé Prieur, who had conceived the idea of phonetic spelling. He wrote on the subject to Frederic the Great, as one of the patrons of men of talent, "a letter consisting of words of his own composition, and of course they were wholly illegible. According to custom, it was opened at the post-office. Ministers not being able to comprehend the contents, imagined they beheld hieroglyphics full of treason and danger, and the unfortunate abbé was committed to Vincennes for an offence that at most merited a short confinement in a madhouse, with a dictionary to teach him how to spell." He had been in captivity seven years.

Another prisoner had been arrested at Antwerp on suspicion of being the author of a pamphlet, which he had never seen, against Madame de Pompadour. He had been twenty-three years in confinement. No evidence had ever been produced

against him, nor had he been allowed any opportunity of proving his innocence.

An old man, whose daughter was an inmate of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, was confined on a *lettre de cachet* obtained by his daughter, who dreaded his remonstrances on the infamy of her career.

There were also three other prisoners in close confinement for daring to express the views of honest men upon an infamous monopoly, which, towards the end of Louis XV.'s reign, almost reduced the kingdom to bankruptcy.

All these prisoners were confined on *lettres de cachet*, which were orders for the arrest and imprisonment of individuals in the king's own handwriting, countersigned by a secretary of state, and sealed with the king's seal. Many of these were distributed to important persons, and to heads of noble families, who kept them for their own use, and filled up the blank space for the prisoner's name with that of some victim of their own selection. No one imprisoned on a *lettre de cachet* could be defended by counsel. *L'ami des hommes*, the father of Mirabeau, is said to have used fifteen of them. When a member of a noble house had done anything to offend its head, or committed any offence whose exposure would have been painful to other members of his race, he was quietly disposed of by a *lettre de cachet*.

The next governor of the Bastille was a court favorite named Rougemont, who had a natural taste for tyranny, and whose memory has been scathed by the powerful pen of Mirabeau.

One day in 1774, Latude, in a fit of petulance, declared he would rather be sent back to his *oubliette* never to quit it until M. de Sartine sent a lawyer to hear and to advise him, than remain forever disregarded. He was taken at his word, and next day was removed to the dark and loathsome cell he had once nearly died in. About this time M. de Sartine was made minister of marine, and his place in the police was supplied by his personal friend Lenoir.

Not knowing of this change, and still endeavoring to write to De Sartine, Latude, on one occasion, procured a light by means of several straws tied together, which he thrust out, when his gaoler's back was turned a moment, to a candle he had brought with him into the gallery, while bringing the prisoner his daily food. With this Latude instantly lighted a lamp he had prepared in his pomatum-pot, and covered it over with a sort of beehive, or extinguisher, he had constructed with

wisps of straw. When it was discovered he had possessed himself of a light, the turnkeys began to dread him as one who had a familiar demon.

All the pains he took to address M. de Sartine in various strains, vituperative or pathetic, were entirely useless. That minister had long before given orders that no letters from Latude were to be opened, even by his secretary. When the Bastille was destroyed nearly one hundred of these documents were found with their seals unbroken.

It seems probable that at this period Latude really lost his reason. As he was recovering, having been removed to a better room, the door of his cell opened and the lieutenant of the king announced a visit from the prime minister, the good and great M. de Malesherbes. When Latude told him he had been imprisoned twenty-six years, his face expressed the deepest indignation. He told him to take heart, supplied him with money, and took him under his protection. But De Sartine, as Latude always suspected, did all that fear and vengeance could suggest to prevent his liberation. He informed M. de Malesherbes that Latude was a confirmed lunatic, and he was in consequence removed to the Insane Hospital at Charenton.

He went to this place with the new name of Le Danger, instead of that of Daury, and with an especial recommendation to the brethren who had charge of the insane to treat him with severity.

It was not long, however, before he entered into communication with prisoners in the next chamber. These were not lunatics, but young men of good family and ungovernable dispositions, confined by their relatives on *lettres de cachet*. They led sufficiently comfortable lives, had good food and good society. The chief among them was a young man named St. Luc, who took compassion on Latude and succeeded in interesting the brethren in his *protégé*. Latude became a favorite, even among the mad men.

Among these last at Charenton were some who were subject to fits of periodical frenzy. While these lasted they were chained in subterranean dens, or confined in iron cages. When they recovered they were taken back to the other prisoners. One of these men told Latude that in one of the dreadful cages was D'Alegre, his former comrade. His mind had given way after he was restored to the Bastille. He had become a raving maniac, and for ten years had been confined at Charenton.

Latude requested permission to visit him. He found a squalid spectre, who replied to all he said to him with curses. In vain Latude tried to recall himself to his remembrance. "Begone!" cried the poor creature. "I know you not. I am the Almighty!"

This was in 1776. D'Alegre was still living in 1790.

Thanks to the good offices of one of the prisoners, confined under a *lettre de cachet* for drawing his sword upon his elder brother, the order for Latude's liberation (July 7, 1777) at last reached him. He set out on the instant for Paris — like a madman — clad in rags, and without a cent in his pocket.

On arriving he sought out a man from his own village, who told him that the people of that place believed that after his escape to Holland he had embarked for the West Indies, and had perished on the ocean. This man lent him twenty-five louis. With this money he fitted himself out with clothes, and next day visited, as he had been directed, the lieutenant of police, M. Lenoir.

The order for his release had been accompanied by directions to repair at once to his native town of Montagnac, which order Latude was determined to evade if possible.

Lenoir received him kindly enough, gave him the address of a person charged by his family to provide him with necessaries, and allowed him to go to Versailles, to see the mother of his prison friend.

Here by some means he obtained a private audience with the king, then Louis XVI., and told his story. What he said on this occasion probably roused the fears and anger of the king's ministers. He was ordered to leave Paris at once, and found himself under the deepest displeasure of Lenoir. Alarmed at this, he took passage in a flatboat to Auxerre. Three days later he was arrested on the road and taken back to Paris. There he was thrust into the Bicêtre — one of the lowest prisons.

At the Bicêtre he was treated as a miscreant and common malefactor, and was associated with wretches chained like himself, in stalls along a gallery "like beasts in a stable." Latude was fifty-three years old, and nearly one-half of his life had been passed in prison.

In the Bicêtre all Latude's resources failed him. His friends, misled by the representations of the police, imagined he had been guilty of some ignominious crime, and seem to have abandoned him.

He was herded with the lowest of his kind, and descended from his place as gentleman. In vain he protested his innocence and implored a trial. From that time (1777) for upwards of six years, his autobiography (now a very scarce book) is a monotony of misery. His heart had even turned against the rats. "Those accursed beasts," he calls in the Bicêtre the animals who in the Bastille, twenty years before, had been his friends. He lost even his name, and was known as Father Jedor. He was covered with scorbutic sores, and was sent to the still more horrible infirmary.

At last he was removed to a more comfortable apartment, an alleviation he soon forfeited by trying to interest a visitor (Princesse de Bouillon) in his favor.

About this time M. Necker was called to be the king's prime minister; and Madame Necker made a visit of inspection to the prisons. Her account of what she saw caused an eminent man, the President de Gourgue, to visit the prisoners. These men, dregs of rascality though they were, all seem to have felt compassion for Latude. They directed M. Gourgue to his cell, and even one of the guards rejoiced to see the visitor shedding tears over its inhabitant.

"The worst part of your case," said De Gourgue, "is that you are confined under a *lettre de cachet*. Send me a memorial of your sufferings, and trust to my good offices."

For nine days Latude sold his pittance of black bread to procure writing paper. When his memorial was finished, with his last shirt and a pair of silk stockings he bribed a prison underling to convey it to his protector. The man was drunk, and dropped it in the street.

Happily for Latude it was picked up by a woman, who became his friend and guardian angel. The envelope was wet and stained. The seal was broken. The signature was "Masers de Latude, a prisoner during thirty-two years at the Bastille, at Vincennes, and at the Bicêtre, where he is confined on bread and water in a dungeon ten feet under ground."

Having read the record of his sufferings, this good woman, Madame Legros, resolved to effect the liberation of Latude. She copied the paper before she sent it to its destination. Her husband was a private teacher, and she kept a little thread and needle store. They had no personal influence, and their resources were very limited. On M. Legros's delivering the package with his own hands to

M. Gourgue, that gentleman told him that he had been greatly affected by the writer's story, and had taken steps in his behalf, but had been informed that for thirty-two years he had been a confirmed lunatic, whose confinement was necessary for his own and others' safety.

Still M. and Madame Legros would not give up the cause of their *protégé*. They detected inconsistencies in the story. Madame Legros sought out the chaplain of the Bicêtre, and obtained a certificate of the prisoner's sanity. She also went to the prison, where she saw the prisoners who were not *au secret*, and learnt that the object of her interest was known among them as Father Jedor.

With three louis, a great sum for her, she bribed one of the turnkeys to deliver to Latude a letter and a louis d'or. This was the first he had heard of his benefactress. He replied by imploring her to give up his cause rather than run any risk on his account.

Both husband and wife having made several copies of the memorial, approached various influential persons in his behalf. M. Lenoir said Latude was not in the Bicêtre, but was a confirmed lunatic at Charenton. He added he was accused of no crime, but his release would be dangerous to society. Afterwards he shifted his ground, and declared that Latude was imprisoned by the express orders of the king, and that he should not be justified in disputing the commands of his Majesty.

This announcement alarmed all those whom Madame Legros had already interested in Latude's favor. She however would not relax her efforts, and addressed herself to upwards of two hundred persons with varying success.

Next Madame Legros obtained an interview with Latude. She saw him for a few moments as he was conducted through a courtyard to receive a visit from a former chaplain of the Bicêtre, the Abbé Légal; and she was permitted by the humanity of his guards to exchange a few brief sentences with him.

The first dauphin was born Oct. 22, 1781, and Latude, in common with other political prisoners, hoped for deliverance. He appealed, in presence of the king's commissioners of pardon appointed to examine the prisoners of the Bicêtre, to M. Tristan the governor, as to his behavior during the four years he had been in his custody. M. Tristan confessed that he had never given him cause of complaint.

The Cardinal de Rohan, who was present, seemed much affected by his story, and spoke to the king upon the subject, but Louis, irritated by the result of his former interference, declined to reopen the matter. Meantime the cardinal was beset by Madame Legros, and at last referred her to M. de St. Prest, one of the king's ministers. St. Prest described her *protégé* as a common thief and an abandoned criminal; and though she complained of this outrage to the cardinal, the affair of the diamond necklace was approaching a crisis, and that poor gentleman needed all his court influence to keep himself out of the Bastille. Next Madame Legros applied to a celebrated lawyer, the advocate De la Croix. He was barred from carrying the case before any tribunal, by the law forbidding lawyers to defend any prisoner confined by *lettre de cachet*, but he took up the case warmly and interested a certain Madame D. (could it have been De Stael?) wife and daughter of a minister. This lady became as much interested in Madame Legros as in the prisoner; but taking advantage of her position she came to the Bicêtre, and there heard from Latude's own lips his miserable story.

Not long after this he had an interview with Lenoir, who could find no better evidence of his madness than that contained in the assertion that a man must have been mad to have attempted an escape from the Bastille.

Next De la Croix interviewed De Sartine and drove him to exposing the real cause of detention. "If this man should obtain his liberty, he will take refuge in foreign countries and write against me."

M. de la Croix suggested that if he were released there were persons anxious to be held responsible for his good behavior. This remark, after six more months of delays, deceptions, and disappointments, facilitated the desired end. The result was finally due to the exertions of Madame Necker, who refused to divulge to any one how the order for release was obtained.

In sending the good news to Madame Legros she wrote as follows:—

"The individual through whose powerful influence I have so long and ardently endeavored to achieve the object of our mutual solicitude, is in some measure apprehensive of the consequences. We fear lest the future conduct of our *protégé*, excited by the remembrance of his wrongs, should lead him into actions which might cause us to repent. I rely on your pru-

dence and management in a matter which really includes the happiness of my life, for, from reasons which are exclusively personal, I should suffer cruelly if M. de Latude were to excite any just cause of complaint against him after the steps I have taken in his favor, and the responsibility I have incurred. Since you have judged it proper to acquaint him with my name, and he has expressed himself fully sensible of the interest I have evinced, I entreat you to require from him, as the only token of his gratitude I shall ever have occasion to exact, his full and unqualified forgiveness of the many injuries he has sustained, and a profound silence on the subject of his enemies. This is the only course by which he can expect happiness, and it is absolutely essential to my tranquillity that he should adopt it. I leave this important matter entirely in your hands, madame, in the fullest confidence, and relying on the sentiments of esteem and attachment with which you have inspired me."

But the pardon was accompanied by a most distasteful condition. He was to be exiled to Montagnac, there to reside under surveillance of the police. Madame Legros earnestly represented that if separated from herself and husband by a distance of two hundred leagues, they could not possibly watch over him as they had bound themselves to do, "and prevent the ebullitions of temper, or the natural dictates of long-suppressed indignation."

At last she obtained the necessary papers permitting him to reside in Paris, on condition of never appearing in the coffee-houses, on the public walks, or in any place of public amusement.

March 22, 1784, Latude quitted his prison. He accompanied his good friends to their humble dwelling, where a chamber had been prepared for him. He gazed around him with the rapture of a child; and the ordinary comforts, of life seemed luxuries beyond his imagination.

Soon came the kind anonymous lady who had assisted Madame Necker. On quitting Latude she left him a purse of gold and a letter. The latter was full of kindness and good sense, and reiterated the good counsels before given him.

By degrees a small income was secured, by private subscription, to enable Madame Legros and her husband to support themselves and the new member of their family. They were put in receipt of a certain income of about four hundred and fifty dollars. The Monthyon prize for 1784 (that is the prize given to the poor French

person who in the course of the year has performed the most virtuous action) was unanimously awarded by the Academy to Madame Legros, but her receiving it was opposed by the king's ministers.

At the taking of the Bastile in 1789 Latude was in Paris. He does not seem to have been among the attacking party; but the next day he was carried over it in triumph, and encouraged to take possession of the relics of his escape and the papers relating to his captivity.

In 1790 he published his autobiography, and in the year following brought suit for damages against the heirs of Madame de Pompadour. He succeeded in obtaining a verdict, but probably did not reap much benefit from his success, as he died a poor man in 1805, at the advanced age of eighty-two, after having gone through tortures and privations enough to have destroyed a frame of iron.

In the Bastile at the time of its capture there were found seventeen prisoners. The list, obtained by a foreigner who was present, is preserved in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg.

Twelve of these persons were counterfeiters and forgers, amongst whom was one officer of rank, Jacques Luc Pillotte de la Barolière.

The remaining five were:—

JACQUES DE LA DOUAI, a spy of M. Lenoir, employed to report on men of letters. At one time he was paid thirty thousand francs a year. He was made inspector of imported foreign literature, and entered into an agreement with some foreign bookseller to admit into France objectionable works on joint account. He was betrayed by an accomplice with whom he had quarrelled.

HENRIETTE SANDO, arrested under the false name of Countess de Saint Anselme. A dressmaker, thirty-three years old. Supposed to have been guilty of bringing into France a proscribed pamphlet.

ANNE GEDEON DE LAFITTE, MARQUIS DE PELLEPORT, author of many pamphlets obnoxious to the government. Committed to the Bastile for one published against M. de Vergennes. At the taking of the Bastile he exerted himself to save M. de Launay.

JEAN JACQUES RAINVILLE, arrested for being the owner of a packet of books entitled "*Au rédacteur du petit almanach des grands hommes*," brought to Paris from Orleans.

DE WHIT, arrested in 1782. No one ever knew who he was nor what he was confined for. He had been at first im-

prisoned at Vincennes with the Marquis de Sade (subsequently transferred to Charenton) and M. de Solanges. He had lost his reason and could give no account of himself. Some thought him a Count de Lorges. He was sent to Charenton.

The key of the Bastille was forwarded by Lafayette to General Washington. It now hangs in a glass case in the hall at Mount Vernon.

The Bicêtre continued to be a prison until after the massacres of September, 1793. It was then besieged by a ferocious mob. The prisoners were all liberated and fought side by side with their jailers, though they had no arms but iron bars torn from their windows, and their broken fetters. There were, however, in the place two cannon. At last they were overborne by numbers, and then commenced a general massacre. In vain Pétion exerted himself to stop the carnage. When all was over it is said that six thousand dead bodies lay within the precincts of the prison. There were no political prisoners in the Bicêtre at that period, and nothing but a thirst for blood could have prompted the massacre.

Vincennes is still used as a military prison.

From Chambers' Journal.
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE room was the second-floor back of a certain house in a certain shabby-gentle street in the purlieus of Soho, London. It was a good-sized room, and had two windows, the outlook from which was not a very lively one, being limited to the back premises of sundry other houses, which, as a rule, formed the playground of innumerable children during the day, and the trysting-place of innumerable cats during the small hours of the night. On fine days, vistas of drying linen might be discerned fluttering far into the murky distance.

The furniture of the room was worn and shabby with age and much hard wear. The faded carpet was darned in many places, and patched in others with pieces different from itself; the hearth-rug was worn threadbare with the usage of many years; the glass over the chimney-piece

was cracked, and its once gilt frame was blackened with age. There was a horsehair sofa between the windows, to sit on which was like sitting on a plank; and there were several cane-bottomed chairs, most of which were more or less rickety and insecure. The two comfortable easy-chairs, one on each side of the fireplace, belonged to the present tenants of the room, as did also the writing-desk that stood opposite one of the windows, and the easel that was fixed near the other. There were several hanging shelves laden with books, and magazines and newspapers were strewn carelessly about. On the walls were several sketches in water-colors, and some half-dozen caricatures in chalks. Finally, the room had three doors, two of them opening into bedrooms, and the third giving access to the common staircase of the house.

The time was seven P.M. on a pleasant evening in May. On the horsehair sofa was stretched at full length a young man of some five or six and twenty years, on whose features the traces of recent illness were plainly visible. A magazine had dropped idly from his fingers, and he now lay perfectly still, watching a glint of dying sunlight as it slowly mounted higher and higher on the opposite wall. His face, without being markedly handsome, was a pleasant one to look upon. Its expression was one that seemed to mingle refinement of thought with decision of character. His eyes were particularly good—dark, grave, reflective, yet with a playful gleam in them at times which seemed to show that he had not left his youth so far behind him as not to be able to enjoy a little fun or nonsense in due season. His complexion was olive, and his hair black; and from top to toe he measured six feet and a little over. By profession he was a writer for sundry newspapers and magazines, a sort of guerilla trooper attached to no staff or corps in particular. His name was Frank Frobisher.

Before the gleam of sunlight had quite faded from the wall, the noise of footsteps ascending the stairs was heard, accompanied by the sound of a mellow voice carolling forth the refrain of the last popular song. Then the door of the room was opened, and the new-comer halted for a moment on the threshold.

"What a bear I must be!" he exclaimed. "For the moment I had forgotten that you might be snoozing. Have I disturbed you?"

"A good thing if you had. I seem to

have been snoozing my brains away of late."

"How do you feel by this time?" asked the other, as he came forward and shut the door.

"Oh, better — better," was the answer, given a little querulously, "The doctor says I am better, so I suppose I must be."

The new-comer, Dick Drummond, was a tall, lanky, freckled young man, about the same age as his friend, or it may be a year or two older. He had dark-blue eyes, that seemed made to express fun and mischief rather than any deeper shades of feeling, but which yet could be tender enough on occasion. His long, straggling red hair looked as if the tonsorial scissors would improve its appearance. He wore a slouched hat, and a brown velvet jacket that had evidently seen better days. He was an unrecognized genius in the great world of art, a painter who painted more pictures than he could sell. He and Frobisher were bosom-friends, and shared the second-floor back between them.

"What have you there?" asked Frobisher, noticing that his friend was laden with sundry parcels and packages.

"Item — one half-quartern loaf; and isn't it a beauty?" answered Drummond solemnly, as he proceeded to place his packages one by one on the table. "Look at that crust; there's perfection of form and color. Item — half-pound of prime Dorset, as sweet as a daisy. Item — four ounces of the best mixed tea, 'I like a wholesome dish of tea' — Dr. Johnson. Item — two bloaters, genuine Yarmouth, and no mistake. Item — one ounce of Kanaster for your especial behoof. Your pipe has been idle too long, old fellow. Item — one bottle of prime old crusted port, to be taken medicinally as often as need be."

"But how on earth did you raise the money to buy all these luxuries?" asked Frank, a little anxiously.

"Old Smoker stood me a fiver for my 'Andromeda.' Tra-la-lala." He had turned to the cupboard by this time, and was emptying the packet of tea into the little caddy.

"Dick, the truth is not in thee," answered Frobisher after a pause. "There's a postcard from Smoker on the chimney-piece. He declines to give 'Andromeda' house-room at any price."

"More idiot he," answered the unabashed Dick. "He doesn't know a work of genius when he sees it. Those wretched dealers never do. Mark my words,

that picture will sell for a thousand guineas before I've been a dozen years under the daisies."

Dick went on with his preparations for tea, bringing out the tray and arranging the cups and saucers; stirring up the fire — for the May evening was chilly to the invalid — and putting the little kettle on to boil. For economy's sake, the two young men waited upon themselves as much as possible.

"Richard, *mon ami*, you have been visiting your relative the pawnbroker," said Frobisher after a minute's silence.

"Not for the first time in my life, nor for the last, I hope. But what does it matter to you where I've been? One must live."

"But one can live without prime old crusted port, especially in the present state of our finances."

"And I say we can't, at least you can't. The *medico* has ordered you wine, and wine you shall have."

"Dick, you have been pawning your mother's ring."

"What if I have? There was nothing else left that I could get a decent advance on. I had no more pot-boilers ready; and I'm afraid they wouldn't have advanced much on the manuscript of your comedy."

"Ah, Dick, I shall never know how to repay you. But you ought not to have pawned the ring."

"But I say that I ought. If my mother were alive, she would be the first to applaud me for doing so — under the circumstances."

Frank could only shake his head. He had no strength to argue the point.

"Besides," went on Dick, "there's poor Tom Ellis only just out of the hospital, and that pretty little wife of his without a shilling to bless herself with. The poor thing quite broke down when I began to talk to her, and then she confessed that neither she nor Tom had tasted food since yesterday."

"Dick, perhaps you did right after all to pawn the ring. But what a useless log am I!"

"Tra-la-lala-lala!" sang Dick. "Another week or two will set you on your pins as right as a trivet, old boy. Confound this kettle! It doesn't even sing yet. Won't you try one of these Yarmouth fellows?"

"No, thank you. Nothing but a cup of tea."

"With a thin slice of toast nicely buttered. Many's the slice of toast I used to make for the *pater* in the old days at home."

Frank lay back languidly on six cushions while Dick went on with his preparations for tea, whistling under his breath as he did so.

"Supposing it's a bright warm day tomorrow," said Dick presently, "how jolly it would be to take a holiday!"

"I should like it above all things," answered Frank. "I feel as if I had lived among bricks and mortar for years."

"We might take the train as far as Richmond, hire a boat at the bridge, and paddle up-stream for five or six miles, then land, and dine at some old-fashioned river-side inn."

"That would be capital."

"After dinner, we would lounge in the shade of some big old chestnut—they are all in bloom just now. And then, while I did a bit of sketching, you should think out the plot of your next story; and in the cool of evening, we would take boat again and drop quietly down the stream, and finish up the day with a few natives and some bottled stout."

"Quite an idyllic sketch, Dick, especially the oysters and stout. But —"

"But me no buts. I've got the ready here, my boy—here," answered Richard the impulsive, as he tapped his waistcoat pocket with a joyous air.

"But think of our debts. Four weeks' rent owing."

"Together with one or two other trifles not worth mentioning. Frank, the more deeply I am in debt, the more I enjoy a holiday. Seems as if my creditors were standing treat, you know. So kind on their part!"

"Suppose we defer our holiday, and pay a fortnight's rent with the money?"

"Not a bit of it. Old Dabchick is in no want of money. He's rich, my boy, rich, and can afford to wait. I only wish dear old Leyland were here to go with us."

"And so do I, with all my heart," responded the invalid.

"But he's in Tregathlin Bay by this time," went on Dick, "trying to paint those wonderful cliffs, that seem to have put on a different shade every time you look at them."

Bence Leyland was a brother of the brush, who tenanted rooms on the floor above those occupied by our friends. Although twenty years older than either of them, he was as young at heart as they, and when he was at home they were all chums together. At present he was away on a painting-tour in the neighborhood of the Land's End.

At this moment, a slatternly maid-of-all-work, after a preliminary tap at the door, intruded her head into the room and announced: "A gentleman to see Mr. Frob'sher."

"Show him up, whoever he may be," answered Frank languidly.

"And just as this bloater was done to a turn!" sighed Dick.

"The banquet must be postponed."

The slatternly servant opened the door, and ushered in a little dapper elderly gentleman with a keen but good-natured face, whose sharp gray eyes seemed to take in the room and its occupants at a glance.

"Beg pardon. Trust I'm not intruding," he said. "But are these the chambers of Mr. Frank Frobisher?"

"This is my room, sir; and I am Frank Frobisher."

"Not ill, I hope. Good gracious! that will never do," exclaimed the stranger. "But I must explain that I have called to see you on a private matter of great importance."

"I have no secrets from my friend, sir. Whatever you have to say, may be said openly before him."

"In that case, sir, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Gimp—John Gimp, attorney-at-law, and an old acquaintance of your lamented father—that is, if you really are Mr. Frobisher the younger."

"I really and truly am Frank Frobisher the younger; and I still retain a very clear recollection of you, Mr. Gimp, although I have not seen you since I was eight years old."

"Flattered, I'm sure. Good memory, great acquisition," said the lawyer.

"Before you go any further, Mr. Gimp, I must introduce you to my friend—the only friend I have in the world—Mr. Richard Drummond. Dick, Mr. Gimp, an old friend of the family."

"Charmed, I'm sure, to make Mr. Drummond's acquaintance," said the little man. "And now, Mr. Frobisher," resumed the lawyer, putting on his business air, and looking at the young man keenly, "if your memory carries you back so far, may I ask when and where you recollect having seen me before?"

"At Chenies, my father's old house."

"True—very true. I was often there. Do you recollect any peculiarity in connection with the drawing-room at Chenies?"

"Let me think. Do you refer to the hiding-place in the chimney that was one day discovered accidentally by my father?"

"I do. One more question. Can you tell me the name of the lady who was governess to your sister?"

"You mean Miss Jukes?"

"I do."

"Miss Jukes, whom I one day caught you kissing in the shrubbery."

"Fie! Mr. Gimp, fie!" called out Dick from the fireplace. The kettle had boiled at last, and he was making the tea.

"Eh, eh. Confound it! I had quite forgotten that little incident," answered the lawyer, as he blew his nose in some confusion.

"You gave me half-a-crown not to tell," went on Frank. "And next day you advised my father to send me away to school."

"I did, I did. Dear me! what half-forgotten memories your words bring back. You *must* be your father's son, Mr. Frobisher. May I ask whether you have any family documents in your possession?"

"I have a heap of old letters and papers in a box in the next room. But why do you ask all these questions?"

"With your leave, I will examine the papers in question to-morrow, and not keep the news of your good fortune from you any longer."

"The news of my good fortune!" exclaimed Frank, while a sudden flush mounted to his forehead. Dick, with the gridiron in his hand, turned his head to listen.

"Do you remember your uncle, Mr. Timothy Askew?" asked Mr. Gimp with most provoking coolness.

"Mr. Askew was my father's half-brother. I have often heard my mother speak of him, but I never saw him."

"Mr. Askew went to India when quite a young man. He remained there thirty years, and was on his voyage home when he died. He had made his will five years previously, and deposited it with his bankers. By that will, you are declared Mr. Askew's sole heir and legatee. Your income will be something like eight thousand a year; and I congratulate you very sincerely on your good fortune."

For a moment or two Frank could not speak. "I my uncle's heir—the heir of a man who never even saw me!" he exclaimed at last. "Eight thousand a year!"

"Enter the fairy godmother disguised as an elderly lawyer," murmured Dick to himself. "Frank will hardly care about a bloater to his tea now. Pork sausages at elevenpence a pound would hardly be good enough."

Mr. Gimp took snuff vigorously.

"It seems like a dream. I can hardly believe it true," said Frank after a pause.

"But for all that, it is perfectly true," responded the lawyer with a smile.

"Waylands—a very pretty little place in Surrey, which Mr. Askew never lived to inhabit—will now own you for its master. But we can go into all needful details to-morrow."

"It seems incredible—like a tale out of the 'Arabian Nights.' How long has my uncle been dead?"

"Six months. He died a fortnight after leaving Calcutta. A pretty job I've had to hunt you up, Mr. Frobisher. Who would expect to find the heir to eight thousand a year in a garret in Soho?"

Dick took up his hat and crossed the room. "I never believed in rich uncles from India till to-day," he said. "I've seen more than one of them on the stage; but I never heard of one in real life till this afternoon. Frank, old fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart."

The hands of the two friends met in a long, hearty grip.

"Where on earth are you off to now, Dick?" asked Frobisher.

"I'm just going out for a little while, old man. You and this gentleman have a lot of things to talk over, so I thought I would step round the corner for half an hour and imbibe a little of something, and pull myself together a bit, for you're going to be a regular swell now, Frank." There was a ring of pathos in the honest fellow's voice as he spoke thus, with his soft felt hat clutched between his strong fingers.

"If you dare to stir a step beyond that door, I'll never speak to you again," cried Frobisher, as he started to his feet. "Put down your hat this moment, and pour me out a cup of tea."

"And I will take a cup also, if you please, Mr. Drummond," said the lawyer.

Dick flung his hat across the room, and proceeded to do as he was told, whistling softly to himself as he did so. He set one cup of tea before Frank, and another before Mr. Gimp, and then poured out some for himself into a small basin, the tea-service in the Soho lodgings being strictly limited to two cups and saucers.

Meanwhile, the lawyer had resumed his conversation with Frank. "Yes, sir, a pretty chase I've had before I found you," he said. "It's only two hours since I obtained a clue to your whereabouts, and I lost not a moment in coming to see you. I just dropped in upon your uncle, Mr.

Pebworth, as I came along, and told him the news. He was overjoyed."

"My uncle overjoyed at your finding me!" exclaimed the young man in an unmistakable tone of sarcasm.

"He really was. He himself has been most indefatigable in his efforts to find you."

"I can quite believe it, now that I am rich. He was equally indefatigable in his efforts to shun me so long as I was poor."

"Beg pardon, but you do Mr. Pebworth an injustice, I'm sure you do."

"Then I beg Mr. Pebworth's pardon. But you must remember, Mr. Gimp, that I speak from bitter experience."

"You have doubtless been poor, Mr. Frobisher, and poverty is like a cheap looking-glass, it distorts everything that is reflected in it. I expect Mr. Pebworth here, to congratulate you in person, in the course of a few minutes."

Frank started to his feet, an angry light sparkling in his eyes. "Mr. Pebworth coming here! The last man in the world whom I should care to see."

"And yet Mr. Pebworth is your nearest living relative," said the lawyer dryly.

"Because I have the misfortune to be his nephew, is that any reason why I should like him or care to see him?"

Mr. Gimp's reply to this question was a pinch of snuff.

Frank took a turn across the room, and then resumed his seat. "Look you, Mr. Gimp," he began; "twice when Mr. Pebworth was a young man and ruin stared him in the face, he was saved by my father's helping hand. Time went on. Thanks to the fresh start thus given him, Mr. Pebworth grew prosperous and well-to-do. Misfortune overtook my father, then came illness, then death. His last words to my mother were: 'Pebworth will take care of Frank;' his last act, to write a few lines recommending me to my uncle's care. After my father's death, the lines thus written were sent by my mother to Pebworth. No answer. Then my mother wrote twice. Still no answer. We struggled on, sir, my mother and I, as well as we could for several years. Then my mother fell ill, and after many months of suffering, she died. Night and day through all that dreary winter I had nursed her. All other occupations had to give way to that. The morning my mother died, a loaf of bread and a few shillings were my sole earthly possessions. Everything available had been sold or pawned weeks before. Then I

bethought me of my uncle Pebworth — as you said just now, my nearest living relative. I wrote, told him everything, and asked him to send me the means to bury my mother. An answer came by return of post, inclosing — what think you? — two sovereigns! Yes, sir, forty shillings was all that Algernon Pebworth, Esquire, could afford to throw away on his dead sister; and had it not been for the generous help of my friend Drummond, my mother's remains at this moment would be lying in a pauper's grave. That very week my uncle's name appeared in the *Times* as the donor of five guineas to a fund for the relief of the sufferers from an earthquake in South America. The Pharisee — the vile Pharisee!"

"Hush, sir, hush! What you have said both pains and surprises me," said Mr. Gimp. "I have always had the very highest opinion of Mr. Pebworth."

"Keep your opinion, sir, and cherish it — only let me keep mine. I tell you that now I am rich, this man will fawn on me and flatter me and be as servile to me as any spaniel, and that because gold is the only deity he has ever learned to worship."

"You are very bitter, Mr. Frobisher, for so young a man."

"Poverty is a stern schoolmistress. She has taught me lessons which I can never forget."

Mr. Gimp sipped his tea in silence. For a little while no one spoke.

Suddenly Frobisher turned to his friend. His face had brightened a little, and there was a grimly humorous smile on his lips when he next spoke. "How would it be, *amigo mio*, if you and I were to exchange identities for a couple of months?"

"Eh?" answered Dick with a start, not comprehending what Frank had said. He had been thinking somewhat sadly that their old friendship could never be again quite what it had been. Frank would be a great swell now, and everything would necessarily be changed.

Frobisher's next words were spoken with a slow, clear emphasis that could not be misunderstood: "Suppose that for the next two or three months you become Frank Frobisher, and I become Dick Drummond?"

Dick only stared and shook his head. Had his friend taken leave of his senses, he asked himself.

"Surely, Mr. Frobisher, you cannot mean your strange proposition to be taken seriously," said the lawyer with a look of utter consternation. He too began to

wonder whether this strange young man could really be in his right mind.

"I was never more serious in my life," replied Frobisher. "What I propose is, that my friend and I shall for the time being change identities. He shall take my name and position, I his; and I rely upon your assistance and connivance, Mr. Gimp, in carrying out this scheme."

Mr. Gimp took a pinch of snuff, and shook his head in emphatic disapproval of any such madcap idea.

"I am going among a set of people," resumed Frank, "into a circle of relatives, of whom I know little or nothing. As a rich man, I shall make their acquaintance at a terrible disadvantage; I shall never really know them, never see them without the mask each of them will wear before me. Let me study them for a few weeks from behind the scenes, as it were. As Dick Drummond, the amanuensis, the secretary, the humble friend of the rich Mr. Frobisher, I shall see many a slip of the mask, have many an opportunity of judging as to the real feelings and sentiments of my new-found relatives."

"A strange scheme this of yours, Mr. Frobisher, a very strange scheme; and I must really decline to have anything to do with it," said Mr. Gimp solemnly.

"It's like the rich uncle from India," remarked Dick, "one of those things you hear about in plays or novels, but never meet with in real life."

"My dear Dick, there are stranger things happening every day in real life than any novelist or playwright dare make use of. As for this scheme of mine, mad as it may seem at first sight, I am determined to carry it out. Dick, I can rely upon you, I know?"

"Of course you can, old fellow. I'm yours to command in any way and every way."

CHAPTER II.

FOR a little while no one spoke. The minds of the three men were occupied with the same subject, but each of them was looking at it from his point of view.

"You were my father's friend, and you must be mine in this matter, Mr. Gimp," said Frank at last. "It shall be nothing out of your pocket to humor me in this whim."

"But it will be so unprofessional — so utterly unprofessional," urged the little lawyer, with a look of comical distress.

"I do not ask you for any active assistance in the matter; all I want is your passive connivance," urged Frank.

"I hate impostures of any kind, Mr. Frobisher."

"Not more than I do, as a rule. But this one cannot harm anybody."

"One never can see how things will end. Besides, Mr. Drummond's looks and general appearance are so different from yours."

"That does not matter in the least. Neither my uncle nor aunt has seen me since I was twelve months old. My cousin Clunie, and my other cousin Elma Deene, have never seen me at all. I am not a bit like my mother, I have been told: features, eyes, hair, are all my father's."

"I do wish most sincerely, Mr. Frobisher, that if you must carry out this scheme, you could do so without in any way implicating me in it."

"I must really claim your passive assistance, my dear sir. Without that, my little plot would at once break down."

Mr. Gimp lay back in his chair with a sigh of resignation and began to polish his double eyeglass. Mr. Frobisher was evidently a most determined young man; and some concession was due to the whims of a client with eight thousand a year.

"And now for *my* instructions," cried Dick.

"They are of the simplest possible kind. The moment my uncle is announced, you become Frank Frobisher, and I become Dick Drummond."

"In other words, I become you, and you become me — for the time?"

"Yes, till I give you leave to resume your own identity."

"To hear, my lord, is to obey."

Frank turned to the lawyer. "Have you a confidential clerk, Mr. Gimp, whom you can place at my disposal for a week or two?"

"Certainly, Mr. Frobisher. Our Mr. Whiffles, although young, is discretion itself, and by no means devoid of intelligence. I shall be happy to place him at your disposal."

"Be good enough to send Mr. Whiffles to me at ten o'clock to-morrow, and advance him fifty pounds before he comes."

"Beg pardon; but any instructions that I can give Whiffles from you —"

"Thanks; but I prefer to instruct him myself. The business on which I am about to employ him is strictly confidential — at present."

"Just so. No doubt. Whiffles is your man, sir."

For the second time a knock; and next moment the maid-of-all-work's somewhat clouded face was visible. "Another gentleman to see Mr. Frob'sher," was all she said.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Frank.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" cried Dick.

Mr. Gimp fumbled nervously with his eyeglass, but did not speak. The three men glanced at each other with a sort of guilty consciousness.

"Show the gentleman up," said Frank to the servant. "Now, Dick, attention. Now, Mr. Gimp, if you please." His face had darkened again as it had darkened when his uncle's name was first mentioned. In his eyes there was an expression such as Dick had rarely seen in them before. He went back to the sofa between the two windows and resumed his seat.

Footsteps were heard on the stairs. Mr. Gimp crossed to the door and opened it. "Mr. Pebworth and Miss Deene," he announced in his blandest tones, but despite himself his voice shook a little.

Mr. Pebworth was the first to enter. He was a stout-built, big-boned man of fifty, with iron-gray hair and closely-cropped whiskers; he had a broad expanse of face, with cheeks that were already becoming pendulous from over-feeding. The normal expression of his small, keen, steel-gray eyes was one of suspicious inquiry — they were eyes that seemed to be forever interrogating you — but he could, when it so pleased him, charge them with a sort of cold twinkle, which the world in general accepted as an outward and visible sign of an inborn geniality of disposition, such as those who knew him best — say his wife or daughter — would have been the last to give him credit for. He had a mellow and unctuous voice, and a slow, rotund way of rolling out his periods that lent themselves readily to the same deception. In point of dress he was studiously plain and precise. He wore a black tail-coat and vest, pepper-and-salt trousers, and shoes that were tied with broad black ribbon. He might have worn the same carefully-tied checked neckcloth and the same high stand-up collar from January till December, seeing that they never varied in the slightest particular. His silky, broad-brimmed hat was worn well back on his head, as if he courted the world to look in the face of an honest man. Finally, he was seldom seen without a bundle of papers tied with red tape, either under his arm or bulging from one of his pockets.

This personage came forward slowly and with a degree of hesitation very unusual with him. His small, gray eyes quickly took in the room and its occupants, resting finally and for the second time on Frank, who from his seat on the sofa was regarding his uncle with no very favorable eyes.

"Where is my dearest Frank?" demanded Mr. Pebworth. "Where is my scapegrace boy, whom I have never ceased to cherish in my heart as though he were a son of my own?" Without waiting for an answer, he crossed the room with a sort of elephantine lightness, and made his way direct to Frank's sofa. "Ah, here the rascal is. But not ill, I hope. God bless my heart, not ill!"

Dick had started to his feet by this time. "Why, uncle, don't you know me?" he cried. "Don't you recognize your long-lost nephew? I'll never believe in family likenesses again!"

Mr. Pebworth turned with a quickness that one would hardly have given him credit for. If disconcerted at all, it was but for a moment. "What! Oh, ah, to be sure!" he exclaimed. "Very stupid of me. Rather short-sighted at my time of life. That must be my excuse." His back was turned to Frank by this time, and next moment he was shaking Dick warmly by the hand. "My dearest Frank, I am delighted to find you! Now that I see you closer, I should recognize you anywhere! Your likeness to my late lamented sister, your poor dear mother, is truly wonderful!"

"Glad to see you, uncle. A long time since we last met," responded Dick in a hearty, off-hand way.

"A long time indeed. But I have never ceased to think about you, nor to wish for the day to come when I should see you again. That happy day is here at last. But here is my niece Elma waiting to greet you. Elma, my pet, your cousin Frank, *the* cousin whom we have so often talked about and longed to see."

The young lady thus addressed was a slender, dark-eyed girl of some twenty summers, with clear-cut, aquiline features, an olive complexion, a profusion of soft, silky, black hair, and a lovely dimple within an inch of her lips when she smiled. She was plainly dressed in a costume of some dark, soft material, which she wore with a grace and distinction peculiarly her own. She had shaken hands with Mr. Gimp on entering the room, and they were now talking in an undertone together. Being thus appealed to by Mr.

Pebworth, she came forward, with the quiet, self-possessed air that seemed a part of herself. "How do you do, Cousin Frank?" she asked, proffering her hand as she spoke.

"Pretty well, thank you, Cousin Elma," answered Dick; and he thought that he had never seen a prettier hand.

"We have had a fine day, haven't we, Cousin Frank?"

"A very fine day indeed, Cousin Elma."

"Now that we have discussed the weather, we may be considered as knowing each other intimately. And now say something amusing to me. A laugh would do me good." There was a sort of demure twinkle in her eyes, and she glanced at Mr. Pebworth as she spoke. That gentleman and Mr. Gimp were talking together.

Dick shook his head and colored a little. "You will find me but a dull dog, Cousin Elma. I don't believe there is one particle of amusement to be extracted from me. But I must introduce both you and my uncle" — here Mr. Pebworth turned and became all attention — "to my friend Mr. Dick Drummond, at present on the sick-list, but at all times the best of good fellows and the dearest of chums. Dick, my uncle, Mr. Pebworth — my cousin, Miss Deene."

Frank had risen, and was standing with one hand resting on an elbow of the sofa. His face was very pale, and there was a dark, resentful light in his eyes as he turned to Mr. Pebworth and bowed coldly to him. But the angry gleam died out, and his lips parted with a faint smile, as he bent his head to Miss Deene.

Mr. Pebworth turned his back on him without ceremony. "A friend who must be got rid of," he muttered to himself. Then addressing himself to Dick, he said: "I wish my darling Clunie were here to enjoy this happy meeting; but unfortunately she is away at Cheltenham for a few days. A clinging, timorous pet, my dear Frank, but brimful of poetry, and blessed with a most affectionate disposition. Eh, Gimp?"

"Oh, most affectionate!" The little lawyer was evidently on thorns, and was wishing himself anywhere rather than where he was.

"Looks upon Gimp as a second father. She has, in fact, such a superabundance of affection, that one father doesn't seem enough for her. Your aunt, however, will be here in the course of a few minutes. She met a friend in the next street as we were coming along, and of course must

stop to talk to her. A most estimable creature, my dear Frank; but homely, very homely."

"My aunt is a gem," exclaimed Miss Deene. "If you don't like her, Cousin Frank, I shall never learn to like you."

"If that be the case," responded Dick, "my aunt and I will soon be on the best of terms."

Miss Deene crossed the room to where Frank was sitting. She saw how pale and ill he was looking, and she had not failed to notice how her uncle had turned his back on him. She had brought a tiny basket in with her. "I have some strawberries here, Mr. Drummond," she said. "They are fresh from Covent Garden. Would you not like a few?"

"Thank you, Miss Deene; I should indeed like one or two."

Miss Deene opened her basket, and displayed a tempting array of luscious fruit and cool green leaves. The tea-tray was still on the little round table, and on it was a plate that had not been used. With dainty fingers, Miss Deene picked out some of the finest of the fruit, arranged them on the plate, and then handed the plate to Frank.

"Have you been a long time ill, Mr. Drummond?" she asked, in a tone that thrilled Frank from head to foot.

"Nearly a month. But I am greatly better, and hope to get out of doors for the first time to-morrow."

"So tedious, is it not, to be shut up indoors for more than a day at a time? I recollect once, when I had been very ill and was getting better, how I longed to get out of doors, and how the more they refused to let me, the more I wanted to go. Well, I was not to be balked, so I bribed Jem the gardener's boy to put a ladder under my window after dark. Then, about ten o'clock, after I had been left for the night, I dressed myself, got through the window, down the ladder — it was bright moonlight — and ran by way of the shrubbery to the five-acre field. There I caught Dapple, my pony, had a bare-backed scamper round the meadows for half an hour — got back unseen by way of the ladder, and next day was nearly well."

Frank laughed. "A sort of recipe, Miss Deene, that I am afraid would not answer in every case."

Mr. Pebworth was proying away on the opposite side of the room to Dick and Mr. Gimp.

"Yes, my dear Frank, yours is one of the most extraordinary instances of good

fortune that ever came under my notice. I could not sleep for nearly a week after I first heard of it. I presume that you will take up your residence at Waylands? A most charming spot, I have every reason to believe."

"Why — ah — you see it's too soon yet for me to make up my mind about anything. At present I can hardly believe that my good fortune is anything more substantial than a dream."

"When Mr. Gimp puts into your hand a blank cheque-book and tells you for what sum you can draw upon your bankers, you will begin to believe in it as a golden reality."

"I think," said Dick, "I should like to run round the corner to my friend the pawnbroker's — for the last time, you know — and raise a couple of shillings on a coat or a waistcoat, or something, till to-morrow."

Mr. Pebworth held up his hands in horror. Mr. Gimp looked as if he could not believe the evidence of his ears.

"My dear Frank! I entreat that you will look upon my purse as your own."

"And mine too, Mr. Frobisher."

"You misunderstand me, both of you," answered Dick, while a broad smile overspread his freckled face. "My last visit to my Lombardian relative was to have been sentimental rather than necessary — a sort of regretful leave-taking of one who had not been unkind to me when my fortunes were very much down-at-heel. But it matters not. To-morrow, I will look up certain sibylline leaves which bear the impress of his establishment. They are somewhat numerous; but you, Mr. Gimp, will have no objection to redeem for me the various articles specified in them?"

The little lawyer's eyeglass fell from his nose. "I — John Gimp — in a pawnshop!"

Incorrigible Dick only lay back in his chair and laughed.

Meanwhile, our two young people at the other end of the room went on chatting to themselves.

"And now I suppose I am in Bohemia?" said Miss Deene.

"And now you are in Bohemia," said Frank.

"How do the denizens of this strange country live?"

"They exist; they don't live, in the ordinary sense of the word. They paint pictures that seldom find buyers. They write plays that no manager will look at. There are great actors and great musicians among them, only the public is too

pig-headed to recognize their genius. They are always more or less hard up — generally more. They smoke a great deal. They also drink — whiskey, when they can get it — fourpenny ale, when they can't. They are never down-hearted, though they don't always know where to-morrow's dinner is to come from. They help one another, as good fellows ought to do. When Jack is lucky enough to pick up a ten-pound note, Tom and Harry come in for a share of it; and when Harry's picture finds a customer, be sure his friends are not forgotten."

"Were I a man, I should like to be a Bohemian," said Miss Deene with a sparkle in her dark eyes.

"How much nicer to earn five hundred a year in the city, and not be a Bohemian!"

By this time, Dick was beginning to feel a trifle bored. He cast one or two longing glances at his meerschaum, but Mr. Pebworth held him as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest.

"You will probably, my dear Frank," he said, "be desirous of investing some portion of your surplus income in one or other of those gigantic commercial enterprises which form such a prominent feature of the wonderful era in which we live."

"That sounds exactly like a bit out of one of his own prospectuses," murmured Mr. Gimp to himself.

"Of one such enterprise," continued Mr. Pebworth, "I have the honor to be chairman. I allude to the Patent Bottled Ozone Company; Chief Offices, 48 Threadneedle Court, City."

"The Patent what Company, uncle?" asked Dick.

"The Patent Bottled Ozone Company. Hem! The association in question may be briefly described as one of those happy combinations of philanthropy with hard cash which are, alas! too seldom met with in this sublunary sphere. We do good to our fellow-creatures, and fill our own pockets at the same time."

"A truly pleasant combination. But what may be the specific objects of the Company?"

"They are readily explained. By means of recent discoveries in chemical science, we are enabled to eliminate pure ozone from the other component parts of the atmosphere, and to bottle it up for transmission to any part of the world. To invalids, to children, to people of moderate means who cannot afford a visit to the seaside, our bottled ozone will prove an

inestimable boon. By its means, you may enjoy all the advantages derivable from a visit to Brighton or Scarborough without crossing your own threshold. Hem!"

"The prospectus again," whispered the lawyer to himself.

Before Dick had time to say a word, the door was opened, and the maid-of-all-work's voice was heard, saying: "This is Mr. Frob'sher's room, mum."

"My aunt!" exclaimed Dick as he started to his feet.

"As I said before, an excellent creature, but deficient in culture," whispered Pebworth in a stage "aside."

Scarcely had the words left his lips, when Mrs. Pebworth entered. She was homely-looking certainly, and plainly dressed; but she had a pleasant, good-tempered face, and pretension or affectation of any kind was evidently altogether foreign to her.

Mr. Pebworth advanced a step. "Leonora, my love," he exclaimed in his most unctuous tones, "behold your long-lost nephew!" His arm took a sweep through the air, and his finger pointed directly at Dick.

Mrs. Pebworth stopped short in utter surprise. "What! that young man with the red hair my nephew Frank! Wonders will never cease."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE last year has been a season of trial and heart-searching for the admirers of Carlyle. Two books have appeared which have given a severe shock to the feelings of many amongst us. The "Reminiscences" published last year, and the "Life and Letters" published this year, have caused something like a domestic sorrow in the hearts of many persons who cannot readily be comforted. For some twenty years before his death Carlyle had risen into a position which would not easily find a parallel in our own or in any country. It was felt that he stood in a class by himself, that he was an author of a wholly different breed from the common run even of great authors. Nearly all men mentioned his name in a tone of respect; many went further, and spoke of him with reverence as for a teacher to whom they owed a deep debt of gratitude. His original and powerful genius was on all hands acknowledged. But it was not for his genius that he was most revered

and loved. It was because men were convinced that they had in him an authentic hero, such as he had praised, and celebrated, and recommended them to worship; and many did authentically worship him. To the little house in a byelane at Chelsea numberless hearts turned, as to a sacred spot where their sage and prophet still dwelt among them in the flesh. Those who were privileged to enter the temple — and access was not difficult to such as approached in a becoming attitude — came away not disappointed of the high ideal they had formed. A most dignified and courteous accost welcomed them to tea, and if they liked to tobacco; and then began that marvellous talk, the fire, pathos, and humor of that incomparable eye, the piercing sadness of that careworn face — never to be forgotten if once seen. In latter years illness and bereavement pressed upon the venerated sage with a heavy hand. It was painful, perhaps, rather than edifying to see him; but to the end he was followed by the love and gratitude of thousands. And when he died it was felt that a great one had fallen in Israel.

These comforting and pious thoughts have been rudely disturbed. Documents, letters, journals, reminiscences, written by his own hand have appeared, which make it difficult to maintain the old attitude of reverence unimpaired. A considerable deduction, we find, must be made from the heroic estimate we had formed of him; serious discrepancies between his practice and his teaching, faults of temper and even of character of an unexpected and unwelcome kind, have been brought to light. The repugnant task of diminishing our hero has been forced upon us. Still, after all deductions, much, very much, remains, worthy of the highest honor, reverence, and regard. My object must be to make one of those rough preliminary estimates of Carlyle which cannot be dispensed with in reference to great authors who have recently disappeared. The only value of such estimates is to break the ground, and perhaps lead up to weightier and more accurate judgments at a later date, preparatory to the ultimate judgment of posterity.

I purpose to consider Carlyle under three heads: —

(1.) As a man — in which we shall review the chief traits of his character.

(2.) As a prophet or preacher of valuable truth.

(3.) As a writer.

Carlyle belongs to that small and select

class of minds who awaken in us a psychological interest which outweighs every other, and by psychological interest I mean that the mere passions and emotions of such minds excite an attention and curiosity by themselves, irrespective of outward actions to which they may lead. Pascal, Rousseau, Johnson, Byron, are similar types, and the list could easily be enlarged. We study such men as strange, large specimens of human nature. There was so much always going on inside their minds, that what they did is less interesting — at least to persons with a turn for analysis — than what they felt and thought. Pascal lived no outward life, so to speak, in his later years especially; and that is just the period in which our psychological interest in him reaches its height. Rousseau and Byron had abundant adventures, not by any means always of an edifying character; but the centre of attraction will always be the dark, mysterious tragedy which was being enacted in the recesses of their spirit. Johnson survives in our hearts far more than in literature. The books he wrote are rather a hindrance than a help to his fame. But it will be long before the world gets tired of musing over the self-tormenting, rough, benevolent old Samuel. On the other hand, there are men who seem to have nothing inward and subjective in them at all. Their lives are passed in activity and bustle; we read of their *res gesta* nearly as we should of a campaign. Their biography is often very voluminous, but radically wanting in interest; it cannot stir our sympathies, and at best is little more than amusing. Most of the famous Edinburgh reviewers, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Brougham, headed by the greatest, Macaulay, were of this type. They did remarkable things, they wrote books of great power and value; but it is not easy to take a very vivid interest in them as men.

Carlyle, as we said, belongs to the other category. Though his books are among the most remarkable which the nineteenth century has seen, though his influence, on his age was at once wide and profound, it is already becoming evident that not so much the works as the man will chiefly interest the world. The not inconsiderable excitement produced by these "Reminiscences" and "Letters" betoken as much. Till they appeared Carlyle, except to such as knew him personally, was only a voice — a writer of singular power, with regard to whom it was impossible, or

nearly so, to maintain a neutral attitude. Either enthusiasm or repugnance was the alternative, and many who began with aversion ended with reverence. In those years Carlyle's writings, his views, dogmas, and opinions, were seriously discussed, attacked, and defended; and in later times the defence clearly had the better of the attack. Now we find that the interest has been transferred from the writings to the man, and in him it will chiefly remain. His teaching may have as much or as little value as any one pleases, but every one must admit that it was a resultant of his complex and original mind and character. Secure and permanent as the fame of his books may be, he will always probably keep a position independent of and above his books in the memories of men.

Carlyle, like Johnson and Swift, had a powerful but disordered body, which from youth to old age never seems to have given him a day of serene, joyous health. Dyspepsia, his malady was called, but it must have been of a peculiar kind, involving the whole nervous system. The slightest noise hindered him from sleep, which he sometimes could not obtain for three weeks together. He describes his sufferings, as might be expected, with graphic force — a sensation as of a "rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach;" his nerves all inflamed and torn up; body and mind in most hag-ridden condition. After a journey he says he felt like a "mass of dust and inflammatory ruin." He speaks of six weary months of which he can remember nothing but agonized nights and days — of having suffered the pangs of Tophet almost daily; that his torments were greater than he was able to bear. Neither carefulness as regards diet nor constant exercise seems to have done much more than mitigate his sufferings. Yet he was powerfully built and really very strong, capable of enduring much bodily fatigue and such protracted mental labor as few could surpass. He never seems to have been acutely and dangerously ill, but was always ailing and suffering, a condition for which people with stout and rather blunt nervous organizations have often imperfect sympathy and comprehension. It is by no means the most dangerous illnesses which are always the most painful. Carlyle's maladies, no doubt, seriously affected his temper, which may well have been somewhat tart and hasty to begin with, and his irritability has become proverbial, a serious defect which with one or two others

we shall have to consider presently. But a still worse result of his ill health was the settled gloom and despondency in which he habitually lived — another well-known effect of gastric disturbance. Probably with radiant health he would have been a melancholy man; his mind was naturally sombre and disposed to seek the darker side of things. Even before dyspepsia appeared, when he was a lad not nineteen, in the first letter of his which has been preserved, we find him speaking of this "dirty planet" in a style worthy of his atrabilious moods of later years. If this was his sentiment when in health, what could be expected when he fell into chronic disease? That which really happened. The most profoundly wretched and cheerless spirit to be found in history or literature. Carlyle lived in a cavern of black thoughts only lit up by occasional gleams of fantastic humor, which served but to show the vastness of the pit in which he dwelt. Never does he seem to have been visited by a ray of warm, genial sunlight. A letter or a page supposed to be of Carlyle's writing which betokened quiet heart-ease and cheerfulness would awaken suspicions of its genuineness. This again was a serious defect. If his irritability made him socially derogate from the minor morals of sweetness, gentleness, and forbearance, his incessant gloom of mind made him an ill observer and reasoner on life, its duties and proper tendencies. If it is good and wholesome for us to be sad at times, it is also good to rejoice, to give thanks, to feel inward peace and happiness. Carlyle never gives thanks, never feels that solemn joy which has often lit up the dungeons of saints and martyrs. Those perhaps are hardly less wrong who represent life as a dreary purgatory of pain and sorrow than those who would paint it as a scene of revelry and thoughtless mirth. One view indeed tends to call forth the other as a protest against the one-sidedness of its opposite.

But we have not yet come to the end of Carlyle's afflictions. To disease of body and melancholy of mind was added religious doubt, or rather disbelief in its severest form. It was not merely religious difficulties of a superficial sort, which a study of Butler or Paley is able to remove, but that profound unbelief which reaches down to the centre of things and makes a man feel that he is an outcast in the universe. His state of mind is written out at length in the "*Sartor*," which, if not literally true, is pro-

foundly true symbolically. "To me," he says, "the universe was void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine rolling on in dead indifference to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death! Why was the living banished thither companionless conscious? Why, if there is no devil, nay, unless the devil is your God?" You will easily recall many more passages of a similar character. Some minds are able to pass into this vein of thought without pain. Not so Carlyle. He was born with the most passionately religious instincts, which had been duly fostered in his Calvinistic home. It is likely enough that his mind "threw back," and reproduced the moral features of some old Covenanter ancestor who had fought and suffered for the faith. Calvinism was not so much a doctrine in his head as a principle in his blood, an organic inheritance from long previous generations. Now Calvinism when taken in its undiluted form is, we know, "a doctrine full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons." But it behoves such persons, if they would retain their comfort, not to meddle with European literature, and above all things, German philosophy. Unfortunately for Carlyle such prudence was impossible. He went to school and to the university, and he was a great reader. He read and digested Hume, Diderot, Voltaire, Kant, and Goethe, from whom he imbibed solvents capable of melting in an ordinary case the hardest rocks of faith, and his faith in a literal sense *was* melted. But although it was destroyed in his intellect, it survived in his heart.

This was the most peculiar and original side of Carlyle's genius. In a general way a religious crisis such as he early got involved in has befallen most thoughtful minds in a milder or severer form for the last century or so. But the crisis has terminated one way or the other in the course of time; the conflict between reason and faith has ended by either one becoming the Aaron's rod which swallowed up the other. In Carlyle the strife never ceased. In spite of the nameless woe, to use his own words, which inquiry and the love of truth had brought him, he nevertheless never abated one jot of his allegiance to her. "Truth! I cried, though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a celestial lubberland were the price of apostasy." On the other hand, that science which he thinks

is going to reduce the universe to a piece of mechanism, and extirpate wonder and reverence and mystery, is even more odious to him than the superstition and fanaticism of the old times; he would rather believe in Mohammedanism and witchcraft or the old mythology, than believe in that. Thought without reverence, he declares, is barren, perhaps poisonous, and only a pair of spectacles, behind which there is no eye. Here was a source of Carlyle's unrest, the bitterness of which was never assuaged, though he tried to persuade himself to the contrary. The promptings of his heart made him an optimist, and declare that "the universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres, but Godlike and my Father's. But his intellect never accepted the pious doctrine of his heart. His pessimism grew with every year of his life, and his vehement denial of it grew with equal ratio.

With such a body and such a mind, and such a conflagration of burning thoughts raging within him, Carlyle, in early manhood, had to prepare himself to face the problem of life, and in a very noteworthy way he did it. Outwardly his circumstances were not worse than those of thousands of Scottish youths who have had their way to make in the world. But inwardly the difference was great. To getting on in the ordinary sense of the words he is not only indifferent, but sharply hostile. From the first his object is not to get on, but to do honest, truthful work — the very best he is able to do; "It were better to perish than do dishonest work." He cordially adopted D'Alembert's motto — "Liberty, Truth, Poverty," — on the ground that he who fears poverty will never have liberty. As for fame, he already sees it to be a will-o'-the-wisp, leading into quagmires and pitfalls. In short, he who one day was destined to preach nobleness of living, was qualifying for the office by a noble life of his own. Nothing can be more singular and admirable than his letters all through this early period to his father and brother. The main theme of them is never his worldly prospects, such as well might have engaged his thoughts, considering his circumstances, but always his spiritual prospects, and those of his correspondents. At the same time he is never in distress, in want of pecuniary help from others. Quite the other way. By the little he can earn by teaching or writing he has always money enough, not only for himself, but for others, frequently gives

presents to his father and mother, though they beg him not, and pays for his brother's education as a doctor. Among his many impediments one was spared him. He had no expensive tastes; he could live on the minimum which would keep soul and body together. He was not so much indifferent as dead to the grosser appetites of the flesh. A natural stoic has many advantages in the battle of life, not only over the free liver — which is a matter of course — but over the manufactured stoic, who is apt at times to forget himself, and reward self-denial by undue indulgence.

The natural course of a Scotch youth placed as he was would be to enter the ministry. That was the heartfelt wish of his parents. But Carlyle soon felt that the door was shut against him. No falsehood for him, no pretending to believe what he did not believe, no sophistry and self-delusion to persuade himself that he believed that he believed, though food and lodging and raiment depended on his decision, and affection, united with interest, urged him on. Carlyle had some right to speak, as he often did, about the veracities, considering the sacrifices he made to them. Schoolmastering offered a temporary refuge; but it was a poor career even at the best in Scotland, and he had, like many, an irrepressible aversion to it. The law might have been chosen, though it could hardly, one thinks, have been persevered in by a Carlyle; but money was needed to prosecute law studies, and of money he had little. Tutorizing in a rich family seemed to prosper for a season, as Apollo keeping the flocks of Admetus; but no one can wonder that it did not last. Carlyle, as his mother said, was "gey ill to live with," and had a full share of that self-will of genius which is the most unlike thing in the world to the self-will of dunces. The resolution which promptly terminates a false and untenable situation is a very high and rare quality, all praises of patience notwithstanding. At last the only port for which he could steer hove in sight — literature. The entrance seemed so narrow, the lights and buoys indicating the channel so uncertain and scanty, that it is not strange that he passed it and re-passed it more than once, doubtful whether the helm should be set in that direction and if he would not founder at the bar. He made up his mind at last to enter, and steered boldly in with the "Life of Schiller" for a freight.

Authorship is a tempting career for

those who are conscious of lively parts and have nothing better to do. When the only object is to please the reading public, to vary skilfully well-known popular themes, it must go hard for a clever man not to succeed. But the old difficulty presented itself anew. Literature may easily be the most dishonest of trades if a writer be not on his guard. Carlyle could not go into the literary market and ascertain what was the article most in demand, and forthwith produce it without scruple to the best of his ability. He simply could not; it was not only he would not. He had a most refractory and imperious genius which would go only one way. He had no fluency, but wrote with tremendous difficulty, as he said; none of the glib, superficial facility so remarkable very often in those who have least to say. He had so much to say that he found it, in the first instance at least, difficult to say anything. But really he had not much talent, and no cleverness, only genius, and that of a very unmarketable kind. Carlyle's early writings excited some astonishment and admiration, but much more repugnance and disgust. Jeffrey did not exaggerate when he said that they were intolerable to many and ridiculous to not a few, and he added that he was persuaded that it all arose from a delusive hope on Carlyle's part of being the apostle of a new reformation. And this was indeed the fact. Carlyle was gradually finding his way to his life's work, that of a preacher of righteousness from a non-theological platform; or rather, his intense religious genius had led him to invent a theology of his own. If he did not fall into his friend Irving's aberrations, he was quite as convinced that he was charged with a mission or revelation which he was bound to preach in season and out of season. He writes to his mother, "Truly thankful ought I to be that the Giver of all good has imparted to me the highest of all blessings: *light to discern his hand in the confused workings of this evil world*, and to follow fearlessly whithersoever He beckons. Ever be praised God for it." He finds "that men on all sides of him are ignorant of what it most concerns them to know; neither will I turn me from the task of teaching them as it is given me." Abstracting the peculiar phraseology, which was perhaps assumed with a special regard to the feelings of his correspondent, we cannot doubt that this is a solemn intimation of his own view of his duty.

At last Carlyle obtained recognition, on his own terms, as a duly qualified lay preacher of righteousness. After the publication of the "French Revolution," even Jeffrey gave in, and admitted that he had misjudged and underestimated his friend. What we have to notice is the pulpit from which he preached, and the Scriptures, to use his own figurative language, to which he appealed. In plain words, it was history and biography didactically expounded. It was no happy thought or lucky accident which led Carlyle to history. All his interests centred round human nature; all his gifts and talents fitted him in a supreme degree for the study and portraiture of character. For speculation proper he had no calling; he cannot support himself aloft in the rare ether of abstract thought. He must settle like a bee on a particular flower, and no bee ever gathered more honey from his rovings than he. His insight into character is almost preternatural; he seems to see through and through a man's heart, mind, and moral being; and he makes you see it. His notion of history in the wider sense is most rudimentary and limited. He never realizes society as an organic whole evolving itself according to special laws; he only sees individuals, but he sees them in a blaze of electric light. And so he was led to paint that astonishing series of portraits in the "Miscellanies," the "French Revolution," the "Cromwell," the "Frederic," every character serving him as a text to preach his peculiar message. Quack or scoundrel, saint or hero, equally serves his turn to proclaim truth, valor, nobleness of mind, unshrinking performance of duty, devotion to lofty, unselfish causes. If he had only aimed at edification, even his genius could hardly have saved such a process from ephemeral superficiality. But he was the most laborious of inquirers, unwearied in research after actual fact, gifted with extraordinary accuracy of mind, and the most transcendent faculty of taking pains. If Carlyle makes a statement with regard to an historical event, you may be as good as certain that it is as he says. The validity of his inferences is another matter. But the result is that he can be trusted, as few historians can, for material accuracy. This was a sacred principle with him; to give to the world unverified or incorrect statements he regarded as something not far from criminal, a form of telling lies. The labor that went to the composition of his books was untold. He had no

facile pen, as I said, composed with great difficulty and slowness, wrote and rewrote, I have been told, six times over the same chapter or passage, till he had got it right, true, wholly credible, as he would say. Consequently a life more sternly devoted to work will hardly be found in the history of literature. He passed just forty years in incessant toil, uncheered by one warm day of spring-time in his heart, in constant pain, in abiding gloom, without hope, with only desperate courage for his companion, till the end came, and the right hand which had written so much and so faithfully fell numb with palsy, and he wrote no more.

I said courage was his only companion, and to be sure you have already noted that as a mistake, and thought of another companion of whom these recent biographies speak much — his wife. The subject of his married life must be referred to, though it is not a very welcome one to a lover of Carlyle, and it also easily connects itself with another subject, and may conveniently be treated along with it — his general behavior to others. Was he after all a poor, selfish inmate and domestic tyrant regardless of the feelings of others, a preacher of virtues which he did not practice, in short, a false and insincere man? These things are being said. We cannot evade the consideration whether there is much or any truth in them. But I must make parenthetically one or two remarks.

It is obvious that Carlyle's ideal of life and conduct was based on the heroic character much more than on the saintly. He recommended and practised the worship of heroes, not the invocation or veneration of saints. His piety is of the militant order, not of the contemplative. All his praise nearly is for the strong man, who goes forth *conquering* in one form or another the enemies of truth and righteousness. The humble and meek spirit which aims chiefly at the conquest of self in every direction, at subduing not only the grosser appetites, but the spiritual sins, he comparatively overlooked and probably undervalued. His religious sentiment has more affinity with the spirit of the Old Testament than with that of the New; more in common with David and Joshua than with St. Paul or the disciple whom Jesus loved. When he wishes to give the highest praise to Luther, he likens him to an old Hebrew prophet. This was a well-known trait of the Puritans, and he was a Puritan by nature as well as education. He delights in

thoughts of battle with God's enemies, of smiting the Philistines hip and thigh with the edge of the sword; and it must be added he had nearly as much pleasure in cursing God's enemies as in fighting them. To roll out grand and sombre denunciations against the ungodly was an occupation of which he became inordinately fond. A dangerous intoxication is apt to overtake a man who believes too hotly in his own prophetic office. Carlyle's faith in his God-given mandate to rebuke his generation was certainly excessive. Added to this he was irritable to the point of disease. In these facts we have more than a sufficient explanation of his unbounded license and vehemence of speech. The contrast between his theory and his practice in this respect is glaring. As his friend, John Sterling, used to say to him, "Silence; yes, if they will allow you to proclaim it with cannon salvoes." He never with the Psalmist took heed unto his words, to offend not with his tongue, which in his case was in sad truth the unruly member which he never strove to curb. It is a very serious blot, which has not only damaged him in the esteem of sober men, but has injured the weight and value of nearly all his utterances. His tone of exaggeration is much to be regretted, giving occasion, as it constantly does, for the enemy to blaspheme. Veracious as he was in one sense, he overlooked the unveracity which might lie in excessive statement, in hyperbolic and unguarded language. That is one remark.

The other is that Carlyle's absorption in his work from the time he got fairly into harness was excessive and unwholesome. He practised only the half of Goethe's maxim, "Ohne Rast, ohne Hast," though he was so fond of repeating the whole. His impatience to be always up and doing at highest pressure, to produce were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, was morbidly intense, and the worst of it was that production cost him untold labor, was a real misery and travail of soul — *invitissima Minerva*, as he said. Nothing could be more trying even to a man of sweet temper. Even happy and spontaneous geniuses are best let alone during the labor pains of creative thought. These well over, a serene period generally follows of copious and facile execution in which the original inspiration is realized with somewhat of a triumphant contentedness. Such periods Carlyle seems not to have known, or only very sparingly. He was

always tugging and wriggling, as he expressed it, through inextricable labyrinth and sloughs of despond, left solitary with nightmâres, hugging unclean creatures to his bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them—a truly frightful condition, and fit to melt any heart capable of pity. The wonder is not that Carlyle was often fractious and irritable, but that he kept his senses.

I am not disposed to make light of his bitter self-accusations of neglect and want of consideration towards his wife. I cannot set it all down to the exaggerated self-reproach of a bereaved mourner over a recent loss. He was engrossed in most arduous study, he was wrestling with the difficulty of expressing his thoughts, two occupations most isolating and chilling to the affections, and with his natural tendency to overlook present good in whatever form it might befall him, nothing is more probable than that he overlooked in a measure his wife and her sufferings. After all, what did he do even according to his own vehement self-indictment? He talked to Mrs. Carlyle about the battle of Mollwitz when she was tired; he did not take a cab on a rainy night when they were going to a party; he did not keep a carriage for her quite as soon as he might have done, and as his means then allowed. They must be prepared to show that they have carried out counsels of perfection very completely who have nothing worse to reproach themselves with than such lapses as these.

Mr. Froude says that Carlyle was *extremely* selfish, and no one ever knew him better than Mr. Froude. Still the evidence adduced hardly seems adequate to support so grave a charge. Carlyle's refusal to admit his mother-in-law, Mrs. Welch, as mistress in his own house many would think a purely wise and prudent resolution. I forbear to dwell on the question whether Mrs. Carlyle herself was the best of all possible wives for such a man. We have his enthusiastic praises of her and his own self-depreciation. She, on the other hand, could very tartly advise—and not once but habitually— young women whatever they did not to marry men of genius. The application was obvious, and does not raise our opinion of her magnanimity. As regards the common outside world, Carlyle's conduct seems to have been faultless except in one particular. In private letters and journals he indulged in a sarcastic vein of reflection not only on strangers and acquaintances, but on friends who had

shown him real kindness. The fact must be admitted and heartily deplored. It detracts painfully and immensely from the loftiness of his character. It is a cruel trial to his friends, countrymen, and lovers. How far he was from the saint which in our youth some of us thought him to be, how far from that charity which suffereth much and thinketh no evil! He is excluded from that beatitude pronounced on the meek who shall inherit the earth. Alas, yes! and oh, for the pity of it! For one feels that with his pious and tender nature a different result would have come of better training. But let us not weakly yield to a comfortable censoriousness. What man or woman ever had a valid complaint to make against the conduct of Carlyle? Whom did he ever wrong in the slightest particular? Whom did he ever fail to help not only with money but with his time and counsel when it was in his power? "In the long years that I was intimate with him I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being." These are Mr. Froude's words, who has earned a right to be implicitly believed on this point. Let us add the further testimony of another friend who knew him nearly as well as his living biographer. I mean John Sterling. On his death-bed the latter wrote: "Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you." With these comforting words I leave this part of my subject.

Carlyle as a Teacher.— I shall be much more brief on this second head than I have been able to be on the previous one.

Carlyle's peculiarity as a teacher, as it has been already hinted, consisted in the union of an apostolic fervor for the moral law with a set of intellectual conclusions most frequently associated with a very different temper. For, as regards religious belief in the ordinary sense, he was a complete agnostic. "What are antiquated Mythuses to me?" he asks; and in one place he likens the Hebrew Scriptures to Chinese lanterns, once taken for stars. And yet, though he did not believe in revelation, not David nor St. Paul, nor St. Francis nor Luther, had a more fiery faith in the unseen and in the paramount importance of spiritual life and devoutness of heart. I venture to define Carlyle as the prophet of the nobler passions of man— reverence, fortitude, self-sacrifice, duty. And he preaches them in prophet wise, basing himself neither on reason nor authority, trusting only to the

fervid sincerity of his own conviction to kindle the like in others. It is this inward fire which has melted hostility to Carlyle, and has made good men of nearly all parties feel that his ends were noble and sublime. He saw, indeed, the great modern problem still awaiting solution — the reconciliation, namely, of the intellect with the heart. He saw that men cannot permanently live by the head alone or by the heart alone, but only by the harmonious working and co-operation of the two. He saw on the one hand that it is no use to throw dust into our own eyes, that once for all the incredible is not to be believed. No falsehood, though heaven were the recompense for accepting it. In this he is at one with science and the modern spirit. On the other hand, the modern spirit is odious to him beyond words, inasmuch as it seems to threaten the utter extirpation of all wonder, reverence, and piety of mind. And rather than give up them he would be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn. Hence that antagonism with his age which led him at last into that dithyrambic style of invective which is the only thing which some persons associate with the name of Carlyle.

Thus his teaching, taken in its entirety, falls into two parts, or has two very opposite sides, a positive and a negative; the one in which he holds up his ideal and exhorts all men to strive after it, and the other in which, after the fashion of a Hebrew prophet, he denounces and almost curses his age. Nothing can be more unequal than the respective value of these two sides of Carlyle's teaching. I should not be dealing honestly with you if I were not to say that the one, to my thinking, is as bad as the other is good. His anathemas against the "swindler century," and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools, against our quackeries and hypocrisies, anarchies, and scoundrel protection societies, negro fanaticisms, and what not, are a heavy deduction from the positive side of the account, from the imposing fervor with which he announces the moral law. It is not exhilarating, but depressing, to be always told that one is sunk in torpid unveracity, in sins of a fatal, slow, poisonous nature, in insincerity, unfaithfulness, impiety, and the like. The sense of justice is revolted by such ill-usage. We answer at first somewhat indignantly, and then with a calmness which implies more serious alienation: "This is simply not true. And it behoves you, O preacher, to look to your own heart, when you can call your brother, Thou fool, with such

readiness and levity." Carlyle's zeal, it must be owned, was too often not according to knowledge; it burns him up, and makes him commit barbarities and cruelties. He is, metaphorically speaking, always hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord. And in his haste he commits blunders which, according to the cynical maxim, are sometimes worse than crimes. I will mention two. In the fifth lecture on hero-worship, engaged, as usual, in denouncing the mechanical philosophy of the age — and by mechanical philosophy he only means the application of scientific methods to morals and politics — he says:

Lower than this, man will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low the mournfullest, sickest, and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is palsied, sick; how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine acting ceases in all departments of the world's work; dexterous similitude of acting begins. The world's wages are pocketed; the world's work is not done.

Just consider such an assertion — "the world's work is not done." To bring such a charge, of all ages, against the present age, of which the cardinal and crying fault is that its work is excessive, unwholesome to mind and body, that leisure is a thing of the past to which we look back with longing regret. What impressions must such a statement make on a hard-working man who stumbles upon it when he first opens a work of Carlyle? Is he not likely to close the book, and, with a justifiably easy conscience, refuse to read any further? The other instance is this. He is speaking of shirt-making in the first of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and says that this is the saddest thing he knows about it: —

Shirts, by the 30,000, are made at 2 1-2d each; and in the mean while no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife, to give for fair wages fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer: Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands, I hear of everywhere; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching; not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it; a fond imagination of the mind.

I may be wrong, but I fancy I detect Mrs. Carlyle's voice, to which we know he listened far too partially in this weighty opinion. I am not myself competent to discuss it; but I am assured on good authority that it is, and has been, in living memory entirely erroneous. We must take heart, and not allow these things to offend us in our over-zealous prophet.

For alongside of them, nay, in a sort of chemical combination united with them, are golden grains of the most precious truth, which are worth extracting and hoarding at any cost of time and labor. Under all the perverse exaggerative outcries to which a moment ago I took exception, what profound wisdom, truth, and justice lie hidden! Even in the world of politics, from which Carlyle seems to the vulgar eye excluded as much as an inmate of Bedlam, how accurate and prophetic he has been! How largely the doctrine of *laissez faire*, against which he inveighed, has been discarded in legislation and public sentiment; how vastly more conscious the world is that cash payment as the sole nexus between man and man is a system deserving no respect, and one which needs early supplanting by a better! Plugson of Undershot and his Grace of Castle Rackrent have, in different ways, been made to dismiss the Cash Gospel. The list would be long of the numerous instances in which Carlyle has anticipated the future even in practical politics, as, for example, in his pamphlet on Parliaments; and I refer to it because contemporary events bring it home to us with exceptional vividness.

What is the good of men collecting with effort to debate on the benches of St. Stephen's now, when there is a *Times* newspaper? Not the discussion of questions, only the ultimate voting of them (a very brief process I should think) requires to go on, or can veritably go on, in St. Stephen's now. The honorable gentleman is oftenest very wearisome in St. Stephen's now: his and his constituency *Aye* or *No* is all we want of the honorable gentleman there; all we are likely to get of him there; could it be heard without admixtures. If your Lordship will reflect on it, you will find it an obsolete function, this debating one of his; useless in these new times as a set of riding postboys along the line of the Great Western Railway. Loving my life and time, which is the staff of life, I read no Parliamentary debates, rarely any Parliamentary speech; but I am told that there is not once in the seven years the smallest gleam of new intelligence, earthly or divine, thrown by an honorable gentleman on his legs in Parliament. Honorable gentlemen have complained to myself that under the sky there was not such a bore. What is, or can be, the use of this, your Lordship?

It is not my place here to say anything about the Closure one way or the other. But all must admit that these are extraordinary words to have been written thirty-two years ago. They seem rather as if they were written this morning by

some over-zealous partisan of the new rules of procedure.

This, however, and the like of this does not give Carlyle his exceptional position and rank as a lay teacher of righteousness. His qualification for that was in the righteousness of his own heart, and his power of imparting his own enthusiasm. I said he was the prophet of the nobler passions, and it is in his power of rousing those passions that his greatness consists. In his clearer moments, when he lays aside his wrath and addresses himself to his nobler work of edifying exhortation, he commands a lofty, soul-piercing language, which seems to extinguish all ignoble desires, and call forth their opposites by a sort of celestial affinity. Never did preacher so unite a gift of rebuke with the power of encouragement; to make us feel ashamed of ourselves, and yet resolve to do better; to feel how mean, cowardly, and infamous it were not to do better. He appeals to our courage, as, perhaps, no writer ever did before; makes us feel that to the really brave no serious evil can befall. *Courage in well-doing* — this may be called the kernel of his teaching. Labor without rest, with wages or without wages; but labor, and be assured it is the one thing which gives peace at the last. Listen only for a moment to his pealing organ tones: —

All true work is sacred; in all true work, even if but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. O brother, if this is not worship, then I say the more pity for worship, for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou who complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling they alone the unmeasured solitudes of time. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind; as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother saying, when she gave her son his shield, "*With it, my son, or upon it.*" Thou, too, shalt return home in honor; to thy far-distant home in honor; doubt it not, if in the battle thou keep thy shield.

All who have read Carlyle with an open heart will know that this is but an average specimen of the searching pathos, the *voix celeste*, with which he can exhort men to well-doing, and we may be assured that that voice has reached the souls of many and will reach, and whenever it does,

there is a temple raised to the memory of Thomas Carlyle.

Carlyle as a Man of Letters. — Carlyle's greatest distinction has yet to be referred to — his endowment, namely, as a writer. He was a good and in many ways a wise man; but his goodness was not without spots, and his wisdom was not always sufficient to save him from serious error. But his literary faculty, if not perfect — very few are perfect — was extraordinary and magnificent in the extreme. His supreme gift is his penetrating imagination, of seeing as it were into the heart of things in a moment, and reproducing them in words which it is impossible to forget. A great deal of what he says of Dante in the "Hero-Worship" will apply with small abatement to himself: —

There is a brevity, an abrupt decision, in him. One smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said. It is strange with what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter; cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire.

A really discerning intellect, which sees the minutest differences and the minutest likenesses in objects; which does not take one thing for another, as those with inferior vision are so apt to do. Carlyle in his descriptions always impresses us with a sense of his own personal experience of what he is writing about — that he is not reporting from hearsay or transcribing from books, but telling you what he saw and knows himself. In this respect he well deserves the epithet of poet, much more than many metrical and musical persons who can see little and cannot even hear much beyond the melody of their own tunes. And he sees so much and so well outside himself, because he has so much inside, because by his own richness of thought and feeling he comes ready prepared to observe, to note, to recognize things when they present themselves. We can only observe in proportion as we have already observed. The eye sees only what the eye brings means of seeing — a maxim he was never tired of quoting. And if this is true of the outward physical world, much more true is it of the inward spiritual world. How can we recognize love, piety, courage, justice, self-sacrifice, if we have no experience of these virtues in our own bosom? Carlyle's depth of insight into character was owing to the depth and capacity of his own nature. He had lived the lives of a dozen men before he put pen to paper, by reason of the pas-

sions with which he had become intimate in his own breast. In the next place, his hard peasant life, his education in the school of poverty, had made him acquainted with fact at first hand. He had not been shielded, like the unfortunate rich, from wholesome collision with realities.

Love had he learned in huts where poor men lie,

His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,

The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

The rough scenes of Scottish life not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion, but love also, and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul, and they rise in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

I need not say whose words are those. They are his own when he is speaking of Burns. But surely he would have allowed us reverently to apply them to himself. Like Burns, he served his apprenticeship in the most instructive of all schools for bringing out character and native strength — not the best for bringing out calm philosophic breadth and well-balanced equipoise of mind, as we have already seen.

The combined result of his natural endowment and his stimulating training was to make him the most figurative and imaginative prose writer in our language. All nature seems under his sway for colors and image — seems to offer him, as it were, the right suggestive thing to express his thought. One consolation to be derived from these sad books printed since his death, is that they show that his vivid pictorial style came of no crooning elaboration, was no manufactured fine writing painfully piled up. Whatever labor composition may have cost him, it was not the purple and gold and rainbow hues which refused to come at his bidding. The "Reminiscences" are fuller of purple passages than anything he ever wrote, perhaps just because he wrote them so fast and never looked at them again; indeed, forgot their existence in one instance. In the "Irish Journey" the description of his sail round the Land's End one stormy night is like a picture by Stanfield, and something more. You smell the salt brine of the ocean, hear the wind, and see "the even-

ing light glare sad and wild upon the solitary sea," and "the poor distant laboring ship with patched sails, which heaves in sight for a moment, and is borne into the grim evening, it on its way, we on ours." I will only quote one passage more, as a good example of Carlyle's power of giving a spiritual suggestiveness to material objects. He was going to his mother on her death-bed.

She had expressed no desire to see me, but her love from my birth upwards, under all scenes and circumstances, I knew to be emphatically a mother's. I walked from the Kirtlebridge station that dim winter morning; my one thought, "Shall I see her yet alive?"

She was still there; weary, very weary, and waiting to be at rest. I think she only at times knew me. Ah, me! It was my mother, and not my mother. The last pale rim or sickle of the moon which had once been full, now sinking in the dark seas.

I say no more. The sorrowful heart of Thomas Carlyle is at rest forever. Faithfully he did his life's work amid difficulties and pain such as few of us are called upon to endure. If we are able through happier circumstances to see faults in his teaching and shadows in his life, let us show ourselves worthy of the privilege, and purify our own lives, if with only a breath of his immortal spirit.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

COLORS OF LOW-GROWING WOOD-FLOWERS.—A correspondent writes to *Nature*: "No one can enter our English woods just now without being struck with the lovely way in which they are starred with the yellow of the primrose, the white of the anemone and strawberry, and the light blue of the dog violet. It will be noticed that the tints of these flowers seem positively to shine in the low herbage and among the semi-shade of the trees and bushes. After twice going through the descriptions of flowers growing in similar situations, given in Hooker's 'Student's Flora of the British Islands,' I find that nearly all our dwarf wood-flowers are white, light, yellow, and light blue. None appear to be red. Three are purple—one form of the sweet violet and the ground ivy (*Nepeta glechoma*), both of which are scented; and the bugle (*Ajuga reptans*). If the white and yellow tints of flowers fertilized by night-moths are of service in guiding the moths to them, may not the like tints in low plants in thickets and woods be similarly advantageous to the plants by tending to secure fertilization? The more lordly foxglove, the ragged-robin, and other higher-growing flowers, erect above the low herbage, and enjoying more light, are conspicuous enough, but how would a small flower of the color of a foxglove attract attention when hid among the grass? The purple of the bugle I cannot account for. The ground ivy has a pungent scent. The purple of the sweet violet is certainly inconspicuous, but here the scent may be the attraction, or the habit of the plant in forming cleistogamous flowers may secure its multiplication. Hence it may be questioned whether the white form of the sweet violet does not mark a gradual transition towards that color. If the white forms are

more conspicuous, and secure easier cross fertilization, they may in time preponderate. Perhaps the existence of the sweet violet in the purple and in the white form may throw light on the origin of the general lightness of tint in dwarf wood subjects. The low flowers in dark places, which were lighter and made themselves best seen, would more readily secure fertilization, and through natural selection would tend to have still paler tints. The change might be aided by the bleaching of flowers in shade. In this connection it may be noted that the wood anemone has a rare purple form—perhaps a survival—and that *Anemone apennina* is light blue. The potentillas, close allies of the strawberry, but mainly growing in the open, have as a rule yellow flowers; sometimes red ones. The various mountain primroses of this and other countries, and those that grow in meadows (like our own bird's-eye primrose, (*Primula formosa*), have mostly reddish, lilac, or rosy flowers. The common primrose, when growing in exposed hedgebanks, has often reddish, lilac, or purple flowers. Its sports in cultivation are often white, so it may be progressing towards that tint in woods. The cowslip, which grows in meadows, has a deeper tinge of yellow than the oxslip, which grows in copses. The cowslip is also far darker than the primrose, and sometimes has a scarlet or orange-brown corolla—perhaps the germ of the dark, rich polyanthus of our gardens. The primrose family may have originated in woods, and have been originally light, gradually darkening as the flowers multiplied in the open; or, which is more probable, the tribe originated in exposed situations, creeping by slow degrees into the woods, and bleaching as it went."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLI. }

No. 2018.—February 24, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVL }

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POETRY.

AT EVENING-TIME, 450	STILL LIFE: ENGLAND AND ITALY, 450
COLINETTE, 450	A WELCOME, 450

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AT EVENING-TIME.

BY C. M. STEEDMAN.

The lights fade out of calmed sea,
Dark shadows seam its lustrous breast;
Flushed, like the petal of a flower,
The white sail melts into the west.

Far o'er the blue the weary winds
Have winged their flight, and swell no more
The waves' sad music, or the shrill
Of ripples on the pebbly shore.

Rest comes at last! o'er purple hills
The silvery sheep-bell tinkles clear.
Slowly the lowing kine descend
The homeward paths, and on the ear

Ring joyous echoes from afar
As reapers lay their sickles by:
Then all sound dies, and land and sea
Sleep calmly 'neath a silent sky.

Rest comes at last! oh, weary heart,
Fevered and fainting, racked by care,
And toiling 'neath thy earthly cross,
Too great for mortal strength to bear,

Take courage — faint not but endure!
Soon shalt thou say, "The day is past!"
At eventide the end shall come,
And bring thee quiet rest at last.

Sunday Magazine.

COLINETTE.

FROM AN UNKNOWN FRENCH POET.

"COLINETTE" she had for name;
In a summer of my prime,
For the happy harvest-time,
To her village home I came.
I was but a schoolboy yet,
But a simple girl was she,
And she died in February,
Little Colinette.

Up and down a leafy chase
Hand in hand we used to run:
How I revelled in the fun!
How she panted with the race!
Finch and linnæ when we met
Sang our loves that knew no wrong,
Made the burden of their song
Little Colinette.

Then at length we met to part,
Sat with darkening skies above,
Love (I knew it not for love)
Throbbing to my inmost heart.
Hiding all my soul's regret,
"Till another year," said I,
As I took her hand, "good-bye,
Little Colinette."

Oh, the story's very old,
Very common, that I tell;
Not the less will tears upwell
Whensoe'er the story's told:
Many a witching young coquette
Now I woo with poet's pen;
Once alone I've loved, and then
Little Colinette.

Academy. EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON.

STILL LIFE: ENGLAND AND ITALY.

A GREY-BLUE jug of village ware
Filled with the spoil of English lanes;
No flowers but crimson leaves are there
With berries bright from autumn rains:
And, reft from bed of marshy green,
One buttercup, the last, is seen.

A Venice glass; a milky gem
Of prisoned light and changing rays
With curving cup and slender stem
For blossoms fit of summer days;
From its chalice, flower-crowned,
Rich southern fragrance floats around.

Here spicy-sweet carnations glow,
Or like Italian sunshine flame,
And orange-buds, with scented snow,
Bestrew the space tea-roses claim;
While Parma violets, pale and sweet,
Enwreath the rest with border meet.

Few days have fled. In this dull clime
The produce bright of bluer skies
An exile, lasts but little time,
And gathered quickly droops and dies.
But long these island leaves will hold
Through winter's gloom their red and gold.
Academy. I. O. L.

A WELCOME.

FAR in the sunny South she lingers,
Yet slowly comes along,
With fairy garlands in her fingers,
With snatches of sweet song.
Her eyes with promises are beaming,
Her smiles will rapture bring,
The sunlight from her hair is streaming, —
Thrice welcome, lovely Spring!

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden,
Fair flowers to deck the hills;
With primroses her arms are laden,
Bluebells and daffodils.
Pale crocuses have come before her,
Wild birds her welcome sing;
Ten thousand longing hearts adore her, —
The grey world's darling, Spring.
Spectator. J. M. ELTON.

From The Quarterly Review.
SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

"AN author," says Sir Archibald Alison, "who has met with any degree of success, owes a brief account of his life and writings to both his family and his country. To the former, that his memory may not be injured, as is too often the case, after his decease by the indiscreet zeal of surviving friends or the injudicious disclosures of partial biographers; to the latter, that it may be known by what means the success was obtained and how easily it is within the reach of industry and perseverance." It is undeniable that Sir Archibald Alison met with an extraordinary degree of success, and it is interesting to learn from him, not only how and when his voluminous "History of Europe," in eighteen bulky volumes, was conceived and executed, but to what he attributes its popularity. It is also a tempting subject of critical inquiry, to what extent his peculiar opinions affected the circulation or influence of the book.

These opinions, we need hardly say, were of the most pronounced description. To say that he was a Tory of the old school, would convey an utterly inadequate notion of their quality. Right or wrong, he was the sworn foe of change in any shape. The spirit of innovation was to him the besetting sin of nations, the curse, the bane, of society. To denounce it, to combat it, if possible to lay it, was his chosen mission upon earth. He was vehemently opposed to Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test Laws, the repeal of the Usury Laws, the repeal of the Corn Laws, to Parliamentary Reform, to the abolition of slavery, to a cheap press, and to popular education. He was a thorough-going anti-Malthusian; and on the once much-agitated question of the currency, he fell little behind Atwood, who maintained to Macaulay that, if the country were overpopulated so as barely to leave standing-room, an unrestricted issue of paper

* *Some account of my Life and Writings: an Autobiography.* By the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Edited by his Daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1883.

money would prevent the pressure on the means of subsistence from being felt.

When Alison had once arrived at a conviction, he stuck to it. He could never be brought to accept as accomplished facts such measures as Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, or to admit that they had been justified by the results. To the end of his life, he maintained that they were permanently mischievous, that an endless train of evils had been laid by them. Regarding mankind at large as unimprovable, he naturally and consistently denied improvement. Yet, with all this, he was not an unfair or wilfully inaccurate writer, nor does he ever color or suppress the facts that militate against his views. What is still more to his credit, considering the temptation to be overcome, he is uniformly just to his contemporaries; and not a tinge of party feeling is discoverable in the carefully drawn portraits, including distinguished men of all parties, which form one of the most attractive features of his autobiography. He is saved from the worst errors of an historian or biographer by his intense love of truth. He might take for his motto: "Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas." This will be made clear by numerous examples as we proceed.

By descent a Scotchman, he was by birth an Englishman, having been born at Kenley, in Shropshire, on the 29th of December, 1792. His father, the Reverend Archibald Alison, the author of "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste,"—the son of an ex-provost of Edinburgh and the scion of an old Scotch family,—was the incumbent of no less than four English livings or preferments, including the perpetual curacy of Kenley. The historian's mother was the daughter of Dr. John Gregory, author of the "Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World," on whose death she went to reside with Mrs. Montague, with whom she passed the ten years preceding her marriage, in a circle comprising the most brilliant and intellectual men and women of the day.*

* "There (at the Hastings Trial) were the members

Under her auspices, we are told, the Northamptonshire parsonage of Sudborough, where they resided for some years, was occasionally graced by the beauty and fashion of London, without losing its appropriate look and tone of rurality and simplicity. The son of such a couple, so placed and so connected, was bred up in an atmosphere of cultivation and refinement; no slight advantage, if it be true that the foundations of character are laid in childhood. Yet the father, who had spent eleven years at Baliol College, Oxford, and was bound by so many ties to England, was so impressed with the superiority for general students and practical life of the Scotch system of education, that, to give his sons the advantage of it under his own personal superintendence, he came to the resolution of removing with all his family to Edinburgh, and in the spring of 1800 he accepted the situation of senior minister of the Episcopal Chapel there; a charge which was not deemed incompatible with his holding his livings on the other side of the border. He took up his abode in the neighborhood, two miles from the city, which was considered too far to admit of his sons being sent to the High School. They were therefore educated at home under the tuition of Mr. Dunbar, who afterwards became professor of Greek in the university. "My brother William, who was two years older and read more advanced lessons, was a far better scholar. We said our lessons before breakfast, and got them by ourselves during the day; and to the regular question to the tutor at breakfast, 'Well, Mr. Dunbar, how were the lessons to-day?' the usual answer was, 'William tolerably well: *Archy a little deficient.*'"

Amidst all his deficiencies in grammar, however, "Archy was not inattentive to the substance of things." Vertot's "History of the Knights of Malta," which he read in his tenth year, fastened on his imagination; and his warmest interest was excited by the speeches in Sallust and Livy, which he was set to translate by way of exercise. His versions, he

of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mr. Montague." — *Macaulay*.

tells us, were more free than critical, to the no small annoyance of his Scotch preceptor, who, as he was fluently paraphrasing long passages, would exclaim, "Stop now! stop now! I canna get in my word at a', now." "Such attempts," he continues, "which Tomline tells us constituted the constant employment of Mr. Pitt at Cambridge, are amongst the most useful, as the corresponding one of turning English prose or verse into Latin are among the most useless occupations, in which ordinary youth can be engaged."

Such attempts may be excellent training for public speaking, but Etonians and Oxonians will hardly agree that Latin composition, in which Alison confessedly failed, is to be despised on that account. About the same time he took to drawing, and he declares broadly that "if nature ever designated her intentions clearly in the case of any human being, it was that I should be a landscape-painter." Mrs. Grote told Mrs. Fanny Kemble that nature designed her (Mrs. G.) for a ballet-dancer; but nature, we suspect, was mistaken or belied in both instances. At all events, there is no evidence of her intentions in the shape of genius or capacity in either case; certainly none in Alison's, beyond a taste or passion for engravings and etchings, on which he and his friend Fraser Tytler (another embryo historian) spent every sixpence they could save from their allowances for clothes. "The only occasion in life on which I recollect to have felt envy was when some little etchings by the old masters, on which I had set my heart, were knocked down to a more fortunate bidder at an auction."

His allowance must have been as reproductive as Fortunatus's purse; for he had a similar passion for books, which he managed to indulge in the same manner at the same time. His father's library was limited, consisting mostly of French and Italian works.

I felt in consequence a very great want of the standard authors in English, and began before I was twelve years old to supply the defect by purchases of my own out of my allowance. The first book I ever bought was a copy of Hume's History of England, in five volumes, printed at Montrose, which I still

possess. Never shall I forget the exultation which I felt when it was knocked down to me at an auction opposite the college of Edinburgh for fourteen shillings, and I brought the whole home under my arm to Bruntsfield Links! My next purchase was a copy of Robertson's Works in nine volumes duodecimo; and my third a folio edition of Thucydides Stephani. The last, however, exhausted my resources for a long time, for it cost a guinea. It was some years before I could master Gibbon's Rome, for it could not be got under 2*l.* 14*s.* Often did I revolve in my mind the means of compassing that formidable undertaking, and great was my triumph when, by long economy, it was accomplished. A duodecimo edition of Elzevir's Homer, an Elzevir Livy, Virgil, and Tacitus, and the Tragediæ Selectæ Eschyli, Sophoclis, et Euripidis Stephani, duodecimo, consoled me in the mean while, and formed, as soon as I could read Greek with sufficient facility, the daily object of study. Such was the beginning of the large library from which in after-times the History of the French Revolution was formed.

He began his university course in November, 1805, being then within two months of thirteen, and in the following year he was so fascinated by mathematics, that he often lay awake a whole night in the anxious effort to solve a problem in conic sections, and more than once extracted the square root in the dark without a figure wrong to the eighth decimal. "The only three subjects that ever had this effect of entirely preventing sleep during a whole night were, these problems in conic sections, anxiety to see the Alps ten years afterwards when on the eve of setting out for Switzerland, and twenty years later, the preparation for the press of my 'History of Europe.'"

In April, 1808, being the first year that rewards were given at Edinburgh University, he gained the best prize for an English essay on the "Causes of the Eminence of Athens in the Arts and Sciences." He explained it, and thought he was right at the time, by the doctrine of supply and demand; but experience and reflection led him to the conclusion that it was inexplicable, save on the principle expressed by Hallam, that "there is but one way of explaining how great men appear at one time in the world and not at another, and that is, that God Almighty

sometimes wills it, and sometimes not." In the summer of 1808 he took to the study of political economy, and talked over with his father the cardinal doctrine of Malthus, that the human race has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it, and that this is the main cause of the misery that pervades the world. "This, he constantly affirmed, was entirely erroneous, and a fallacy fraught with the most fatal consequences, as tending to throw on Providence the consequences of human corruption; and he pointed out the true answer to it—viz. that by a fundamental law of nature the labor of one man's hands is more than adequate for his own support."

We shall have something to say to this fundamental law a little further on. So strongly, he states, did it get possession of his mind, that he soon began to think of it continually, and in the course of the autumn he wrote the first draft, nearly two hundred pages, of an "Essay on Population," which so struck his father, that when he had finished reading it, he walked twice or thrice with a hurried step about the room, and then said: "Archy, I won't allow you to become a banker; you were made for something very different from that: what would you say to the bar?" Having no predilection for any particular calling, he fell in with his father's suggestion, and it was accordingly arranged that, so soon as he had completed his philosophical courses, he should commence the study of the law. During the following winter of 1808-9, he attended Dugald Stewart's lectures on moral philosophy, and Playfair's on natural philosophy, and of both professors he has left graphic sketches, beginning: "It was impossible to imagine two men more completely fitted to convey the sublime principles of moral and physical science, or whose character exhibited a more perfect commentary on the doctrines which they taught." After a warm tribute to his father's benevolence and breadth of view, he states that on the 6th of June, 1809, he resolved on a grand effort to write a great work on population:—

We had talked long and earnestly on Mr. Malthus's doctrines, which had occupied me

much during the preceding winter; and he entirely concurred with the more matured views which I had now come to form on the subject. "Keep these ideas in your head, *my mannie*" (his usual name for me), said he at its close; "it's a great thing to have seen the sun through the clouds." I left his room in a transport of joy which I find it impossible to describe. I resolved to devote my life to the refutation of Mr. Malthus's doctrines, and became impressed with a conviction which has never left me, and has directed my subsequent efforts, that, to vindicate the Divine administration in the order of the moral world and trace the misery which exists to its true source—the wickedness and selfishness of man—was a great duty imposed upon me.

It was not till the winter of 1810–11 that he commenced his legal studies under Mr. Irving, the professor of civil law, but he labored at them so assiduously that by 1813 he had compiled eight thick quarto volumes of notes. All the time he could spare from law was devoted to general literature, upon a plan which, he says, he followed ever since when he had the required books at hand, namely, that of reading several authors in different languages at the same time, and never studying one more than an hour, or an hour and a half, at a sitting. "Thus I generally read every day Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English; and my usual complement of study was nearly as follows: some hundred lines or half a book of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*; half a book of *Salust*, *Tacitus*, *Livy*, or *Virgil*; half a canto of *Tasso* or *Ariosto*; a few chapters of *Madame de Staël*, *Chateaubriand*, or *Voltaire*; and fifty pages of *Gibbon*, *Robertson*, or *Hume*. . . . Change of subject is like passing from riding to walking—it brings a new set of muscles into play." It was the remark of *Fénelon*, "*Le changement des études est toujours un délassement pour moi*;" and the inexhaustible energy of an eminent living statesman is said to be owing to his power of turning his mind to subject after subject, the most remote from politics. But a man must be very happily gifted who could pursue Alison's plan with a satisfactory result.

In May, 1814, he started for Paris in company with his brother and two friends, furnished with letters of introduction which brought him acquainted with the leading diplomatists of Europe, including *Metternich*, *Humboldt*, *Pozzo di Borgo*, *Nesselrode*, and *Lord Aberdeen*. "I had not conversed with them long, before I could discern traces of the jealousies which had divided the allied powers dur-

ing the later period of the war, and learned to appreciate the difficulty which *Lord Castlereagh* and *Lord Cathcart* had experienced in keeping them together. '*Les Autrichiens*' or '*les Autres-chiens*,' was a phrase often on their lips; and the '*Austrian fleet*,' by which name they designated the enormous train of baggage-wagons by which their columns were followed, was constantly represented as the main impediment to decisive operations."

An introduction to the *Marquis de Frondeville*, one of the old *noblesse* domesticated in the noble faubourg, enabled him to judge for himself of the amount and quality of the Legitimist feeling which prevailed at the Restoration. He says that *Louis XVIII.* reached the capital of his ancestors surrounded with nearly as great enthusiasm as did *Charles II.*, on his progress from *Dover* to *London* in 1660. If so, it melted away with almost unaccountable rapidity.

We had an opportunity of seeing these loyal feelings put to a test during our stay in the French capital. On the 14th May, when at the opera, an unusual stir was observed in the centre box, and soon an English general officer advanced to the front, who, though we had never seen him before, was immediately recognized by us as the *Duke of Wellington*, from his similarity to the engravings of his head. He had just arrived from *Toulouse*, and it was his first appearance in *Paris*. The news immediately made the round of the house, and the audience cheered vociferously—cries of "*Vive Wellington!*" being intermingled with those of "*Vive le Roi!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur Alexandre!*" There was more in this demonstration than the courtesy of a polite nation to a gallant and distinguished enemy—"a foe-man worthy of their steel,"—there was the warmth of feeling towards one who had aided in effecting for them a great deliverance.

Impressed, as he could not fail to be, by *Talma* in the masterpieces of *Corneille* and *Racine*, he could not help thinking that the great French tragedian was inferior to *John Philip Kemble* and *Mrs. Siddons*:—

Talma's acting appeared to us too violent, at least in the earlier scenes. From his first entrance on the stage to his final exit, it was one incessant course of declamation, accompanied with violent action and excited gesticulation. This seemed to entrance the French part of the audience; but we, and I believe the other foreigners, felt it forced and unnatural, depriving the great scenes at the end of the play of the effect which otherwise would have belonged to them. We had all felt more strongly on witnessing the subdued emotion of *John Kemble* in "*Cato*" or the "*Stranger*"

than we did from the forced vehemence of Talma in the "Cid" or "Phèdre."

If ever a remarkable contrast was exhibited in the same art, it was in the performances of Mlle. Mars as compared with those of her great male rival. As much as Talma was energetic, impassioned, and vehement, was this great actress light, airy, and captivating. She was now past her *première jeunesse*, but that is of less consequence with Parisian ladies than it is in general elsewhere; for they possess the art of staving off age to a degree that would be deemed incredible in other countries. At thirty-two her age was given as thirty in her passport, and she continued of the same age for the next thirty years.

Lady Aldborough's age was given as twenty-five in her passport, and she continued of the same age (in her passport) till her death at eighty-five. Whenever an astonished official remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, madam, you must be older than that," her ready answer was, "Monsieur, you are the first Frenchman who ever told a lady she was older than she said she was." This, as she used to relate, almost invariably called forth, "*Pardon, mille pardons, madame.*" The passport afforded apt occasion for French gallantry. When Sontag, in the height of her celebrity, applied at the French foreign office for a passport, the secretary, instead of filling in the ordinary form with hair, eyes, figure, etc. bracketed the required details together and wrote opposite, "*Angélique.*"

The gallery of the Louvre, then crowded with the spoils of Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, helped to form Alison's taste in painting and sculpture, and convinced him of the inferiority of art in all its branches, except sculpture, in Great Britain. "This inferiority has not arisen from want of encouragement, but from too much encouragement bestowed by incompetent persons on inferior objects. Few men will spend six months on the doubtful chance of selling a great historical picture, if during the same time they can paint ten staring likenesses of ordinary men and women, for which they are sure of two hundred guineas apiece." For which they are sure of three, four, or five times that sum. A thousand guineas is not now an uncommon charge for a portrait. In January, 1758, Johnson writes to Langton: "Mr. Reynolds has within these few days raised his price to twenty guineas a head." The outside price Reynolds ever received was a thousand guineas

for the three Ladies Waldegrave, now at Strawberry Hill.

In return for the kindness and hospitality of the Russian officers, Alison and his friends gave them a dinner at the Restaurant Mapirot. Count Platoff, General Chernicheff, and General Barclay de Tolly, were amongst the guests.

We then saw what was deeply interesting, Russian manners in moments of *bonhomie* and *abandon*; and their manners and usages impressed us with a strong sense of their wealth of feeling and sincerity of disposition. As the evening advanced, and the *ponche à la Romaine* and iced champagne began to produce their wonted effects, they became, without being noisy or violent, in the highest degree demonstrative in their exuberance. Every one drank wine with his neighbor after the Continental fashion, touching their glasses before they put them to their lips, and many were the toasts drunk to the "Eternal Alliance of Great Britain and Russia." Before parting, the company embraced after the German fashion; and the last thing I recollect is seeing my brother, a man six feet high, lifted up by Platoff, who was six inches taller, and *kissed in the air*.

The Duke of Newcastle, who was present at the scene, used to relate that when, in the camp before Sebastopol, Pelissier attempted to salute General Simpson in the same fashion, the general drew up his tall, lank figure to its full height so as to escape the inflection, and exclaimed in the broadest Scotch, "It's a dommed dirty habit."

In 1816, Alison made a tour to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and in the following winter he saw a good deal of the Edinburgh Whigs, who (he says) received him kindly, and made several attempts to gain him to their party; but he held aloof, repelled by their intolerance and exclusiveness. They lived too much with and for each other. They could see little or no merit beyond their own circle. They were cold to the excellence of Scott, they ran down Wilson, and never so much as mentioned Lockhart, who had already attained to high reputation. Of *Blackwood's Magazine* they never spoke but with horror and contempt.

Any revolt against the opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* or the taste of Jeffrey was deemed by them high treason. And what has this much vaunted Whig coterie produced to transmit its name to future times? Nothing but Jeffrey's collected essays for the *Edinburgh Review*,—a work which, notwithstanding its candor, discrimination, and good sense, is far from being likely to sustain the great reputation he possessed in the eyes of his contemporaries.

Jeffrey's collected essays hardly support the reputation or account for the influence they obtained as articles; but did not this much vaunted coterie produce, or have some share in producing, Sydney Smith, Playfair, Horner and Brougham? What, Alison goes on to say, struck him more than anything in the opinions and conversation of this body of men, was their want of independence and originality of thought. How then did they contrive to make an epoch in literature?

Their ideas on politics were taken from the doctrines of Mr. Fox and Earl Grey; in political economy they implicitly adopted the views of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo; in matters of taste, they took the law from the coteries of Holland House and Lansdowne House. Their extravagant admiration for Massinger, Ford, and the older dramatists, was adopted from the former of these bewitching mansions; it soon spread so generally among their party, that every Whig attorney and wine-merchant had ere long a copy of their works in their libraries; and Ballantyne was impelled by their influence to hazard the dangerous, and, as it proved, ruinous experiment of publishing a new and large edition of the mingled genius and indecency to be found in their productions. I could not for long conceive whence they had taken the vehement admiration they always professed for Dryden in preference to Pope and Gray; but I afterwards discovered the source, when Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, a man of real genius, informed me that he had been banished for years, and well-nigh forever, from Holland House, in consequence of having once at table been guilty of the heresy of doubting the supremacy of "glorious John" among the British poets of his age.

This is very loose writing. The *Edinburgh Review* was started by a set of young men without any connection with party leaders or any reliance on patronage. The Holland House coterie could hardly be said to exist before they themselves formed part of it. Lord Lansdowne, who went from Westminster School to Edinburgh, might be almost regarded as one of them. He was wont to say that the preparation of his speeches for their debating club (the Speculative Society) was the most useful mental training he underwent at any period. Charles Lamb and Hazlitt anticipated them in their admiration of the older dramatists: Gifford edited Massinger; and the taste for Dryden was revived, if it ever required reviving, by Scott's annotated edition of 1808. Talfourd was never an *habitué* of Holland House, and we are quite sure that he never lost a dinner by doubting Dryden's superiority to Pope.

In 1817 Alison made a tour through Ireland, which was then in the lowest state of wretchedness:—

I had seen Venice laboring under the deplorable effects of French tyranny and mercantile ruin the preceding year, but it did not exhibit nearly so heartrending a spectacle of human suffering. In Londonderry numerous beggars were to be seen crawling in the morning out of dogs' kennels, where they had nestled in the night beside the friendly animals; at Omagh, in Tyrone, the guards of the mail in which we travelled were obliged to present their loaded blunderbusses to the mob of beggars to keep them off; in Dublin, we could hardly force our way from the hotel door to the carriage through the crowd of mendicants.

He carefully investigated the causes of this lamentable state of things, and came to the conclusion that the explanation of the general misery from over-population was to be found in the innate character of the unmixed Celtic race; in the repeated and violent confiscations of land which had, in the progress of time, dispossessed nine-tenths of the original owners of the soil; in the frightful injustice of the English law of landlord and tenant, when it came to be applied under this altered tenure of property; in the want of any provision for the poor in the rural districts; and in "the inability of the impassioned, volatile Irish race to withstand the excitement consequent on the extension to them, when wholly unprepared for exercising them, of the popular-powers of the English constitution." On his return home he moulded these views into an article for the *Edinburgh Review* and sent it to Jeffrey, who had recently been holding forth Catholic Emancipation as the grand panacea for Irish grievances. This "question of questions" was hardly mentioned in the article, which was tacitly rejected, and the writer never heard of it again.

His fondness for foreign travel had now become a passion, and in the autumn we find him at Venice with Captain Basil Hall, who had brought letters to Lord Byron, and they were received with unwonted cordiality by the noble poet. He took them to his favorite ride at Lido, and through the city in his gondola, and made his hotel their home. The distinctive features of his character were hit off by Alison.

He was destitute of that simplicity of thought and manner which is the attendant of the highest intellect, and which was so conspicuous in Scott. He was always aiming at effect: and the effect he desired was rather

that of fashion than genius; he sought rather to astonish than impress. He seemed *blasé* with every enjoyment of life, affected rather the successful *roué* than the great poet, and deprecated beyond everything the cant of morality. The impression he wished to leave on the mind was that of a man who had tasted to the dregs of all the enjoyments of life, and above all of high life, and thought everything else mere balderdash and affectation. Every reader knows how strongly this tendency is perceptible in his poems; "Don Juan" conveys a faithful portrait of his mind as it was at that period. Yet, amidst all this wretched conceit, traces of inherent greatness appeared; and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when, in rowing through the Great Canal, or riding along the shore of Lido, he recounted some of the glorious events of Venetian story.

Passing over many striking reflections on the past glories of Rome, many sensible criticisms on Italian art, and many eloquent descriptions of Italian scenery, we pause at a supper with Canova:—

Sir Humphry and Lady Davy and Captain Basil Hall formed the party. It was one of the "noctes cœnæque Deûm" which occur rarely in the course of life. It was hard to say whether the English philosopher or the Italian artist was the more delightful. The simplicity of manner by which both were distinguished is the invariable mark of a high class of intellect. The recollection of my breakfast not long before with Sir James Mackintosh and Jeffrey recurred to my mind; but the contrast was all to the advantage of the Roman party. Canova and Davy each sought to draw out the other, and each seemed forgetful only of his own greatness.

The conversation turning on the inferiority of Great Britain to Italy in the fine arts, "You need not wonder," said Canova, "at that inferiority in one respect; it is the price you pay for your superiority in others. If England were Italy, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox would be your painters and sculptors, and then you would have no reason to complain of your inferiority." The answer was obvious and could hardly have escaped Canova, however anxious to soothe or flatter the national vanity of his English friends. "Do we not," replied Alison, "find in other countries that the age of the greatest excellence in one department has been that of similar eminence in all the others; that they have all advanced abreast? Was not the age of Phidias that of Euripides, Socrates, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Pericles? Ariosto and Tasso were the contemporaries of Titian, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and were

not Alfieri and Botta alive at the same time with Canova and Thorwäldsen?"

In 1819 and 1820 he read Jomini, and "which was of the greatest service in the composition of my history, I learned to think for myself on military subjects and to disregard the supposed limitation of the power of understanding them to military men." Referring to his military experience as a volunteer about the same time, he says that "Gibbon found his bloodless campaigns with the Hampshire Militia of no small service in recounting the exploits of the Roman legions;" and "I can with safety assert that my service in the Grenadiers for two, and in the Yeomanry Cavalry for three years, was of the utmost value in enabling me to appreciate and describe the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington."

When he comes to 1822, the self-complacency which never leaves him breaks out in a retrospect. After referring to the days when he had to procure books and prints out of the savings of his allowance, he continues:—

Since those days I had mingled with the world and felt its pleasures, its excitements, and its dangers. I had enjoyed a remarkable career of professional success. During eight years I had been at the Bar, I had not only paid all my own expenses, and accumulated a considerable library, and a very fine collection of prints, but had defrayed the charges of four long, and, from the rapidity with which great tracts of ground were gone over, costly journeys on the Continent. These repeated and dangerous deviations from the beaten career of professional duty had by good fortune not been attended with injurious consequences to my professional prospects; and in the year 1822 I found myself in more extensive practice than any of my contemporaries except Hope, who had never quitted home, and who enjoyed peculiar advantages from his father being at the head of the courts. I had visited the most interesting countries of Europe; and I had gone over nearly all the fields of Napoleon's great victories, whether in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland. I had seen and conversed with officers on both sides who had been in all these memorable conflicts, and I had myself inspected the armies which had filled the world with their renown. My head swam with the vast variety of interesting and splendid images so rapidly thrown into it. Recollections of painting, architecture, and sculptures, were mingled with blue skies, snowy peaks, unruffled seas, and glittering squadrons. All that could excite the imagination or stimulate the fancy was imprinted in an indelible manner on a mind naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament.

The grave drawback was the thirst for

travel, which was daily growing on him and could be no longer indulged without serious injury to both his literary prospects and his career at the bar: "Had I not travelled, indeed, I never could have written the history of the French Revolution; but had I continued to travel, it is certain I never would have done so. From these dangers at this critical period of my life, I was saved by two events which at once and permanently changed my habits; and at length, though not without a severe struggle, altered my inclinations." These were his appointment as advocate-depute in February, 1823, and his marriage in March, 1825. The duty of advocate-depute was that of public prosecutor. There were only three; and as the lord advocate and solicitor-general hardly ever interfered, those three were, "practically speaking, the grand jury, coroner, attorney-general, and counsel on the crown side in all cases, over all Scotland."

In a treatise written in 1824 at the request of Hope, the solicitor-general, he maintained the superiority of the Scotch administration of criminal law over the English system, in which the want of an efficient public prosecutor is a palpable blot. It may also be doubted whether we are right in requiring unanimity in juries. On the other hand, the decision by a bare majority may lead to crying injustice. In the preface to "Guy Mannering," Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Jean Gordon, the original of Meg Merrilies, relates: "I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons (nine in number) were condemned to die, three on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, 'Hang them a'!'"

Alison's marriage was in all respects a happy one; and his domestic life was everything that he could wish. "This winter (1825) was very delightful: seated in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms, with our books and pictures around us in the winter evenings, we heard the roll of the carriages outside conveying people to the evening parties, in which we no longer cared to participate." In the January following he became the father of a son, whom he christened Archibald. "Truth obliges me to confess, that in the determination to give him no other name I was actuated by a hope that the name would one day become known and that he might feel a pride in bearing it." The son has

added distinction to the name, and might feel a just pride in bearing it, even if the father had done nothing for it.

In the course of the next three or four years, he falls in with several remarkable people, and sets down his impressions of them with the obvious intention to be just. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, whom he met at Sir James Hall's, interested him at first.

After a few days, however, the curiosity of his accounts of the habits of the antediluvian lizards and other animals wore off, and he was deemed somewhat tiresome by the whole party. What was wanting in him was, not a thorough acquaintance with his own subjects—for of that he was a perfect master—but a corresponding interest in, or knowledge of, those of others. He resembled the English serjeants-at-law or us Scotch advocates, who are often very entertaining for a few days while the stories of circuits, judges, and juries last, but who in general become exceedingly tiresome when that stock, which soon runs dry, is exhausted.

He was struck by Miss Edgeworth's solid sense and sagacity, but complains of her deficiency in imagination and the more elevated qualities of mind:—

It is remarkable that, though she was a woman of strong religious impressions, there is scarcely any allusion to religion to be found in her writings; a peculiarity which arose from her desire to avoid the antipathies of sects, but which indicates an ignorance of the first principles of human nature; for to portray the heart without frequent reference to God, is like playing Hamlet without the character of the Prince of Denmark.

It was precisely because she was a woman of strong religious feelings that she did not parade her religion in her books. To say that the heart cannot be portrayed without frequent reference to God, is simply preposterous. He thinks her novels superior to those of Mackenzie, Charlotte Smith, or Miss Burney, but "imagination and genius reasserted their eternal superiority in the romances of Scott, Bulwer, and—James"! He says of Parr that "he was not merely a great scholar; he was also a powerful dialectician, an original thinker, an intrepid asserter of new and important truths." If this were so, how happens it that no one ever thinks of referring to any of his multifarious writings; that he is remembered only by his eccentricities, and two or three labored repartees in the manner of Johnson? The best was his reply to Mackintosh, who, after his own conversion by Burke, happened to say of O'Conor

(on his trial for high treason) that he could not have been worse. "Yes, Jemmy, he could have been worse; he *was* an Irishman, and he might have been a Scotchman; he *was* a priest, and he might have been a lawyer; he *was* a renegade, and he might have been an apostate." Another was his address to Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Blomfield, on a first introduction: "Mr. Blomfield, you are a young man; you have read a great deal; you have thought little, and you *know* absolutely nothing."

Hallam's powers of conversation are described as "consisting to a great extent of varied information, which is poured forth in a stream of easy and often felicitous expression. His defect is that he is too great a *parleur*, speaks incessantly, and follows rather the course of his own ideas and recollections than what is interesting or instructive to his auditors." There was some truth in this. When Hallam and Macaulay encountered, no one else could get in a word. Rogers, seated between them at a dinner at Lansdowne House, complained that they fought over him as if he was a dead body. Thiers, similarly situated, fell asleep. Yet neither Hallam nor Macaulay talked for effect. They talked because they could not help it: because their minds were full, and the pent-up knowledge must find vent.

It was by reading an account of the last days of Louis XVI., and the sufferings of the royal family of France, that Alison was induced to undertake his great work.

The King's Testament, in particular, appeared to me one of the most perfect commentaries on the Gospel which had ever come from the hand of man. My resolution was soon taken. I resolved to devote myself to the elucidation of the unbounded wickedness, the disastrous results of the French Revolution, and of the angelic virtues displayed by its principal martyrs.

The embryo history is not allowed to interfere with the growing work on population, in reference to which he incidentally remarks, that the capital error of benevolent people is in supposing that the poor are capable of as much foresight as themselves: "a mistake not quite so palpable, but almost as great as that of the French princess, who expressed her surprise in a scarcity how the people should be in such distress when they might live on *bread and cheese*." This is a new reading of the remark popularly attributed to the French queen.

The historian of Europe never misses an opportunity of associating himself with the historian of the "Decline and Fall." Gibbon states that his great work was conceived as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, on the 15th of October, 1764: that the last lines of the last page were written in a summer-house in his garden at Lausanne, on the 27th of June, 1787; that "his emotions were of joy on the recovery of his freedom, till a sober melancholy was spread over his mind by the idea that he had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion." Alison is equally minute as regards each of his publications. His book on population was brought to a conclusion on the 22nd of December, 1828. "It was at eleven at night, sitting in the drawing-room in St. Colme Street beside Mrs. Alison, that it was finished." His first feeling was "gratitude to the Almighty disposer of all events, for having given him health and strength to bring a work of such varied research to an end;" his next, that his principal duty in life was now discharged, and that he might henceforth treat literature as an amusement or relaxation. But his accomplished and sympathizing wife knew him better: she saw that intellectual activity was essential to his happiness; she told him that he could not live without writing; and in a day or two a feeling of melancholy, akin to that of Gibbon, stole over him. "After a week's rest, accordingly, I resumed my labors on a totally different subject, and on the 1st January, 1829, the first three pages of my 'History of the French Revolution' were written."

The alarming condition of the country in his eyes was his paramount motive for devoting all his energies to the work. Not only did distress very generally prevail, but the elements of resistance to change were destroyed in those classes where it had hitherto been most powerful. The revolutionary spirit (he says) had gained strength from the cold-blooded indifference with which the sufferings of the rural population for a great many years had been received by the political economists who unhappily had obtained the direction of affairs. "Impressed by these ideas, and nothing doubting that a political crisis was approaching, I relinquished, for the time, at least, all thoughts of publishing my 'Population,' and proceeded assiduously with the 'History of the French Revolution.'" The plan he adopted to shorten it as much as possible,

and give it an air of impartiality, is thus explained:—

I was too old a lawyer not to know the strength of a case depending chiefly on an opponent's testimony. Writers, especially in the *Quarterly Review*, when the work appeared, repeatedly objected to it, as being founded mainly on revolutionary writings, and not going sufficiently into the detail of original authority on the royalist side. *They did not see that this was the precise object which was aimed at, and which gave the work its success.* No one can read it without perceiving that its main design is to illustrate the danger of revolutions; and yet I have the satisfaction of thinking that, though it has frequently been censured for being unduly favorable to the popular leaders and not sufficiently minute in its details of the horrors of the Revolution, it has never yet been stigmatized by the popular party as containing an unfair or exaggerated representation of their principles or actions.

We shall presently find him complaining that the *Quarterly* took no notice of his book. But whoever raised the objection of which he speaks, it was well founded. A party pamphlet may be written for a purpose or to establish a case. Not so a history, in which the narrative should be based on an impartial collation of authorities, leaving the readers to draw the conclusion for themselves. The historian, above all the historian who proposes to inculcate a moral of vast importance to mankind, must not play the advocate; and it is strange that he should so far have mistaken his vocation, when he had well-nigh persuaded himself that his arrangements of events and division into periods had been providentially marked out for him:—

By steadily pursuing this object, and sometimes making the order of time in a certain degree yield to it, it is surprising how naturally the chaos of events arranged themselves in their proper departments, and how many well-defined periods appeared, affording natural resting-places. Indeed, so far did this go, that ultimately, when the work was well advanced, and its termination as it were within sight, the periods appeared so distinct, and the proper order so clear, *that I was almost tempted to believe that they had been purposely arranged in their course of occurrence by Omnipotence, in order to render the great moral lessons to be deduced from them more palpable to and undeniable by mankind.*

After a number of commonplace remarks on history and the rules for writing it, he proceeds with the air of one who was announcing a discovery:—

In the estimate and drawing of character, I proceeded on a principle which experience

through life had convinced me was well founded. This was, that men, when you really know them, are neither so good nor so bad as they are generally supposed to be, but that "characters of imperfect goodness" constitute the great majority of the human race.

I sought anxiously for, and discovered, many redeeming traits in the characters of Robespierre and Danton; I found, and admitted without hesitation, traces of the universal corruption of humanity in those of Nelson and Wellington. I was not ignorant that this would expose me to much obloquy from those who are disposed to deify some men and make devils of others; but I know that neither gods nor demons are now to be found upon the earth.

The first two volumes of the history were published in April, 1833, after the appearance of parts as feelers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which he was a constant and voluminous contributor. Blackwood gave him two hundred and fifty guineas for the first edition of a thousand copies. The book made its way slowly: the publisher's son, after the specimen copy had been sent round to the trade, reported that the subscription was "very poor;" and the publisher informed the author, with manifest chagrin, that when he showed a copy to Lord Melville, "his lordship contrived to evade the purchase." On the other hand, Professor Wilson, with "that fearless generosity which is ever the accompaniment of the highest class of genius," spoke of the work in the most gratifying terms, in which he was joined by Lord Advocate Rae:—

For long this was the only encouragement I met with. Mr. Croker, to whom I had sent a copy, declined in distinct terms giving any opinion at all on it: he contented himself with saying that the opinion of the public would, ere long, be pronounced decidedly one way or other on the subject. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel simply acknowledged receipt of the copies: Lord Aberdeen alone, of the statesmen who received copies, expressed the least interest in the undertaking, though *I wrote private letters explaining my views in the work to them all.* Such was the reception which the "History of Europe" met with from the Conservative leaders and the public. I was not discouraged; I felt a secret assurance within me that my time would come.

The criticisms (he states) were simply contemptible, and for the first time opened his eyes to the value at which an author should estimate the praise or blame of critics:—

Incapable of entering into the spirit of a work of reflection or importance; immersed in commonplace thought or frivolous details; destitute of the information necessary to form an opinion on the correctness of facts, or the judgment requisite to appreciate the justice of conclusions, — they have yet sufficient vanity to deem it necessary to show their superiority to the author by criticising his production. Their only resource for doing so is to fasten on the style; which, as it lies on the surface, and is open to the observation of the most superficial eye, presents a fair mark for their shafts.

I sent copies of my first two volumes to the editors of the principal reviews, particularly the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*; but neither took any notice of the work. The former never reviewed it at all, nor ever mentioned it, except in a carping note or casual attack; the latter did not review the work till it was concluded, but it did so then, though with a fair amount of censure, in a liberal and honorable spirit. Considering that my History was a great effort made in favor of the Conservative cause at the period of its lowest depression; when the press almost universally had gone over to the Liberal or revolutionary side; and when the author by publishing it had of course precluded himself from all chance of professional promotion from Government, — I felt that this silence on the part of the *Quarterly* was unjust, more especially as the editor was an old personal friend.

He suspected at the time, what (he says) he afterwards ascertained to be the fact, that this was owing to Mr. Croker, "whose influence in the review was paramount, and who was chagrined at finding another taking out of his hands a subject on which he himself intended to write." If Mr. Croker meditated a book on the same subject, he would hardly have been deterred by the prior appearance of one composed on such a plan; and it never seems to have occurred to the disappointed author that the silence of the *Quarterly* was susceptible of a more charitable interpretation: that the old personal friend, not being able to say conscientiously what he would have wished to say of the book, adopted the least embarrassing alternative of not reviewing it at all.

The remainder of the year 1833, so far as time could be spared from professional avocations, was devoted to the continuation of the history, which was now entering on the military career of Napoleon. "This gave an interest to my labors which I had long hoped for, but never before experienced. It far exceeded what I had anticipated. Henceforth my work had got what I was aware it had previously wanted — unity of interest. . . . Napo-

leon had drawn all the events of the period to his person, as he had concentrated all the forces of Europe around or in opposition to his standards. The singleness of interest in Sophocles or Euripides was not more complete." In the course of his Continental travels he had visited most of the principal battle-fields, and made sketches of the ground. He had also a decided taste for military matters, and his descriptions of battles are marked by a graphic power and a spirit which make them the most attractive portions of his work. Indeed, the popularity which it eventually obtained was mainly owing to them.

During the whole of 1833 and 1834 he was writing regularly for *Blackwood's Magazine*, sometimes two papers a month. They were all on political subjects. He felt it impossible to expatiate on taste, literature, or poetry when the world was in a state of convulsion, when expectations of revolution were equally entertained on both sides; "on the one, with the most ardent hopes of a regeneration of society — on the other, with the most mortal apprehensions of its overthrow." It is new to us that society was in such imminent danger, so near its death-throe, in 1833 or 1834; but, be that as it may, he had worked himself up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and stood prepared to leap, like Curtius, into the gulf: —

I wrote according to my invariable practice through life, strongly, openly, and fearlessly; and I may say with truth, I was alike indifferent whether it was to lead me to the scaffold or the Bench. Judging from the past and the experience of other countries, *I certainly thought the former was the more probable termination to my labors.*

This recalls the speech given to Mackintosh in "The Antijacobin: " —

I expect the contest, and I am prepared for it. My services, my life itself, are at your disposal — whether to act or to suffer, I am yours — with Hampden on the field or with Sidney on the scaffold. My example may be more useful to you than my talents; and this head may perhaps serve your cause more effectually, if placed upon a pole at Temple Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your committees, in preparing your revolutionary explosions, and conducting your correspondence.

It was in this exalted frame of mind that Alison made his first public speech as a politician, in June, 1834, at a dinner given by five hundred Conservative electors to a defeated candidate. He was

badly placed, and the circumstances were in other respects unfavorable to him:—

I was sustained, however, as on all other important occasions of my life, by a secret confidence in my own powers, which, without, I trust, producing any external display of it in manner or conversation, relieved me of disquietude. That calm conviction is one of the most valuable gifts of nature; for it removes equally the perturbation which may produce failure, and the vanity which may disfigure success. On this occasion it proved of the utmost service. When I stood up to speak, the greater part of the company, not knowing who it was, or if they did know, taking it for granted from the place given me that I was not worth listening to, were inattentive, or conversing with each other; and my voice, powerful as it was, could scarcely surmount the din with which I was surrounded. Before a few sentences, however, had been uttered, I saw the eyes of numbers fixed on me; the noise rapidly ceased, the heads were turned round, and in less than five minutes every countenance in the room was fixed on me, and no sound but my own voice was to be heard in the hall.

Not only was he rapturously cheered when he concluded, but when the chairman towards the end of the evening alluded to the speech, the company stood up and gave three vehement cheers. In reference to the British Association, which met at Edinburgh in September, 1834, he expresses a doubt whether it had been of real service. "Genius is essentially solitary; its home is the library or the fireside, not the assembly or the lecture-room. All great discoveries have been made by the unaided efforts of lonely thought." This is one specimen, amongst many, of his mode of weakening a borrowed maxim or thought by expanding or paraphrasing it. "Solitude is the nurse of genius" was the remark of Gibbon, who most assuredly was not thinking of the library or the fireside. He was alluding to Mahomet withdrawing from the world and "from the arms of Cadijah," for religious contemplation.*

On the accession of the short Tory administration in 1834, it was in contemplation to make Alison solicitor-general, and thus place him in the direct road to the bench, but the shrievalty of Lanarkshire, worth about 1400*l.* a year, falling vacant, he accepted it as offering the best chance of a permanent competency. He had no political or forensic ambition; and fixed official duty, he thought, might be so managed as to be rather an aid than a

hindrance to literary pursuits. "With the exception of one extraordinary man (meaning Southey)," says Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria," "I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, that is, some regular employment that does not depend on the will of the moment. Three hours of leisure, unalloyed by any alien anxiety, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion."

On the 12th of February, 1835, Alison removed with his family from Edinburgh to Possil House, near Glasgow, and about the same time appeared the third and fourth volumes of the history, bringing it down to the assumption of the imperial crown by Napoleon in December, 1804. These volumes were a decided improvement on the first two: the public began to recognize the book as a trustworthy repository of facts, which were to be found nowhere else in so accessible a shape: his industry and honesty of intention were beyond dispute, and the most carping critics could not deny the artistic skill and spirit with which the Napoleonic campaigns are dashed off. The grand central figure of the emperor stands out in broad relief, and he is brought vividly before us at the culminating point of his career, as he was seen by Béranger.

Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois,
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière
Empreinte encore sur le bandeau des rois.

War was Alison's element, and this portion of his history was mostly made up of war. The fifth volume, bringing down the narrative to the conquest of Prussia in October and November, 1806, was published May, 1836. It was (he states) favorably noticed by the daily and weekly press, the leading reviews still preserving a stolid silence regarding it. A somewhat similar reception awaited the sixth volume, published in November, 1837, and coming down to the battle of Corunna. These volumes were completed in the midst of official occupation, of a sort which could hardly have left him the daily three hours of leisure required by Coleridge. Besides the judicial business requiring constant attendance in his court, the prosecution of crime, and the maintenance of the peace, in a county numbering four hundred thousand inhabitants, had devolved upon him under the most trying circumstances.

* Decline and Fall. Dr. Wm. Smith's edition. Vol. vi., p. 22.

In July, 1835, a mob had assembled at Airdrie, and were proceeding to acts of violence, when he started from the Glasgow barracks with a troop of horse, dispersed the rioters, and seized the ring-leaders. The inefficiency of the peace-officers on this and other occasions induced him to propose the establishment of a rural police, but in the obstinate resistance of the country gentlemen to the slightest sacrifice, he "beheld exemplified on a small scale the selfish disinclination of the French *noblesse* to taxation, which was the difficulty that Louis XVI. never could overcome, and was an immediate cause of the Revolution."*

The consequence was that, when the formidable cotton-strike of 1837 occurred, the civil power was hopelessly incapable of grappling with it. The colliers and miners followed the example of the cotton-spinners, and altogether there were upwards of fifty thousand persons out of work and banded together in open defiance of the law. The new hands hired by the masters were brutally assaulted: fire-balls, and other combustibles, were thrown at night into the mills: and at length John Smith, a new hand, was murdered (shot through the back) in the street by the men employed by the united cotton-spinners, without one of the numerous eye-witnesses of the crime venturing to interfere or give evidence. The situation at Glasgow strongly resembled what was recently seen at Dublin. A reward of 500*l.* was offered for the discovery of the persons implicated, and on the 25th of July (two days after the murder) Alison received secret notice that two persons would give him important information if he would meet them alone in some sequestered place. He met them accordingly in a vault under one of the public buildings in the College of Glasgow, to which they were admitted by a back door through the College green.

The information they gave proved in the highest degree important. They concurred in deponing that the secret committee of the cotton-spinners had determined to assassinate the new hands and master manufacturers in Glasgow, one after another, till the demands of the combined workmen were complied with; that Smith, assassinated on the preceding Saturday, had been selected as the first victim, and a master manufacturer, whom they named, was to be murdered the next; and that

* In his History he says that Voltaire and Rousseau, and the national vices, were the true causes of the Revolution.

lists, which they exhibited, had been made out of the successive victims, including the most respectable manufacturers in Glasgow. They added that, on the Saturday following, the 29th, the general committee were to meet at the Black Boy Tavern in the Gallowgate, and described how he might gain access to the apartment, which was a concealed one. Being satisfied from their manner and from collateral knowledge that they spoke truth, he sent instructions to Captain Miller, the head of the police, to have twenty policemen ready at nine o'clock on Saturday, without giving any intimation of the service on which they were to be employed, but mentioned that he (Alison) would join him at that hour. Armed only with the large walking-stick which he generally carried, he met the police at the mouth of the Black Boy Close, where he stationed four men, with instructions to let no one in or out.

Having reached the tavern, the remaining sixteen men were stationed round it, twelve at its front and four at the back, with orders to seize any one attempting to escape; and Mr. Salmond, Captain Miller, Mr. Nish, and I, entered the house. We found the description of it to tally precisely with the account we had received, so that we at once knew where to go. There was a trap-door in the roof of the chief room below, up which we ascended by a movable wooden stair or ladder, and reached the floor above, where we expected to find the committee. Captain Miller entered first, followed by myself, after whom came Mr. Salmond and Mr. Nish. We found the whole committee, sixteen in number, seated round a table in consultation, with a large quantity of money spread out before them, and only one light, which, from a gas-burner descending from the roof, illuminated the apartment. Having found the persons we wished, I instantly returned down the trap-stair, and brought up eight of the police, whom I stationed on the outside of the door, and re-entering, went into the centre of the room, and stood under the gaslight to prevent any one from advancing to put it out. I then looked round, and saw that the committee were so astonished and panic-struck that no resistance would be attempted, though they were in the room four to one. In effect, Captain Miller, while I stood in the centre of the room, called out the name of each member of the committee, and beckoned him to go out. They all obeyed, were linked on the outside to the police, and marched away, with all the papers found in the apartment, to the police office, whither I accompanied them: and made out warrants for their committal, which was carried into execution immediately.

This timely display of coolness, cour-

age, and vigor, broke up the combination. It brought upon him a torrent of threatening letters, which he threw aside. "I knew that it was impossible for a person so much engaged in business as I to guard against private assassination, therefore I made no attempt to do so, but walked about as usual, both in the day and at night, with nothing but my large walking-stick in my hand." He appeared as a witness before the Combination Committee of the House of Commons in March and April, 1838, when his examination occupied five days, at the rate of four hours a day. O'Connell and Wakley took the lead, and exerted all their powers to weaken the effect of his testimony. "On one occasion, when he had described the habits of the combined operatives, Wakley asked, 'Pray how do you know their habits? do you associate with them?' 'No,' he replied, 'Mr. Wakley, I do not; but I am sorry to say they are often obliged to associate with me; for there is hardly a day in which some of them are not brought in civil or criminal business before me, in the course of which their habits and proceedings are immediately brought to light.' On another occasion, when he had said that he felt it his duty to proceed against the combinations in order to protect the industrious men exposed to their violence, Wakley interrupted him by the question, 'And pray, sir, who constituted you their protector?' 'King William IV.,' he replied, 'when he made me chief magistrate of Lanarkshire; and whoever may abandon their duty to the poor, I hope it never will be the officers of the crown.' After this Wakley desisted from further attempts of the kind, and they afterwards became very good friends. When the examination was over, he came up and made a handsome apology, adding, 'The fact is, sir, you would be a devilish good fellow if you were not such a confounded Tory.'"

His principal encounter with O'Connell was provoked by questions as to the probable effect of education in ameliorating the habits and diminishing the vices of the working classes. On his expressing great doubt whether education would do more than turn human depravity into a different channel, O'Connell said, "Then, Mr. Alison, you don't agree to the sentiment of the poet,—

Didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

"Yes," he replied, "I do agree to it. You will observe the poet says, 'nec sinit esse

feros;' he does not say, 'nec sinit esse *pravos.*'" Assuming that the reading of the lower classes will be always of a deleterious and demoralizing tendency, the inevitable inference is that they had better not be taught to read at all; and Alison virtually agreed with the oracle of the hunting-field,* who said that the sole result of teaching the people to read and write seemed to be to enable the servant girls to read their mistresses's letters, and idle boys to chalk ribaldry on the walls. The only education Alison would allow the masses was religious education, to be kept entirely free from secular and (we presume) to be carried on orally. When asked how they can be improved mentally or morally without education, he replies, by suffering—"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." He forgot that if the French peasantry before the Revolution, whose ferocity he dwells upon, could have been improved by suffering, they would have been the mildest peasantry upon earth.

His essay on "The Principles of Population" was published in June, 1840. It was received (he says) by the daily press with favor, and "many of the ablest journals of a literary character did not hesitate to affirm that Malthus's doctrines had at last met with a decisive refutation." If they had taken the trouble to study those doctrines, they might have come to a different conclusion. The first edition of Malthus's famous essay, published in 1798, is a rare and curious book: the larger portion of it having been superseded and suppressed.† It was especially directed against Godwin's and Condorcet's doctrine of the perfectibility of man. The argument was, that population when unchecked goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, *i.e.* goes on increasing in a geometrical ratio: whilst subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio. Thus, in a little more than a century the population of the British Isles would exceed five hundred millions, and in another

* Mr. Meynell, the "great" Mr. Meynell. Another quaint remark of his is quoted by Johnson, who, annoyed by the idle talk of some foreigners at Slaughter's Coffee-house, turned to Boswell and said: "Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation—*For anything I see, foreigners are fools?*"

† An Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the future improvement of Society: with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and other Writers. London, 1798. In one of the suppressed chapters, he says: "I should be inclined to consider the world and this life as the mighty process of God, not for the trial, but for the creation and formation of mind; a process necessary to awaken inert chaotic matter into spirit; to sublimate the dust of earth into soul; to elicit an ethereal spark from the soul of clay."

twenty-five years would equal or exceed the entire population of the habitable globe. Constantly pressing on the means of subsistence, it is only kept within bounds by misery and vice.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgias or a Catiline?

Why then a famine or a pestilence? But apparently frightened at the imputation of impugning the beneficent designs of Providence, Malthus, in his second and all subsequent editions, admitted the action of another check which did not come under the head of misery or vice. This is the moral check; the prudential restraint which prevents people marrying by the fear of lowering their condition in life or of not being able to provide for a family. This admission weakened the case against Godwin and Condorcet, to whom it was open to reply that the moral check would be in full force in the virtuous community they contemplated; but the essay was not the less valuable in directing attention to the popular fallacy, that the mere multiplication of the species, without regard to circumstances, is a good. Far from denying, Alison distinctly affirms the principle, which, he contends, is met and neutralized by the fundamental law of nature (already mentioned), that the labor of one man's hands is more than adequate to his own support. *Therefore* mankind can never want food. As well say that it is a fundamental law of nature that one tailor can make coats, waistcoats, and breeches enough for ten. *Therefore* mankind can never want clothes. Is it a fundamental law of nature that every man who is ready to cultivate land should have it, and that every man who is ready to labor for his daily bread should be found work? If so, we are coming dangerously near the "Droit au Travail" of Louis Blanc, and the "La Propriété, c'est le Vol" of Prudhomme.

Alison has accumulated a mass of statistics to prove that the evils of over-population arise from "the errors, the follies, and the vices of mankind," all of which, he maintains, might be prevented by wise legislation or by a change of habits in the people: if, for example, the Irish would leave off living on potatoes and the Hindoos on rice. But so far Malthusians would go cordially along with him. Where they would part company would be when he proposes his specific remedies; one of which is a legal provision for the poor sufficient to relieve them from the worst

privations and conscious degradation of pauperism. This, he thinks, would inspire them with a spirit of independence and prevent the spread of pauper habits. He would have commended the Berkshire overseer who, during the enquiry which led to the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, met the commissioner with a smiling face, saying: "You will find nothing wrong here: we give our paupers four good meals a day."

In his concluding chapter, he puts forth all his strength to prove that the productive powers of the land are inexhaustible, and that, if the land should fail, there remains the sea. "Those who are alarmed at the possibility of a geometrical increase of human beings compared with the extent of the terraqueous globe, would do well to consider the rate of multiplication of the finny tribe compared with the boundless surface of the sea." They may also take comfort from what is silently going on "beneath the glassy wave," "amidst the verdant slopes and sunny isles of the Pacific:"—

While man in the old world is pining under the miseries which his wickedness has created, or, speculating in the strength of his intellect on the supposed limits which the extent of the globe has imposed to his increase, an insect in the Pacific is calling a new world into existence, and countless myriads of happy animals are laboring to extend the continents over which, in the fulness of time, his more enlightened and grateful race is to extend.

Neither of the principal reviews so much as mentioned the book, and he "failed to discover in subsequent systematic works on the subject many traces of its having made any great impressions." One impression it left was that his strength did not lie in abstract reasoning; he gives us declamation for argument; his logic bears to his rhetoric about the same proportion that Falstaff's bread bore to the sack; and the "Mr. Wordy" of Lord Beaconsfield stands confessed.

The "Essay on Population" did not materially interfere with the continuation of the history, the ninth volume of which, completing the work as originally designed, appeared in June, 1842. Blackwood suggested that the publication should take place on the 18th, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; to effect which it was necessary that the whole of the manuscript should be out of the author's hands by the 7th. On the morning of the 6th, notwithstanding his

utmost exertions, the whole battle and the second taking of Paris remained to be written, and he had only twenty-four hours left.

Being determined if possible to come up to time, I began on the last day of my labors in a very business-like manner. I got my secretary (Mr. P. T. Young, a most valuable and faithful friend) out to Possil at ten in the morning of the 6th June, and began to dictate the Waterloo campaign. With the exception of twenty minutes that dinner lasted, I dictated without intermission till three next morning, when Mr. Young was so tired that he could write no more. Upon this I sent him to bed, and sat down myself and wrote till six, when I reached "the last line of the last page," being the description of the second interment of Napoleon at Paris, ending with the words, "No man can show the tomb of Alexander." I went up to Mrs. Alison to call her down to witness the conclusion, and she saw the last words of the work written, and signed her name on the margin. It would be affectation to conceal that I felt deep emotion at this event. The words of Gibbon when he concluded his immortal work in the summer-house at Lausanne, which I had long known by heart, recurred to my mind; not with the foolish idea that my work for a moment could be compared to his, but that it was one of as great labor, pursued with as much perseverance, and which had been the source of at least equal pleasure. I unbarred the windows, and looked out upon the park. The morning was clear and bright; an unclouded sun shed the bright light of summer on the turf and the trees; and the shadows of their leafy masses, stretching before his yet level rays, cast broad bars of shade athwart the green expanse. After gazing on the scene for some minutes, I retired to rest too much excited to sleep, and lay in a delicious trance, revolving the past and dreaming of the future.

In his account of the battle thus hastily written and crowded with inaccuracies, he did not hesitate to assert broadly and positively that Blücher and the duke were out-generalled, out-manœuvred, and surprised. This statement is repeated in the autobiography, with the addition "that the stroke told the more keenly because it was secretly felt to be just" — which it certainly was not. The only plausible foundation for it was, that the allied generals did not concentrate their forces until they knew in what direction they were to be assailed. "It was the duke's design, deliberately formed, not to move a man till the plans of his opponent should develop themselves." * Alison stands

* Geig, "Life of the Duke of Wellington," p. 257. The question of surprise is fully discussed in the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 70, No. for Sept., 1842.

self-refuted on the essential point. In proof of the duke's being taken unawares, he says: "And for that very night, the 15th, he had accepted, and allowed his staff-generals to accept, invitations to a great ball at the Duchess of Richmond's in that city (Brussels)." Two or three pages further on, we read that authentic intelligence of Napoleon's movements was received at half past four, that "orders were immediately despatched to the troops in every direction to concentrate at Quatre Bras;" and that, after the orders had been sent off, "he dressed and went with characteristic calmness and sang-froid to the ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, where his manner was so undisturbed that no one discovered that any intelligence of importance had arrived." The object in suffering the ball to go on was clear. As for Blücher, there is no pretence for saying that he was surprised.

The moment the last volume was completed, Alison began preparing a new edition of the entire work for the press, and he takes credit for correcting many admitted errors, such as mistaking *timbre* (stamp) for "timber duty." Unluckily he had a parental affection for his style, which induced him to leave it pretty nearly as it stood, and it was not spared by critics, who, he says, in other respects were kind to him. One obvious mark for their shafts was his strange misapplication of borrowed images, as when (laying Gray under contribution) he tells us that "it is not while fanned by conquest's crimson wing that the real motives of human conduct can be made apparent:" or when (subjecting Milton to a similar process) he likens Goethe to "a cloud which turns up its silver lining to the moon:" or when (taking the same liberty with St. Paul) he turns tinkling cymbal into tinkling brass, and thus ruthlessly perverts the metaphor:—

All the *springs* which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an empire were in full activity and worked with consummate ability; but *one* was wanting, without which, in the hour of trial, all the others are as tinkling brass—a belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality!

Are these three one, or do they constitute a spring? Provoked by Trulliber's want of Christian charity, Parson Adams exclaims: "Name not the Scriptures." "Not name the Scriptures?" replies his brother parson; "do you disbelieve the Scriptures?" At the risk of a similar

retort, we must enter a grave protest against Alison's frequent and misplaced appeals to the Deity, to Omnipotence, to Providence, to the divine Disposer of all things, etc. etc. "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus." They are worse than Carlyle's Immensities, Eternities, and Sublimities; for, to many well-constituted minds, they border on profanity. When Allan (afterwards Mr. Justice) Park, in his address to a jury, kept calling God and Heaven to witness, he was interrupted by Lord Ellenborough: "Pray, pray, sir, don't swear in that manner here in court."

As a specimen of the moral platitudes that are forced upon us at every turn in the history, take the historian's reply to the enquiry, what the king, the nobles, the *tiers état*, or the people could have done to avert the catastrophe: "Every man possessed that within his own breast, the dictates of which, if duly attended to, would have saved the nation from all the calamities that ensued. All classes might have done their duty; and if so, the good providence of God would have rewarded them, even in this world, with peace, and freedom, and happiness."

Although he writes professedly to give a solemn warning and inculcate a practical lesson, he tells us, almost in the same breath, that both warning and lesson may be predestined to prove vain.

It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind: reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very persons who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.

What is still more alarming, signs are not wanting that

suggest the painful doubt whether there do not lie, smouldering beneath the boasted glories of British civilization, the embers of a conflagration as fierce, and a devastation as widespread, as those which followed and disgraced the French Revolution.

In January, 1845, he wrote and sent to Blackwood a long and elaborate essay on the currency and the pernicious effects of Sir R. Peel's monetary system. Blackwood refused to insert it in his magazine, but agreed to publish it as a separate work, and it appeared accordingly under the title of "England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and Contracted Currency."

The stroke told. In various passages of that work I had described in emphatic and too prophetic language the dangers by which the present system would be attended; and I can

now look back on the accomplishment which my predictions so soon received. Sir R. Peel, who rarely took notice of any arguments adduced, or opinions delivered, out of the walls of Parliament, did me the honor to quote a passage from this work in the House of Commons, on July 24, 1845, not a week after it was published, which he deemed particularly worthy of reprobation, and concluded, amidst the cheers of the bullionist majority in the House: "And this is the philosopher who is to instruct us in the currency!"

He says he was highly gratified by this circumstance, which most of his friends thought would be a source of mortification. He recollected the words of Johnson: "Sir, I never was satisfied with an argument till I heard the rebound; then I knew it had told." He had a happy knack of turning unfriendly expressions into compliments. He was rather gratified than otherwise with the "little attacks" of the *Quarterly*, when he remembered the remarks of Racine on being told that the critics had spoken ill of one of his works. "So much the better: the bad works are those which are not spoken of at all." He had another point of contact with Racine. "After having been closeted two hours with the Duke of Orleans, who expressed himself altogether charmed with his conversation, Racine, in answer to an enquiry what he had talked of to give so much pleasure, replied: 'Talked of? I assure you I did not speak five words the whole time.'"

One day whilst Miss Strickland was on a visit to the Alisons, she was closeted for two hours with the historian, and expressed herself so charmed with his conversation that his wife asked him what he had been saying. "Saying? with truth I assure you, I did not say six words to her the whole time." The coincidence is remarkable.

Some of his dinners during his trips to London were well worth commemorating. There was one at Mr. Milnes's (Lord Houghton), where he met Carlyle, Mr. Gladstone, Hallam, and Whewell. "The two last were the great interlocutors, and they had a hard struggle for the precedence. Their talk was always able, and often instructive; but the constant straining after effect soon became tiresome, and led to the too frequent sacrifice of truth or sense to antithesis or point."

Carlyle said less, but what he did remark was striking. Speaking of Queen Victoria, who had shortly before ascended the throne, he observed: "Poor queen! she is much to be pitied. She is at an age when she would

hardly be trusted with the choosing of a bonnet, and she is called to a task from which an archangel might have shrunk." Again, the conversation having turned on Goethe, and some one having expressed surprise that he did not, like Körner, take an active part in the war of deliverance which was shaking the world around him, Carlyle remarked: "It is not surprising he did not do so; you might as well expect the moon to descend from the heavens and take her place among the common street-lamps."

Another party, at Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's, comprised Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby), Sir James Graham, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Hallam, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and several others. Here the conversation was superior to anything he had ever heard in Scotland, but it was too forced. "Mrs. Alison said, when we returned home at night, it was like a 'horse-race of talent;' and such in truth was its character. Every one was striving to say something more terse, more epigrammatic, more sparkling than another; and as all could not be original or profound, the forced sayings or failures greatly preponderated, and left on the whole a confused and unpleasant impression on the recollection." It is difficult to imagine Sir James Graham, with his practical good sense, Lord Stanley, with his sparkling vivacity, or Lady Charlotte Lindsay, with the fine vein of humor inherited from her father (Lord North), engaged in a "horse-race of talent."

The same impression was produced by a party at Mr. and Lady Mary Christopher's, where they met Lady Lovelace (Ada) and several bishops and leaders of the bar. There, too, where we should least have expected it, they found a continual straining after effect. Sir Walter Scott makes the same complaint of a dinner at Rogers's, where the weak voice and caustic tone of the host checked the flow of mind, and no one (except Sydney Smith) ever talked without restraint. April 17, 1828: "Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute-guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy." On the 18th Sir Walter breakfasted with Joanna Baillie, and met the Bishop of London (Howley), Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, and other dignitaries of the Church. On the 26th he dined at Richardson's, with the chief barons of England and Scotland: "Far the pleasantest day we have had yet. I suppose I am

partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits."

Amongst the distinguished guests at Possil House was Dickens, who spent two days there, and delighted a large party by the suavity of his manners and the brilliancy of his conversation.

I proposed a vote of thanks to him for the favor he had done the Athenæum (Glasgow) by coming down from London for the occasion (to preside at a *soirée*), and endeavored, in a few sentences, to characterize and select the brilliant points of his writings, which gave general satisfaction, and was the more surprising as I was very little acquainted with them. I never had any taste for those novels, the chief object of which is to paint the manners or foibles of middle or low life. We are unhappily too familiar with them: if you wish to see them you have only to go into the second class of a railway train, or the cabin of a steamboat. Romance, to be durably interesting or useful, must be probable but elevating; drawn from the observation of nature, but interspersed with traits of the ideal.

This canon of criticism would apply to Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, as well as to Dickens. If you wished to see Partridge and Strap, you might have seen them in a barber's shop; or if you wished to make the acquaintance of the Primrose family, you might have found them in some rural vicarage. The canon would be equally fatal to the Dutch and much of the English school of painting. Another distinguished guest was Lord Shaftesbury.

He told me a remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, which he had from the lips of his Grace himself. During the voyage out to India in 1797, he studied incessantly the recent History of British India, to qualify himself for taking a part in its wars; but when he took the field he had only two books with him—the Bible and Cæsar's Commentaries.

The continuation of the history, from 1815 to 1852, was suggested by the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, which the author felt a strong desire to incorporate in his work, regarding it as a striking illustration of his (and Hume's) theory, that government by popular force can terminate only in the government of the sword.

Regarding as I did the military despotism of Louis Napoleon as the natural result of the democratic convulsions of 1830 and 1848, free trade as a symptom of the first step in national decline, and the contraction of the currency and its entire dependence on the retention of gold by the Bank of England, which

free trade had rendered impossible, as the main cause of the national suffering since the Peace, I could not possibly write a work which would at the moment be popular.

He notwithstanding began the "Continuation" on January 1, 1852, and finished the first chapter in six weeks. "It is, in my opinion, the best I ever wrote, from being a *résumé* of the principles of my whole work, and the result of the thought and study of a lifetime." As his principles were antagonistic to those of the rising generation, he expected to be rudely assailed, but confesses that he was "taken by surprise by the violence of the Liberal press, which formed a striking contrast to the indulgence, approaching to favor, with which my former work had been received." He accounts for this alteration of tone by the disappointment of the Liberals and Peelites on finding that an author "whose works had had a considerable reputation," still stood to his guns, and insisted on opening the campaign anew against all the changes, political, social, and commercial, which they had introduced since the peace. Coming to particulars, the critics objected to the work that "there was no originality or genius in its pages; that when not palpably erroneous, it consisted of mere truisms or platitudes; and that a pedantic desire to display learning was conspicuous throughout."

They were unjust if they carried their animosity to this extent, for the "Continuation" had much of the merit of the original work, and was equally appreciated by the public for its fulness of information and clearness of narrative: at least, when the author kept his rhetorical faculty within bounds. But he had no longer a central figure like Napoleon, nor a central country like France, to compel unity of design or form a connecting link between the boundless variety of subjects that fell within his range. There were fewer battle-fields (on which he shone) to describe, and his treatment of civil transactions is more frequently marred by his (in Baconian phrase) prejudicate opinions, not to say prejudices. Whenever he comes to a commercial crisis or difficulty at home or abroad, he refers it to contracted currency, and shows how it might have been prevented or alleviated by an unlimited supply of inconvertible paper money. He disserts with wearisome prolixity six or seven times on this subject, and, to show his tendency to repetition, we have only to refer to his Table of Contents, *eg.*: —

Vast Effect of the discovery of California Gold. What if California had not been discovered? — Vol. i., pp. 36, 37.

Great Effect of the discovery of the gold mines of California and Australia. What if the case had been otherwise? — Pp. 64, 65.

As one instance amongst many of his ill-placed display of learning, may be cited the introduction of two pages of Livy in Latin in the account of a Peninsular campaign. He thought proper to enrich the "Continuation" with summaries of European literature. In the chapter on German literature he describes Oehlenschläger (a Dane) as the best representative of German nationality, and rolls the two Schlegels into one, to whom he attributes both the "Philosophy of History" and the "Lectures on Dramatic Art."

"On January 1, 1859, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with Lady Alison sitting by my side, I had the satisfaction of writing the last line of the last page, being that day seven years from the day when it was commenced, and that day *thirty years* since the first page of the first volume of the original series had been written." The circulation (he states) was immense: the foreign sale exceeded one hundred thousand copies, including reprints at Brussels and in America, with translations into German, French, and Arabic. In fact, no grave work could compete with it in these indications of popularity, except perhaps Mr. Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," which (we learn from the author) has been translated into six or seven languages, and read in every part of the habitable globe. As Johnson said, on finding his Dictionary at a country house, —

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Immediately on Lord Derby's accession to office in 1852, he sent Mr. Forbes Mackenzie, a lord of the treasury, to Alison, to state that there was no one in Scotland to whom the Conservatives were more indebted: that all the Cabinet were conscious of it: and that Lord Derby wished to recognize his services and merits in the way most agreeable to himself. After declining legal preferment, he was created a baronet (June 6, 1852), and soon afterwards the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford on Lord Derby's becoming chancellor. It was arranged that the men of rank or political eminence who were to receive the degree should be installed on the first day, and the literary and scientific

recipients on the second. In the evening of the first day, Alison and Lady Alison were at tea in their hotel, when Sir Edward Bulwer, who fell within the second batch, suddenly presented himself and began: "Well, Sir Archibald, what are you going to do? I am off in the first train for London. I never wanted any of their d—d degrees; it was their own doing sending for me, and I am resolved not to submit to the slight now put on us. What! to think of postponing such men as you and me to a parcel of political drudges, who will never be heard of five years after their death. The thing is intolerable! I hope you are not going to submit to it." Alison pointed out to him that no slight was or could be intended; that so far from it, the reservation of the men of intellect for the second day might be regarded as a compliment. "It is all very well," answered he, "for you cold-blooded historians to think so, but we of a lighter turn feel otherwise. I shall certainly go off to-night." By degrees, however, he became mollified; and consented to remain to be installed next day, and go with them to Blenheim on the day following. He went with them in an open carriage, and they found his conversation extremely pleasing, as it always was during the closing years of his life, when his reputation was established, and his constitutional irritability was commonly kept in check. He invariably talked his best, as did his brother Henry (Lord Dalling), and both were fond of topics that led to thought and brought mind in contact with mind.

Talking of the estimate women formed of men, I said: "I think women know a handsome man when they see him; but they don't know a clever one, or at least one of a superior mind." He thought a little, and then said: "They know a famed man, but not a superior one; they don't discover talents till they have been acknowledged by men." I have often since mentioned this opinion of his to superior women, and they always have vehemently denied it: but I am convinced that it is well founded.

We regret to be obliged to pass over most of Sir Archibald's many striking and discriminating sketches of celebrated contemporaries, male and female, but we must find room for his remarks on Mr. Gladstone, which do credit to his sense of fairness and powers of appreciation, considering how diametrically opposed they were on every important question of the day. He is speaking of a party at Keir in 1853, including Mrs. Norton, Sir Rod-

erick Murchison, Sir Henry Rawlinson, etc.

But its principal attraction was Mr. Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who for good and for evil has now left his name indelibly impressed on the tablets of his country. I had been acquainted with him when he was a young man, and he had dined once or twice at our house in St. Colme Street; but I had not seen him for above twenty years, and in the interval he had become a leading Parliamentary orator and a great man. I was particularly observant, therefore, of his manner and conversation, and I was by no means disappointed in either. In manner he had the unaffected simplicity of earlier days, without either the assumption of superiority, which might have been natural from his Parliamentary eminence, or the official pedantry so common in persons who have held high situations in the State. In conversation he was rapid, easy, and fluent, and possessed in the highest degree that great quality so characteristic of a powerful mind, so inestimable in discoursing, of quickly apprehending what was said on the other side, and in reply setting himself at once to meet it fairly and openly. He was at once energetic and discursive, enthusiastic, but at times visionary. It was impossible to listen to him without pleasure; but equally so to reflect on what he said without grave hesitation. He left on my mind the impression of his being the best discourser on imaginative topics, and the most dangerous person to be intrusted with practical ones, I had ever met with.

After observing his turn of thought for three days, especially in conversation with Mrs. Norton and Lady Alison, who kept him admirably in play, I formed in my own mind the measure of his public capacity, and was not surprised at the perilous measure of finance on which he at once adventured when soon after intrusted with the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The value of Sir Archibald's opinion on finance may be inferred from his declaring Pitt's Sinking Fund worthy to rank, as a scientific invention, with the discovery of gravitation, the printing-press, and the steam engine. The monetary crisis of 1861 gives him the opportunity he never fails to grasp of inveighing anew against the repeal of the usury laws and the evils of a contracted currency, which a benighted public can never be brought to understand:—

If any attempt is made to explain it, they say it is too difficult a subject for them, and they don't understand it. Meanwhile, realized wealth, with the glittering prospect of eight or ten per cent. before its eyes, and thoroughly understanding the subject, quickly buys up the shares of the leading journals, gets the con-

mand of their columns, and then employs the ablest writers to support its interests, and run down any one who attempts to oppose them. This despotism is the more formidable, because it is one of the most irremovable which in the changes of society has come to be imposed by man upon man.

He speaks in the most exalted terms of Lord Palmerston, some of whose speeches he places on a level with the best specimens of oratory in the language.

In one respect, which has come in these times to be a matter of no insignificant importance, he is, if Lord Derby is excepted, without a rival among the public men of the day. As an after-dinner orator, and in the faculty of turning aside an argument or question which he does not know well how to answer, he is perfect. No one knows so well how to turn an argument with a joke, or defend himself by a happy thrust at his adversary. This power, so rare in public men, can be attained only by a combination of admirable temper with great quickness of apprehension and felicity of expression, and with a thorough knowledge of the audience to which the pleasantry is addressed. Of this faculty his allusion to "that unhappy rapid movement at the Bull's Run" is one of the most fortunate. Lord Derby is equally happy in this branch of oratory, and both display it alike in Parliament, on the hustings, on the platform, and in the genial atmosphere of the banquet. It is a remarkable circumstance, characteristic of the extent to which our institutions have become popularized since the passing of the Reform Bill, that the popular faculty which Pitt or Fox would have despised, which Chatham would have spurned, and Burke condemned, has become one of the most effectual passports to power, and the one in which these two alternate Prime Ministers pre-eminently excel.

This popular faculty was as much appreciated in the old House of Commons as in the new. Lord North had more of it, and of a finer sort, than either Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston. So had Canning. Chatham did not disdain a joke when he fixed the epithet of "Gentle Shepherd" on George Grenville: nor did Pitt despise Sheridan for comparing him to the angry boy in "The Alchemist." Ready wit and humor always were, and always will be, most effective weapons in debate. The reformed or popularized assembly is by no means wanting in fastidiousness, as Lord Palmerston discovered when, as occasionally occurred to him towards the commencement of his premiership, he was hurried beyond the bounds of good taste. When he tried to turn the laugh against Mr. Bright by referring to him as "the reverend gentleman,"

a murmur of disapproval ran through the House.

Alison was justly proud of his sons, and the passages relating to them are full of interest. Through them he is brought into frequent communication with Lord Clyde; the youngest was Lord Clyde's aide-de-camp, and the eldest his military secretary in India. On Lady Alison's expressing a fear that the youngest would run wild from idleness, "My dear lady," said Lord Clyde, "an aide-de-camp has but one thing to do in peace, and that is to make love to his general's wife: now I have no wife; therefore my advice to him is to make love to every pretty girl he sees."

In 1852 Sir Archibald "received a very pleasant mark of kindness, in a unanimous and spontaneous election as a member of the 'Literary Club,' held in the Thatched House, St. James's Street: the successor or continuation of that which Johnson and Boswell have rendered immortal." The same kindly feeling, he states, caused him to be elected by acclamation a member of the Athenæum Club. He was elected by the committee of the Athenæum Club, which does not elect by acclamation; and he might surely have ascertained that the Literary Club of which he speaks was not "The Club" of Johnson and Burke.

His "Life of Marlborough," constructed out of seven articles contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was, he admits, very faulty. "Details were wanting; important events were slurred over, or slightly referred to; those picturesque touches which give life to a narrative were in a great degree wanting; and the absence of a systematic reference to authorities deprived it of great part of its value." These defects were supplied in a subsequent edition, and it now ranks as the most readable of his works. The "Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Charles Stewart, Marquesses of Londonderry," was the last of his publications. "On the 27th of July, 1861, sitting in the library at Possil with Lady Alison, the faithful partner of my labors, my joys, and anxieties, I wrote 'the last line of the last page,' and finally laid aside my historic pen."

This book was a failure, although a vindication of Lord Castlereagh from the popular charges against his policy may be collected from it. Our great northern contemporary hardly exaggerated the general verdict in declaring that it was neither a biography nor a history, but a sort of

hybrid production, without the interest or merit of either.

During the American Civil War, he warmly sided with the Confederates, not on the familiar ground that they had as much right to separate from the Federals as the United States to separate from Great Britain, nor from a lurking wish that the great republic would break up, but because they were fighting for slavery, a "condition of national existence." He talked the matter over with Mr. Mason, the Confederate commissioner, and they agreed that, as the lands of the South could not be profitably cultivated without negro labor, and the negro would not work if he was free, this settled the question. The negro's feeling were no more to be consulted than those of Charles Lamb's sucking pig, when the question turned on whether its flavor would be improved by whipping.

In August, 1849, Sir Archibald was honored by a royal command to pass two days at Balmoral.

In the evening she (the queen) called me aside, and conversed with me above an hour in her drawing-room. I am perfectly aware of the prestige which attends royal condescension, and the brilliant colors which it lends to what, under other circumstances, would appear ordinary conversation; yet, making full allowance for that, I am convinced that no one could have heard the queen's conversation on this occasion without being extremely struck by its talent. Her Majesty spoke chiefly of the early history of Scotland, and was very inquisitive about the battles of Stirling, Falkirk, Torwood, and Bannockburn, and the ground on which each was fought. I described the localities as well as I could, and she promised to observe the places the next time she passed in the railway. When I mentioned the singular circumstance that *both* armies at Bannockburn were commanded by her ancestors, the one being led by Edward II., the other by Robert Bruce, she said: "It is so; but I am more proud of my Scotch descent than of any other: when I first came into Scotland I felt as if I were going home." Soon after the conversation turned upon Queen Mary and Elizabeth, and she said, "I am thankful I am descended from Mary. I have nothing to do with Elizabeth."

But we have reason to know that this report of his conversation with the queen is quite inaccurate.

"Before finally taking leave of the reader, there are two observations which I deem it material to make, and in which the young are deeply interested." The

first is the importance of fixing early in life on some one object of pursuit. "I have been singularly prosperous in life, to a degree beyond most of my college companions and early friends; but yet, on a calm retrospect, I cannot think either that my natural abilities or accidental advantages were superior to many of theirs. I ascribe the success I have met in many ways to nothing so much as singleness of purpose and perseverance, and in that I certainly was superior to the generality of men." This is true as regards perseverance and industry, although hardly so as regards singleness of purpose. The great end, he continues, that he proposed to himself through life was to oppose the erroneous opinions which since the French Revolution, and in consequence of it, had overspread the world. He forgets that his first grand mission was to demolish the Malthusian heresy, and that it was only when this mission was fulfilled, that he began the history, as a relaxation, at the suggestion of his wife.* Malthus's essay was directed against the visionaries of the Revolution, whose part Alison unconsciously took in replying to it.

The other observation which he is anxious to impress is, "what Cicero puts into the mouth of the elder Cato—that old age is the happiest period of life. It is so, because we have then outlived the desires which are at once the spring and the torment of former existence." This observation has been anticipated by many: amongst others, by Fontenelle, Buffon, and Gibbon, who qualifies it by adding, "I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life." †

Sir Archibald Alison lived five years after the termination of his autobiography—a striking example of his theory, a happy old man, beloved and respected, blest with all that which should accompany old age, proud of his family, proud of himself, confident, in a double sense, of immortality. He died after a short illness on the 23rd of May, 1867.

* *Ante*, p. 459.

† Life, Milman's edition, p. 305. "The proportion of a part to a whole is the only standard by which we can measure the length of our existence. At the age of twenty, one year is a tenth, perhaps, of the time which has elapsed within our consciousness and memory: at the age of fifty it is no more than the fortieth, and this relative value continues to decrease till the last sands are shaken by the hand of death." This is what he means by the abbreviation of time.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SINGULAR CASE.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Bill awoke, the morning sun was climbing high, and the two strangers were gone. Startled and chagrined, he sprang to his feet with exclamations so vigorous that they speedily awoke his drowsy comrades.

"What's the matter?" asked Putterton sleepily.

"Matter! — matter! — matter!" shouted Bill, in a rage; "we've bean duped and drugged, that's wat's the matter. Damn my eyes, wat a fool I wur not to see through the game! Bill Chloride drugged an' played by a pair o' duffers like them! It's too damn bad!"

By this time Putterton and Winmore were both on their feet rubbing their sleepy eyes, and great was their consternation at finding the sun up and the strangers gone. The first care was to examine everything to see what had been carried off, but they could discover nothing missing. All was apparently just as they had left it the evening before.

"At any rate," said Bill, "it wur fortunate I hed the description an' map under my head. But they could ha' looked at it after all, fur I'll bet we slep like iron dogs wen the liker took effeck. They don't often git ahead o' me, boys, but they did this time sure. That Irish chap played his part wal — let's see which way they went." He struck the tracks of their horses in the road and followed them some distance across the brook in the direction of Bigtree Camp, then he came back.

"Did they go toward Bigtree?" asked Winmore.

"Yes," he replied; "an' how air the animals?" he asked at the same time of Putterton, who had been out to look for them.

"They are grazing quietly in the hollow beyond that little knoll."

"Strange as the devil," said Bill. "Wat kin them fellers be up to anyway? I can't see it at all."

"Don't know," said Putterton, "but it looks as if they were studying us and our movements for some purpose of their own."

"Wal," Bill remarked decidedly, "we can't find out nothin' by standin' yer gabblin' 'bout it. Le's sling up some hash an' be off. We'll cover our tracks, so't if they try to foller us they can't do it."

Breakfast over, they packed and started. Taking to the smooth-bottomed brook, where it crossed the road, they followed up its shallow bed for half a mile or more; then they left it, and struck in the direction of the trail to the Bighorn Pass. This trail was not a travelled one, and was consequently very faint; but Bill knew the way well without it, and they went on quite rapidly, ever and anon crossing the brook, which had covered up their tracks below. At one o'clock they were high above the valley by the headwaters of the little stream, where, amidst the dense pines, cedars, and cottonwoods in a deep ragged ravine, they stopped for a mid-day camp. They ate a cold lunch, while the animals filled themselves with the fresh grass. The journey up the steeps was then resumed. Bill and Putterton continued to discuss the strangers and their actions, but Winmore was lost in his surroundings, and found fresh marvels at every step. He was journeying through what was to him a veritable wonderland. The rocks, the trees, the mountains, filled him with admiration and delight. When at length they were climbing up in the pass toward the summit, and the mighty snow-clad rocks on each side shot far up into the heavens, and they could see back over Rubyville away to the snowy ranges of the north, he was amazed.

"Ah, young feller," said Bill, who noticed his wondering looks, "jest wait till yer eyes light on t'other side, an' they'll pop out, I'll bet."

"Didn't you say we would camp to-night at a great height?"

"Yes; we'll jest git over the summit and down on t'other side, whur we kin camp on a leetle terrace below timberline. We can't make the next water today nohow, an' we might es wal camp airy. Besides, the animals is tired with the climb."

They pushed on to the summit, and Winmore's eyes did "pop out" when he obtained his first view of the *terra incognita* beyond. The high cliffs on the right or the north side of the pass shut off the view in that direction, and a steep slope on the left cut it off to the south-east, but to the whole west and south-west all was clear, and he was fairly stunned by the bewildering magnificence of the panorama. Below him — apparently miles below him — stretched away into the distance, lost in the afternoon haze, a vast sea of broken country, that appeared to his unaccustomed vision totally impenetrable — a wild ragged labyrinth of confused cliffs,

peaks, valleys, cañons, mountain-ranges — all silent, all solemn as the tomb. It seemed to him as if he were on the threshold of an enchanted world, that lay in its deathlike tranquillity waiting for some living human being to step within its boundary and break away the spell. At length they reached the spot on the mountain-side where Bill had said they would camp. It was a level place, of an acre or two in extent, and forth from the background trickled a small spring of clear, cold water that was caught in a rocky basin and held prisoner, to find its way downward through some unseen and unknown crevice.

The packs were thrown off, and when the animals had satisfied their thirst, they fell to cropping the long and abundant "bunch-grass." It was still early, and no efforts were made to adjust the camp; but all three went out upon a rocky promontory and gazed off into the wonderful maze beneath.

"How's that, young man?" exclaimed Bill triumphantly.

"It is glorious beyond description," replied Winmore.

"You're right," said Putterton; "no one could appreciate this view from a description. I mean, no verbal or pictorial account could render it as it is — as it impresses one on the spot. But that is the case with all grand views, I suppose."

"See," said Winmore, "as the shadows deepen they give an additional weirdness to the scene, making it seem rougher and more impenetrable if that is possible. And those pretty mourning doves, as you call them, fluttering back and forth, uttering their melancholy call, how they appear to be actually mourning! The whole air seems to be laden with mystery and sadness."

"I'm mighty fond o' this yer section, boys," observed Bill, "an' specially o' them leetle doves. Wen I hear 'em mournin' an' wistlin' about, an' the sun is rollin' down inter the west as it is now, it teches my ole heart somewers, an' it don't 'pear quite so dry as usual. There's lots o' the purty things down to the Glen."

"Oh, by the way," said Putterton, the sound of the word recalling the place, "where is the Glen?"

Bill stretched out his long, thin arm, and pointed toward a very dark part of the landscape.

"Ye see whur thet black ridge comes down an' seems to end in thet black cañon."

"Yes."

"Thet black cañon, I believe, are Horseshoe Gap. Ye can't see the Glen from yer, o' course."

"That's a good way from here. I thought you rode up from the Glen in less than a day," said Putterton.

"Wal, so I did. The Glen air 'bout thirty mile from yer; but I started airy, an' it ain't nothin' fur ole Doc to carry me sixty mile in a day. He's a tough cuss, an' hard to beat."

"Well, for one, I don't wonder that no one found the Glen. What seems strange to me is, that this Burnfield found it. I don't see how it is possible to get about at all in such an upset country," asserted Winmore.

"Oh, it's easy 'nough wen yer used to it. But the Glen's no easy place to find; an' ef I hedn't stumbled on it, it'd bean a long time 'fore it wur found. Those fellers, ye see, can't foller us ef we kin onc't lose 'em down thur; an' I reckon they won't come this way fur several days yet, if at all. Wen we've bin over yer a-prospectin', wich hes not been often, we've allus kep to the north'ard, 'cause thet region to the south didn't look invitin'; an' from the character o' the croppin's, we thought thur wur no chance fur min'ral in thet direction. Ye see, we was mistaken; fur right thur in the Glen's a totally different stuff, all by itself. But come, le's fix camp now, an' git supper: it'll be dark 'fore long, it's cloudin' up so. But you set thur, Winmore, an' take it all in; me an' Put'll fix things."

Winmore declined, however, to let any one do his share; but while he was assisting at the preparations, he turned his eyes frequently towards the west, where showers were falling, and great masses of clouds were creeping about, stretching long, dark bars miles across the horizon. The sun, dipping behind these, was lost to view for a time; and when it appeared again through a rift, it was like a mass of molten iron burning its way downward, its bulky shape twisted and distorted as it melted and dropped through one cloud-mass after another, setting the edges all aflame. As it almost reached the horizon, it burst forth full and bright, flooding the landscape with a dazzling glow for a few minutes, and then plunged out of sight.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Winmore, who had stopped to watch it. "I don't know anything that is more radiant and beautiful than a gorgeous sunset like that."

"You'll see lots of them here; for this is the very home of the grand in nature," said Putterton.

"I'm glad of it," Winmore returned; "for there's nothing that thrills me with more pleasure than just such sunsets as that — so golden and glorious!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning was chilly and grey. Heavy clouds were flying low and lingering about the mountains, and occasionally there was a little dash of rain. The landscape, though not so weird as in the sunset light, looked even more wild and forbidding. Nature appeared to be frowning upon the enterprise of Bill and his companions. Had they been superstitious, they might have thought so, or that the gods who ruled this silent realm were marshalling the forces of nature against them. But they were all too practical to entertain such ideas, and pushed their way on into the wilderness with all possible speed. Bill led the way as usual, and tried to follow the course he had pursued in coming away from Horseshoe Gap; but he found it difficult, as the Gap was often lost sight of for hours at a time in some of the cañons and valleys which they were obliged to traverse, and he had to direct his course by the sun, of which he had only now and again a fleeting view. His great experience in mountaineering, however, enabled him to follow the general direction by a kind of instinct. All day long it was up hill and cliff, and down again, — now over a cedar-covered plateau, and anon deep in the recesses of a sombre cañon; but the footing for the animals was generally firm, and the caravan was able to move along at a fair rate of speed. Night, therefore, found them within ten or twelve miles of the Gap, which was in plain view from the camp, beside an exceedingly diminutive spring — the only water they had seen since early morning. The next day, as they drew near the Gap, the character of the geology began to change quite suddenly. There was more limestone, and hard, peculiar limestone it was too. Winmore, who was something of a mineralogist, began to take more notice of the rock-structure, and to keep a look-out for "indications," as they had yesterday kept a look-out for springs. Bill declared he believed the region would prove very rich, judging from appearances — that it might prove even better than the Smoky Hill district itself.

"I didn't stop to look fur leads wen I come out o' yer, but I've seed severial places this mornin' that I feel certing would pan out well. Ef Burnfield's mine

ain't much good," he said, "I think we kin strike suthin' anyways."

By noon they were at the mouth of the Gap, but they did not stop for a rest, as they proposed reaching the cabin first and terminating their journey. The narrow cañon looked decidedly forbidding as they rode into it. The walls were of black gneiss, and after the brilliantly colored sandstones they had been passing through, this gneiss looked particularly sombre. There were signs of water in many places; and they even saw several very good springs from the trail. Presently they came to a narrow rift in the left-hand wall, which Bill informed them was the gateway to Glen Ellen. It was a natural gateway indeed, and as Bill had remarked, was at one point very narrow, — so narrow, that the pack-mules could barely squeeze through. The bottom was the dry bed of a stream, and was covered with boulders of various sizes, making progress very tedious, and compelling even the mules to exercise unusual caution in choosing their footings. Suddenly, however, the walls broke away to the right and left, and merged into the higher portions of the surrounding mountains, and Ellen Glen in all its spring array of glory lay before them.

As Winmore caught sight of it he gave a wild shout, and threw his hat high in air, waking the echoes and startling the mules.

"By the holy smokes!" he shouted enthusiastically, not stopping to explain what the "holy smokes" might be, "that's just the sweetest spot on earth!"

"It's 'bout the purtiest valley I ever see," said Bill; "an' I've seed a good many," he added.

"I hear the sound of running water," said Putterton, who had been silently drinking in the view.

"You're right," said Bill; "it's the creek yonder as it plunges down to the pool."

"But how in the world does it get out of the pool?" inquired Winmore.

"It probly has an underground outlet — a common thing yer. Ye see it don't run through the narrers 'cept wen it's high water. Ef ye keer to ride out to the right a hundred yards or so, ye'll see the pond thur," said Bill.

Winmore rode out to the right. It was only a few minutes before he came to the brook tearing its furious course down over the mossy rocks to a large pool or lakelet, which looked black and deep, and which extended to the base of the cliffs through

which they had just come. He was delighted with the sight, for it suggested trout; and a suggestion of trout to a fellow like Winmore, who had been subsisting on bacon and bread for three or four days, was exhilarating, to say the least. His eyes twinkled with delight as he gazed down into a clear pool amidst the rocks, and saw several noble specimens resting motionless midway between top and bottom. He hastened to rejoin his comrades, who by this time had almost arrived at the cabin. When he overtook them, they had halted before the somewhat dilapidated structure.

"Bill thinks we can fix up this old place in an hour or two, so that it will be almost as comfortable as ever, and it will be a convenient shelter from the storm."

"Yes," added Bill; "the storm air goin' to break on us 'fore long — to-night or to-morrer, I should say; an' ef we kin make the ole shanty tight, we kin keep dry, an' let her storm."

The clouds, which had been irregular and scattered, were now covering the sky almost in one mass, which appeared to grow darker and darker every minute. The air was colder and a high wind was blowing, on which there sailed about, uttering their shrill cry, several lonely-looking gulls. In spite of the beauty of the valley, there was a deep solemnity about the scene, shadowed as it was by the approaching storm, and accented by the shrieks of the gulls, that caused the newcomers to feel uncomfortable. Perhaps the kind and quantity of electricity in the atmosphere just before a violent storm has a strong effect on human nerves, exhilarating some persons and depressing others, and filling still others with an unaccountable feeling of dread, contrary to their better judgment. However that may be, Winmore especially felt a peculiar sensation, which was entirely new to him. He had never before in his life been out of sight of a house for so long a time; and it was a relief to him when his companions asserted their intention of instantly renovating the old cabin. The packs were quickly thrown off, and the animals went to rolling and kicking in a most energetic manner, so much pleased were they to be once again free. A close inspection of the house proved that it was not so much dilapidated as it at first appeared to be; and before supper-time it had been thoroughly cleaned, the holes in the roof patched up, and the door and window-shutters readjusted. Indeed, it was in such complete order, that the

new occupants might easily have deluded themselves with the idea that, like Aladdin's palace, it had burst forth at their wish. Wood was brought from a pile close by which Burnfield had left; and it was soon cheerfully crackling in the huge fireplace, sending a warm glow of light into every corner. In that dry climate it had lost little of its substance by decay.

"I think we'll catch it to-night," observed Bill, as he stood in the doorway looking at the clouds while his bread was baking in the Dutch oven. "Yes, I think we'll catch it to-night," and he swept the sky once more with his keen eyes.

It was indeed fortunate for them that their first care had been to fit up the cabin and make it habitable; for as darkness set in, the rain began to fall, first in a steady drizzle, and then in flying torrents. They watched the roof. A few drops came through, but the cabin remained dry and comfortable, for the first time probably in many long years.

"One thing," said Bill, "this yer storm will do fur us, an' thet is, wash away our tracks — an' them duffers then can't foller us to save their necks."

"That's so," said Putterton; "there's no danger of their intruding on us now. But I feel like an interloper myself. Here we are enjoying this snug cabin, with Burnfield's tables, chairs, fireplace, and even his dishes, — and God only knows where the poor devil himself is. I feel as if he or his ghost might step in at any moment and demand by what right we have taken possession."

"Yes; it's too bad the original possessor isn't here," said Winmore. "And yet if he were, we might not be."

Bill was sitting on a chair, tipped back in the corner nearest the chimney, sending great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and gazing rather contentedly into the fire. He looked up and said, —

"Wal, fur my part, I feel very much to home yer — feel as much to home as ef I belonged yer. I s'pose it's cause I've bean yer afore," and he went on smoking and studying the fire.

The creek, which ran close by in its rocky bed, swollen by the torrents from the sky, now added the loud roaring of its troubled waters to the general howl of the storm.

"It must have been a lonely place here after all, for old Burnfield, on a night like this," said Winmore.

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that," said Bill; "some fellers like that sort o' thing. I know I do. I like to be off in the moun-

tings alone wen it's stormin', specially wen the thunder's crackin' an' boomin' 'mongst the peaks. Yes, a tearin', howlin' storm's a wonderful fine thing."

"Very true. There's a certain element of grandeur about it; but it's such a terrific and uncomfortable grandeur, such an incomprehensible grandeur, that it is apt to overawe the ordinary spectator," said Winmore.

"Yes; but it lifts a feller clean away from this yer footstool o' ourn, and gives him some idee o' the forces 'at sling 'em-selves about in space. I believe that's wat ye call the outside parts we don't know nothin' about," exclaimed Bill, with enthusiasm.

"That's the medium in which matter exists," Winmore replied to the latter part of Bill's observation.

"Mighty quar," said Bill, "thet space goes on forever an' ever, an' no beginnin' an' no end. Thet's too much fur me, thet idee is."

"Too much for any one, Bill," remarked Putterton. "We can't even think of the beginning of matter, and that, you know, is said to be finite."

He had scarcely finished speaking when there resounded close to the cabin a wild and unearthly scream, as if the ghost of Burnfield was about to burst in upon them and annihilate them.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Winmore, starting instinctively towards his rifle.

"It's nothin' but the screech o' a mounting lion," said Bill. "Dunno wat he's doin' round yer at this time in the wet—probly on the scent o' our cookin'. Fire yer gun if ye want to—it'll skeer the damned cuss—but fire high, so's not to hit the horses."

Winmore opened the door and fired a shot into the wild blackness of the night. The report was scarcely audible, even in the comparative quiet of the cabin.

"Won't he trouble the animals?" asked Putterton.

"Not likely to," said Bill.

"And won't they leave us in this storm?" inquired Winmore.

"No. Old Doc'll stay by us whatever happens, an' the mules won't leave him. But it's time to go to bed," and Bill began to divest himself of his superfluous clothing. The others followed his example, and the storm was quickly forgotten in pleasant dreams.

For two days the tempest continued in full violence, and they were unable to leave the cabin for the purpose of explo-

ration. On the third day, however, the sun was seen several times, and on the fourth the sky was cloudless and brilliant.

"Now," said Bill, "we will investigate a little, and see wat we have yer."

They started out accordingly to see what could be found. Not far away was the smaller log structure which Bill had spoken of in his narrative as the forge and tool-shop. It would no doubt still be serviceable, as few things had been much damaged. They did not linger over it, but attempted, with the aid of the papers, to find the trails. This was a matter of more difficulty than they had anticipated, for the map and descriptions were none too clear, and the trails were very obscure. When they finally discovered them, and followed them a short distance, it was plain their juncture with the valley had been intentionally disguised. The principal trail, indeed, had no special starting-point in the glen, but was reached by various routes over an expanse of broken and flinty basalt. It developed, however, into an exceedingly plain and well-constructed path that had not been built without an immense amount of labor. How Burnfield could have done it alone was incomprehensible to them.

"This man Burnfield had a genius for work," said Winmore, as they were returning over the trail.

"That's so," said Putterton; "and a genius for doing things right too."

"He wur an exact feller—he wur,—an' thet's wat I like about him," said Bill; "he wur no slouch."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER lunch they took the main trail, and followed it towards the mine. Wind-ing around the crags and cliffs, it led them by an easy route several hundred feet above the cabin, and then descended into a small and peculiar basin, the existence of which would scarcely be suspected even from the trail a few hundred yards away. The path entered it through a steep and narrow gulch, which was the outlet; and in its bottom a tiny brooklet, that found its source in the secluded vale, murmured its way downward, to plunge a short distance below over a high precipice. It was almost a miniature Glen Ellen, except that not a single tree or shrub interrupted the luxuriant meadow that swung from cliff to cliff. Its greatest length was no more than three hundred yards, and the investigators were able to view the whole expanse of the dale at a glance. They saw nothing but a pretty

nook enclosed by insurmountable cliffs, and looked about hardly knowing which way to turn, thinking, for a moment, the trail must have been led in here to throw unwelcome and inquisitive persons off the track. For they had concluded, from the fact that not a single fragment of ore was found at the cabin, and that the trail in its beginning was so carefully hidden, that Burnfield had not been without his fears of possible visitors, and was anxious, should they discover him, to prevent them from finding out the true cause of his isolated life. But it was only for a moment that Bill was baffled, for his keen eyes quickly saw signs of a "dump"* on one side of the vale—the same side as themselves, but higher up. It was not much that he saw, but it was enough to give him a clue, and he hastened to follow it up. They hurried past a projecting point of cliff, and saw beyond a semicircular alcove. In this alcove at the foot of the wall, and some twenty-five or thirty feet above them, was an excavation.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Winmore; "there it is!"

"Very likely," said Bill, who had by this time reached the foot of the dump, and was examining it; "yes—very likely."

The cliff here rose perpendicularly, but at its base was some twenty-five or thirty feet of talus, and it was just where this talus began that the excavation was made. There was a path up the talus still to be distinguished, and the three elated men were not long in clambering up to the top of the dump. Then they stood before William Burnfield's mine. It was an exciting moment. Here was the principal object of their search. A mine. But what kind of a mine? A true fissure-vein in its prime; a worked-out claim; or a feeble scattering of "indications," on which, perhaps, the man Burnfield's hopes had been wrecked? There are mines and mines. Was this one with rich ore enough in sight to make it valuable—priceless? They all three fervently hoped it was, as they lit their candles and prepared to enter. A few minutes more and their hopes might be realized or dashed to the four winds. They proceeded with a bold step, examining every foot of the way. It could not be very extensive, and yet there was an antiquated look about everything that seemed to augur extensive working, and consequently great depth; but Bill

* A "dump" is the mass of refuse matter which accumulates at the mouth of a mine.

remembered that the dump, though large, was not extraordinarily so. He stopped finally before some aged-looking timbering, and regarded it intently.

"Boys," he said, almost solemnly, "them thur timbers is a damned sight older than the cabin down yonder. They's older'n any house in the Smoky Hill district, or Bill Chloride ain't no jedger o' the way wood wears in this yer kentry."

"But how could they be?" said Winmore.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Putterton suddenly, "could it be possible that Burnfield stumbled on one of those old Spanish claims?"

"Thet's it—jest as sure as fate," said Bill. "Somehow or nuther he got on the track o' this yer mine—ole Spanish claim—an' he jest made tracks up yer to work it hisself, all alone—thet feller, boys, wur no fool;" and Bill examined some of the timbers more carefully.

"Ye see, boys," he went on, "Burnfield, ef he built thet thur cabin, didn't never do no such bungling work as this—not him. Spaniards—Spaniards—them's the chaps as did it. Damn my eyes, but this is quar—wy, this yer drift must be more'n two hundred year ole; no wonder it looks kind o' grimy an' shaky."

"Must be," said Putterton. "I remember now, once when I was south—down in New Mexico—hearing a fellow talk about a wonderful mine that the Spaniards had worked a long, long time ago. He said a friend of his had some papers describing it, but the most important of all the directions for getting to the locality had been lost, and every one thought his friend was lying, because he couldn't find the place. He hunted several months for it in some mountains down there, and finally had to abandon the thing entirely; and I'll bet this is just the very place. What luck!"

"Yes; I've heerd 'bout Spanish mines an' all thet—an' I allus thought thur wur suthin' in it too, fur them chaps roved over these yer hills a good deal. They wur reglar dare-devils. They's no mistake 'bout this—it's a heap older'n Burnfield, an' it must therefore be Spanish, fur no one else hes ever bean yer."

It seemed, indeed, to be the only explanation. Burnfield had in some way discovered an old claim which had been worked by the Spaniards, who, it was well known, had early penetrated far into the interior. And now here was a third party discovering it over again. At first

thought it appeared even stranger than it actually was. Considering how many times the whole American continent has been discovered over again, it was not such a startling thing that a mine on that continent should be discovered and rediscovered.

"We're going down very fast," said Putterton, as they followed the steep incline. "I'm afraid there'll be water at the bottom."

"Very likely," said Bill, who was slowly groping his way in the lead, stopping occasionally to examine the "hanging-wall."

"We must be in seventy-five feet or more," said Putterton.

"Very likely," remarked Bill, who had that moment stopped short, and was holding his candle high above his head, paying little attention to his companion's remark.

"What is it?" inquired Winmore.

"A chamber," answered Bill, and he stepped forward into a larger part of the excavation. The chamber was twenty feet, at least, in diameter, and extended upward so far that the light of the candles scarcely penetrated to the end.

"Stoping," said Bill laconically.

"What's 'stopping'?" asked Winmore.

"It's working upwards on a vein," explained Putterton.

"Boys, this is whur they struck the true fissure-vein."

"That's a good sign," remarked Putterton.

"Yes," replied Bill, who was now on the verge of a cavity extending almost directly downward. They had taken the precaution to bring the pack-ropes with them, and as each was about thirty feet long, a descent of some ninety feet could be made. An old windlass stood over the hole with a rope on it, but they did not dare trust it.

"Now, boys," said Bill, "I'll tie this yer rope about me, an' you two fellers'll let me down, d'ye see?"

"Yes," said Putterton. "But why not first pull up this rope on the old windlass, and see how long it is?"

"A good idee — capital," exclaimed Bill; and in a few seconds the rope was pulled up and measured. It was not more than two-thirds as long as one pack-rope — not much more than twenty feet.

"If that goes to the bottom, they didn't get fur on the down tack, did they?" said Bill, adjusting their rope about him.

"Perhaps it's so rich they didn't need to dig much," suggested Putterton.

"Why, demme, yer's a ladder!" exclaimed Bill in astonishment, as he was about to descend. "I'll try the ladder, boys, an' you kin hold her taut, so ef it breaks, I won't fall," and down he started. The ladder seemed still to be strong as ever. It was made of cedar — and cedar lasts almost any length of time in that climate. Bill reached the bottom sooner than he expected. The windlass-rope was evidently longer than necessary, for he was down not more than fifteen feet. He threw off his rope, and Winmore and Putterton waited impatiently for the result of the investigation.

"What do you find?" asked Putterton. "Water?"

"No; an ole shovel, some ole drills, sledges, and sich truck, the last feller — Burnfield — must ha' left, intendin' to come back soon. He hed set off a blast jest 'fore leavin', fur yer air all the pieces. Wal, may I hev to eat my boots if this" — he paused, as he cut deeper with his knife into a fragment he held in his hand — "ef this yer ain't a hunk o' pure horn silver! — ef it ain't, demme!"

"Three cheers for the horn silver mine!" shouted Winmore. "Let's go down, Put."

"All right," Putterton answered; and one after the other, they half climbed and half tumbled to the bottom.

"Yer's the vein," said Bill, who had been scraping aside the *débris*, — and as he spoke he scratched a dark metallic substance with his knife.

"Why, it's nothing but lead!" exclaimed Winmore, feeling that Bill had deceived himself in the candle-light.

"Thet lead, my boy, is chloride o' silver, and is at least eighty per cent. pure metal; thet's the kind o' lead thet is."

"Indeed!" said Winmore; "then this must be a very rich mine."

"Rich! I should say so. It's the biggest thing o' the kind I ever heard of."

"Then we're all right," said Putterton.

"It's queer there is no water down here. Ah! I see; the shaft is just on the line of a fault, and the water finds its way down through the fracture. You see everything is wet; there must have been considerable water during the last storm. We can work the thing without fear of being drowned out." He then examined the vein more closely, and pronounced it as Bill had done, — the richest thing of the kind he had ever heard of. They selected some specimens of ore to take out into the daylight, and then climbed up to the level again, and looked about

the chamber. Offshoots of the vein had been followed here to some extent, and they had no difficulty in tracing them. The whole mountain seemed to be honey-combed with silver, and they were more than ever delighted. They discovered some strange old tools, which must have been left behind by the original workers. More of Burnfield's implements, also, were found at the end of the dump. It was evident that this latter individual had left the mine with the full intention of returning. Why had he not come back? that was the question. Standing on the dump, and looking down to the ground at the right-hand side, they observed two objects which had been overlooked in their eagerness to enter the drift. One of these was a very small cabin, and the other they could not at first understand. On descending, however, they found it to be a furnace for the reduction of the ore. Several heaps of charcoal were beside it, and there was a pile of rich fragments of ore ready to be melted down. The house was much more dilapidated than the one in the Glen. It had been constructed more carelessly, and was doubtless only a shelter for tools. There was no door. They entered and found it to be as they had anticipated, only a tool-house. There were coils of fuse, some candles, drills, iron kegs of powder, ropes, and other paraphernalia necessary in mining.

"We could go to work this minute if we wanted to, for here are all the necessaries," observed Putterton.

"Things are rather rusty, though," said Winmore, "and I would be astonished if that powder is still worth anything."

"Those are heavily lacquered kegs," returned Putterton, "and they don't appear to be rusted much. They are well corked, too. I believe the powder is all right yet. But we don't want to test it just now, anyway. I think we ought to search for some further clue to this man Burnfield. The mine can wait. I'll stick up a notice of our claim to provide against emergencies. There is so much work done on the mine that no one can jump our claim anyway," and he wrote out a notice, "We, the undersigned," etc., etc., and fastened it on a stick at the mouth of the excavation.

"Let's go down and look for ole Burnfield then," said Bill.

"Why not go back by the 'short cut,' if we can find it?" suggested Winmore.

"A good idea. It must start out where the other trail does. Let's see," and Putterton pulled out the map and examined

it. "Yes," he said, "it seems to leave the vale at the same place as the other."

When they came to it they understood its character in an instant. The limestone strata dipped in the direction of the Glen, and if one of the ledges along the cliffs could be followed, it would be certain to lead down to the valley. Burnfield's "short cut" was simply one of these ledges which he had discovered he could traverse. The short cut at first zigzagged its way down across the strata for forty or fifty feet, and then conducted them along a flat projection with an easy incline, where walking was by no means difficult.

"I don't see anything dangerous about this," said Winmore.

"Yer not down yet," observed Bill sententiously.

When they were still about sixty feet above the valley, they came to the difficult part of the trail. The face of the cliff they were following became smoother, and the ledge they were on grew correspondingly narrow, till they were compelled to choose footings with great care. Then came a rounded buttress, and the ledge melted into it and ended. There appeared at first to be no chance of going further. But they saw that a single foot-place had been rudely cut in the rock, by means of which the mountaineer might step over the smooth, sloping buttress on to the ledge which, on the other side, again offered a fair footing. Putterton, who was ahead, stepped it easily, — there was in reality nothing difficult about it to a cool-headed person, and all three of these men usually were such.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said Winmore anxiously, as Bill, who was just ahead of him, stopped and leaned for support against the cliff. He was pale, and looked so weak, that Winmore hastened to support him. The trail at this point was fortunately wide enough to afford firm footing, and Winmore had the satisfaction of feeling that he could prevent Bill from falling, even if he fainted. But Bill had no intention of fainting. He smiled as he saw Winmore's anxious face; and to Putterton's question as to whether they needed assistance, he shouted "No."

"It's nothin', my boy," he said calmly. "Leastwise, I dunno wat it wur — never had it afore. I felt 'most as ef I wur a-fallin' through them trees thur," pointing to some pines whose tops reached almost to the buttress before them; "kind o' weak like, ye know, in spite o' myself. It's all gone now. We'll go on." And

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Except to a section of the English public which has for many years taken a deep interest in the religious history of the island and given liberally both men and money to enlighten it, and to a few others who are concerned in its growing trade, Madagascar is still very vaguely known to the majority of English people; and, as was lately remarked by a daily journal, its name has until recently been almost as much a mere geographical expression as that of Mesopotamia. The island has, however, certain very interesting features in its scientific aspects, and especially in some religious and social problems which have been worked out by its people during the past fifty years; and these may be briefly described before proceeding to discuss the principal subject of this article.

Looking sideways at a map of the southern Indian Ocean, Madagascar appears to rise like a huge sea monster out of the waters. The island has a remarkably compact and regular outline; for many hundred miles its eastern shore is almost a straight line, but on its north-western side it is indented by a number of deep, land-locked gulfs, which include some of the finest harbors in the world. About a third of its interior to the north and east is occupied by an elevated mountainous region, raised from three to five thousand feet above the sea, and consisting of primary rocks—granite, gneiss, and basalt—probably very ancient land, and forming during the secondary geological epoch an island much smaller than the Madagascar of to-day. While our oolitic and chalk rocks were being slowly laid down under northern seas, the extensive coast plains of the island, especially

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While the flora of Madagascar is remarkably abundant, its fauna is strangely limited, and contains none of the various and plentiful forms of mammalian life which make southern and central Africa the paradise of sportsmen. The ancient land of the island has preserved antique forms of life: many species of lemur make the forest resound with their cries; and these, with the curious and highly-specialized aye-aye, and peculiar species of viverridæ and insectivora, are probably "survivals" of an old-world existence, when Madagascar was one of an archipelago of large islands, whose remains are only small islands like the Seychelles and Mascarene groups, or coral banks and atolls like the Chagos, Amirante, and others, which are slowly disappearing beneath the ocean. Until two or three hundred years ago, the coast plains of Madagascar were trodden by the great struthious bird, the *æpyornis*, apparently the most gigantic member of the avifauna of the world, and whose enormous eggs probably gave rise to the stories of the rukh of the "Arabian Nights." It will be evident, therefore, that Madagascar is full of interest as regards its scientific aspects.

When we look at the human inhabitants of the island there is also a considerable field for research, and some puzzling problems are presented. While Madagascar may be correctly termed "the great African island" as regards its geographical position, considered ethnologically, it is rather a Malayo-Polynesian island. Though so near Africa, it has but slight connection with the continent; the customs, traditions, language, and mental and physical characteristics of its people all tend to show that their ances-

fire, brought water, baked bread, and at length had the meal all ready and waiting. Putterton went to the door, and gazed in the direction of Silverdale. The sun set, the shadows deepened, but Bill came not. Finally, Putterton became alarmed, and set out for the mine to ascertain what the trouble was. He returned in great haste, and said Bill was not there. He thought he must have attempted to come down by the short cut, and perhaps fallen. They must make their way to the base of the cliff, and ascertain if such were the case. With the aid of a lantern, for it was now dark, they succeeded in reaching the spot under the most difficult part of the short cut, and there lay poor Bill, bleeding and insensible, but not dead. The spreading branches of the pines had saved him, but he was much bruised, and had struck with considerable violence on the frontal region of the skull.

Putterton knew a little about medicine and surgery, and concluded from his hasty examination that there were no fractures, and that Bill would recover in due time, provided there were no internal injuries. Quickly improvising a litter out of some boughs, they carefully transported their unfortunate comrade back to the cabin, where they placed him in the bunk, and used every means in their power to restore consciousness, but without success. Bill lived and breathed, and they did not despair of seeing him well again, knowing as they did what a remarkably strong constitution he had. He appeared as one sleeping, and they sat and watched patiently by his side. Toward morning their anxiety was somewhat relieved by the sound of occasional low groans, and they felt that he was reviving. Later he attempted to raise his hand to his head, but it was daylight before he opened his eyes, — or eye, rather, for one was so much swollen it could not open — and then, as if the light hurt it, he closed it immediately.

Putterton had re-examined the patient in a more thorough manner, but failed to discover any evidence of serious external injuries. The fall had been so broken by the stout yet yielding bushy branches of the pines, that it was much like falling through a mass of cushioned springs, and the injuries consisted mainly of contusions and scratches. From the uneasiness with which Bill now moved his head about, it appeared to give him more pain than the remainder of his frame.

Putterton had been considering the feasibility of putting old Doc to the test of a quick ride to Rubyville for medical as-

sistance, and he concluded that it must be done. One could attend to Bill as well as two, and he decided that he himself had better stay, as he was more familiar with the requirements of such circumstances. Therefore Winmore prepared for the ride to Rubyville, after Dr. Swayton with his liniments and bandages. The trip, it was estimated, could be made in three days; and meanwhile, as the small stock of liniments which Putterton always carried would soon give out, cold water alone would have to be depended on.

"You will have some trouble finding your way back to the pass," said Putterton; "but if you will let old Doc have his own way, he'll carry you through."

"Oh, we'll get out all right, Doc and I," said Winmore resolutely; "my bump of locality is well developed."

Old Doc was brought up and saddled. He pawed the ground impatiently. Presently Winmore leaped into the saddle, and just as the sunlight was creeping down the higher peaks, he rode off at a full gallop in the direction of Rubyville. Putterton watched him till he disappeared from view, and then returned once more to his charge. He found Bill slightly improved. The respiration was better, and the pulse more regular, and he stirred uneasily, and sometimes opened his uninjured eye, but only to close it again without appearing to see anything. His head was feverish, and the brain seemed to be for the time being paralyzed. Putterton watched constantly and anxiously beside him, scarce taking time at noon for a hasty lunch. At length Bill grew less restive, and finally slept; and he continued in this sleeping condition the whole afternoon. As evening came on he tossed about again, muttered in an unintelligible way, and then fell into a sleep. Putterton himself was beginning to feel drowsy, and resolved at last to snatch a few moments' sleep, that he might be better equal to the morrow. Therefore, after seeing that everything was in good order, and that Bill's bandages were wet and in proper shape, he adjusted some logs in the fireplace so that they would burn slowly, drew a stool up to the table, and leaning his head on his arms fell asleep instantly. When he awoke, the grey morning light was stealing through the chinks, the fire was out, and Bill still slumbered. Rising quickly, he stepped to the bedside. Bill was apparently in much the same condition, except that the visible swellings were much reduced, some of them having left only black-and-blue spots in their stead.

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When we look at the human inhabitants of the island there is also a considerable field for research, and some puzzling problems are presented. While Madagascar may be correctly termed "the great African island" as regards its geographical position, considered ethnologically, it is rather a Malayo-Polynesian island. Though so near Africa, it has but slight connection with the continent; the customs, traditions, language, and mental and physical characteristics of its people all tend to show that their ances-

tors came across the Indian Ocean from the south-east of Asia. There are traces of some aboriginal peoples in parts of the interior, but the dark and the brown Polynesians are probably both represented in the different Malagasy tribes; and although scattered somewhat thinly over an island a thousand miles long and four times as large as England and Wales, there is substantially but one language spoken throughout the whole of Madagascar. Of these people, the Hova, who occupy the central portion of the interior high land, are the lightest in color and the most civilized, and are probably the latest and purest Malay immigrants. Along the western coast are a number of tribes commonly grouped under the term *Sàkalàva*, but each having its own dialect, chief, and customs. They are nomadic in habits, keeping large herds of cattle, and are less given to agriculture than the central and eastern peoples. In the interior are found, besides the Hova, the *Sihànaka*, the *Bét-siléó*, and the *Bàra*; in the eastern forests are the *Tanàla*, and on the eastern coast are the *Bétsimisàraka*, *Tamòro*, *Taisàka*, and other allied peoples.

From a remote period the various Malagasy tribes seem to have retained their own independence of each other, no one tribe having any great superiority; but about two hundred years ago a warlike south-western tribe called *Sàkalàva* conquered all the others on the west coast, and formed two powerful kingdoms, which exacted tribute also from some of the interior peoples. Towards the commencement of the present century, however, the Hova became predominant; having conquered the interior and eastern tribes, they were also enabled by friendship with England to subdue the *Sàkalàva*, and by the year 1824 King *Radàma I.* had established his authority over the whole of Madagascar except a portion of the south-west coast.

A little earlier than the date last named — viz., in 1820 — a Protestant mission was commenced in the interior of the island at the capital city, *Antanànarivo*. This was with the full approval of the king, who was a kind of Malagasy Peter the Great, and ardently desired that his people should be enlightened. A small body of earnest men sent out by the London Missionary Society did a great work during the fifteen years they were allowed to labor in the central provinces. They reduced the beautiful and musical Malagasy language to a written form; they gave the people the beginnings of a na-

tive literature, and a complete version of the Holy Scriptures, and founded several Christian churches. Many of the useful arts were also taught by the missionary artisans; and to all appearance Christianity and civilization seemed likely soon to prevail throughout the country.

But the accession of Queen *Ranavàlona I.* in 1828, and, still more, her proclamation of 1835 denouncing Christian teaching, dispelled these pleasing anticipations. A severe persecution of Christianity ensued, which, however, utterly failed to prevent its progress, and only served to show in a remarkable manner the faith and courage of the native Christians, of whom at least two hundred were put to death. The political state of the country was also very deplorable during the queen's reign; almost all foreigners were excluded, and for some years even foreign commerce was forbidden.

On the queen's death, in 1861, the island was reopened to trade and to Christian teaching, both of which have greatly progressed since that time, especially during the reign of the present sovereign, who made a public profession of Christianity at her accession in 1868. By the advice and with the co-operation of her able prime minister numerous wise and enlightened measures have been passed for the better government of the country; idolatry has entirely passed away from the central provinces; education and civilization have been making rapid advances; and all who hope for human progress have rejoiced to see how the Malagasy have been gradually rising to the position of a civilized and Christian people.

The present year has, however, brought a dark cloud over the bright prospects which have been opening up for Madagascar. Foreign aggression on the independence of the country is threatened on the part of France, and a variety of so-called "claims" have been put forward to justify interference with the Malagasy, and alleged "rights" are urged to large portions of their territory.

It is not perfectly clear why the present time has been chosen for this recent ebullition of French feeling, since, if any French rights ever existed to any portion of Madagascar, they might have been as justly (or unjustly) urged for the last forty years as now. Some three or four minor matters have no doubt been made the ostensible pretext,* but the real reason is

* The single act which led to the revival of these

doubtless the same as that which has led to French attempts to obtain territory in Tongking, in the Congo valley, in the Gulf of Aden, and in eastern Polynesia, viz., a desire to retrieve abroad their loss of influence in Europe; and especially to heal the French *amour propre*, sorely wounded by their having allowed England to settle alone the Egyptian difficulty.

It is much to be wished that some definite and authoritative statement could be obtained from French statesmen or writers as to the exact claims now put forward and their justification, with some slight concession to the request of outsiders for reason and argument. As it is, almost every French newspaper seems to have a theory of its own, and we read a good deal about "our ancient rights," and "our acknowledged claims," together with similar vague and rather grandiose language. As far as can be ascertained, four different theories seem to be held: (1) Some French writers speak of their "ancient rights," as if the various utter failures of their nation to retain any military post in Madagascar in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were to be urged as giving rights of possession. (2) Others talk about "the treaties of 1841" with two rebellious Sàkalàva tribes as an ample justification of their present action. (3) Others, again, refer to the repudiated and abandoned "Lambert treaty" of 1862 as, somehow or other, still giving the French a hold upon Madagascar. And (4) during the last few days we have been gravely informed that "France will insist upon carrying out the treaty of 1868," which gives no right in Madagascar to France beyond that given to every nation with whom a treaty has been made, and which says not one word about any French protectorate.*

It will be necessary to examine these four points a little in detail.

I. Of what value are "ancient French rights" in Madagascar? These do not rest upon *discovery* of the country, or prior occupation of it, since almost every writer, French, English, or German, agrees that the Portuguese, in 1506, were the first Europeans to land on the island. They retained some kind of connection

long-forgotten claims upon the north-west coast, was the hoisting of the queen's flag by two native Sàkalàva chieftains in their villages. These were hauled down, and carried away in a French gun-boat, and the flag-staves cut up.

* This last claim must be preferred either in perfect ignorance of what the 1868 treaty really is, or as an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the newspaper-reading public.

with Madagascar for many years; and so did the Dutch, for a shorter period, in the early part of the seventeenth century; and the English also had a small colony on the south-west side of the island before any French attempts were made at colonization. Three European nations therefore preceded the French in Madagascar.

During the seventeenth century, from 1643 to 1672, repeated efforts were made by the French to maintain a hold on three or four points of the east coast of the island. But these were not colonies, and were so utterly mismanaged that eventually the French were driven out by the exasperated inhabitants; and after less than thirty years' intermittent occupation of these positions, the country was abandoned by them altogether for more than seventy years.* In the latter part of the eighteenth century fresh attempts were made (after 1745), but with little better result; one post after another was relinquished; so that towards the beginning of the present century the only use made of Madagascar by the French was for the slave-trade, and the maintenance of two or three trading stations for supplying oxen to the Mascarene Islands.† In 1810 the capture of Mauritius and Bourbon by the British gave a decisive blow to French predominance in the southern Indian Ocean; their two or three posts on the east coast were occupied by English troops, and were by us given over to Radàma I., who had succeeded in making himself supreme over the greater portion of the island. The French eventually seized the little island of Ste. Marie's, off the eastern coast, but retained not a foot of soil upon the mainland; and so ended, it might have been supposed, their "ancient rights" in Madagascar.‡

It is, however, quite unnecessary to dwell further on this point, as the recognition by the French, in their treaty with Radàma II., of that prince as *king of Madagascar* was a sufficient renunciation of their ancient pretensions. This is in-

* It is true that during these seventy years various edicts claiming the country were issued by Louis XIV.; but as the French during all that time did not attempt to occupy a single foot of territory in Madagascar, these grandiloquent proclamations can hardly be considered as of much value. As has been remarked, French pretensions were greatest when their actual authority was least.

† See *Précis sur les Etablissements Français formés à Madagascar*. Paris, 1836, p. 4.

‡ For fuller details as to the character of French settlements in Madagascar, their gross mismanagement and bad treatment of the people, see Statement of the Madagascar Committee; and *Souvenirs de Madagascar*, par M. le Dr. H. Lacaze: Paris, 1881, p. xviii.

deed admitted by French writers. M. Galos, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Oct. 1863, p. 700), says, speaking of the treaty of Sept. 2, 1861:—

By that act, in which Radàma II. appears as King of Madagascar, we have recognized without restriction his sovereignty over all the island. In consequence of that recognition two consuls have been accredited to him, the one at Tanànarivo, the other at Tamatave, who only exercise their functions by virtue of an *exequatur* from the real sovereign.

Again he remarks:—

We see that France would not gain much by resuming her position anterior to 1861; also, we may add, without regret, that it is no longer possible. We have recognized in the King of Madagascar the necessary quality to enable him to treat with us on all the interests of the island. It does not follow, because he or his successors fail to observe the engagements that they have contracted, that therefore the quality aforesaid is lost, or that we should have the right to refuse it to them for the future.*

And the treaty of 1868 again, in which the present sovereign is recognized as "Reine de Madagascar," fully confirms the view of the French writer just cited.†

2. Let us now look for a moment at the Lambert treaty, or rather charter, of 1862. On his accession to the throne in 1861, the young king, Radàma II., soon fell into follies and vices which were not a little encouraged by some Frenchmen who had ingratiated themselves with him. A Monsieur Lambert, a planter from Réunion, managed to obtain the king's consent to a charter conceding to a company to be formed by Lambert very extensive rights over the whole of Madagascar. The king's signature was obtained while he was in a state of intoxication, at a banquet given at the house of the French consul, and against the remonstrances of all the leading people of the kingdom. But the concession was one of the principal causes of the revolution of the following year, in which the king lost both crown and life; and it was promptly repudiated by the new sovereign and her government, as a virtual abandonment of the country to France. Threats of bombardment, etc., were freely used, but at length it was arranged that, on the payment of an indemnity of a million francs by the native government to the company, its rights should be abandoned. It is said

* The italics are my own.

† See also letter of Bishop Ryan, late of Mauritius, *Daily News*, Dec. 16.

that this pacific result was largely due to the good sense and kindly feeling of the emperor Napoleon, who, on being informed of the progress in civilization and Christianity made by the Malagasy, refused to allow this to be imperilled by aggressive war. There would seem, then, to be no ground for present French action on the strength of the repudiated Lambert treaty.

3. As already observed, several French public prints have been loudly proclaiming that France is resolved "to uphold the treaty of 1868 in its entirety."* It may with the same emphasis be announced that the Malagasy government is equally resolved to uphold it, so far at least as they are concerned, especially its first article, which declares that "in all time to come the subjects of each power shall be friends, and shall preserve amity, and shall never fight." But it should be also carefully noted that this 1868 treaty recognizes unreservedly the queen as sovereign of Madagascar, makes no admission of, or allusion to, any of these alleged French rights, much less any protectorate; and is simply a treaty of friendship and commerce between two nations, standing, as far as power to make treaties is concerned, on an equal footing. If French statesmen, therefore, are sincere in saying that they only require the maintenance of the treaty of 1868 in its integrity, the difficulties between the two nations will soon be at an end.

But it is doubtful whether the foregoing is really a French "claim," as far more stress has been laid, and will still doubtless be laid, upon certain alleged treaties of 1841. What the value of these is we must now consider.

4. The facts connected with the 1841 treaties are briefly these. In the year 1839 two of the numerous Sàkalàva tribes of the north-west of the island, who had since the conquest in 1824 been in subjection to the central government, broke into rebellion. It happened that a French war vessel was then cruising in those waters, and as the French had for some time previously lost all the positions they had ever occupied on the east coast, it

* See *Daily News*, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1; *La Liberté*, Nov. 29, and *Le Parlement* of same date. Both these French journals speak of an "Act by which the Tanànarivo Government cancelled the Treaty of 1868" (*Le Parlement*), and of its being "annulled by Queen Ranavalona of her own authority" (*La Liberté*). It is only necessary to say that no such "Act" ever had any existence, save in the fertile brains of French journalists, and it is now brought forward apparently with a view to excite animosity towards the Malagasy in the minds of their readers.

appeared a fine opportunity for recovering prestige in the west. By presents and promises of protection they induced, it is alleged, the chieftainess of the Ibôina people, and the chief of the Tankàrana, further north, to cede to them their territories on the mainland, as well as the island of Nòsibé, off the north-west coast. These treaties are given by De Clercq, "Recueil de Traités," vol. iv., pp. 594, 597; but whether these half-barbarous Sàkalàva, ignorant of reading and writing, knew what they were doing, is very doubtful. Nòsibé was, however, taken possession of by the French in 1841, and has ever since then remained in their hands; but, curiously enough, until the present year, no claim has ever been put forward to any portion of the mainland, or any attempt made to take possession of it. But these treaties have been lately advanced as justifying very large demands on the part of the French, including (a) a protectorate over the portions ceded; (b) a protectorate over all the northern part of the island, from Mojangà across to Antongil Bay; (c) a protectorate over all the western side of the island; finally (d), "general rights" (whatever these may mean) over all Madagascar! Most English papers have rightly considered these treaties as affording no justification for such large pretensions, although one or two* have argued that the London press has unfairly depreciated the strength of French claims. Is this really so?

The Malagasy government and its envoys to Europe have strenuously denied the right of a rebellious tribe to alienate any portion of the country to a foreign power; a right which would never be recognized by any civilized nation, and which they will resist to the last. The following are amongst some of the reasons they urge as vitiating and nullifying any French claim upon the mainland founded upon the 1841 treaties:—

1. The territory claimed had been fairly conquered in war in 1824 by the Hova, and their sovereign rights had for many years never been disputed.

2. The present queen and her predecessors had been acknowledged by the French in their treaties of 1868 and 1862 as sovereigns of Madagascar, without any reserve whatever. (See also *Revue des deux Mondes*, already cited.)

3. Military posts have been established there, and customs duties collected by

Hova officials ever since the country was conquered by them, and these have been paid without any demur or reservation by French as well as by all other foreign vessels. Some years ago complaints were made by certain French traders of overcharges; these were investigated, and money was refunded.

4. All the Sàkalàva chiefs in that part of the island have at various times rendered fealty to the sovereign at Antanànarivo.

5. These same Sàkalàva, both princes and people, have paid a yearly poll-tax to the central government.

6. The French flag has never been hoisted on the mainland of Madagascar, nor, for forty years, has any claim to this territory been made by France, nothing whatever being said about any rights or protectorate on their part in the treaties concluded during that period.

7. The Hova governors have occasionally (after the fashion set now and then by governors of more civilized peoples) oppressed the conquered races. But the Sàkalàva have always looked to the queen at Antanànarivo for redress (and have obtained it), and never has any reference been made to France, nor has any jurisdiction been claimed by France or by the colonial French authorities in the matter.

8. British war-vessels have for many years past had the right (conceded by our treaty of 1865) to cruise in these north-western bays, creeks, and rivers, for the prevention of the slave-trade. The British consul has landed on this territory, and in conducting inquiries has dealt directly with the Hova authorities without the slightest reference to France, or any claim from the latter that he should do so.

9. The French representatives in Madagascar have repeatedly blamed the central government for not asserting its authority more fully over the north-west coast; and several years ago, in the reign of Ranavàlona I., a French subject, with the help of a few natives, landed on this coast with the intention of working some of the mineral productions, and built a fortified post. Refusing to desist, he was attacked by the queen's troops, and eventually killed. No complaint was ever made by the French authorities on account of this occurrence, as it was admitted to be the just punishment for an unlawful act. Yet it was done on what the French now claim as their territory.

10. And, lastly, France has quite recently (in May of this year) extorted a heavy money fine from the Malagasy

* E.g., *The Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 1st, 5th, and 6th.

government for a so-called "outrage" committed by the Sàkalava upon some Arabs from Mayotta, sailing under French colors. These latter were illegally attempting to land arms and ammunition, and were killed in the fight which ensued. The demand was grossly unjust, but the fact of its having been made would seem to all impartial persons to vitiate utterly all French claims to this territory, as an unmistakable acknowledgment of the Hova supremacy there.

Such are, as far as can be ascertained, the most important reasons recently put forth for French claims upon Madagascar, and the Malagasy replies thereto; and it would really be a service to the native government and its envoys if some French writer of authority and knowledge would endeavor to refute the arguments just advanced.

Another point of considerable importance is the demand of the French that leases of ninety-nine years shall be allowed. This has been resisted by the Malagasy government as most undesirable in the present condition of the country. It is, however, prepared to grant leases of thirty-five years, renewable on complying with certain forms. It argues, with considerable reason on its side, that unless all powers of obtaining land by foreigners are strictly regulated, the more ignorant coast people will still do as they are known to have done, and will make over, while intoxicated, large tracts of land to foreign adventurers for the most trifling consideration, such as a bottle of rum, or a similar payment.

The question now arises, what have Englishmen to do in this matter, and what justifies our taking part in the dispute?

Let us first frankly make two or three admissions. We have no right to hinder, nor do we seek to prevent, the legitimate development of the colonial power of France. So far as France can replace savagery by true civilization we shall rejoice in her advances in any part of the world. And further, we have no right to, nor do we pretend to the exercise of, the duty of police of the world. But at the same time, while we ought not and cannot undertake such extensive responsibilities, we have, in this part of the Indian Ocean, constituted ourselves for many years a kind of international police for the suppression of the slave-trade, in the interests of humanity and freedom; and this fact has been expressly or tacitly recog-

nized by other European powers. The sacrifices we have made to abolish slavery in our own colonies, and our commercial supremacy and naval power, have justified and enabled us to take this position. And, as we shall presently show, the supremacy of the French in Madagascar would certainly involve a virtual revival of the slave-trade.

It may also be objected by some that, as regards aggression upon foreign nations, we do not ourselves come into court with clean hands. We must with shame admit the accusation. But, on the other hand, we do not carry on religious persecution in the countries we govern; and, further, we have restored the Transvaal, we have retired from Afghanistan, and, notwithstanding the advocates of an "Imperialist" policy in Egypt, we are not going to retain the Nile Delta as a British province. And, as was well remarked in the *Daily News* lately, "such an argument proves a great deal too much. It would be fatal to the progress of public opinion as a moral agent altogether, and might fix the mistaken policy of a particular epoch as the standard of national ethics for all time."

What claim, then, has England to intervene in this dispute, and to offer mediation between France and Madagascar?

(a) England has greatly aided Madagascar to attain its present position as a nation. Largely owing to the help she gave to the enlightened Hova king, Radàma I., from 1817 to 1828, he was enabled to establish his supremacy over most of the other tribes of the island, and, in place of a number of petty, turbulent chieftaincies, to form one strong central government, desirous of progress, and able to put down intestine wars, as well as the export slave-trade of the country. For several years a British agent, Mr. Hastie, lived at the court of Radàma, exercising a powerful influence for good over the king, and doing very much for the advancement of the people. In later times, through English influence, and by the provisions of our treaty with Madagascar, the import slave-trade has been stopped, and a large section of the slave population — those of African birth, brought into the island by the Arab *slaving-dhows* — has been set free (in June, 1877).

(b) England has done very much during the last sixty years to develop civilization and enlightenment in Madagascar. The missionary workmen, sent out by the London Missionary Society from 1820 to 1835,

introduced many of the useful arts — viz., improved methods of carpentry, iron-working, and weaving, the processes of tanning, and several manufactures of chemicals, soap, lime-burning, etc.; and they also constructed canals and reservoirs for rice-culture.

From 1862 to 1882 the same society's builders have introduced the use of brick and stone construction, have taught the processes of brick and tile manufacture and the preparation of slates, and have erected numerous stone and brick churches, schools, and houses; and these arts have been so readily learned by the people that the capital and other towns have been almost entirely rebuilt within the last fifteen years with dwellings of European fashion. England has also been the principal agent in the intellectual advance of the Malagasy; for, as already mentioned, English missionaries were the first to reduce the native language to a grammatical system, and to give the people their own tongue in a written form. They also prepared a considerable number of books, and founded an extensive school system.* If we look at what England has done for Madagascar, a far more plausible case might be made out — were we so disposed — for "English claims" on the island, than any that France can produce.

(c) England has considerable political interests in preserving Madagascar free from French control. These should not be overlooked, as the influence of the French in those seas is already sufficiently strong. Not only are they established in the small islands of Ste. Marie and Nòsibé, off Madagascar itself, but they have taken possession of two of the Comoro group, Mayotta and Mohilla. Réunion is French; and although Mauritius and the Seychelles are under English government, they are largely French in speech and sympathy. And it must be remembered that the first instalment of territory which is now coveted includes five or six large gulfs, besides numerous inlets and river-mouths, and especially the Bay of Diego Suarez, one of the finest natural harbors, and admirably adapted for a great naval station. The possession of these, and eventually of the whole of the island,

* Almost all Malagasy words for military tactics and rank are of English origin, so are many of the words used for building operations, and the influence of England is also shown by the fact that almost all the words connected with education and literature are from us, such as school, class, lesson, pen, copybook, pencil, slate, book, gazette, press, print, capital, period, etc., grammar, geography, addition, etc.

would seriously affect the balance of power in the south-west Indian Ocean, making French influence preponderant in these seas, and in certain very possible political contingencies would be a formidable menace to our South African colonies.

(d) We have also commercial interests in Madagascar which cannot be disregarded, because, although the island does not yet contribute largely to the commerce of the world, it is a country of great natural resources, and its united export and import trade, chiefly in English and American hands, is already worth about a million annually. Our own share of this is fourfold that of the French, and British subjects in Madagascar outnumber those of France in the proportion of five to one; and our valuable colony of Mauritius derives a great part of its food-supply from the great island.

But apart from the foregoing considerations, it is from no narrow jealousy that we maintain that French preponderance in Madagascar would work disastrously for freedom and humanity in that part of the world. We are not wholly free from blame ourselves with regard to the treatment of the coolie population of Mauritius; but it must be remembered that, although that island is English in government, its inhabitants are chiefly French in origin, and they retain a great deal of that utter want of recognition of the rights of colored people which seems inherent in the French abroad. So that successive governors have been constantly thwarted by magistrates and police in their efforts to obtain justice for the coolie immigrants. A Commission of Inquiry in 1872, however, forced a number of reforms, and since then there has been little ground for complaint. But in the neighboring island of Réunion the treatment of the Hindu coolies has been so bad that at length the Indian government has refused to allow emigration thither any longer. For some years past French trading vessels have been carrying off from the north-west Madagascar coast hundreds of people for the Réunion plantations. Very lately a convention was made with the Portuguese authorities at Mozambique to supply colored laborers for Réunion, and, doubtless, also with a view to sugar estates yet to be made in Madagascar — a traffic which is the slave-trade in all but the name. The French flag is sullied by being allowed to be used by slaving-dhows — an iniquity owing to which our brave Captain Brownrigg met his death not

long ago. Is it any exaggeration to say that an increase of French influence in these seas is one of sad omen for freedom?

And, further, a French protectorate over a part of the island would certainly work disastrously for the progress of Madagascar itself. It has been already shown that during the present century the country has been passing out of the condition of a collection of petty independent states into that of one strong kingdom, whose authority is gradually becoming more and more firmly established over the whole island. And all hope of progress is bound up in the strengthening and consolidation of the central Hova government, with capable governors representing its authority over the other provinces. But for many years past the French have depreciated and ridiculed the Hova power; and except M. Guillain, who, in his "Documents sur la Partie Occidentale de Madagascar," has written with due appreciation of the civilizing policy of Radâma I., there is hardly any French writer but has spoken evil of the central government, simply because every step taken towards the unification of the country makes their own projects less feasible. French policy is, therefore, to stir up the outlying tribes, where the Hova authority is still weak, to discontent and rebellion, and so cause internecine war, in which France will come in and offer "protection" to all rebels. Truly a noble "mission" for a great and enlightened European nation!

After acknowledging again and again the sovereign at Antanânarivo as "queen of Madagascar," the French papers have lately begun to style her Majesty "queen of the Hovas," as if there were not a dozen other tribes over whom even the French have never disputed her authority; while they write as if the Sâkalava formed an independent State, with whom they had a perfect right to conclude treaties. More than this: after making treaties with at least two sovereigns of Madagascar, accrediting consuls to them and receiving consuls appointed by them, a portion of the French press has just discovered that the Malagasy are "a barbarous people," with whom it would be derogatory to France to meet on equal terms.* Let us see what this barbarous Malagasy government has been doing during the last few years:—

* See *Le Parlement*, Dec. 15, and other French papers.

1. It has put an end to idolatry in the central and other provinces, and with it a number of cruel and foolish superstitions, together with the use of the *tangéna* poison-ordeal,* infanticide, polygamy, and the unrestricted power of divorce.

2. It has codified, revised, and printed its laws, abolishing capital punishment (formerly carried out in many cruel forms), except for the crimes of treason and murder.

3. It has set free a large portion of the slave population, indeed all African slaves brought from beyond the seas, and has passed laws by which no Malagasy can any longer be reduced to slavery for debt or for political offences.

4. It has largely limited the old oppressive feudal system of the country, and has formed a kind of responsible ministry, with departments of foreign affairs, war, justice, revenue, trade, schools, etc.

5. It has passed laws for compulsory education throughout the central provinces, by which the children in that part of the island are now being educated.

6. It has begun to remodel its army, putting it on a basis of short service, to which all classes are liable, so as to consolidate its power over the outlying districts, and bring all the island under the action of the just and humane laws already described.

7. It has made the planting of the poppy illegal, subjecting the offender to a very heavy fine.

8. It has passed several laws forbidding the manufacture and importation of ardent spirits into Imérina, and is anxious for powers in the treaties now to be revised to levy a much heavier duty at the ports.

We need not ask if these are the acts of a barbarous nation, or whether it would be for the interests of humanity and civilization and progress if the disorderly elements which still remain in the country should be encouraged by foreign interference to break away from the control they have so long acknowledged. It is very doubtful whether any European nation has made similar progress in such a

* Among the many unfair statements of the Parisian press is an article in *Le Rappel*, of Oct. 29, copied by many other papers, in which this *tangéna* ordeal is described as if it was now a practice of the Malagasy, the intention being, of course, to lead its readers to look upon them as still barbarous; the fact being that its use has been obsolete ever since 1865 (Art. XVIII. of English Treaty), and its practice is a capital offence, as a form of treason. The Malagasy envoys are represented as saying that their Supreme Court often condemned criminals to death by its use!

short period as has this Hova government of Madagascar.

It may also be remarked that although it has also been the object of the French to pose as the friends of the Sakalava, whom they represent as down-trodden, it is a simple matter of fact that for many years past these people have been in peaceable subjection to the Hova authority. The system of government allows the local chiefs to retain a good deal of their former influence so long as the suzerainty of the queen at Antananarivo is acknowledged. And a recent traveller through this north-west district, the Rev. W. C. Pickersgill, testifies that on inquiring of every tribe as to whom they paid allegiance, the invariable reply was, "To Ranavàlo-manjàka, queen of Madagascar." It is indeed extremely probable that, in counting upon the support of these north-westerly tribes against the central government, the French are reckoning without their host, and will find enemies where they expect allies. In fact, the incident which was one of the chief pretexts for the revival of these long-dormant claims — the hoisting of the queen's flag at two places — really shows how well disposed the people are to the Hova government, and how they look to the queen for justice.

It will perhaps be asked, Have we any diplomatic standing-ground for friendly intervention on behalf of the Malagasy? I think there are at least two considerations which — altogether apart from our commercial and political interests in the freedom of the country, and what we have done for it in various ways — give us a right to speak in this question. One is, that there has for many years past been an understanding between the governments of France and England that neither would take action with regard to Madagascar without previous consultation with each other. We are then surely entitled to speak if the independence of the island is threatened. Another reason is, that we are to a great extent pledged to give the Hova government some support by the words spoken by our special envoy to the queen Ranavàlona last year. Vice-Admiral Gore-Jones then repeated the assurance of the understanding above mentioned, and encouraged the Hova government to consolidate their authority on the west coast, and, in fact, his language stimulated them to take that action there which the French have made a pretext for their present interference.

In taking such a line of action England

seeks no selfish ends. We do not covet a foot of Madagascar territory; we ask no exclusive privileges; but I do maintain that what we have done for Madagascar, and the part we have taken in her development and advancement, give us a claim and impose on us an obligation to stand forward on her behalf against those who would break her unity and consequently her progress. The French will have no easy task to conquer the country if they persist in their demands; the Malagasy will not yield except to overwhelming force, and it will prove a war bringing heavy cost and little honor to France.

May I not appeal to all right-minded and generous Frenchmen that their influence should also be in the direction of preserving the freedom of this nation? — one of the few dark peoples who have shown an unusual receptivity for civilization and Christianity, who have already advanced themselves so much, and who will still, if left undisturbed, become one united and enlightened nation.

It will be to the lasting disgrace of France if she stirs up aggressive war, and so throws back indefinitely all the remarkable progress made by the Malagasy during the past few years; and it will be hardly less to our own discredit if we, an insular nation, jealous of the inviolability of our own island, show no practical sympathy with another insular people, and do not use every means that can be employed to preserve to Madagascar its independence and its liberties.

JAMES SIBREE, Jun.

From Chambers' Journal.
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

EIGHT weeks had come and gone since Frank Frobisher heard the news of his good fortune from the lips of Mr. Gimp. Eight weeks had come and gone since Dick Drummond's assumption of his friend's name and position, and the secret had not yet oozed out. To the world at large, including Mr. Pebworth, Dick was the lucky Mr. Frobisher who had dropped in for a fortune of eight thousand a year; while Frank was Mr. Frobisher's secretary and humble friend. By this time they were settled at Waylands, a charming country-house among the Surrey hills,

which Mr. Askew had bought ready furnished a few months before his death, but which he had not lived to inhabit. Thither too the Pebworths had been invited.

It was a lovely midsummer morning, and breakfast at Waylands was just over, when Mr. Pebworth sauntered across the lawn, his arms laden with letters, newspapers, and prospectuses. The postbag had just arrived, and he was anxious to secure a first glance at the *Times*. He selected a rustic seat and table that were sheltered from the sun by the branches of a large elm, and there he sat down and proceeded to unfold his newspaper. Scarcely had he skimmed the first lines of the money article, when a young lady in white and rose-color, with a straw hat, and a book under her arm, came stepping out through the open French windows of the breakfast-room, and after pausing for a moment or two, put up her sunshade and walked slowly in the direction taken by Mr. Pebworth.

The lady in question was that gentleman's only daughter, Miss Clunie Pebworth. She was a tall, thin young woman, the angularities of whose figure not all the art of her dressmaker could effectually conceal. She had fluffy light flaxen hair, large prominent blue eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an excellent set of teeth, which she took every opportunity of displaying. The normal expression of her features when she was alone, or in the company of no one for whose opinion she cared, was one of querulous discontent and incipient ill-temper. You see she was five-and-twenty, and had not yet found a suitable partner for life. Some one had once told her that she looked "arch" when she smiled; the consequence was that she smiled a great deal, but her smiles rarely extended as far as her cold blue eyes. Miss Pebworth was not one of those foolish virgins who believe in simplicity of attire. It may be that she knew her own deficiencies, and was aware that it would not suit her to play the part of the Shepherdess of the Plain. In any case, even on this hot June morning her white dress, with its rose-colored under-skirt, was befrilled and befurbelowed beyond anything to be found in the book of fashions, of which she was an assiduous student. Whatever was exaggerated in that, became still more exaggerated when adopted by Miss Pebworth. For the life of her, Clunie could not come down to breakfast without four or five dress-rings on her fingers; but then, as she herself would have said, where's the use of having a lot

of jewellery if you don't take every opportunity of showing it off?

Mr. Pebworth, when at home, lived in the pleasant suburb of Bayswater. His house was a highly-rented one in a semi-fashionable square; but it was essential to Mr. Pebworth's schemes that he should make a good appearance before the world; while it was not needful to tell every one that a rich old general and his unmarried sister occupied the best rooms in the house, and thereby helped materially to lessen the expenses of the establishment. Mr. Pebworth's offices were up an old-fashioned court in one of the busiest parts of the City, the said offices consisting of one large room divided by a glass-and-mahogany partition into two small ones. There were several other offices in the same building, a massive edifice which dated back to the period of William and Mary, and had evidently at one time been the home of some notable City magnate. Among other legends inscribed on the broad oaken door-jambs might be read this one: "MR. ALGERNON PEBWORTH, General Agent, etc."

Now, the phrase "General Agent, etc." is one capable of a somewhat wide application, as Mr. Pebworth when he adopted it was probably quite aware. What Mr. Pebworth's particular line of business might be, and from what sources the bulk of his income was derived, were things probably known to himself alone. It is quite certain that neither his wife nor daughter had any fixed ideas on the subject. It was generally understood that he was more or less mixed up with the promotion and launching of sundry joint-stock companies and speculative associations of greater or lesser repute — not unfrequently the latter; while those who were supposed to be best informed in such matters averred that he was merely a catspaw and go-between for certain big financiers, who did not always care to let their names go forth to the world until the golden eggs with which they strove to tempt the public should be successfully hatched, there being sometimes a risk that the eggs in question might turn out to be addled. Be this as it may, Mr. Pebworth had hitherto contrived, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water, and the Bayswater establishment showed as good a face to the world as most of its neighbors.

Elma Deene had been an inmate of her uncle's house about six months when we first made her acquaintance. Previously to that time, she had been living with

some of her father's relatives in Devonshire.

It was essential to the due carrying out of Frank Frobisher's scheme that he and his new-found relatives should be brought into frequent, if not daily contact. There was only one mode by which this could be effected, and that was by having them as guests at Waylands. Fortunately, the rich old general and his sister were away in Scotland at this time, so that the pressing invitation, of which Drummond in his assumed character was the mouthpiece, had met with a ready response. Mr. Pebworth found a convenient service of trains for running backwards and forwards between Waylands and the City as often as he might feel so inclined; Miss Pebworth cherished certain matrimonial designs against her rich cousin; while Mrs. Pebworth, though often troubled inwardly when she called to mind that her own house was left in sole charge of a cook and parlor maid, both of whom doubtless had followers — however strenuously they might deny the soft impeachment — did not fail to derive a genuine housewifely pleasure in arranging and putting in order her bachelor nephew's new establishment.

Mr. Dempsey and Captain Downes Dyson, whose acquaintance we shall make later on, were business friends of Mr. Pebworth; and after a dinner at Simpson's, at which Dick had been present one day when in town, had been invited down to Waylands, on a hint thrown out by that astute individual.

Having stated these necessary preliminaries, we will return to Miss Pebworth, who by this time had seated herself on a rustic chair opposite her father. "Do you want to speak to me, papa?" she asked.

"I do want to speak to you," answered Mr. Pebworth, as he laid down his paper and removed his eyeglasses. "I want to know what progress you are making with your cousin."

"I am making no progress at all. I never shall make any progress with him. I told you so a fortnight ago."

"Then all your attractions are thrown away upon him — all your pretty coaxing ways are of no avail?"

"Of no avail whatever. Mr. Frank Frobisher might be made of mahogany, for any impression I can make on him. I've tried him with half-a-dozen things — with painting first of all. I got Vasari's Lives and a volume of Ruskin, and was forever talking to him about chiaro-oscuro,

backgrounds, foregrounds, middle distances, and mellow tones. At last Frank burst out laughing in my face, called me a little goose, and said I didn't know a bit what I was talking about."

"Very rude of him, to say the least."

"I've tried him with other things — racing, hunting, shooting, poetry, landscape-gardening; but all to no purpose. He listens to all I say, agrees with me in everything; but all the time I feel that he is laughing at me in his sleeve."

"Any signs of a prior attachment?" asked Mr. Pebworth after a pause.

"Not that I have been able to discover. He seems utterly indifferent to female society, and to have no enthusiasm about anything."

"Has probably been jilted, and still feels the smart."

"I have given up the case as hopeless."

"Why not make one more effort?"

"It would be quite useless, papa."

"One more effort, Clunie. Think how magnificent will be the prize if you succeed! Eight thousand a year!" Then laying one hand earnestly on her arm, he added: "It would be *my* salvation, girl, as well as yours."

For a few moments they gazed into each other's eyes.

"To please you, papa, I will try once more," said Clunie at last; "but I feel how useless it will be."

"It is a forlorn hope, I grant; but a forlorn hope sometimes succeeds through sheer audacity."

"You have told me nothing yet about the fresh arrivals, Mr. Dempsey and Captain Dyson."

"I can catalogue them for you in very few words. They are both rich, both unmarried; consequently, both eligible. Dempsey is bordering on sixty years of age; Dyson is about thirty. If Dempsey were not a rich man, he would be a travelling showman. His house in Essex is quite a menagerie. Talk natural history to him. Tell him that whenever you go to town, you never fail to spend a long day in the Zoo, and that to you even the hippopotamus is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"I won't forget."

"Dyson's mania is for telling long-winded stories about his adventures as a traveller. You must profess to be deeply interested in his narratives, and accept them all as simple statements of fact. Do this, and you can hardly fail to win the heart of Captain Downes Dyson."

"I understand, papa."

"Make one more effort with your cousin. If it fail, give him up for a time, and try your hand on Dyson. He is younger, simpler, and will be more easily manipulated than Dempsey. It will be time enough to try the latter when you fail with Dyson. My blessing will accompany your efforts. Hem! We are no longer alone."

Mr. Pebworth was right. Quite a little group of people, after standing for a few moments in the cool shade of the veranda, were now adventuring across the sunlit lawn. First of all came our long-legged friend Dick Drummond, who was believed by all there to be their host Mr. Frank Frobisher. Next to him came Mr. Dempsey and Captain Dyson, deep in conversation. Last of all came Elma Deene, with her sunny face and lithe, graceful figure.

Our friend Richard no longer looked like the same man whose acquaintance we made in Soho. His leonine locks had been shorn away till no more was left of them than would have commanded the critical approval of any military barber. For several days after the operation, Dick averred that he felt quite light-headed. The mathematically straight line down the middle was a source of much trouble to him every morning. His once ragged, sandy moustache had not been neglected, but had been trimmed and waxed and coaxed till it would not have done discredit to a captain of dragoons. His threadbare velveteen jacket, his baggy trousers, and his down-at-heel boots were as things that had never been. The dark tweed suit which he now wore had been constructed by a West End artist; while his patent shoes and snowy gaiters instinctively carried the mind back to the pavements of Piccadilly and Bond Street. In the matter of collars, cuffs, and scarfs, Dick was elaborately got up, while it was a strange experience to him to know that there was no laundress's account in arrear, and that he might indulge in clean linen every day, were he so minded. If he took out of his pocket once a day the gold chronometer which Frank had made him a present of, he took it out forty times. Only two months ago he had rather despised a man who carried a watch. As for the splendid brilliant which he wore on the third finger of his left hand, all that can be said is, that when one has a moustache, one generally twists it, or tugs at it, or strokes it, as the case may be, with the left hand.

Mr. Dempsey, who had been a great

dandy once on a time, would fain have persuaded the world that he had not yet forfeited all claim to the appellation. He was thin and tall, and remarkably upright for his years. It was whispered that he wore stays, but that was probably a calumny. His complexion was of that tint which is usually associated with too free an indulgence in old port. He wore a brown, curly wig, and his moustache and imperial were dyed to match. He wore his hat jauntily on one side, after the fashion of days gone by. This June morning he had on a long, blue frock-coat, a white vest, fancy trousers, and patent boots with straps, not forgetting a moss rosebud and a sprig of maidenhair fern in his button-hole. When he sat down, he sat down with deliberation; and when he got up, he got up with deliberation. Either his clothes fitted him too well, or he was slightly stiff in the joints.

Captain Downes Dyson was a little, innocent-looking, fair-complexioned man, with a small, fluffy moustache, weak eyes, a thin, piping voice, and an eyeglass which was a perpetual source of trouble to him. He was dressed quietly and like a gentleman.

Dick came to a stand in the middle of the lawn and drew forth his chronometer. "Remember, ladies and gentlemen," he called out with an air of authority, "that the drag will be round in two hours from now. Vivat regina!"

"What place are we going to visit to-day?" asked Dyson.

"The ruins of Belfont Abbey," answered Dick.

"Ruins again — always ruins," muttered Mr. Dempsey discontentedly. "I can't see what there is to interest anybody in a heap of old stones."

Miss Deene overheard the remark. "A sad state of things when one ruin has no respect for another," she whispered mischievously to Dick.

Dempsey and Dyson had brought their newspapers and letters with them, and they now sat down at the same table with Pebworth, who was deep again in the *Times*. Clunie had moved away to a seat on the opposite side of the lawn, and there Elma joined her. Dick had found a garden-chair for himself somewhat in the background. Here he sat down, and leaning back, tilted his hat over his eyes, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and — cigar in mouth — went off into a brown-study.

"Time seems of no value in the country," remarked Mr. Pebworth in a casual

sort of way. "Past ten o'clock, and breakfast only just over. A clear loss of two hours per diem."

"You can easily make up for it by sitting up two hours later at night," responded the little captain, who was addicted to post-prandial billiards.

"For my part, I think breakfast a mistake altogether," said Dempsey. "Why not follow the example of the great carnivora, and feed once in twenty-four hours?"

"First catching your food, and then killing it," interpolated Pebworth.

"And afterwards eating it uncooked," piped Dyson. "It would save something in coals and servants."

"Another mining catastrophe — another hundred or so of widows and orphans thrown on the world," remarked Pebworth a minute later. Dempsey was waiting with ill-concealed impatience till he should have done with the *Times*. Certainly Pebworth was keeping it an unconscionable time.

"Why don't those mining fellows insure their lives?" asked Dyson.

"As a director of one of the largest insurance companies, I echo the question: Why don't they insure their lives?" This from Dempsey.

"To subscribe to any fund for the benefit of their widows and orphans is an encouragement of wilful improvidence," resumed Pebworth. "They won't get a penny of my money."

"Nor of mine," asseverated Dempsey.

"Nor of mine," echoed the captain.

CHAPTER IV.

CLUNIE and Elma sat for a little while in silence. The former had brought a book with her, the latter her embroidery. At length Clunie could contain herself no longer. "Elma, you really ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she burst out.

"I dare say I ought, dear, but I'm not," responded Elma with provoking placidity of tone.

"The way you carry on with that odious Mr. Drummond is outrageous."

"Whose feelings have I outraged?"

"You were actually seen walking out with that man before breakfast!"

"I like somebody to walk out with, and 'that man' is very amusing. Some people are not amusing."

"He's a pauper — an absolute pauper."

"Yes, poor fellow. It's a terrible crime."

"Some people are poor, but still agreeable; but Mr. Drummond is thoroughly

odious. He seems to be always taking people off behind their backs."

"He is rather clever as a mimic. You should have heard his imitation of the conversation between you and Charley Sargeant the other evening on the terrace."

"What impertinence!"

"You spoke rather loudly, you know, and Mr. Drummond and I were close behind you. Pointing to the stars, you said to Charley: 'Mark how those starry globes of liquid light are swimming earthward one by one.' This was rather too far-fetched for Charley. All he could say in his usual haw-haw style was: 'Ah — yes — vewy good — just as if there was some fellow up there lighting 'em up one after another, you know.'"

"You are as bad as Mr. Drummond," said Clunie disdainfully, and with that she flounced away to the other end of the seat.

Neither of them spoke for full five minutes. Then Elma said: "Clunie!" Her cousin took no notice; so, after waiting a minute, she said coaxingly: "Clunie, dear!"

"What do you want?" asked Clunie ungraciously.

"I want to ask your advice, dear."

"My advice, Elma?" answered her cousin, turning half round. "You know you are always welcome to that. I only wish you would follow it more frequently."

"A friend of mine," began Elma, keeping her eyes studiously fixed on her embroidery — "a girl whom I knew at school, has lately got married to some one very much below her in position; but they love each other very devotedly. Her husband is a clerk in the City, with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and they live in apartments. My friend has written to me to go and see her. What would you do, if you were me?"

"Do? Why, drop her acquaintance, of course. Take no more notice of her letter than if you had never received it. If people will so far forget what they owe to themselves and others as to marry clerks on a hundred and fifty pounds a year, they must take the consequences."

"There would be no harm in my going to see her just for once?"

"I've no patience with you, Elma. If I had a sister, and she were to forget herself as your friend has, I would never speak to her again as long as I lived." With these words, Clunie calmly resumed her reading.

"So that is what I may expect from my friends when I marry Dick," mused Elma, with a bright, defiant look in her eyes. "'Drop her, of course.' Well if they can do without me, I can do without them."

At this moment, Mrs. Pebworth appeared in the veranda, her kind, homely face looking somewhat red and flustered. Dick, perceiving her from where he sat, started to his feet. "Aunt, where are you going to sit?" he cried. "Come and keep me company." He drew up another chair, and she sat down beside him. "What is the matter?" he asked. "You look worried."

"It's them pickles. What a trouble they are! They won't turn out as green as they ought."

"Why don't you leave all those things to the servants?"

"Servants indeed! I'm surprised at you, nephew. A pretty mess they would make of them. I think there must be an eclipse somewhere about. My grandmother used to say that whenever there's an eclipse of the moon, it's sure to turn your pickles yellow."

"Remarkable woman, your grandmother," responded Dick sententiously.

"That she was. It was she who taught me to milk, and I was christened after her — Betsy. Yes, my dear boy" — lowering her voice — "my husband calls me Leonora because it sounds aristocratic; but my maiden name was Betsy Clegg; my father was a dairyman at Peckham Rye, and I used to have six cows to milk every morning of my life."

"I've a great respect for cows. Fine institution, very."

At this moment the heat of the argument that was being sustained in Mr. Pebworth's party caused Mr. Dempsey to elevate his voice somewhat. Mrs. Pebworth and Dick turned to listen. He was addressing Dyson. "I tell you, sir," he said with emphasis, "that my friend so far succeeded in eliminating the natural ferocity of this particular tiger, that the animal's greatest pleasure was to eat macaroons from the extended hand of his master."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dyson sarcastically. "A remarkable story, truly! Now, when I was in the Punjab——"

Mr. Dempsey was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing, while Mr. Pebworth swept his letters and papers together and rose from his seat.

"Dear me, dear me, I had no idea it was so late," remarked Pebworth, after

consulting his watch. "And I have several letters to send off by the forenoon post." He moved slowly away. "Leonora, my love, I want you," he said to his wife in his most dulcet tones, as he passed her and Dick on his way to the house.

"Now, what can Algernon want me for?" remarked Mrs. Pebworth to Dick. "There's something wrong; I know there is, by the way he spoke to me." She said no more, but followed her husband into the house.

"It strikes me," muttered Dick to himself as he looked after them, "that Mr. Algernon Pebworth is one of those by no means uncommon characters—a philanthropist abroad, but a bully at home."

Mr. Dempsey had risen, and was getting his letters and papers together. "I can't stand that Punjab story again," he said below his breath.

Miss Deene had crossed to a rosebush and was selecting a flower. "Mr. Dempsey, I challenge you to a game of croquet," she called out with a mischievous glance at the old beau.

"Only too charmed, Miss Deene," he answered with a grimace; "but there's a sort of clever stupidity about croquet that I have never been quite able to master."

"It is never well to abuse what you don't understand, Mr. Dempsey."

"If Miss Deene will allow me," said Dyson, rising with alacrity.

"Only too delighted, Captain Dyson."

"Dyson has quite a genius for croquet," sneered Dempsey.

"Some people have no genius for anything," remarked Miss Deene with the most innocent air imaginable.

She and Dyson strolled off together towards the croquet lawn, the last words conveyed to those who were left behind being: "When I was in the Punjab, Miss Deene"—the rest was lost in the distance.

"Horrid flirt!" exclaimed Clunie spitefully, as her eyes followed her cousin. "I must rescue the little captain from her clutches at any cost."

Mr. Dempsey crossed the lawn, and went in-doors with a very sour look on his face.

Clunie and Dick were left alone.

No sooner did Clunie Pebworth find herself alone with Mr. Drummond, than she proceeded to peep at him round a clump of evergreens. He was leaning back in his chair in his favorite attitude, with his hat tilted over his eyes. "He can't really be asleep," said Clunie to herself. "Not three minutes ago he was

talking to mamma." She strolled slowly towards him, humming a little air under her breath, and swinging her straw hat in one hand with an air of engaging innocence. She was passing close to him, when suddenly she shrieked, started, and nearly fell into his arms. "The wasp!" she cried — "the horrid wasp!"

Dick opened his eyes, sprang to his feet, swung Clunie into the chair in which he had been sitting, and kissed her as he did so. "Eh! What? Wasp! Where? Beg pardon. Temptation too much for me. But cousins may kiss. Provided for in the Prayer-book, you know."

"You are a horrid man," retorted Clunie with a pout.

"I know I am a horrid man; only you needn't remind me of the fact. But where's that marauding wasp?"

"Gone. It went sailing away over the shrubbery."

"I don't think it wanted to sting you, Clunie; only to sip the honey of your lips. I don't blame that wasp." He sat down on a chair beside her. "What have you here?" he asked, taking a book from her unresisting fingers.

"A beautiful volume. Piljamb's 'Affinities of the Soul.' But you don't care for poetry."

"How do you know that? In any case, I'm open to conversion. Good gracious! what's this?" He had opened the book at random, and he now read out the two following lines: —

Each soul is wedded ere it comes to earth;
Somewhere in space its other half is waiting.

"I've often heard that marriages are made in heaven," remarked Dick; "but I never knew till now that we are married before we are born. What a frightful idea!"

"You misapprehend the poet's meaning, Cousin Frank. But perhaps you have never studied the doctrine of elective affinities — of spiritual unions anterior to our mortal birth?"

"Can't say that I have. But how easily one might perpetrate bigamy without knowing it!"

"Mark how splendidly the poem opens!" exclaimed Clunie with well-feigned enthusiasm. Then she began to declaim: —

Soft lapsing languors of the lonely shore,
White Aphrodite rising through the waves,
Sweet solemn strains heard once, and then no
more,

A madd'ning crowd that creep through Mem-
ry's moaning caves.

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"Vastly pretty," said Dick, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Memory's moaning caves is especially fine. But what does it all mean?"

"Ah, Cousin Frank, I'm afraid you have no soul for poetry."

"That must be the reason why I'm so prosy."

"It is quite evident that you have never been in love."

"I believe I am very much in love — with myself; and I once had a thoroughbred bull-terrier that I all but adored."

"And yet there must be a sympathetic chord in your bosom."

"I'm glad it's not round my neck."

"A chord that needs only to be touched by love's rosy fingers to discourse earth's sweetest music."

"Good gracious!"

"But music that will some day be addressed to another — music that will never be heard by me."

"So much the better for you, Clunie; and if I were you I would try to find some sweeter strain elsewhere," said Dick not unkindly. "There's Captain Dyson, for instance, who was making eyes at you over the breakfast table. He is young, rich, spooney — why not try to find a sympathetic chord in *his* bosom? Who knows but that he may have a soul which is pining vainly for its other half, and that you, *ma belle cousine*, may have that other half which alone can make the fierce captain happy?" He changed his tone abruptly. "Ah, here comes Drummond," he said drily.

"That odious Mr. Drummond! He's always to be found where he's not wanted," cried Clunie petulantly. Then putting on a dignified air, she added: "I thank you for your candor, Cousin Frank. Some day, perhaps, you will understand me better." She turned abruptly into a side walk as she said these words. "I may as well go in search of the captain at once," she murmured under her breath.

Frobisher came slowly forward. He looked very much better in health than when we last saw him. He was soberly dressed in a black frock-coat and gray trousers.

"I hope I have not interrupted your *tête-à-tête*," he said to Dick as soon as Clunie had disappeared.

"Not at all. I'm glad you came when you did. Mademoiselle Clunie has been doing another little 'try-on.' She either can't or won't see how useless such attempts are."

"And yet she's sharp enough in most things."

"She's acting on the old man's orders, I suspect."

"Probably so. What a hypocrite he is!"

"What about the Patent Ozone Company?" queried Dick.

"As 'bogus' as several of the other concerns he is mixed up with."

"Dempsey and Dyson have both promised to invest."

"Do them good to burn their fingers for once. Make them more wide-awake for the future."

"Do you wish me to invest?" asked Dick.

"You may do so," replied Frank, "to the extent of a couple of thousands."

"But you will lose your money."

"We must delay giving the cheque for a few days. Meanwhile——"

"Yes — meanwhile?"

"The crisis may come. I'm going to put Pebworth to the proof before many days are over."

"To the proof?"

"If he's the rogue I suspect him to be," said Frank, "he will succumb to the temptation I shall put before him; and then, woe be to him!"

"But if not?"

"In that case, he will denounce me as a rogue, and advise you to have me kicked out of the house."

"And then will come the crisis?"

"Exactly."

"I shan't be sorry," said Dick whimsically, and drawing a long breath.

"Why?"

"I'm getting tired of the berth. There's too much expected of a fellow. The man who earns two pounds a week can afford to be his own master; but the man with eight thousand pounds a year is everybody's slave."

"You must pay the penalty of the position," said Frobisher with a smile.

"Bother the position! say I. Give me impecuniosity and independence. Wayland is by far and away too grand a place for me. Before I have been here six months, I shall be pining for my two-pair back in Soho; for my old black meerschau, my brushes and palette; and for Polly Larcom to fetch me my stout-and-bitter every morning at eleven."

Dick rose, yawned, and stretched his lanky person. "By-the-by," he went on, "that letter you handed to me this morning was from Bence Leyland. It had been sent on from our old lodgings."

"And what does the dear old boy say?"

"Nothing of importance. Best wishes to you, of course, but apparently has not heard of your good fortune. Expects to be in town in the course of a few weeks. Was glad to see that notice in the *Parthenon* of my picture in the Dudley Gallery, and hopes it may be the means of bringing me a customer."

At this moment, a servant in livery came up to Dick. "A deputation to see you, sir, about the almshouses at Puddlecombe Regis," he said.

Mr. Drummond groaned. "This will be the third deputation within the last ten days." Then turning to the servant, he added: "Tell the gentlemen that I will be with them in a few minutes."

"What have you to be afraid of, man alive?" asked Frank with a laugh. "Promise them to give the matter your best consideration, and get rid of them in that way."

Dick merely shook his head, and without another word, marched off towards the house with a gloomy and preoccupied air.

Frobisher sat down on a garden-chair, and drawing a letter from his pocket, he read it carefully through for the second or third time. His face darkened as he read. "It was a happy thought to put Mr. Gimp's confidential clerk Whiffles on the track of my respected uncle," he muttered to himself as he put away the letter. "But the reality proves to be even worse than I suspected; the shadows of the picture are blacker than I thought they were. And he would inveigle his sister's son — the nephew to whom he professes to be so devoted — into the net in which he has already enmeshed so many victims! O hypocrite! rogue and hypocrite! Not much longer shall the blow be delayed."

From The Leisure Hour.
SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD,

AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IT is strange that I should have written thus far* and have said nothing at all about the people from whom this penin-

* ERRATUM. — In chapter ii., page 238, for £260, read \$260.

sula derives its name, who have cost us not a little blood and some treasure, with whom our relations are by no means well-defined or satisfactory, and who, if not the actual aborigines of the country, have at least that claim to be considered its rightful owners which comes from long centuries of possession. In truth, between English rule, the solid tokens of Dutch possession, the quiet and indolent Portuguese, the splendid memories of Francis Xavier, and the numerical preponderance, success, and wealth of the Chinese, I had absolutely forgotten the Malays, even though a dark-skinned military policeman, with a gliding, snake-like step, whom I know to be a Malay, brings my afternoon tea to the Stadt-haus! Of them I may write more hereafter. They are symbolized to people's minds in general by the dagger called a *kris*, and by the peculiar form of frenzy which has given rise to the phrase "running amuck."

The great coco groves are by no means solitary, for they contain the *kampongs*, or small raised villages of the Malays. Though the Malay builds his dismal little mosques on the outskirts of Malacca, he shuns the town, and prefers a life of freedom in his native jungles, or on the mysterious rivers which lose themselves among the mangrove swamps. So in the neighborhood of Malacca these kampongs are scattered through the perpetual twilight of the forest. They build the houses very close together, and whether of rich or poor the architecture is the same. Each dwelling is of planed wood or plaited palm-leaves, the roof is high and steep, the eaves are deep, and the whole rests on a gridiron platform, supported on posts, from five to ten feet high, and approached by a ladder in the poorer houses and a flight of steps in the richer. In the ordinary houses mats are laid here and there over the gridiron, besides the sleeping-mats; and this plan of an open floor, though trying to unaccustomed Europeans, has various advantages. As, for instance, it ensures ventilation, and all *débris* can be thrown through it, to be consumed by the fire which is lighted every evening beneath the house to smoke away the mosquitos. A baboon, trained to climb the coco-palms and throw down the nuts, is an inmate of many of the houses. The people lead strange, uneventful lives. The men are not inclined to much effort except in fishing or hunting, and, where they possess rice-land, in ploughing for rice. They are said to be quiet, temperate, jealous, suspicious, some

say treacherous, and most bigoted Musulmen. The women are very small, keep their dwellings very tidy, and weave mats and baskets from reeds and palm-leaves. They are clothed in cotton or silk from the ankles to the throat, and the men, even in the undress of their own homes, usually wear the *sarong*, a picturesque, tightish petticoat, consisting of a wide piece of stuff kept on by a very ingenious knot. They are not savages in the ordinary sense, for they have a complete civilization of their own, and their legal system is that of the Koran. They are dark brown, with rather low foreheads, dark and somewhat expressionless eyes, high cheek-bones, flattish noses with broad nostrils, and wide mouths with thick lips. Their hair is black, straight, and shining, and the women dress it in a plain knot at the back of the head. To my thinking both sexes are decidedly ugly, and there is a coldness and aloofness of manner about them which chills one even where they are on friendly terms with Europeans, as the people whom we visited were with Mrs. Biggs.

The women were lounging about the houses, some cleaning fish, others pounding rice; but they do not care for work, and the little money which they need for buying clothes they can make by selling mats or jungle fruits. Their lower garment, or *sarong*, reaching from the waist to the ankles, is usually of red cotton of a small check, with stripes in the front, above which is worn a loose-sleeved garment called a *kabaya*, reaching to the knees, and clasped in front with gold, and frequently with diamond ornaments. They also wear gold or silver pins in their hair, and the *sarong* is girt or held up by a clasp of enormous size and often of exquisite workmanship, in the poorer class of silver, and in the richer of gold jewelled with diamonds and rubies. The *sarong* of the men does not reach much below the knee, and displays loose trousers. They wear above it a short-sleeved jacket, the *baju*, beautifully made, and often very tastefully decorated in fine needlework, and with small buttons on each side, not for use, however. I have seen one Malay who wore about twenty buttons, each one a diamond solitaire! The costume is completed by turbans or red handkerchiefs tied round their heads. In these forest kampongs the children, who are very pretty, are not encumbered by much clothing, specially the boys. All the dwellings are picturesque, and those of the richer Malays are beautiful. They

rigidly exclude all ornaments which have "the likeness of anything in heaven or earth," but their arabesques are delicately carved, and the verses from the Koran, which occasionally run under the eaves, being in the Arabic character, are decidedly decorative. Their kampongs are small, and they have little of the gregarious instinct; they are said to live happily, and to have a considerable amount of domestic affection. Captain Shaw likes the Malays, and the verdict on them here is that they are chaste, gentle, honest, and hospitable, but that they tell lies, and that their "honor" is so sensitive that blood alone can wipe out some insults to it. They seclude their women to a great extent, and under ordinary circumstances the slightest courtesy shown by a European man to a Malay woman would be a deadly insult, and at the sight of a man in the distance the women hastily cover their faces.

There is a large mosque with a minaret just on the outskirts of Malacca, and we passed several smaller ones in the space of three miles. Scarcely any kampong is so small as not to have a mosque. The Malays are bigoted, and for the most part ignorant and fanatical Mohammedans, and I firmly believe that the Englishman whom they respect most is only a little removed from being "a dog of an infidel." They are really ruled by the law of the Koran, and except when the *kali*, who interprets the law, decides (which is very rarely the case) contrary to equity, the British magistrate confirms his decision. In fact Mohammedan law and custom rule in civil causes, and the *imaum* of the mosque assists the judge with his advice. The Malays highly appreciate the manner in which law is administered under English rule, and the security they enjoy in their persons and property, so that they can acquire property without risk, and accumulate and wear the costliest jewels even in the streets of Malacca without fear of robbery or spoliation. This is by no means to write that the Malays love us, for I doubt whether the *entente cordiale* between any of the dark-skinned Oriental races and ourselves is more than skin-deep. It is possible that they prefer being equitably taxed by us, with the security which our rule brings, to being plundered by native princes, but we do not understand them, or they us, and where they happen to be Mohammedans, there is a gulf of contempt and dislike on their part which is rarely bridged by amenities on ours. The pilgrimage to

Mecca is the great object of ambition. Many Malays, in spite of its expense and difficulties, make it twice, and even three times. We passed three women clothed in white from head to foot, their drapery veiling them closely, leaving holes for their eyes. These had just returned from Mecca.

The picturesqueness of the drive home was much heightened by the darkness and the brilliancy of the fires underneath the Malay houses. The great grey buffalo which they use for various purposes — and which, though I have written grey, is as often pink — has a very thin and sensitive skin, and is almost maddened by mosquitos; and we frequently passed fires lighted in the jungle, with these singular beasts standing or lying close to them in the smoke, while Malays in red sarongs and handkerchiefs, and pretty brown children scarcely clothed at all, lounged in the firelight. Then Chinese lamps and lanterns, and the sound of what passes for music; then the refinement and brightness of the government bungalow, and at ten o'clock my chair with three bearers, and the solitude of the lonely *Stadt-haus*.

Malacca fascinates me more and more daily. There is, among other things, a mediævalism about it. The noise of the modern world reaches it only in the faintest echoes; its sleep is almost dreamless, its sensations seem to come out of books read in childhood. Thus, the splendid corpse of a royal tiger has been brought in in a buffalo-cart, the driver claiming the reward of fifteen dollars, and its claws were given to me. It was trapped only six miles off, and its beautiful feline body had not had time to stiffen. Even when dead, with its fierce head and cruel paws hanging over the end of the cart, it was not an object to be disrespected. The same reward is offered for a rhinoceros, five dollars for a crocodile (alligator?), and five dollars for a boa-constrictor or python. Lately, at five in the morning, a black tiger (panther?) came down the principal street of Malacca, tore a Chinaman in pieces, and then, scared by a posse of police in pursuit, jumped through a window into a house. Every door in the city was barred, as the rumor spread like wildfire. The policemen very boldly entered the house, but the animal pinned the Malay corporal to the wall. The second policeman, a white man, alas! ran away. The third, a Malay, at the risk of his life, went close up to the tiger, shot him, and beat him over the head with the

butt of his rifle, which made the beast let go the corporal and turn on him, but fortunately he had scarcely got hold of him when he fell dead. The corporal is just coming out of hospital, almost completely paralyzed, to be taken care of for the rest of his life, and the man who rescued him has got promotion and a pension. A short time ago a fine young tiger was brought alive to Captain Shaw, and he ordered a proper cage to be made, in which to send him to England, telling Babu, the "double hadji," to put it into the "go-down" in its bamboo cage; but the man lazily put it into the kitchen, and in the morning the cage was found broken to pieces, the kitchen shutters torn down, and the tiger gone! There was a complete panic in Malacca; people kept their houses shut, and did not dare to go out even on business, and not only was the whole police force turned out in pursuit, but the English garrison. It was some days before the scare subsided, and the people believed that the beast had escaped to its natural home in the jungle.

A tropical thunderstorm of the most violent kind occurred yesterday, when I was quite alone in the Stadt-haus. The rain fell in sheets, deluges, streams, and the lightning flashed perfectly blue through a "darkness which could be felt." There is a sort of grandeur about this old Dutch Stadt-haus, with its tale of two centuries. Its smooth lawns sloping steeply to the sea are now brilliant with the gaudy parrot-like blossoms of the "flower of the forest," the gorgeous *Poinciana regia*, with which they are studded. Malacca is such a rest after the crowds of Japan and the noisy hurry of China! Its endless afternoon remains unbroken except by the dreamy, colored, slow-moving Malay life which passes below the hill. There is never any hurry or noise.

So had I written without prescience! The night of the awful silence which succeeded the thunderstorm was also the eve of the Chinese New Year, and Captain Shaw gave permission for "fireworks" from 7 P.M. till midnight. The term "fireworks" received a most liberal construction. The noise was something awful, and as it came into the lonely Stadt-haus, and red, blue, crimson, and greenish-yellow glares at short intervals lighted up the picturesque Malacca stream and its blue and yellow houses, with steep, red-tiled roofs and balconies and quaint projections, and the streets were traced in fire and smoke, while crackers,

squibs, and rockets went off in hundreds, and cannon, petards, and *gingalls* were fired incessantly, and gongs, drums, and tomtoms were beaten, the sights, and the ceaseless, tremendous, universal din made me imagine the final assault on a city in old days. At 1 A.M., every house being decorated and illuminated, the Chinese men began to make their New Year's calls, and at six the din began again. After breakfast the governor drove out in state to visit the leading Chinese merchants, with whom he is on terms of the most cordial amity, and at each house was offered two dishes of cake, twelve dishes of candied and preserved fruits, mandarin tea (the price of this luxury is from 25s. to 35s. a pound), and champagne from the finest Rhenish vineyards! At eleven all the Chinese children came forth in carriages shaped like boats, turned up at both ends, painted red and yellow, and with white-fringed canopies over them. These were drawn by servants, and in the case of the wealthy, a train of servants accompanied each carriage. It was a sight worthy of a fabled age. The wealth of the East in all its gorgeousness was poured out upon these dignified and solemn infants, who wore coronals of gold and diamonds, stuffs of cloth-of-gold brocade, and satin sewn with pearls, and whose cloth-of-gold shoes flashed with diamonds!

During the morning four children of a rich Chinese merchant, attended by a train of Chinese and Malay servants, came to see Mrs. Shaw. There were a boy and girl of five and six years old, and two younger children. A literal description of their appearance reads like fiction. The girl wore a yellow petticoat of treble satin (mandarin color) with a broad box pleat in front and behind, exquisitely embroidered with flowers in shades of blue silk, with narrow box pleats between, with a trail of blue silk flowers on each. Over this there was a short robe of crimson brocaded silk, with a broad border of cream-white satin, with the same exquisite floral embroidery in shades of blue silk. Above this was a tippet of three rows of embroidered lozenge-shaped "tabs" of satin. The child wore a crown on her head, the basis of which was black velvet. At the top was an aigrette of diamonds of the purest water, the centre one as large as a fourpenny-piece. Solitaires flashing blue flames blazed all over the cap, and the front was ornamented with a dragon in fine filigree work in red Malay gold set with diamonds. I fear to be

thought guilty of exaggeration when I write that this child wore seven necklaces, all of gorgeous beauty. The stones were all cut in facets at the back, and highly polished, and their beauty was enhanced by the good taste and skilful workmanship of the setting. The first necklace was of diamonds, set as roses and crescents, some of them very large, and all of great brilliancy; the second of emeralds, a few of which were as large as acorns, but spoilt by being pierced; the third of pearls, set whole; the fourth of hollow filigree beads in red gold; the fifth of sapphires and diamonds; the sixth a number of finely-worked chains of gold with a pendant of a gold filigree fish set with diamonds; the seventh (what they all wore), a massive gold chain, which looked heavy enough even by itself to weigh down the fragile little wearer, from which depended a gold shield, on which the Chinese characters forming the child's name were raised in rubies, with fishes and flowers in diamonds round it, and at the back a god in rubies similarly surrounded. Magnificent diamond earrings and heavy gold bracelets completed the display.

And all this weight of splendor, valued at the very least at forty thousand dollars, was carried by a frail human mite barely four feet high, with a powdered face, gentle, pensive expression, and quiet grace of manner, who came forward and most winsomely shook hands with us, as did all the other grave, gentle mites. They were also loaded with gold and diamonds. Some sugar-plums fell on the floor, and as the eldest girl stooped to pick them up, diamond solitaires fell out of her hair, which were gathered up by her attendants as if they were used to such occurrences. Whenever she moved her diamonds flashed, scintillated, and gave forth their blue light. Then came the children of the richest Chinaman in Malacca, but the dear little gentle creatures were motherless, and mourning for a mother lasts three years, so they were dressed in plain blue and white, and as ornaments wore only very beautiful sapphires and diamonds set in silver.

It must not be supposed that the Chinese New Year is a fixed, annual holiday lasting a day, as in Scotland and to a minor extent in England. In Canton a month ago active preparations were being made for it, and in Japan nine weeks ago. It is a "movable feast," and is regulated by "the date on which the new moon falls nearest to the day on which the sun

reaches the fifteenth degree of Aquarius," and falls this year on January 22nd. Everything becomes cheap before it, for shopkeepers are anxious to realize ready money at any loss, for it is imperative that all accounts be closed by the last day of the old year, on pain of a man being disgraced, losing all hope of getting credit, and of having his name written up on his door as a defaulter. It appears also that debts which are not settled by New Year's eve cannot thereafter be recovered, though it is lawful for a creditor who has vainly hunted a debtor throughout that last night to pursue him for the first hours after daybreak, provided he still carries a lantern!

The festival lasts a fortnight, and is a succession of feasts and theatrical entertainments, everybody's object being to cast care and work to the winds. Even the official seals of the mandarins are formally and with much rejoicing sealed up and laid aside for one month. On the 20th day of the twelfth month houses and temples are thoroughly washed and cleaned, rich and poor decorate with cloth-of-gold, silk embroideries, rich artificial flowers, plants, banners, scrolls, lucky characters, illuminated strips of paper, bunches of gilt-paper flowers, and even the poorest coolie contrives to greet the festival with some natural blossom. There is no rest either by night or day, joss-sticks burn incessantly, and lamps before the ancestral tablets, gongs are beaten, gingalls fire incessantly, and great crackers like cartridges, fastened together in rows, are let off at intervals before every door to frighten away evil spirits; there are family banquets of wearisome length, feasts to the household gods, offerings in the temples, processions in the streets by torch and lantern light, presents are given to the living, and offerings to the dead, the poor are feasted, and the general din is heightened by messengers perambulating the streets with gongs calling guests to the different banquets. When the fortnight of rejoicing is over its signs are removed, and after the outbreak of extravagant expenditure the Chinese return to their quiet, industrious habits and frugal ways.

Just as this brilliant display left the room, a figure in richer coloring of skin appeared — Babu, the head servant, in his beautiful hadji dress. He wore white full trousers, drawn in tightly at the ankles over black shoes, but very little of these trousers showed below a long, fine-lined tunic of spotless white, with a girdle

of orange silk. Over this was a short jacket of rich green silk, embroidered in front with green of the same color, and over all a pure white robe falling from the shoulders. The turban was a Mecca turban of many yards of soft white silk, embroidered in white silk. It was difficult to believe that this gorgeous Mussulman, in the odor of a double sancity, with his scornful face and superb air, can so far demean himself as to wait on "dogs of infidels" at dinner, or appear in my room at the Stadt-haus with matutinal tea and bananas!

This magnificence heralded the Datu Klana, the reigning prince of the native state of Sungei Ujong, his principal wife, and his favorite daughter, a girl of twelve. It had been decided that I was to go to Sungei Ujong, and that I was to be escorted by Mr. Hayward, the superintendent of police, but, unfortunately, I was to go up in the Datu Klana's absence, and one object of his visit was to express his regret. This prince has been faithful to British interests, and is on most friendly terms with the resident, Captain Murray, and the governor of Malacca. During his visit Babu interpreted, but Miss Shaw, who understands Malay, said that, instead of interpreting faithfully, he was making enormous demands on my behalf! At all events, Syed Abdurahman, with truly exaggerated Oriental politeness, presented me with the key of his house in the interior.

This prince is regarded by British officials as an enlightened ruler, though he is a rigid Mussulman. His dress looked remarkably plain beside that of the splendid Babu. He wore a Malay bandana handkerchief round his head, knotted into a peak, a rich brocade baju, or short jacket, a dark Manila sarong, trousers of mandarin satin striped with red, a girdle-clasp set with large diamonds, and sandals with jewelled cloth-of-gold straps. His wife, though elderly and decidedly plain-looking, has a very pleasing expression. She wore a black veil over her head, and her *kabaya*, or upper garment, was fastened with three diamond clasps. The bright little daughter wore a green veil, with gold stars upon it, over her head, and ornaments of rich red gold elaborately worked. The Datu Klana apologized for the extreme plainness of their dress by saying that they had only just arrived, and that they had called before changing their travelling-clothes. When they departed the two ladies threw soft silk shawls over their heads, and held

them so as to cover their faces except their eyes.

There are now fifty thousand Malays in the British territory of Malacca,* and the number is continually increased by fugitives from the system of debt-slavery which prevails in some of the adjacent states, and by immigration from the same states of Malays who prefer the security which British rule affords. The police force is Malay, and it seems as if the Malays had a special aptitude for this semi-military service, for they not only form the well-drilled protective forces of Malacca, Sungei Ujong, and Salangor, but that fine body of police in Ceylon of which Mr. George Campbell has so much reason to be proud. Otherwise very few of them enter British employment, greatly preferring the easy, independent life of their forest kampongs.

The commercial decay of Malacca is a very interesting fact. Formerly fifty merchantmen were frequently anchored in its roads at one time. Here the Portuguese fleet lay which escorted Xavier from Goa, and who can say how many galleons freighted with the red gold of Ophir lay on these quiet waters? Now, Chinese junks, Malay prahus, a few Chinese steamers, steam-launches from the native states, and two steamers which call in passing, make up its trade. There is neither newspaper, banker, hotel, nor resident English merchant. The half-caste descendants of the Portuguese are, generally speaking, indolent, degraded with the degradation which is born of indolence, and proud. The Malays dream away their lives in the jungle, and the Chinese are really the ruling population.

The variety of races here produces a ludicrous effect sometimes. In the Stadt-haus one never knows who is to appear — whether Malay, Portuguese, Chinaman, or Madrassee. Yesterday morning, at six, the Chinaman who usually "does" my room glided in murmuring something unintelligible, and on my not understanding him, brought in a Portuguese interpreter. At seven came in the Madrassee, Babu, with a cluster of bananas, and after him two Malays in red sarongs, who brushed and dusted all my clothes as slowly as they could — men of four races in attendance before I was up in the morning! This Chinese attendant, besides being a common coolie in brown cotton

* So I was told, but as the returns of the population of Malacca were not furnished in time for publication in the Colonial Office List for 1882, this estimate cannot be safely relied upon. — L. L. B.

shirt over a brown cotton pair of trousers, is not a good specimen of his class, and is a great nuisance to me. My doors do not bolt properly, and he appears in the morning while I am in my *holoku*, writing, and slowly makes the bed and kills mosquitos, then takes one gown after another from the rail, and stares at me till I point to the one I am going to wear, which he holds out in his hands; and though I point to the door, and say "Go!" with much emphasis, I never get rid of him, and have to glide from my *holoku* into my gown with a most unwilling dexterity.

Two days ago Captain Shaw declared that "pluck should have its reward," and that I should have facilities for going to Sungei Ujong. Yesterday he asked me to take charge of his two treasured daughters. Then Babu said, "If young ladies go, me go," and we are to travel under the efficient protection of Mr. Hayward, the superintendent of police. This expedition excites great interest in the little Malacca world. This native state is regarded as "parts unknown;" the governor has never visited it, and there are not wanting those who shake their heads and wonder that he should trust his girls in a region of tigers, crocodiles, rogue elephants, and savages! The little steam-launch "Moosmee" (in reality by far the greatest risk of all) has been brought into the stream below the Stadt-haus, ready for an early start to-morrow; and a runner has been sent to the resident to prepare him for such an unusual incursion into his solitudes.

Sempang Police-station.

(At the junction of the Loboh-Chena and Linggi rivers, Territory of the Datu Klana of Sungei Ujong, Malay Peninsula.)

Jan. 24. 1 P.M. Mercury, 87°.

We left Malacca at seven this morning in the small, unseaworthy, untrustworthy, unrigged steam-launch "Moosmee," and after crawling for some hours at a speed of about five miles an hour along brown and yellow shores with a broad dark belt of palms above them, we left the waveless, burning sea behind, and after a few miles of tortuous steaming through the mangrove swamps of the Linggi River, landed here to wait for sufficient water for the rest of our journey.

This is a promontory covered with coco-palms, bananas, and small jungle growths. On either side are small rivers densely bordered by mangrove swamps. The first sight of a real mangrove swamps is an event. This *mangi-mangi*

of the Malays (the *Rhisopfera mangil* of botanists) has no beauty. All along this coast, within access of tidal waters, there is a belt of it many miles in breadth, dense, impenetrable, from forty to fifty feet high, or as nearly level as may be, and of a dark, dull green. At low water the mangroves are seen standing close packed along the shallow and muddy shores on cradles or erections of their own roots five or six feet high, but when these are covered at high tide they appear to be growing out of the water. They send down roots from their branches, and all too quickly cover a large space. Crabs and other shellfish attach themselves to them, and aquatic birds haunt their slimy shades. They are huge breeding-grounds of alligators and mosquitos, and usually of malarial fevers, but from the latter the peninsula is very free. The seeds germinate while still attached to the branch. A long root pierces the covering and grows rapidly downwards from the heavy end of the fruit, which arrangement secures that when the fruit falls off the root shall at once become embedded in the mud. Nature has taken abundant trouble to ensure the propagation of this nearly worthless tree. Strange to say, its fruit is sweet and eatable, and from its fermented juice wine can be made. The mangrove swamp is to me an evil mystery.

Behind, the jungle stretches out — who can say how far, for no European has ever penetrated it? — and out of it rise, jungle-covered, the Rumbow Hills. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the royal tiger, the black panther, the boar, the leopard, and many other beasts, roam in its tangled twilight depths, but in this fierce heat they must be all asleep in their lairs. The Argus pheasant too, one of the loveliest birds of a region whose islands are the home of the bird of paradise, haunts the shade and the shade alone. In the jungle too, is the beautiful bantam fowl, the possible progenitor of all that useful race. The cobra, the python (?), the boa-constrictor, the viper, and at least fourteen other ophidians, are winding their loathsome and lissom forms through slimy jungle recesses; and large and small apes and monkeys, flying foxes, iguanas, lizards, peacocks, frogs, turtles, tortoises, alligators, besides tapirs, rarely seen, and the palandok or chevrotin, the hog deer, the spotted deer, and the sambre, may not be far off. I think that this part of the country, intersected by small, shallow, muddy rivers, running up through slimy mangrove swamps into a vast and impen-

ettable jungle, must be like many parts of western Africa.

One cannot walk three hundred yards from this station, for there are no tracks. We are beyond the little territory of Malacca, but this bit of land was ceded to England after the "Malay disturbances" in 1875, and on it has been placed the Sempang police-station, a four-roomed shelter, roofed with *attap*, a thatch made of the fronds of the *nipah* palm, supported on high posts — an idea perhaps borrowed from the mangrove — and reached by a ladder. In this four Malay policemen and a corporal have dwelt for three years to keep down piracy. "Piracy," by which these rivers were said to be infested, is a very ugly word, suggestive of ugly deeds, bloody attacks, black flags, and no quarter; but here it meant a particular mode of raising revenue, and no boat could go up or down the Linggi without paying black-mail to one or more river rajahs.

Our wretched little launch, moored to a coco-palm, flies a blue ensign, and the Malay policemen wear an imperial crown upon their caps, both representing somewhat touchingly in this equatorial jungle the might of the small island lying far off amidst the fogs of the northern seas, and in this instance at least not her might only, but the security and justice of her rule.

Two or three canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks have gone up and down the river since we landed, each of the inward-bound being paddled by four men, who ply their paddles facing forwards, which always has an aboriginal look, those going down being propelled by single square sails made of very coarse matting. It is very hot and silent. The only sounds are the rustle of the palm-fronds and the sharp din of the cicada, abruptly ceasing at intervals.

In this primitive police-station the notices are in both Tamil and Arabic, but the reports are written in Arabic only. Soon after we sat down to drink fresh cocoa-nut milk, the great beverage of the country, a Malay bounded up the ladder and passed through us with the most rapid and feline movements I have ever seen in a man. His large, prominent eyes were fixed, tiger-like, on a rifle which hung on the wall, at which he darted, clutched it, and, with a feline leap, sprang through us again. I have heard much of *amok*-running lately, and have even seen the two-pronged fork which was used for pinning a desperate amok-runner to the wall, so that for a second I thought that

this Malay was "running amuck;" but he ran down towards Mr. Hayward, our escort, and I ran after him, just in time to see a large alligator plunge from the bank into the water. Mr. Hayward took a steady aim at the remaining one, and hit him, when he sprang partly up as if badly wounded, and then plunged into the river after his companion, staining the muddy water with his blood for some distance.

Police Station, Permatang Pasir.
Sungei Ujong, 5 P.M.

We are now in a native state, in the territory of the friendly Datu Klana, Syed Abdulrahman, and the policemen wear on their caps not an imperial crown but a crescent, with a star between its horns.

This is a far more adventurous expedition than we expected. Things are not going altogether as straight as could be desired, considering that we have the governor's daughters with us, who, besides being very precious, are utterly unseasoned and inexperienced travellers, quite unfit for "roughing it." For one thing, it turns out to be an absolute necessity for us to be out all night, which I am very sorry for, as one of the girls is suffering from the effects of exposure to the intense heat of the sun.

We left Sempang at two, the Miss Shaws reeling rather than walking to the launch. I cannot imagine what the mercury was in the sun, but the copper sheathing of the gunwale was too hot to be touched. Above Sempang the river narrowed and shoaled rapidly, and we had to crawl, taking soundings incessantly, and occasionally dragging heavily over mud banks. We saw a large alligator sleeping in the sun on the mud, with a mouth, I should think, a third of the length of his body; and as he did not wake as we panted past him, a rifle was loaded and we backed up close to him; but as Babu, who had the weapon, and had looked quite swaggering and belligerent so long as it was unloaded, was too frightened to fire, the saurian awoke, and his hideous form and corrugated hide plunged into the water so close under the stern as to splash us. After this alligators were so common, singly or in groups or in families, that they ceased to be exciting. It is difficult for anything to produce continuous excitement under this fierce sun, and conversation, which had been flagging before noon, ceased altogether. It was awfully hot in the launch, between fire and boiler heat and solar fury. I tried to keep cool by thinking of Mull, and powdery snow and frosty stars, but it

would not do. It was a solemn afternoon, as the white, unwinking sun looked down upon our silent party, on the narrow, turbid river, — silent too, except for the occasional plunge of an alligator or other water monster, — on mangrove swamps, and *nibong* palms, dense along the river-side, on the blue gleam of countless king-fishers, on slimy creeks arched over to within a few feet of their surface by grand trees with festoons of lianas, on an infinite variety of foliage, on an abundance of slender-shafted palms, on great fruits brilliantly colored, on wonderful flowers on the trees, on the *Hoya carnososa* and other waxen-leaved trailers matting the forest together and hanging down in great festoons, the fiery topic sunblaze stimulating all this over-production into perennial activity, and vivifying the very mud itself.

Occasionally we passed a canoe with a savage crouching in it fishing, but on no other trace of man, till an hour ago we came upon large coco groves, a considerable clearing in the jungle, and a very large Malayan-Chinese village with mosques, one on either side of the river, houses built on platforms over the water, large and small native boats covered and thatched with *attap*, roofed platforms on stilts, answering the purpose of piers, bathing-houses on stilts carefully secluded, all forming the (relatively) important village of Permatang Pasir.

Up to this time we had expected to find perfectly smooth sailing, as a runner was sent from Malacca to the resident yesterday. We supposed that we should be carried in chairs six miles through the jungle to a point where a gharrie could meet us, and that we should reach the Residency by nine to-night at the latest. On arriving at Sempang Mr. Hayward had sent a canoe to this place with instructions to send another runner to the resident; but

The best laid schemes of mice and men gang
aft a-gley.

The messenger seemed to have served no other purpose than to assemble the whole male population of Permatang Pasir on the shore — a sombre-faced throng, with an aloofness of manner and expression far from pleasing. The thatched piers were crowded with turbaned Mussulmen in their bajus or short jackets, full white trousers, and red sarongs or pleatless kilts — the boys dressed in silver fig-leaves and silver bangles only. All looked at our unveiled faces silently, and, as I thought, disapprovingly.

After being hauled up the pier with great difficulty, owing to the lowness of the water, we were met by two of the Datu Klana's policemen, who threw cold water on the idea of our getting on at all unless Captain Murray sent for us. These men escorted us to this police-station — a long walk through a lane of much-decorated shops, exclusively Chinese, succeeded by a lane of detached Malay houses, each standing in its own fenced and neatly sanded compound under the shade of coco-palms and bananas. The village paths are carefully sanded and very clean. We emerged upon the neatly sanded open space on which this barrack stands, glad to obtain shelter, for the sun is still fierce. It is a genuine Malay house on stilts; but where there should be an approach of eight steps there is only a steep ladder of three round rungs, up which it is not easy to climb in boots! There is a deep verandah under an attap roof of steep slope, and at either end a low bed for a constable, with the usual very hard circular Malay bolsters, with red silk ends, ornamented with gold and silk embroidery.

Besides this verandah there is only a sort of inner room, with just space enough for a table and four chairs. The wall is hung with rifles, kris, and handcuffs, with which a "Sam Slick" clock, an engraving from the *Graphic*, and some curious Turkish pictures of Stamboul, are oddly mixed up. Babu, the hadji, having recovered from a sulk into which he fell in consequence of Mr. Hayward having quizzed him for cowardice about an alligator, has made everything (our very limited everything) quite comfortable, and, with as imposing an air as if we were in Government House, asks us when we will have dinner! One policeman has brought us fresh cocoa-nut milk, another sits outside pulling a small punkah, and two more have mounted guard over us. This stilted house is the barrack of eleven Malay constables. Under it are four guns of light calibre, mounted on carriages, and outside is a gong on which the policemen beat the hours.

At the river we were told that the natives would not go up the shallow, rapid stream by night, and now the corporal says that no man will carry us through the jungle; that trees are lying across the track; that there are dangerous swamp holes; that though the tigers which infest the jungle never attack a party, we might chance to see their glaring eyeballs; that even if men could be bribed to undertake to carry us, they would fall with us, or

put us down and run away, for no better reason than that they caught sight of the "spectre bird" (the owl); and he adds, with a gallantry remarkable in a Moham-medan, that he should not care about Mr. Hayward, but "it would not do for the ladies." So we are apparently stuck fast, the chief cause for anxiety and embarrass-ment being that the youngest Miss Shaw is lying huddled up and shivering on one of the beds, completely prostrated by a violent sick headache brought on by the heat of the sun in the launch. She de-claims that she cannot move; but our experienced escort, who much fears bil-ious fever for her, is resolved that she shall as soon as any means of transit can be procured. Heretofore, I have always travelled "without encumbrance." Is it reasonable to feel at this moment that these fair girls are one?

From Good Words.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

THERE are no sadder landmarks, to prove to us the progress we are making through the afternoon of life, than the graves that appear one by one in our way, opening up at our very feet. In youth, perhaps, we lose as many friends, but the sensation is very different. It is the im-passioned grief of personal loss and suf-fering, or it is the awe with which, out of our flush of life, we witness that silent withdrawal into the unknown, and cessa-tion henceforward of all human sight or knowledge which is incredible till it hap-pens, and even when it happens to an-other, impossible to realize as likely for ourselves. Later we are more callous, yet far more deeply interested. Our seniors have gone, we stand in the position in which our fathers stood, and it is our comrades who go on disappearing out of the ranks in which we all travel steadily towards that conclusion which every day comes more visibly to a measurable dis-tance. We see the limit of our own hori-izon as we perceive beyond it how, one by one, our fellow-travellers pass beyond the verge.

There has been in England for many years no name that has been better known than that of Anthony Trollope. Out of the way, and almost closed to all outside intercourse must that house have been into which something from his hand did not tell among the pleasures and expecta-

tions of life, or furnish some material for talk, and the drawing forth of individual opinion. The creations of his fancy have been to many of us like friends familiarly known. We have discussed the actions and the motives of those airy nothings to whom he gave not only local habitation and a name, but many of the experiences and difficulties of existence, with a warmth and partisanship which ought to be ridicu-lous from a common-sense-point of view, but is not ridiculous at all, considering that half the persons we meet in life are less real and less interesting than these beings of the imagination. In this way the novelist becomes the acquaintance of all the world. We are thankful for his company not only when all is well with us, but when we are sick or sorry, and shut out less familiar friends. This is true even of the poorer professors of the art, but how much more of him in whose works there was always a true reflex of the actual existence in which he took a manful share — not that of a scholar in his study, but of a living and energetic member of the society he described. Mr. Trollope was no specialist, to use a word which has not much acceptance with the English mind, yet in literature has always given its professors a decided advantage. He was not a philosopher like George Eliot, nor a humorist like Thackeray. His mind did not concentrate upon any individual view of existence, nor was there that relation between the different parts of his work which some great novelists have aimed at. We might almost say that his selection of subjects was acci-dental, and that he took whatever came uppermost with a general sense of capac-ity to deal with what he took up, rather than a particular impulse within to search into the depths of human motive, or to discover its endless discrepancies and shortcomings. He was a story-teller rather than an analyst or moralist, al-though no man ever took more pains to show the way in which the mind justi-fied to itself a certain course of action. Wherever he held his lantern there came into light within its circle a little world, a microcosm, with everything going on in little which goes on at large in the uni-verse. Spots that had been dim before thus came into sight, all throbbing with life and motion. When he did concen-trate the light the illumination was worth almost as much as the best, and Barches-ter comes in many points little short of the streets and booths of Vanity Fair. But though he did not always do this, he

was always capable at a moment's notice of clearing a little plot around him from out the undiscovered, and showing us groups as animated, as restless in their busy preoccupations, loving and hating and pursuing their personal objects with the ease and unconsciousness of real life.

It would be vain to calculate what Mr. Trollope might have done had he been shut up, by nature and circumstances, within one circle, and left us only the half-dozen stories which embody the history of Barsest, with the more careful elaboration which leisure and concentration would have given. Our own opinion is that every artist finds the natural conditions of his working, and that in doing what he has to do according to his natural lights he is doing the best which can be got from him. But it is hopeless to expect from the reader either the same attention or the same faith for twenty or thirty literary productions which he gives to four or five. The instinct of nature is against the prolific worker. In this way a short life, a limited period of activity, are much the best for art; and a long period of labor, occupied by an active mind and fertile faculties, tell against, and not for, the writer. It is a sort of foregone conclusion that the man who does little is likely to do that little better than the man who does much. Mr. Trollope has suffered from this natural and by no means unjustified prejudice. He has been discussed since his death with a certain condescension and careless praise, as if the industry and regularity which were so conspicuous in him, and which are so meritorious in a moral point of view, were his chief qualities. But those individual characteristics have in reality no more to do with the grounds upon which a true estimate of Mr. Trollope's genius is to be formed, than would have been the case had he been idle and irregular instead, turning day into night, and producing nothing except under the pressure of the printer's devil at the door. We have all heard of such in the history of literature, and curiously enough the public mind is more disposed to judge them favorably than it is to acknowledge the claims of those who pursue the literary profession with the same devotion and steadiness which is necessary in every other. We do not know how to account for the caprice of the ordinary standard on this point. In every other craft, however it may be dependent upon the higher gifts, the close and constant labor of the workman is put to the credit of his work. Not even the painter,

the nearest parallel we can think of, is expected to wait for special inspiration or damned with faint praise as "industrious" and "meritorious," because he works a certain number of hours a day. But up to the present moment this is still the familiar thing to say of Mr. Trollope. It might have been said of Scott, who, indeed, has gone through many phases of critical disapproval on the same ground — and in such company our story-teller need have little objection to go down to the judgment of posterity.

What posterity may say seems a thing of which no generation can justly judge, few things in the world being more remarkable than the way in which contemporary judgments are annulled, the lofty abased, and the lowly exalted by the progress of time and the gradual consolidation of human opinion. But we feel well assured that the group of novels upon which Mr. Trollope's fame chiefly rests will survive as one of the most complete and true pictures of English life in our age, from which our grandchildren may learn the fashion of our living. The "Chronicles of Barsest" are more true to general English society than had they been devoted to those impassioned and tragical impersonations of human character which give a higher poetic value to the works of one of Mr. Trollope's contemporaries, or to those extraordinary renderings of a typical form of the lower life which have made the fortune of another. The extraordinary force of such portraiture as that of Rosamond in "Middlemarch," or, in still higher lines, of Tito in "Romola," detracts by its very grandeur from the proportions of the surrounding groups, which would be more than human were they all capable of such heroic treatment. In the same way, though with a wonderful difference, Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp destroy the unity of any picture, by absorbing to themselves whenever they are present the attention of the reader, who takes up the books in which they appear, for them and not for any other qualities in the tale. Thus both on the higher and lower levels, these great writers, while furnishing what nobody but themselves could furnish, in the way of individual creation, are less fair and sound historians of English life in the general than the man whose lesser genius produced no such intense light, but shed an equable illumination upon the secondary heights and hollows, and set before us one with another the great and small, the common and the noble, the beautiful and the

homely, in subordination to the natural rules of perspective, and to those subduing and equalizing influences which make it possible for us to live with each other, and tranquilly side by side to carry on our different threads of existence. Mr. Trollope is perhaps unrivalled for this general landscape, the level of real life, in which no one towers disproportionately above his neighbors. We do not seek special scenes, or the development of special characters, when we return to the histories of the warden, the dean or the doctor, but pursue our way well pleased about the Barchester streets, glad to meet a familiar face round every corner; or set out into the country to visit Archdeacon Grantley at his rectory, or poor Mr. Crawley in his poor parsonage, with an untiring interest in everything, and pleasant recognition of all we meet. It is altogether different from the interest, either tragic or comic, which makes us see one figure everywhere, and passes with a little impatience through the less important surroundings to get to the central interest. In Mr. Trollope's books the interest is diffused throughout all, it quickens here and slackens there with a genuine and natural fluctuation; nobody will fail specially to remark Mr. Harding's delicate old figure in the road, the delightful, energetic bustle of the archdeacon, or that less excellent, because more conventional, but most popular of all, Mrs. Proudie, at the palace; but even their eminence does not make us at all indifferent to all the other innumerable human folk who inhabit the little episcopal town, and the fresh-breathing country with its muddy lanes and long distances. Even Thackeray, with his finer and more powerful touch, has not done just the same for the history of the age; for all his dealings are with society, the modes of which are more artificial and its laws more continuous. Old Lady Kew is so real that we know the very sound of her voice, and regard her with a mixture of affection and abhorrence, which is more genuine than our sentiments towards many of our most familiar friends, but there is not very much distinction between that wonderful old figure, and the old baroness of the early Georgian age, whom we meet in "The Virginians;" the species continues forever. And such is to a certain extent the case with all expositions of that fine mixture of the artificial and the savage, of hungry human self-interest and fictitious restraint, which is called society. But Barchester is as entirely the England

of our time as Bath in "Northanger Abbey" represents the England of Miss Austen's. The one picture is larger, not so delicate as the other, and they are as different in sentiment as in costume; but when the world is as far in advance of Trollope as we are now of Miss Austen, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the little cathedral town, with its dignitaries, the country parsonages, the poor clergy, the little social circles all about, will form as important a contribution to the history of the time as hers is to that of the beginning of the century: and it is difficult to say more for a novelist.

The note of defence, even of excuse, which creeps into what we say belongs to the fact that Mr. Trollope wrote a great deal besides, to which indeed the same words are applicable, but in a less satisfactory way. He produced many books of which it may be said that they were honest supply for a demand, on the best principles of political economy, executed with care and skill and transgressing no law of honorable work; characteristic too, yet on a very much lower level. Many of these we will willingly allow to drop back again into mother earth, and be seen no more, with no reproach to the writer if no glory. But the best of Anthony Trollope will be inscribed in the historic and social annals of the country, and will show our great-grandchildren many a characteristic picture of those days when Victoria was queen.

The readers of *Good Words* have had special links of connection with the friend whom we have all lost. Twenty years ago he began to contribute to these pages some of the short stories in which he was excellent. In 1863 there occurred an almost romantic episode in literature, when the first important story written by him for these pages was found unsuitable by our high-minded editor, Norman Macleod, and omitted, though at a large pecuniary sacrifice. Mr. Trollope was then at the height of his reputation, and it was a bold thing to do. But Dr. Macleod's courage and conscientious determination to admit nothing contrary to the principles of the periodical were in their way heroic. So far as we are aware the episode is unique in the history of periodical literature. Since then many a page from his hand has entertained our readers, and the last of his published stories had just appeared in *Good Words* when his life, too, ended; not without warning, nor prematurely, yet at an age when he was still in full vigor, and might still have lived, and rode, and

written, for many a day to come. It is curious to remember how recently he had played with the idea of an arbitrary conclusion to life at the age he just lived to reach, in the amusing and original chapter of imaginary history called the "Fixed Period." It was probably because he felt how little occasion there was for dying, and how well adapted a man was to enjoy life at sixty-seven, that he put forth at that age the elaborate scheme of the colonial legislator for the honorable extinction of existence; but the coincidence is curious. The great novelist is dead, at peace, and in honor with all men, leaving nothing behind him that is bitter or painful, but an honorable name, a reputation which there is every reason to believe will increase rather than diminish, and the example of a life full of useful exertion. He did much in his life to restore character and credit to the literary profession, while at the same time he was no mere writer, but a man thoroughly experimented in the world, and knowing the life which he illustrated. There is no Westminster Abbey for the novelist, but its roll contains many a less notable name than that of Anthony Trollope, who has in his generation been as much the faithful servant of England as if he had fought half a hundred battles.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE DAWN OF THE SPRING.

A SOFT, grey haze lies over the winter landscape, that looks wintry only because of the stripped appearance of the trees and the insight given by the leaflessness of the hedges into the domestic arrangements of last year's birds. For in sundry niches still hang curious black clumps that were once comfortable homes for thrushes and hedge-sparrows: looking at present much as a house looks after it has been for months uninhabited. In the tall trees opposite remain the deserted habitations of the rooks: which, being but a small colony, have joined another larger one some distance off; only returning here occasionally, as if to ascertain that their residences are yet in existence: for it is a curious fact that small colonies of rooks never face the winter alone, but invariably disappear from their summer haunts to join some larger company, separating from them once more as surely as the first break in the weather suggests the return of spring.

The winter is dissolving in tears, that hang in drops all along the branches of the trees; and the trees are already turning from the blackness that has been their hue so long to the clear brown that suggests the rising of the sap. One of the rooks has been standing on a great elm, gazing motionlessly at sundry very black sticks massed together, where doubtless he and his wife raised last year a fine family; but the old bird cannot make up his mind what to do. Something tells him that it is full early to begin to restore that dilapidated home of his: yet this soft, sweet-scented weather is surely spring; and it is as well to go with the times, even if one cannot quite understand them. So, with many misgivings, no doubt, he begins to think of restoring the structure. First he spends hours gazing at it; then he hops a little farther off, as if he were turning his back on temptation. Again he returns and looks at it once more, with his head on one side; keeping up a species of monologue all the time that is not responded to in the least by any of his companions, who are busy feasting on worms and other dainties. At present he is perched on the nest that is all hung about with dew-drops; and, although he has not touched it yet, he holds a small twig in his beak, as an indication of what he means to be at as soon as his friends will see the folly of their ways and the wisdom of his, and will come, as is their yearly custom, to talk over how best to rebuild the old home, or to determine if after all it is better to make an entirely new one; rooks, he it remarked, requiring much help and advice before even one twig is finally laid or one stick placed in a permanent position.

The dawn of the spring, being so gentle, has roused all the bird world; and our mornings are no longer silent, or made musical alone by the cheery song of the robin. The sparrow has already begun to fight vigorously and hustle his friends off any branches to which he thinks he has taken a fancy, though he knows perfectly well he cannot build upon them all; and the flocks of these pert little creatures that infest every hedge and rickyard in the neighborhood, already give signs of breaking up their winter companies and forming into couples for the love-making period of the year. The soft weather is a delight to the sparrow, who is miserable only in bitter cold; that causes him to hunch up his feathers, and speechlessly beg for crumbs and warmth

in a manner that is piteous to behold, spite of the many grudges we owe the little mendicant at every other time of the year. For does he not render our lives a burden to us by reason of the untidy nests he makes under our eaves? Does he not punctually nip our budding hopes as regards gooseberries and currants? Worst of all, does he not persist in waking us before even the laggard dawn of February mornings with his ceaseless chatter, that is purely domestic and that never rises beyond the bread-and-butter region of things? Rooks remind one of business men — steady, prosperous, regular, not easily cast down. Sparrows are like those housewives whose one object in life is to rule the house, and who love to tell their friends exactly how much trouble they take to live. The sparrow's eager, ceaseless note has never a touch of music in it; and though the little creatures are cheerful and busy, they are so only about trifles. The robin too is domestic, but he has the poetry of home life centred in him; while the thrushes and blackbirds are sweet singers and fair-weather creatures, who represent to us the art and song and culture of bird life. And what, then, do the starlings represent? Ah! there is not much doubt of that. Over yonder there is an empty house — very melancholy to look at. There are bars to the upper window, whence once the children used to gaze across and beckon and smile to us; and the lower windows, whence a hospitable stream of light used to shine out like a friendly greeting, are shuttered and closed. Yet the house has tenants at last. The starlings have been in possession there all the winter; and they are very pleasant creatures to watch. They do not rise very early just at present, and there is always one that gets up first. He emerges from his particular chimney, and takes a look round at the weather, sitting at first on the water-shoots, where he occasionally has a bath and where the sparrows always do: then he has a short flight; returns; looks down the chimney, as if to call up his friends; and then waits a while on the side of the chimney, gazing meditatively at the scene before him. Presently, one after the other, the rest emerge; and they then sit about the roof until breakfast suggests itself to their minds, when they all fly down into the garden and strut about until they are satisfied. Then off they scatter; and we see them no more until the next morning, when they rise to the day's work in exactly the same routine.

As spring dawns, nature seems like some enchanted princess waiting for the kiss from the fairy prince to awake her out of her sleep. Here and there the earth is pierced by a tiny spear: a yellow crocus stretches up its hands, begging the sun to call it out from its dark chamber into glorious light and air. Wee buds are already on the lilac; and the shrubs have none of the pinched-up, black, starved appearance that makes winter a season of dread to the garden-lover. The present promise may be broken, snow and frost may return; but now the whole atmosphere is full of hope. The birds rejoice, and nature allows us to see signs and hear sounds that speak of spring and whisper of the summer beyond. The days are growing longer. Darkness has not quite so much of his own way as he had; and we are allowed to feel that the worst of the year is over.

From The Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter.

THE SPONGE TRADE OF THE BAHAMAS.

NEXT to the pineapple business the sponge trade is the most important industry of the Bahamas, bringing considerable money into the colony, and furnishing steady and lucrative employment to several hundred vessels and several thousand persons. At first sponges were divided into only two classes, the coarse and fine, the former bringing about five dollars per hundredweight and the latter about double that sum. Sponges are now divided into many varieties, the principal of which known to the trade here are as follows, in the order of their value, the first being the best, viz.: sheep-wool, white leaf, abaco velvet, dark reef, boat, hard-head, grass, yellow, and glove. Of some of these varieties there are several grades designated by numbers, all being useful for mechanical, surgical, and bathing purposes. Bahama and Florida sponges are of about equal value, both kinds being inferior in texture and market value to those of the Mediterranean. The vessels employed in sponging are small craft, their average being about ten tons burden, each vessel carrying from six to twelve men. These vessels take on board about six weeks' provisions and start out coasting along the banks and reefs, where the water is shallow, and among the islands, for in such localities the sponges are found. In case of a storm the little craft takes refuge inside the coral reefs, or under the lee of an island. The sponges are readily seen

growing upon the rocks, reefs, and shallows, for the water is marvellously clear, and they are brought to the surface by means of iron hooks fastened to long poles, or by diving. When first caught they are found to be covered with a soft gelatinous substance, full of life, and as black as tar, the sponge proper being really only the skeleton or support of this living organism. The day's catch is spread upon the deck so as to kill this living covering, which in decaying emits an odor by no means as fragrant as that of frangipanni. When a sufficient quantity of sponge has been gathered to warrant it the spongers go ashore, build a pen or "crawl" of stakes at the water's edge, and place the sponges therein, when the action of the tide helps to remove the black covering, the process being completed by pounding the sponges with sticks. Having been cleansed in this manner the sponges are strung upon small palmetto strips, each string, containing three or four sponges, being called a "bead," and with this cargo the vessels return to Nassau. A cargo will range in value from seventy-five to three hundred dollars, according to quantity, quality, and demand. The sales and handling of sponges are substantially controlled by what is known as the Nassau Sponge Exchange Company, Limited, an organization holding a charter from the Colonial Legislature, with a capital of £600, and possessing certain privileges. The Company has erected a commodious building upon one of the wharves, and here all the sponges are sold, subject to certain taxes and restrictions. No person is permitted to buy until he has become a member of the exchange under certain conditions, and a seller who attempts to dispose of his cargo outside of the exchange will soon be put under the ban. Sales are made upon every week-day, except Saturday, at eleven o'clock, A.M., each buyer offering his tender in writing and privately, and he is expected to make some offer for each lot on sale. As soon as the daily sale is concluded, the sponges are hauled away to the packing-yards, where they are assorted and clipped into good shape. They are then put into tubs or vats of lime-water to soak for several hours, and are afterwards spread upon canvas to bleach and dry in the sun. Next they are pressed by machinery into bales about three by two feet in size, each containing one hundred pounds, the packages being covered with coarse bagging securely sewed and corded, and are then ready for

shipment. All the work bestowed upon the sponges from catching to shipment, except the purchasing at the exchange, is performed by the native blacks. Bahama sponges are shipped to the United States and Great Britain, with an occasional lot to Paris. Up to three years ago, Great Britain got the bulk of the trade. Since then the United States has taken a greater part of the sponges. In 1881 the total value of the sponges shipped from these islands was \$150,000, of which \$36,357 worth went to England, and \$113,643 went to the United States. The first quarter of 1882 has shown a signal increase in the trade with the United States, the amount shipped during January, February, and March being more than two-thirds as much as the total for the year 1881, which year was itself an improvement over all the preceding ones. There was no special increase during that quarter in the shipments to Europe. The sudden increase in shipments to the United States was owing to the discovery of a new and extensive field of sponges near the island of Eleuthera, only sixty miles distant from Nassau, the product of which the American agents eagerly bought up. The water on the new field is from five to eight fathoms in depth, making the gathering of the sponges tedious and laborious. It is thought that the field is a very extensive one, extending over many miles, and the sponges are, so far as known, all of the sheep-wool or most valuable variety. The business of gathering, curing, and packing brings about \$150,000 of foreign capital into the colony every year, which is largely sent to the United States to purchase materials for the vessels, provisions for the men, and for general purchases; and so any increase of the sponge industry will enlarge the amount of goods which the colonists will be able to buy of us. In fact, the trade relations of the Bahamas are now so intimate with the United States that the prosperity of the former is directly beneficial to the latter; and we do not overstate the truth when we assert that this colony, although politically a "dependency" of Great Britain, is in reality, so far as an increasing profitable trade and commerce is concerned, a "dependency" of the United States. A liberal spirit on the part of our government; and fair and honest dealing by our merchants and manufacturers are all that is needed to retain our present trade with the Bahamas, and to materially enlarge the same, as the colony itself develops its natural resources and prospers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2019. — March 3, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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ROBIN AND I.

ONCE, upon a winter day,
As I sat, forlorn and sad,
Thinking, in a fretful way,
Of the time when I was glad,
Hopping lightly o'er the snow,
Came a robin that I know.

On the window ledge he stood,
With a bright inquiring eye ;
'Twas a compact that he should
Always call in passing by,
Just to show we might pretend
Each to entertain a friend.

When I saw my tiny guest
Waiting for his daily crumb,
Dainty, trim, and self-possessed,
Never doubting it would come,
I could almost hear him say,
"Mistress, food is scarce to-day."

And my heart made sad reply,
As the little dole I threw,
"Strange that one so poor as I
Should have store enough for two !
Robin, if the thing could be,
Would you throw a crumb to me ?"

Not a sound disturbed the hush,
Save my own impatient sigh ;
Robin to a neighboring bush
Darted off without good-bye.
How ! you leave me, faithless bird,
As I waited for a word.

Ah ! I wronged that heart of flame :
Through the silence, sweet and clear,
Forth his cheery carol came,
And I held my breath to hear,
For that dear familiar strain
Woke my better self again.

'Twas a benediction sweet,
Chaunted in a foreign tongue,
Like those graces after meat,
By the warbling scholars sung,
Where the reverend customs hold,
Handed down by men of old.

Did I dream that, as he sang,
Some one entered at the door,
That some childish laughter rang,
And small footsteps crossed the floor ?
Who hath touched my lips with wine,
Mellow juice of Auld Lang Syne ?

Suddenly the music ceased,
Yet the silence breathed of balm ;
Art thou flown then, small hedge priest,
Somewhere else to raise the psalm ?
"Man," the Master finely said,
"Doth not live alone by bread."
Good Words.

C. B.

AN ENGLISH LANE.

How many an Englishman beyond the seas,
Looking upon some landscape rich and
strange,
Has sickened for the fair green English leas,
Where once he used to range !

Perhaps where sluggish rivers find a way
Through the thick jungle, where no breeze
can pass,
Or where the west wind, blowing strong all
day,
Bows the tall prairie grass ;

Or where the endless waste of tawny sand
Mocks with its lying waves the wanderer's
eye,
And phantom palms that only seem to stand
Against the brazen sky ;

Or where all night, above the sleeping deep,
Sails on broad wings the sleeping albatross ;
Or where Australian shepherds watch their
sheep
Beneath the Southern Cross ;

Or where slim minarets are mirrored fair
In the clear waters of the sacred pool,
And o'er the reeking plain the evening air
From snow-capt peaks blows cool ;

Or where the traveller on the Appian Way,
Greets from afar Saint Peter's mighty dome,
While swift the crimson sunset fades to gray
Behind the walls of Rome :

These things all vanish, and he sees arise,
As in a vision, that old winding lane,
The shadowing elms, the blue of English skies,
And hears the lark's glad strain.

He knows which way the shadows fall each
hour —
Oft has he watched the sheep there seek the
shade —
Across the fields he sees the gray church-
tower,
Where all his fathers prayed.

Their names are writ upon the churchyard
stones ;
Week after week beside their graves he
trod ;
But none shall read *his* name there, and his
bones
Far off must rest in God.

The vision fades : he is beyond the seas,
Wider horizons round him spread ; but yet
His heart must ache sometimes for those green
leas
He never can forget.
Leisure Hour. MARY A. M. HOFFER.

From The Westminster Review.
THE BROTHERS HENRY AND THOMAS
ERSKINE.*

To publish with any expectation of attracting attention or reviving interest a memoir of any one who has been sixty-five years in his grave deserves to be reckoned among the ventures of faith. Nor is the hopefulness of the task increased when its subject was a lawyer, the very head it is true both by merit and official position of his profession, but practising in a provincial capital, and beyond that narrow sphere but little known; and although a member of Parliament, yet entering the House of Commons late, and continuing there but for a brief space, filled so inconspicuous a place that we find a careful and generally accurate writer asserting that he never opened his mouth in Parliament.

Nevertheless, to such a venture Colonel Ferguson has committed himself, and there is so much of interest connected with the career of the distinguished man whose memory he seeks to revive, that we will endeavor from the materials with which he supplies us to give our readers a brief account of Henry Erskine and compare his career with that of his younger and more distinguished brother.

In the case of many of our readers it will neither be superfluous nor impertinent to remind them that Henry Erskine was an elder brother of Thomas Erskine, the glory of the English, as was Henry of the Scottish bar. At the bars of which they were respectively members, each brother attained and long held a position never before or since attained or held by any other member.

Henry was the second son and Thomas the third son † of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan in the peerage of Scotland, of whom, according to our author, it was the general opinion that though he was "a man of infinite good-nature and

* *The Honorable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland, with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time, compiled from Family Papers and other Sources of Information.* By Lieut.-Col. ALEX. FERGUSON, late of the Staff of Her Majesty's Indian Army. William Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1882.

† Henry Erskine born 1746, died 1817. Thomas Erskine born 1749, died 1823.

pleasing manners, his abilities were not much above the average."* He is also said to have been "a zealously religious man, strong in his anti-Roman convictions." †

The Erskines were of the true *noblesse de la robe*. The pedigree given in the appendix to the memoir is "a curious display of great names. Visconti, Della Scala, and Doria, Bourbon, Lenox, Mar, and royal Stewarts, Stair, Fairfax, and (not the least honorable) Sir Thomas Browne." Colonel Ferguson, therefore, does not agree with Charles Kingsley, "that the school from which the '*Religio Medici*' issued was not 'likely to make bad men good or any foolish men wise.'" ‡

We are told "that a very learned professor of our own time," whose name is not given, but who is described "as endowed with a considerable measure of genius and poetic fire," remarked on looking at this pedigree that "if there be any faith to be placed in the theory of the inheritance of mental qualities, especially through the female line, we should expect to find true genius or great eccentricity, perhaps both." §

This combination of qualities was in some degree to be found in Henry, and in so much greater a degree in Thomas Erskine that Sir Walter Scott pronounced him to be "positively mad." Allowance must be made, however, for Sir Walter's prejudice against any and every man who was a Whig. On the mother's side the Erskines were descended from great lawyers. Her grandfather was that Sir James Stewart who was lord advocate in the reigns of William and Mary and of Anne, and than whom no one occupied a more prominent place in the public affairs of Scotland. He is condemned by a recent Tory writer || "as a thorough-paced traitor." "He was," says Macaulay, "so often a Whig and so often a Jacobite that it is difficult to keep an account of his apostasies." ¶ Wodrow, the Scottish ec-

* Henry Erskine, p. 43.

† *Ibid.*, p. 46.

‡ Charles Kingsley's *Historical Lectures and Essays*, p. 102. Edition 1880.

§ P. 42.

|| The late Mark Napier in his *Memorials of Dundee*.

¶ Macaulay's *History*, vol. iv., 782.

clesiastical historian, cannot find language fitly to describe his character. "It would," he writes, "take a man equal to himself to draw it, and I dare not attempt it. He was wonderful in prayer and mighty in the Scriptures, and wonderfully seen in them beyond any man I ever conversed with." He certainly seems to have been partly the author of some specimens of Covenanted literature which can hardly be surpassed for "ferocity and absurdity."* On the other hand a contemporary wrote of him,† "Tu qui colens Christum coelum nec Tartara credes."

Lady Buchan's father was Sir James Stewart of Coltness. He was solicitor-general for Scotland, and is known to students of Scottish history as Solicitor-General Coltness. Her mother was the daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple, president of the Court of Session, a man of mark in his time. Their father's character and the memory of their maternal great-grandfather had an influence of a religious tendency on both Henry and Thomas, which was increased by the fact that Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine were collaterally related to the Buchan Erskines. Ralph and Ebenezer were the leaders and founders of one of the numerous churches which have seceded from the Scottish establishment. Ralph Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets" still form part of the psalmody of Scottish churches, and some of them have found their way into English hymn-books.

Of the two brothers, Henry and Thomas, the younger surpassed the elder in rank and dignity. Henry became as dean of faculty the official head of the Scottish bar. Twice, each time for a short period, he was lord advocate.‡ Thomas Erskine was attorney-general to George IV. when he was Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall.

The career of each brother supplies a memorable illustration of Guicciardini's

* Henry Erskine, p. 45.

† *Ibid.*, p. 45.

‡ Henry Erskine, lord advocate 1783-4 under the "Coalition Ministry," dean of faculty from 1785 to 1792, lord advocate 1809, under "All the Talents." Thomas Erskine, attorney-general to the Prince of Wales 1783 to 1793, chancellor of the duchy of Cornwall 1805, lord high chancellor of Great Britain 1806.

saying that "the liberties of a nation may be judged by the position of the bar; where this is high and independent the country possesses free institutions. Where this is low and servile the country is enslaved." "The independence of the Scottish bar" is fitly and justly placed as the motto on the title-page of this memoir of Henry Erskine. He ably vindicated that independence as did his brother the independence of the English bar. During Thomas Erskine's attorney-generalship to the prince he gave a remarkable proof of that "indomitable courage" attributed to him by Lord Brougham, himself in that and all respects Erskine's worthy follower. "However hard-pressed," said Lord Brougham, "Erskine was not the man to fear either the court or king or the king's judges, but he did his duty to his client in spite of all that power held out to intimidate or tempt him, and in spite of all opposition even in those courts of which he was the ornament and pride."* In 1792 the second part of Paine's "Rights of Man" was published. It contained some offensive expressions in reference to George III. and other members of the royal family, and to monarchical government generally. By direction of Mr. Pitt's government the king's attorney-general filed an *ex-officio* information against Paine for publishing a seditious libel. The case was necessarily to be tried in the King's Bench, the court in which Erskine habitually practised. A retainer for the defendant was left at Erskine's chambers. It was an embarrassing position for any member of the bar — more especially for one connected as was Erskine with the heir-apparent, not only by official relations, but by intimate personal friendship. Moreover he naturally aspired to, and was entitled to expect, office under the crown, an expectation which was pretty certain to be disappointed in the case of one who exposed himself to the wrath of the malignant and unforgiving George III. Erskine considered that his duty as an advocate left him no choice but to act on the retainer and do his best for Paine as

* Speech at the dinner given by the Bar to M. Buryer, "Oratorical Yearbook" for 1805, p. 416.

he always did for any and every client. Against all advice, and in spite of messages from the Prince of Wales, he adhered to his conviction of duty. He defended Paine with all his accustomed ability and vigor, and with all his usual fearlessness, but he conducted the defence in the spirit of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's qualification and restriction on Lord Brougham's well-known overstatement of the duties of an advocate.* "He wielded the arms of the warrior, not of the assassin; he strove to accomplish the interests of his client *per fas* and *not per nefas*, and sought to reconcile the interest he was bound to maintain, and the duty it was incumbent upon him to discharge with the stern and immutable interests of truth and justice." †

Though Erskine did not succeed in obtaining Paine's acquittal, his defence had the effect of mitigating the sentence. For conduct so offensive to those in high places he either — it is not clear which — was removed from, or, to avoid removal, resigned his office. He himself attributed his loss of office less to his defence of Paine than to his association with Fox and Grey in the Society of the Friends of the People, and his avowed attachment to the cause of Parliamentary Reform. Undeterred by his removal from, or enforced resignation of office, Erskine in 1797 supported Grey's Reform motion, insisting with Grey on the growing danger of the excessive predominance of the crown and on the not less danger of a growing disaffection among the people. Paine's case was not the only occasion in which Erskine encountered the prince's intolerance. When the clergyman of the parish in which stands Spa Fields Chapel, the cathedral of the "Countess of Huntingdon's Connection," prosecuted Lady Huntingdon in the Ecclesiastical Court for without his consent opening the chapel as a place of worship, connected with the Establishment, which as a peeress of the realm she mistakenly considered she had a right to do, Lady Anne, the sister of

Henry and Thomas Erskine, induced the venerable head of the Connection to consult Thomas Erskine, who told her the Toleration Act did not give her the right she imagined she possessed. "What shall I do," said she, looking at her shabby dress, "I who have spent all for the promotion of the Gospel? What shall I do who have reduced myself to this?" Erskine advised her to take the protection afforded by the Conventicle Act, which she did. He was rewarded by his client with "an inkstand of pure gold," and by that "most religious and gracious" prince his master, with the pious remonstrance, "God d—n it, Tom, you are the wickedest fellow in existence. I wonder God Almighty suffers you to live." A companion remark to this is that made by the prince's friend Best,* whom he most improperly made a judge. Best presided at the trial of some one for publishing a blasphemous libel. The defendant acted as his own counsel, and in his speech to the jury indulged himself in such freedom of speech, that the judge remarked to a colleague, "I am d—d if I will allow him to speak so disrespectfully of the Christian religion." "To abuse Erskine for encouraging sectarians" was, as he told Sir John Bowring, "a common usage of the prince." And now, he added, "the present king is a Methodist himself." † We doubt whether his Majesty would ever have been admitted a member of any Methodist society.

Thomas Erskine's vindication of the independence alike of the bar and of members of the House of Commons met with a well-deserved but unexpected reward. In 1805 he was sent for by the prince and offered the chancellorship of the duchy of Cornwall, which office had lain dormant since the reign of James the First, when Bacon held it under Henry Prince of Wales. In 1806, on the formation of the Fox-Grenville ministry, "All the Talents," as it was called, Erskine was offered the chancellorship, and following the precedent set by his immediate

* Afterwards Lord Wynford.

† This was said *circa* 1822, 332: "The present King being George IV." *Vide* Bowring's Autobiographical Recollections, p. 401. Conf. Henry Erskine, p. 175.

* In his speech in the "Queen's Case." Works, vol. ix., p. 83. Edition 1873.

† Oratorical Yearbook for 1865, p. 418.

and illustrious predecessor, exchanged the great seal of the duchy for that of the kingdom. With the chancellorship came a peerage. The prince — as his manner was — insisted with profane oaths that Erskine should take his title from the duchy of which he had been chancellor. He therefore, though he possessed not a rood of land in (to quote Carew) "the farthest shire of England westward," in which, indeed, so far as we can find, he never set foot, became Baron Erskine of Restormel in the county of Cornwall — one of whose glories it is to be thus associated with the name and fame of England's greatest advocate.* Restormel, Carew † tells us, "was sometime the duke's principal house." The massive and venerable ruins of the castle are seen by the traveller on the Cornwall Railway, as he approaches Lostwithiel, in old times the county town. The barony is an existing peerage. Within the last twelve months a great-grandson of the chancellor took his seat as fifth baron. He resembles his illustrious ancestor if in no other respect than this, that he exchanged the uniform of a military officer for a barrister's gown.

Thomas Erskine, more fortunate than his brother, has had his biography long since given to the world. Lord Brougham, in his "Statesmen of the Reign of George III.," gives a sketch of him which is in fact an *éloge*. It is fully corroborated by another sketch drawn by Lord Abinger, who also knew him well. ‡

The ties of the Scottish origin common to both Erskine and Campbell were too powerful for even Campbell's cynicism and love of depreciating others, and of all his "Lives of the Chancellors" that of Erskine § is the fairest and most candid and most appreciative.

Little fresh information as to Thomas Erskine is given by Col. Ferguson. One well-known story of him, that of his having preached while he still wore an ensign's uniform, is proved; he at least on one occasion preached to the men of his (the 1st Royal) regiment ¶ a sermon which was printed. ¶¶ It is in no way remark-

* The particulars of Lord Erskine's removal from office, and his subsequent appointment as chancellor of the duchy of Cornwall, are given in Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. vi., p. 455 *et seq.*; and see the letter of Lord Erskine to Howell, editor of the State Trials, at p. 459. Conf. Memoir of Henry Erskine, p. 345 and note.

† In his Survey of Cornwall.

‡ See Memoir of Lord Abinger, p. 64.

§ Vol. vi., p. 357 *et seq.*

¶ At St. Helier's, Jersey, Dec. 31, 1769.

¶¶ *Vide* Henry Erskine, p. 101, and the Extracts from the Sermon, Appendix, No. III., p. 539.

able, and savors rather of the school of Blair than of the Evangelical school, whose tenets his family held. Had it come to the notice of his "far-away cousins" Ralph and Ebenezer, they would have condemned it as "cauld rife morality" and a "legal testimony." In later life Thomas Erskine probably regarded this youthful production as did Bishop Thirlwall his premature "Primitiæ."* Lord Brougham agrees with Lord Abinger that Thomas Erskine was a man of "ill-regulated passions." Lord Kenyon, we are told, was wont to call these imperfections spots in the sun. It must with sorrow be added, "that as the lustre of the luminary became more dim the spots did not contract in their dimensions." † Erskine was besides addicted, after the fashion of his day, especially among lawyers, ‡ to the use of profane oaths; nevertheless, Lord Brougham attributes to him "an habitually religious disposition of mind;" certain is it that in the novel "Armata," published towards the close of his life, there is an argument for the immortality of the soul, pronounced by Lord Campbell to be "beautiful." §

Sir John Bowring, who at that time saw much of him, relates that

there was then but little left of that fine and fiery eloquence which characterized his youth. Once only — he adds — do I remember anything particularly striking in his conversation . . . he began to talk of the evidences of Christianity. He became greatly excited, his mind expanded more and more, and at last he burst into such a stream of oratory as I never heard. His eye flashed with light and he spoke as if inspired, the tones of his voice, too, being singularly beautiful. ||

This eloquent outburst was probably a *rechauffé* of his speech for the prosecution in the case of Williams, tried and convicted for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason." ¶¶

At the time of Henry Erskine's birth Lord Buchan lived in his family house at the head of Gray's Close, Edinburgh, a modest, if not humble, dwelling — in fact the family were at this time in reduced circumstances, but their house was the

* Thirlwall's Letters to a Friend, pp. 155, 156.

† Brougham's Erskine *ubi supra*. Memoir of Lord Abinger, 64.

‡ The profanity of Thurlow, Eldon, Wynford, and other lawyers of the time of George III. and the Regency is known to every one.

§ It is given in the Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vi., p. 625.

|| Bowring's Autobiographical Recollections, p. 399.

¶¶ In the King's Bench, June 26, 1800. The speech is the most declamatory of all Thomas Erskine's speeches.

resort of the best Edinburgh society of the day, including the leaders of the bar and of the General Assembly. Lady Buchan was a woman of great intellectual power, which she had assiduously cultivated. She had, a rare thing for a woman of that time, studied mathematics under Colin Mackenzie, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and she educated her boys until they were of an age to require more systematic instruction. The family removed about 1760 to St. Andrews, where also their house was frequented by the best society of the university town. Sixty years later Lord Campbell, when a student at St. Andrews, was shown a cave, then still called Lady Buchan's Cave, where she had been used to drink tea, and made her toilet when she bathed. On February 25, 1760, Henry matriculated as a student of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard. Towards the end of 1763 the family removed to Bath, Henry going to Glasgow University. The motive for this change of residence was the reputation "Bath" enjoyed as a "highly favored city," where the gospel was preached by Whitefield with "affectionate simplicity, earnestness and power," under the auspices of the venerable person to whom we have already alluded, whom her adherents delighted to honor as "the Elect Lady Selina, Countess of Huntingdon;" but whom Cardinal Newman has named "Selina Episcopa," and who perhaps would be more accurately described as "the Pope Joan of Calvinistic Methodism."

The earl's sister, Frances, was the widow of that Colonel Gardiner, the circumstances of whose death at Prestonpans are known to every reader of "Waverley." She had been for years a correspondent of Lady Huntingdon. It was at the instance of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine that Whitefield first crossed the Tweed to preach the gospel to "the lifeless, lukewarm, and upsitten Scotch." Whitefield's unsound views on patronage — that ever-crucial question in Scotland — were regarded by his inviters as "a diabolical delusion," and they resorted to fasting and "humiliation" "in atonement for the fond reception" given him. Lord Buchan and his family, though in their own country considered "excellent God-fearing people," were looked on by English Calvinistic Methodists as little better than unconverted heathen, but after their introduction to Lady Huntingdon and the junior members of the Hawkestone family,* they received in their in-

* *i.e.*, "The Hills." For an account of them see

tegrity "those great and momentous truths" which are, or were, the characteristic tenets of the Connection of Selina Countess of Huntingdon. Lord Buchan died at Bath. He did not experience the fate which Sydney Smith described as being "preached to death by wild curates," but the leaders of the Connection sought to "improve the occasion" of the death of so eminent a member, and Whitefield preached in Lady Huntingdon's chapel no less than eight funeral sermons over the corpse.* On the death of the "Elect Lady," Anne Agnes Erskine, the sister to whom we have before referred, was raised to the vacant episcopal or papal throne.

Henry Erskine, during the time of his family's residence at Bath, was pursuing his studies first at Glasgow and afterwards at the sister university of Edinburgh, where he took up civil law, rhetoric, and moral philosophy in the classes of Professors Wallace, Hugh Blair, and Adam Ferguson, having for fellow-students in the last-named class William Adam,† Adam Ferguson,‡ and Gilbert Eliot,§ with all of whom he was afterwards in different ways connected. He also became a member of the Forum Debating Society; in the debates of that body he laid the foundation of that power of extempore speaking which afterwards made him the greatest advocate Scotland has ever known.

He did not enjoy the opportunities of spiritual illumination enjoyed by his parents and others of his family during their sojourn at Bath. Once only during his father's life he visited "the Queen of the West." He was not present at his father's death and the rhetorical obsequies which followed, but once again he visited the city then, as ever, distinguished alike for its natural aperient and its awakening ministry, to escort his mother on her return to Edinburgh, where she ended her life.

We learn on his son's authority || that his earnest wish was to enter the ministry of the English Church, and that he very

Lord Teignmouth's Reminiscences, vol. i., p. 94 *et seq.* The well-known Sir Richard Hill and his brother the better known Rev. Rowland Hill were members of this family.

* The funeral ceremonies are described in a well-known letter of Whitefield, which is reprinted in Henry Erskine, p. 87.

† Who succeeded Thomas Erskine as chancellor of the duchy of Cornwall, and became lord commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland.

‡ Afterwards General Sir Adam Ferguson.

§ Afterwards first Earl Minto.

|| The twelfth Earl of Buchan; *vide* Henry Erskine, p. 95.

reluctantly determined to follow the legal profession, but this statement is inconsistent with the attachment not only to the Presbyterian form of Church government, but to the Calvinistic theology for which his family as well as himself were remarkable. Be that as it may he determined to make the law his profession, and passed as advocate in 1768. There were some obstacles to his success; he possessed, what has been fatal to many an aspirant to legal honors, a fortune, small indeed, but sufficient to enable him to live as a private gentleman according to the simpler habits of those times. Lord Campbell relates that the elder brother, the eleventh earl, used to boast that both Henry and Thomas owed everything to him, because by his refusal to make them the allowances usual to younger sons of peers* he compelled them to work for their living, but the earl's statements were oftentimes random, and Colonel Ferguson is in possession of information not in Lord Campbell's possession.

In person Henry Erskine was considered to be handsome in no common degree; he was singularly good-natured. His manners were polished, and he had a captivating address. He was always considered the ideal of a Scottish gentleman. In this respect he was a strong contrast to his brother Thomas, who by all accounts talked in society in a *gauche* and foolish way. Madame d'Arblay's description of him is well known, but if it stood alone it could not be trusted. She had dwelt too long in the back stairs of Kew and Windsor to see in one who was the friend alike of the heir-apparent and of Fox and Grey, and a member of the Society of the Friends of the People, anything but what was objectionable; her testimony, however, is corroborated by that of Sheridan and by the traditions of Holland House.†

It is needless to add that Henry Erskine's society was eagerly sought after. Lord Eldon used to say "that he knew no other way for a young man to get on at the bar but to live like a hermit and work like a horse;" but Erskine overcame the conjoint obstacles of a small fortune and

social popularity. From his first appearing at the bar he began to rise to professional eminence; his superiority was soon established and never questioned. Not only in social but also in professional qualifications there were great contrasts between the brothers. Henry brought to the bar a scholastic training uncommon at that date, not only among members of the Scottish bar, but among Scottish gentlemen of all ranks. Thomas was a student of St. Andrews, and after his brief periods of naval and military service matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge,* and yet—according to Lord Brougham—he had "hardly any access to the beauties of Attic eloquence, whether in prose or verse." Lord Campbell, indeed, goes further, and says "he learned little of Greek beyond the alphabet." According to the traditions of Holland House, "when he first came to the bar he spoke very broad Scotch, he had never read more than the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton; and in three years he spoke eloquent English, and was quite a gentleman in manners." Lord Brougham adds that "Shakespeare he was more familiar with than almost any man of his age, and Milton he nearly had by heart, nor can it be denied that the study of the speeches in 'Paradise Lost' is as good a substitute as can be found for the immortal originals in the Greek models, upon which those great productions have manifestly been formed." † With Dryden and Pope he was also well acquainted. He was celebrated for his *vers de société*, and was a frequent pamphleteer on diversified subjects. His first pamphlet, published while he was yet an ensign, was on "Army Abuses." His last, published in the same year in which he died, was on "Agricultural Distress."

Not long before that time he published his political romance, "Armata," which received the warm approbation of Dr. Parr, ever his friend and enthusiastic admirer. If Lord Campbell's judgment may be trusted, it resembled partly More's "Utopia," and partly "Gulliver's Travels." ‡

Henry Erskine possessed, if not the divine gift of poetry, yet a power of versification, in which he indulged throughout

* Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vi., p. 794.

† See Madame d'Arblay's Diary, vol. v., pp. 319 *et seq.* as to Sheridan. See Memoir of Lord Abinger, p. 65; and as to Holland House, see Sir Charles Lyell's letter to his sister, Life of Lyell, vol. ii., p. 8; but contra, see Brougham's Statesmen of George III., title Erskine, but he refers to Erskine's later years. With regard to Madame d'Arblay, the authority of her narratives generally is powerfully attacked in the "Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany," New Series, vol. iii., p. 360 *et seq.*

* *Vide* Henry Erskine, p. 64, note.

† Brougham's Statesmen of George III., title Erskine. Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vi., and the letter of Sir Charles Lyell *ubi supra*.

‡ Specimens of Lord Erskine's *vers de société* are given in Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vi., p. 686. As to his pamphlets, see pp. 380, 300, 671; as to "Armata," p. 621.

his life. Specimens of his versified effusions abound throughout this volume, but we confess not even a sense of our duty as reviewers can compel us to read them. He enjoyed the benefit of a school of training as a public speaker which was denied to his younger brother. *Pari passu* with his advance at the bar, he was gaining a position in the General Assembly, then thought to be "the best theatre for deliberative eloquence in Scotland." He became a ruling elder in the Kirk, and as such sat as a member of the Assembly. Wedderburn,* and Erskine's great and successful rival, Henry Dundas, also became elders for the purpose of advancing their success at the bar. The qualifications for the Assembly of Wedderburn and Dundas were analogous to those which, according to some, make Gibbon the best ecclesiastical historian, and according to others, would make an atheist the best judge to administer the Public Worship Regulation Act. Erskine, like Councillor Crossmyloof in "The Heart of Midlothian," was "weel kend for a round spun Presbyterian." "He was known," says Colonel Ferguson, "to be possessed of a large share of the deep religious feeling which was a marked peculiarity of his family, and to be zealously attached to the Presbyterian faith, the tenets and discipline of which he was at all times ready to uphold." †

We presume the gallant author meant to say "zealously attached to the tenets of the Calvinistic faith and to Presbyterian discipline." Presbyterianism is not a faith, but a form of Church government. The tenets of the Erskines were Calvinistic, or, in more modern phrase, Evangelical. In the Church courts Erskine was invariably listened to with deference. The General Assembly was an arena of free and open debate where the speaker was untrammelled by the formal manner and traditional customs of the bar, and could "indulge his hearers and his own natural bent with speeches argumentative, humorous, or declamatory, as occasion might require." ‡ In his earlier days, therefore, Henry Erskine's power of speaking had a wider scope and freer course than his brother's. The want of similar opportunities alone prevented Thomas Erskine from taking a place in Parliament equal to that which he held at the bar. But if regarded as advocates there were points of difference between

the brothers. The points of resemblance were more and greater. In the case of each brother the speaker's eloquence was enhanced by a handsome and commanding presence, by a graceful and high-bred manner, and by all the charms of a fascinating delivery. The very sound of Thomas's voice invited you to listen,* while of Henry's it was said as of Hortensius, *vox canora et suavis*. Each brother was distinguished by a gaiety of manner and by the genial courtesy with which he treated and spoke of his opponents. The intellect of each was rather rapid and acute than deep or forcible. They were equal in the almost infallible sagacity which they displayed in the management of a cause. In a comparative estimate of the two brothers regard must be had to the different circumstances at that time of the bars of England and of Scotland. North of the Tweed justice was administered by the fifteen lords of session and the five lords of justiciary according to the forms described in "Redgauntlet" and "The Heart of Midlothian," and before the alterations in Scottish legal procedure initiated by Henry Erskine himself. When he passed as advocate civil cases were never tried by a jury, and the pleadings in the Court of Session were more commonly carried on in writing † than *viva voce*; the language used at the bar was little better than an imperfect dialect of English without its strength and precision, and at the same time lacking the quaint graphic power of the Scottish tongue when spoken in its purity. Custom required advocates to address the judges according to certain antiquated forms, and in a whining tone of which even the exact cadence was prescribed in unctuous style. The elocution of the bar closely resembled that of Donald Cargill and George Whitefield. As Henry Erskine rose at the bar he gradually threw aside these antiquated shackles. He left untried no rhetorical art by which to secure his object, the winning of the cause. He gave free scope to his imagination, clothing his ideas in language of the utmost grace and purity of style, so that it might be said of his diction, as Byron said of his brother's, "You would not change

* Lord Abinger's Memoir, p. 65. Conf. Brougham's Statesmen, title Erskine. H. Erskine, p. 518, note.

† A specimen of such written pleadings in the case of *Marsport v. Lackland* will be found in "The Heart of Midlothian," chap. 12. Boswell tells us that one of the lords of session said to him: "Give yourself no trouble in the composition of the papers you send us; for indeed it is casting pearls before swine." (Life of Johnson, chap. xix.)

* Afterwards Lord Loughborough and Earl Rosslyn.

† Henry Erskine, p. 97.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 97-8.

a word." The effect of his delivery was enhanced by his having divested himself of all trace of provincial accent.*

The smaller amount of business in the Scottish compared with the English courts led to the Scottish bar being more discursive and more diffuse in speech than their English brethren. Illustrations of the leisurely proceedings of the Scottish courts are given in the volume before us.

On one occasion a person who was present at the sitting of the Court of Session, returning late in the afternoon, found the same case still on, and the same advocate still bestowing on the court, to adopt Lord Denman's description of Sir Frederick Pollock, "tediousness in a spirit of lavish prodigality."† He remarked to Lord Cockburn, "Surely — is wasting a great deal of time." "Time!" was the reply, "lang ago he has exhaustit time and has encroach't upon eternity."‡ On another occasion Henry Erskine intimated that it was not necessary for him long to occupy the attention of the court, when one of their lordships, by way of protest, burst out, "Hoot, Maister Harry, dinna be brief — dinna be brief."§

Lord Brougham, who from his earliest days was intimate with both Henry and Thomas Erskine, has left it on record that the two brothers agreed in esteeming it to be the first duty of an advocate to sacrifice everything to the cause in hand, to indulge in no topic, nor any illustration, nor any comment, not even a phrase or a word, that did not directly and manifestly in some material particular contribute to win the judgment of the court or the verdict of the jury.||

Parenthetically we may observe that we are lost in amazement at the opinion expressed by Mr. Hayward, himself a member of the bar, that Thomas Erskine "was quite as discursive as Curran, and even more egotistical. Witness the introduction of the savage with the bundle of sticks in the speech for Stockdale."¶ The slightest attention to the method of that speech will show the bearing on the argument, and the force of that celebrated passage of which Lord Brougham truly says, "There are no finer things in modern and few finer in ancient eloquence."

It was said by one of the judges of the

* Henry Erskine, p. 428.

† Life of Lord Denman, vol. ii., p. xi.

‡ Henry Erskine, p. 429, note.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

|| *Vide* Henry Erskine, p. 427. Conf. Brougham's *Statements of George III. title Erskine, his Autobiography*, vol. i., p. 235.

¶ Hayward's *Essays*, Third Series, p. 368.

Queen's Bench that a day at Nisi Prius was very dull unless Thomas Erskine appeared, as he always made it entertaining by his wit and imagination, and the lords of session always expected "to be made gay" when Henry Erskine appeared before them. He also was a master of the art, *ridendi dicere veruna*.

Erskine, who, when'er he spoke,
Made law seem lightsome by his mirthful joke;
Even stern-faced Newton could not gravely sit,
But shook his wig at Harry's playful wit.*

As in the case of the late Charles Buller, Henry Erskine's reputation for wit and humor somewhat overshadowed his higher and graver qualities. "Notwithstanding the fascination it threw around him, he had better (in the opinion of Lord Cockburn) have been without it. It established obstructing associations of cheerfulness whenever he appeared in the public mind."† He might have said of himself as did Archbishop Whateley, that he ought to have carried on his back a notice, "Rubbish shot here," for as in Dublin so in Edinburgh, there was no story too ridiculous, no jest however broad, the paternity of which was not by common rumor attributed in one case to the head of the Church, in the other to the head of the bar. But

a very great mistake [says Lord Brougham] was committed by bystanders, or generally by those who either heard, or heard of, Henry Erskine's speeches and fancied they were all joke — all to amuse the crowd, or at best to turn his adversary and his arguments into ridicule. He was a most argumentative speaker; and if he sometimes did more than was necessary he never for an instant lost sight of the point to be pressed on his audience by all the means he could employ, and which really were every weapon of eloquence except declamation and appeals to the tender feelings. Of course a great cause placed him more under restraint, and more called forth his exertions; yet it was singular how much he would sometimes labor even in the most ordinary matters. However, if I were to name the most consummate exhibition of forensic talent that I ever witnessed, whether in the skilful conduct of the argument, the felicity of the copious illustrations, the cogency of the reasoning, or the dexterous appeal to the prejudices of the Court, I should, without hesitation, at once point to his address (*hearing in presence*) in Maitland's case; and were my friend Lauderdale alive to him I should appeal, for he heard it with me, and came away declaring that his brother Thomas never surpassed — nay, he thought never equalled it ‡

* From "November Twelfth," a contemporary poem quoted in Henry Erskine, p. 422.

† Henry Erskine, pp. 100-101.

‡ Lord Brougham's *Autobiography*, vol. i., pp. 230-2.

Lord Jeffrey also testifies that Henry Erskine "was not only distinguished for the peculiar brilliancy of his wit and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but equally by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. . . . All his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning."*

Among the disadvantages of Henry's position as compared with that of his younger brother, one was that Henry's practice was almost entirely confined to the Scottish courts, though, of course, he occasionally appeared in the Commune Forum of the kingdom, the House of Lords. On one of these occasions, Lord Campbell tells us that "all the courts in Westminster Hall were deserted from a curiosity to compare the two brothers, and full justice was done to the elder." † Moreover, as a rule the cases in which he was engaged, though of the utmost importance to those concerned, were of little public or general interest. "What," to borrow Lord Cockburn's words, "preserves the forensic glory of Thomas Erskine, except the State Trials, which gave subjects of permanent dignity to his genius, and which, thus sustained, made his genius immortal?" ‡ Henry Erskine's memory also suffers from this disadvantage, that while Thomas Erskine's speeches are preserved to us with a care and correctness which those only of Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham among the speakers of his day enjoy, and were revised by himself, mostly at the several times of their first publication, of Henry Erskine's speeches we have no such collection, and the scanty extracts from them given in this memoir are not sufficient to enable us to form any accurate judgment of their merits or a comparison between his efforts and those of his brother.

Of the wit and humor for which Henry Erskine was so renowned, Col. Ferguson gives but few specimens, but they are authentic: he has well sifted the rubbish attributed to the distinguished subject of this memoir. He tells Erskine's well-known reply to Dundas in a more pointed form than we have before seen it. On the formation of the Coalition Ministry of 1783 Erskine succeeded Dundas as lord advocate.

An interview took place between the new

* Quoted in Henry Erskine, p. 101.

† Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vi., 705.

‡ Life of Lord Jeffrey, vol. i., p. 244, quoted in Henry Erskine, p. 427.

and the old Lord Advocate in the Parliament House. Erskine observing that Dundas had lost no time in divesting himself of the robe of office, having resumed the ordinary stuff gown usually worn by advocates, said gaily, that he supposed he "ought to leave off talking and go and order his silk gown," the proper garb of the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General. "It is hardly worth while," said Dundas drily, "for the time you will want it; you had better borrow mine." Erskine's reply was happy and characteristic: "From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is a gown made to fit *any party*; but however short my time in office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he adopted the abandoned habits of his predecessor."*

Equally ready and happy was this reply. He was addressing the House of Lords in a Scotch appeal relating to a trust estate. In the course of his speech he had frequently occasion to mention the "cūrators," always pronouncing the word in the manner approved in the Scottish courts — that is with the accent on the first syllable. One of the English judges — Mr. Erskine's son understood that it was Lord Mansfield who was so fastidious — could stand this no longer and exclaimed:

"Mr. Erskine, we are in the habit in this country of saying *curātor*, following the analogy of the Latin, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long."

"I thank your Lordship very much," was Erskine's reply, "we are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *curātor* we follow the analogy of the *English* language; but I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a senator and so great an *orātor* as your Lordship." †

Lord Mansfield [remarks Colonel Ferguson] being himself an emigrant from Scotland, was doubtless not unwilling to show his own superior attainments in the direction of civilization, forgetful how ticklish a question is that of the quantities of classical words in English.

There is an error here either as to the date or the person. The retort is said to have been made by Erskine at the time he was lord advocate under "All the Talents," ‡ but Lord Mansfield last attended the House of Lords § on 22nd May, 1788, and died 20th March, 1793. He therefore could not have been the person who cor-

* Henry Erskine, p. 241; see the remarks on this story in the *Quarterly Review*, "Henry Erskine and his Times," *LIVING AGE*, No. 2005, p. 451.

† Henry Erskine, p. 448.

‡ 1806-7.

§ Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices, vol. ii., 566-7.

rected Erskine. But if the scene occurred during Erskine's first tenure of office 1783-4, probably Mansfield was the person. If it occurred in 1806-7, either Lord Eldon or Lord Redesdale would have been delighted to catch tripping a Whig official and a Scotchman, and the more so since his brother was then presiding on the woolsack.

Another anecdote shows equal readiness, and at the same time the ascendancy Erskine had over the judges.

He had been several years at the Bar, and his character established as a leader of the first rank, when he was engaged in a case, with a somewhat inexperienced young hand as his junior. The cause was heard before the "fifteen" lords. At one stage of the trial, while the junior counsel was addressing the Bench, a discussion arose on a point of law of some nicety; a debate of considerable warmth ensued, in which several of the judges took part, precedents were referred to, and a case was found which it was thought might possibly be read as having a bearing on the point at issue. The young lawyer, however, had more zeal for his client than tact in the management of a somewhat delicate question. With finger on book he continued his remarks, saying that "with the case of Tosh and Macfarlane (or some equally valuable precedent) before them, he *was surprised* to hear their lordships say so and so." Instantly he was snapped up by more than one of the venerable senators, who had "never heard sic impudence." "Was this what the Bar was coming to?" and so forth. Of course regret was expressed by the speaker, but throughout the rest of the address it was but too evident that the young advocate had stroked "widdershins," the judicial ermine, to an extent which boded no good to the case Erskine had in hand. It therefore became necessary to remove the unfavorable impression that had been produced without a moment's loss of time.

The much revolving *witty advocate* applied himself to this as soon as he rose to speak. He took the earliest moment, he said, of expressing his concurrence in the regret felt by his young friend for the ill-advised but thoughtless expression that had fallen from him. But of one thing, he said, he could confidently assure their lordships. "When my young and inexperienced brother has practised as long at this Bar as I have, I can safely say he will be *surprised at nothing* your lordships may say!" The laugh which ensued had the effect desired by the crafty advocate.*

Any of our readers who five-and-thirty years ago were familiar with the court of the then vice-chancellor of England will be reminded by this story of Sir Lancelot Shadwell and Mr. Bethell.†

* Campbell's Lives of the Justices, p. 421-2.
† Lord Westbury.

Even the debates of the General Assembly furnished subjects for Erskine's wit and humor. Referring to a well-known leader in that body to whom he was often opposed, he was wont to say "that running down Hill was easy and pleasant work."*

His character as the most popular man in Edinburgh society must have been firmly established before he could venture to give so hard a hit as that which we now relate.

His kinsman, Lord Kellie, who was notorious for his unruly living, was

amusing his company with an account of a sermon he had heard in a church in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Anthony, who, when on shipboard, attracted the fishes by his preaching, so that in order to listen to the pious discourse they held their heads out of the water. "I can well believe the miracle," said Erskine. "How so?" "When your lordship was at church there was at least one fish out of water." †

His rendering (we are told) of certain of the old Latin mottoes over the doors in St. Mary's Wynd and the Cowgate in Edinburgh were extremely witty, but hardly such as bear publication. We may judge of them from this anecdote. A certain Mr. Lawes, an acquaintance of the family, whom he bored a good deal with his tiresome talk, died. "What shall be his epitaph?" inquired Erskine's granddaughter. "Laus Deo" was his reply.

One story told by Colonel Ferguson we decline to accept as historical, for it is utterly inconsistent with Erskine's unvarying courtesy and general good humor, and unworthy his reputation as the *ideal Scottish gentleman*. On one occasion, it is said, he dined with an incorporated body of tailors.

In the course of the evening they had drunk the health of their guest and counselor, to which he felt called upon to reply before leaving the party. He rose to do so; and chancing to notice that there were exactly *eighteen* of his entertainers, the tailors, at the table, he concluded his speech by wishing "health, long life, and prosperity to both of you!" but before the meaning of the allusion had dawned upon them he had vanished from the room ‡

A more probable story is that during Johnson's visit to Edinburgh Erskine met him in the Parliament Close led by Boswell. Of course Boswell introduced the

* Lord Westbury, p. 98.

† Ibid., p. 141.

‡ Ibid., p. 401.

great advocate to "the sage." The gentlemen bowed, but Erskine passed on with nothing more than "your servant, sir," taking care, however, to slip into Boswell's hand a shilling "for the sight of his bear."* With constitutional intrepidity Thomas Erskine whilst still an ensign had ventured to encounter Johnson in conversation, even on ground so dangerous as a Scriptural question.†

At the time Henry Erskine came to the bar

a few owners of land held, under the title of superiorities, the whole parliamentary representation of Scotland in their hands. The supremacy of Dundas and his followers, who were as intolerant, as corrupt, and as powerful in the Scotch as the Beresfords in the Irish community, was not even mitigated by the influence of a majority of numbers which in Ireland belonged so manifestly to the Roman Catholics. Lord Archibald Hamilton was almost the only man who dared in Parliament to raise his voice in the cause of right and justice. During the early days of the French war a lawyer or man of letters, who spoke against the excess of arbitrary power, could, if a lawyer, hardly obtain a brief; or, if a philosopher, scarcely use his literary talent without the fear of being oppressed and excluded from the legitimate use of his freedom by the oppressive mandate of an insolent majority.‡

Scotland—says Lord Brougham—had no popular spirit from having no popular elections, and her courts of justice were at that time considerably behind the courts of Westminster.

Henry Erskine, notwithstanding his known Whiggism, soon established a reputation which, after his death, was thus poetically described:—

The lawyer, whose unspotted name
Virtue exulting gives to fame,
The patriot, whom no threat could bend,
No bribe seduce to leave his friend.
(That friend, his country's proudest boast,
By slaves assailed at freedom's post.)

There was in Edinburgh at that time a mixture of classes to an extent we now can hardly realize. They were brought into the closest contact by reason of the concentration of public life within very narrow limits. It was the custom for advocates to frequent some particular tavern for the purpose of seeing their clients

* In allusion to Mrs. Boswell's complaint: "I have seen many a bear led by a man; but I never before saw a man led by a bear." (Boswell's Johnson, chap. xxii.)

† Henry Erskine, p. 130, *Ibid.*, chap. xix.

‡ Earl Russell's Recollections and Suggestions, pp. 324-5-6. Conf. Brougham's Statesmen of George III. title Dundas, and the Memoir of Dr. Thomas Brown prefixed to his "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

without the intervention of a solicitor, as Counsellor Pleydell saw Dandie Dinmont. By this arrangement the necessity for chambers, so great an expense to young members of the English bar, was saved. When the day's work in the courts was over, the advocates used to call at the house of a certain Mrs. Flockhart in the Potter Row, and there refresh themselves with one solitary glass of brandy.* This free and unrestrained intercourse of the counsel with the client produced a more direct personal interest in the suitors than is common with the English bar, and led to Erskine taking up, as the phrase ran, "without fee or reward," many a case of hardship and distress, and using for the benefit of the poor and the down-trodden the abilities which Providence had given him. This more than any other cause was the secret of his wonderful popularity among his countrymen. The saying attributed to one of the Dandie Dinmont class is well known, "There's no poor man in a' Scotland need want a friend or fear an enemy sae lang as Hairy Erskine lives."† Notwithstanding this generous liberality his gains at the bar were greater than those of any other member of the bar. Sixteen years after he had passed as advocate a relation wrote of him: "He makes more of his business than ever any lawyer did, above £2,700 a year for two years back."‡ When Thomas Erskine had been thirteen years at the English bar, Lord Buchan wrote of him: "Of the extraordinary increase of his business I shall say nothing, though his receipts for the last year are up to ten thousand pounds, more by sixteen hundred guineas than ever was gained by any lawyer at the bar." This statement was confirmed by Thomas Erskine himself; his business, he says, "was beyond all instance or example since Rufus built the hall of Westminster."§

When Henry Erskine was presented to George III. on his becoming lord advocate, in 1806, the old king, then tolerably sane, blurted out, "Not so rich as Tom, eh? Not so rich as Tom?" "Your Majesty," replied his Majesty's advocate, "will please to remember my brother is playing at the guinea table and I at the shilling one."||

* Readers of "Redgauntlet" will remember the description of the clerks of the Court of Session wending their way hand in hand and in silence across the Parliament House Close to a tavern where they partook of their meridian.

† Henry Erskine, p. 474.

‡ Henry Erskine, p. 200.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 389. This was in 1791.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 440, *ex relatione* Henry Erskine, junior.

His first attempt to gain an official position at the bar was unsuccessful; the dignified and responsible office of procurator to the Church fell vacant, and relying on his knowledge and experience of Church politics and the business and procedure of the General Assembly, and on his hereditary connection with the leaders of the Evangelicals, or "High-flyers," as they were then called, he became a candidate. His opponent, representing the Moderates, was William Robertson, the eldest son of Principal Robertson, the historian, who defeated Erskine by a narrow majority.

At length, after fifteen years' practice at the bar, he became lord advocate under the Coalition Ministry.* "I expect soon to see the time—wrote the Erskines' friend, William Adam—when two Erskines in two different climates practising, are to be at the head of the profession in the different countries, where unlike Castor and Pollux of old, the one will not be in the shades below when the other is in heaven, but both at once lords of the ascendant in their respective hemispheres." †

His tenure of office was short, during it he was mainly occupied in its political duties. He was also at this time made advocate and state counsellor of the Prince of Wales on his establishment as great steward of Scotland. Thomas was also made the prince's attorney-general ‡ in England. Each of the brothers, therefore, was at the same time, on his own side of the Tweed, the highest law officer of the heir-apparent.

The new lord advocate had no seat in Parliament, and Sir Thomas Dundas had the management in London of the Scottish business of the government. From his correspondence with Erskine we gain some side lights on the history of that troubled time. The Coalition, we learn, expected to carry Fox's India Bill in the Lords "by a great majority. I wish I was as sure—so William Adam is reported to have said—of the kingdom of Heaven as I am of carrying our bill this evening."

The lord advocate was much commended for his exertions in sending up "the Scots peers or their proxies" to swell the expected majority. *Dis aliter visum*. The bill was thrown out and the Coalition dismissed. Their adherents at first looked on Pitt's administration "as still-

* 15th August, 1783. *Vide* Annual Register for that year.

† Henry Erskine, p. 241.

‡ 19th November, 1783. *Vide* the Annual Register for that year.

born." "They begin," wrote Dundas to Erskine,* "to look upon it as all over themselves;" and he adds what was surely an unfounded report, for there is no fact in our history better established than that the Coalition was upset by the king's influence in soliciting the votes of the peers against his own ministers. This interference was notorious and almost avowed. † "The K— has lately used expressions which are not very promising in their favor, such as 'He had no wish to turn out the late ministry,' and 'These gentlemen have taken the government upon themselves—they have themselves to blame if they cannot carry it on.' All this looks very much like preparing for a change." ‡ This illusion of a speedy change was soon dispelled; within a month Dundas wrote: "We shall probably have a motion in the House to-day for the king to remove the present ministers which we shall certainly carry. . . . It is reported that there is an answer ready similar to that of Charles II." This it is conjectured refers to the answer made by Charles II. in 1678 to an address for the removal of Lauderdale, "This address is so extravagant that I am not willing speedily to give it the answer it deserves." § On occasion of the then annual service in Westminster Abbey on January 30, "the day of the Martyrdom of the Blessed King Charles the First"—as it was absurdly called—there was—Lord Buchan writes to his brother Henry—"a ridiculous incident in the choice of the anthem, in which, from the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, there was this passage, 'I am in the midst of mine enemies. *They have called up an assembly against me to crush my young men.*' I pointed it out to the prebendary, Dr. Finch, who sate in the next stall to me. *The anthem was changed.*" Considering the hostile attitude of the House of Commons to "the angry boy," as Sheridan called Pitt, the coincidence was singular, as was also another which we learn from the same letter. "Monday the 2nd of February the Purification of the Virgin," was "the great day when by the resolutions of the House of Commons the Constitution was attempted to be purified from the stains of corruption." ¶

* 1st January, 1784.

† Sir G. C. Lewis' Administration of Great Britain, p. 63.

‡ Henry Erskine, pp. 252-3.

§ Henry Erskine, p. 254 and note.

¶ Henry Erskine, p. 255. The Houses at the time attended the State services.

The Coalition still labored to keep up their hopes. "The present glorious ministers," wrote Dundas,* "begin to droop most piteously." But a month later he wrote, "You will probably be much surprised when you hear that we carried the question of a representation to the king [against the continuance of the ministry] last night only by one vote."

Parliament was soon afterwards dissolved; the party of Fox and North were nowhere at the polls, and Pitt settled down to his uninterrupted ministry of sixteen years.

It is noteworthy, as illustrating the official morality of the time, that even when Erskine and Dundas were no longer in office Sir Thomas wrote, "All your letters and mine are opened in London." Indeed, Lord Shelburne told Jeremy Bentham that the practice of opening letters was always carried on with great activity during the reign of George III.†

It was some compensation for Erskine's loss of the lord advocate's silk gown that at the close of 1785 he was, after a keen contest, chosen by his brethren of the bar dean of the Faculty of Advocates. This office, though purely honorary, is held in the highest estimation by Scottish advocates. The qualifications for it are acknowledged eminence at the bar, conjoined with seniority. It shows the high estimation in which Erskine was held by his legal brethren that, notwithstanding the Tory feeling which at that time ran high throughout the country, the lord advocate of the unpopular Coalition was chosen by the bar as their official head. His correspondent Thomas Dundas congratulated his colleague in these forcible words:—

My dear Dean of Faculty. . . I rejoice and am exceeding glad at your victory—and a great victory it appears to me to be, because your opponents certainly stirr'd Heaven and Earth, with all the hellish powers of administration, to defeat you and the cause of freedom at the Scots bar. You have now, thank God, got the command over our enemies, and I know you will make a good use of it.‡

In 1787 Erskine appeared in the Gen-

* February, 1784. He refers to Pitt's ministry.

† Ibid., p. 260; Bowring's *Autobiographical Recollections*, p. 97. The practice was common in Ireland, so late as the reign of George IV. *Torrens' Memoirs of Melbourne*, vol. i., p. 254, *et seq.* Bowring says, *ubi supra*, "I received a hint from Earl Durham (when a member of the Grey Cabinet) that I should be very cautious as to what I wrote, for my letters were among those stopped at the post-office, and that he had seen one of my letters on the table of King William IV."

‡ Henry Erskine, p. 265.

eral Assembly as leader in a still remembered ecclesiastical contest. Its object was the clerkship of the General Assembly, an office always coveted by the ministers of the Scottish Establishment. The contending parties were the "Moderates" on the one side, and the "High-flyers," or "Evangelicals," on the other. Dr. Carlyle, a Tory and a supporter of Pitt's government and of patronage—who is known to this day by his nickname of "Jupiter Carlyle"—was the "Moderate." Dr. Dalzell, professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, was the "Evangelical" candidate. Henry Dundas, now again lord advocate, was the leader for Carlyle, Henry Erskine for Dalzell.

Mrs. Mure of Caldwell, the well-known friend of David Hume, and a relative of the Erskines, wrote to one of the family: "It came quite to be a political affair, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox combatants. The latter, however, merely carried it by the great abilities and exertions of our friend Harry Erskine."*

At this time the burghs of Scotland were governed by town councils, which were self-elected and managed the burgh affairs, very much after the fashion of the American rings of our day. A movement was set on foot for what was afterwards called municipal reform, a reform of the government of the burghs, but not proposing to interfere with their Parliamentary representation, if that system could be called representation in which "all the handmaids of freedom were present, though their eternal mistress was far away," and which was as corrupt as the municipal government of the burghs.

In this movement Henry Erskine took an active part. The councils of the burgh reformers were weakened by internal division. Some of them were for extending their operations to a reform in the Parliamentary representation of the burghs, and were disposed to ally themselves with the Friends of the People, of which Thomas Erskine was a leading member. Henry Erskine, though in the abstract favorable to Parliamentary reform, deemed it injudicious to mix up that question with the other one of burgh management.

The panic caused by the French Revolution stopped Scottish municipal reform as well as all other measures of constitutional improvement, and it was not until 1833, when under the government of Lord Grey Parliamentary reform had been carried, that Jeffrey, then lord advocate,

* Henry Erskine, p. 317.

proposed and carried the long-deferred burgh reform.*

At the time of the "schism of the Whigs," arising out of the French Revolution, Henry Erskine resisted his brother Thomas's entreaty to join the Friends of the People, of which, however, their elder brother, Lord Buchan, became a member.

For myself [he wrote at this time† to his kinsman Sir Gilbert Elliot] I have ever been of opinion that, however excellent the principles of our constitution may be, it certainly admits (particularly in respect of parliamentary representation) of many very salutary amendments; and whenever *at a proper time* and in a *proper mode*, there shall be brought forward a plan of reformation in that respect, it shall meet with my cordial support. But I am decidedly of opinion that this is of all others the most improper time that such a plan could have been suggested, and that the *mode* adopted is, in the present conjuncture, the most unfortunate that could have been devised.

He also wrote to the Duke of Portland, the head of the seceding Whigs, "in terms which gave the duke great satisfaction." His adherence to the anti-reformers, as Portland and his followers were called, did not, however, save him from an unmanly and iniquitous attack by the Scottish creatures of Pitt and Dundas.

He had for ten years without interruption been dean of faculty, for according to custom the office was held for life or until promotion to bench. He had withstood the requests and eschewed the example of his brothers, and refused to join the Society of the Friends of the People. But like his younger brother he would have no part nor lot "in that combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers — the league of cruelty and craft formed to destroy our liberties."‡

On Pitt bringing forward his Seditious Writings Bill, Erskine saw that its provisions might easily be abused, and he was by no means backward in expressing the strong disapproval of it which he felt. A meeting was held in Edinburgh § to protest against the measure. He attended it and moved the resolution which expressed a loyal abhorrence of the late attack on the king, condemned ¶ the Seditious Writings Bill and a companion

* The facts as to the Burgh Reform Movement and Henry Erskine's views on and the part he took in it are told at length in the Memoir, p. 323 *et seq.*

† 14th June, 1732. *Ibid.*, p. 301 *et seq.*

‡ Brougham's Statesmen, title Erskine.

§ 28th November, 1735.

¶ The king had been fired at on his way to open Parliament in the previous October.

measure for the more effectual suppression of seditious meetings, and further expressed a desire for peace with France. Henry Dundas had now for some years possessed a paramount power both over the Scottish members and their so-called constituents. This was in great measure owing to the "unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal." The prominent part taken by the dean of faculty in opposition to the government was a great opportunity for "wary and pensive Scots whose path lay straight before them — the path of righteous devotion leading unto a blessed preferment." Eight Tory advocates therefore organized an opposition to the dean's re-election. Their avowed ground of opposition was a tender regard for "those great national and constitutional interests which unhappily had for some years been so much the subjects of anxiety to all loyal citizens.* Under this thinnest veil of speech they strove to hide their anxious desire for the stability of Pitt's ministry, and of Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favors. Erskine issued an address to the bar in which, after stating that he had reckoned it the highest honor of his life that he had been elected at a time when — he continued —

I opposed the administration of Mr. Pitt, on principles of which it is my greatest pride to reflect, that no view of personal interest, no fear of personal consequences, have ever induced me for a moment to swerve. The utmost interest of Government was exerted to defeat my election, but the Faculty were free and independent. Their spirit resisted undue influence, and I was placed at your head by a decided majority.†

He then ably vindicated the position he had taken in opposing the government measures: —

Descended from ancestors whose exertions contributed to bring about the glorious revolution, which secured the liberties of my country, which placed the present illustrious family on the throne, and the principles of which I trust shall preserve it there to the latest posterity, it is my pride and glory to have come forward at this alarming period to preserve those liberties from invasion; to have done so along with many of the most noble and illustrious charac-

* See the Address, *ubi supra*, p. 545.

† See the Circular of the Eight Advocates. Appendix No. V., p. 544.

ters in the kingdom, along with the united voice of all the public bodies, and the great mass of the inhabitants of the metropolis of the nation, and of the great majority of its counties and cities; but above all, with the unbiassed, uncorrupted dictates of my own conscience.*

The Tories put forward as their candidate a member of the government, Robert Dundas, of Arniston, their lord advocate, and "all the hellish powers of administration again stirred heaven and earth" to defeat Erskine.

Francis Jeffrey and three or four other young advocates who were avowed Whigs were ardently desirous to vote for Erskine, but family and social influences were brought to bear on them, and they abstained from voting on either side. One only of Erskine's friends voted against him. When the deserter's name was called, and he gave his vote, the clock struck *three*, on which a staunch adherent of Erskine said, with great intensity, "When the cock crew thrice, Peter denied his master." Jeffrey always thought less of himself from his not having voted for Erskine. "It made the greater impression upon him," said Cockburn, "that this was the first public occasion on which he had had an opportunity of acting on his principles." "What," Cockburn says elsewhere, "a condition men's minds must have been in, when good men, who had selected these young men for patronage because they loved them, were not ashamed to exact such sacrifices!" †

By such tactics the party of servility and corruption carried the day. When the votes came to be counted, ‡ there were found for Dundas 123, for Erskine 38. Dundas therefore had a majority of 83 votes. Erskine's defeat was meant, and was taken, as a warning to all others to avoid the dangers of being on the wrong side. Fox and Grey and the other Whig leaders perfectly approved "the propriety and manly energy of Erskine's conduct." §

In relation to an almost extinct political controversy, these lines from a squib of the day are noteworthy:—

The vote is passed and black balls fill the urn,
The silken gown is from thy shoulders torn,
And all thy titles, all thy honors, pass
To deck the person of abhorred *Dundass*.||

* *Ibid.*, p. 546. The whole address is worth reading.

† *Vide* Life of Jeffrey, by Cockburn, i. 94; Cockburn's Memorials of his Own Time, p. 93.

‡ The election was held January 12, 1796.

§ See letter of Lauderdale: Henry Erskine, p. 359.

|| Henry Erskine, p. 361.

The Faculty of Advocates, therefore, like most other public and private bodies in Britain, voted by ballot, and so enjoyed what a former editor of the *Westminster Review* called the "treatment of gentlemen,"* well-nigh three-quarters of a century before the constituencies obtained it.

Erskine deeply felt his defeat, and showed his feeling more than was usual for him. At a public dinner at that time the chairman proposed "the health of those gentlemen of the faculty who had done themselves the honor of voting for Mr. Erskine's re-election to the deanship." Erskine quietly remarked, "Mr. President, would it not be sufficient to propose the health of the *gentlemen* of the faculty?" †

After Henry Erskine's death, at the public dinner given to Lord Erskine on his visit to Scotland, ‡ after an absence of fifty years, due honor was first done to the memory of Henry Erskine, and then a toast was proposed to the "remaining individuals of that virtuous number of thirty-eight who stood firm in the support of Henry Erskine when he opposed the unconstitutional and oppressive measures of the minister of the day." One of the survivors, in returning thanks, disclaimed all praise for honoring and loving Henry Erskine. "Had all the powers on earth," he said, "been set against them, they must have continued to hold him the pride and ornament of the Scots bar." §

It is well known that towards the close of Addington's administration, he made an unsuccessful attempt to induce Thomas Erskine to take the attorney-generalship, and the office of lord justice clerk falling vacant by the resignation of that object of Brougham's relentless persecution, Lord Eskgrove, was offered to Henry Erskine; but although the office would have been highly agreeable, and its salary was a necessity to him, he declined to separate himself from the political friends with whom he had been accustomed to act. ||

On the death of Pitt, the Grenville-Fox Administration, popularly called "All the Talents," was formed. ¶ It was soon

* The late General Perronet Thompson in the dedication to the electors of the United Kingdom of his "Catechism of the Ballot," which although not so well known as his "Anti-Corn Law Catechism," is, to use the words in which his friend and our first editor described the better known work, "one of the most masterly and pungent exposures of fallacies which ever passed the press."

† *Ibid.*, p. 358.

‡ In 1820.

§ Henry Erskine, Appendix No. VI., p. 550.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 418.

¶ We observe Col. Ferguson, p. 434, says: "The

known that Thomas Erskine was fixed on by both parties (*i.e.*, in the Cabinet) for chancellor, and his name submitted to the king, but there was a great deal of speculation about the royal assent. It was said in the clubs that he was too nearly allied to the prince. The king, however, submitted to receive Erskine, as he had submitted to receive Fox. One who was present when the new chancellor first attended at court wrote Henry Erskine: "You would hardly have known the chancellor, he looked so solemn. I could not persuade myself I had ever heard him joke in my life."

Henry Erskine resumed the office of lord advocate, and being now in his sixtieth year, for the first time entered Parliament. He sat for a group of "royal burghs," the election for which was controlled ultimately by the Lauderdale and Dalrymple families. Not even the presence of the candidate at the mock election was thought necessary. A letter from two "wary and pensive" burgesses of North Berwick, one of the group, shows the relations between Scottish members and their constituents before the first Reform Act made Scottish representation a reality.

Conceiving ourselves [say they] not the least of the Lord Advocate's constituents, we request to offer him a few remarks for his consideration. In the present state of things, there are only two ways in our opinion his lordship can distinguish himself in the present parliament. The first that occurs is, that his lordship should seize the chief or entire management of all Scots affairs, in the same way that Dundas formerly did, whereby he would become popular in the country, when he could turn out Dundas's party, and put in their places his own friends and well-wishers. His lordship has a large scale to go on. He has the church, excise, custom-house, post-office, and many lucrative situations in his power of gift, that we are unacquainted with, and therefore shall not specify them. The second is, that he should make some eminent display of his great and unrivalled abilities in parliament; and how far the present trial of Lord Melville would be a proper opportunity for such a display as we allude to, is submitted to his lordship's better judgment. But notwithstanding of our high opinion of his lordship, we are at the same time sorry to find you so extremely backward in even answering letters, or yet of recommending friends, though solicited thereto in the most suppliant manner by

New Administration, 'All the Talents,' as they are said to have styled themselves." We have always understood this name was not ostentatiously assumed by themselves, but sarcastically given them by their opponents, as it was in the same spirit applied by the Conservatives of 1832-3 to the Aberdeen-Russell ministry.

connections of your very best constituents. This conduct alarms us, because a nobleman in power should lend a kind and friendly ear to the petition and complaint of every deserving object, who states his services to his country, never so delicately without the ostentation of boasting of his connections, except producing his certificates of service. We wish your lordship would remedy this evil by looking over your applications, and doing the needful therewith, as the one we refer to was handed to you a few days before you left Edinburgh, at least weeks. As we know not your address in London, we have sent this to your lordship by our carrier to your house, in order to be forwarded to your lordship by one of your clerks.*

Lord Campbell is mistaken in saying that Henry Erskine never opened his mouth in the House of Commons.† He did not make the Parliamentary position which his North Berwick constituents desired, nor did he take a conspicuous part in the general business of the House; but in business either purely Scottish or affecting Scotland he took the leading part which lord advocates before his time took, and since have been accustomed to take.‡ His second tenure of office, like his first, was short; but during it he initiated a reform in the procedure of the Court of Session which he did not live to see completed.

One qualification for the Parliamentary leader of the Scottish members he possessed in a remarkable degree — height. Ferguson of Pitfour, who, according to House of Commons tradition, avowed that he never but once gave an independent vote, and ever afterwards regretted it, said of Erskine: "We Scotchmen always vote with the lord advocate; so we like to be able to see him at the close of a debate."§

On the dissolution of Parliament, in November, 1806, Erskine was returned for the Dumfries district of burghs. Parliament was again dissolved in April, 1807, and with that dissolution his Parliamentary life ended.

The death of Fox gave the Prince of Wales the desired opportunity of dissolving his connection with the Whigs, and in the transactions which followed the Erskines fared no better than the prince's other Whig friends. After the prince became regent,|| the office of the lord presi-

* Henry Erskine, p. 439.

† Lives of the Chancellors (4th edition), vol. ix., p. 104.

‡ Vide Henry Erskine, p. 440 *et seq.*

§ Ibid., p. 469.

|| In 1811.

dent of the Court of Session became vacant by the death of President Blair. Adam, ever the staunch friend of the Erskines, urged on the regent the claims of Henry, as the head of the bar and twice lord advocate, and "that the choice ought to be the result of professional superiority, not personal favor." The prince, with his usual insincerity, authorized Adam to communicate to Lord Chancellor Eldon his wish that Erskine should succeed to the president's chair. The wily chancellor, with his accustomed hypocrisy, received Adam's communication; so Adam wrote to Erskine, "With great candor, and with an unqualified declaration, that fitness, not politics, should be the rule, Mr. P.* was most kind about you, and seriously wishes it."

A few days later Adam wrote again: "He [the regent] knows the state of the Scotch bar as well as I do; and that the talent is all in one quarter. So that your appointment is founded in *fitness*, not *politics*. I have said I will not answer for his not being circumvented and defeated; but I am sure of his good wishes and of my watchfulness."

Late in the autumn, Lord Erskine wrote to the Earl of Buchan: "I wish I could give you satisfaction on the subject of the president's chair. I am wholly ignorant of what is transacting in the political world; † but all report is unfavorable to what we wish. Indeed, whilst the administration remains unchanged, the patronage is but too likely to be theirs; something certainly must be done soon, as the term of business fast approaches." A few days later, Charles Hope, one of the ringleaders of the plot to depose Erskine from the deanship, was appointed to the vacant presidency. Erskine immediately resolved "never again to stand at the Scots bar." He went to London; whence he wrote to a friend: "My brother views things in the gloomiest light. None of our friends see the prince in private; perhaps I may except Adam, who has official and business access, of course." ‡

He felt at that time unsatisfied with the course taken by Adam, who however seems to have satisfied him he had done all he could. While in London Erskine had a long interview with the regent, who conducted himself with his usual dissimu-

lation. "I do not find,"* wrote Erskine to the same correspondent, "that to any of our friends he has been so communicative as to myself, not merely on my own matter, but on every point. I shall astonish you when I come to detail it. I am confident that the present system cannot last; but I doubt if this unfortunate country will last as long."

One of the many ministerial intrigues of 1811-12 was directed against the Erskines. Its existence was revealed to Henry in a singular way. One morning he met at the Parliament House a political friend, one of those whom, rather than leave, he refused the preferment offered him in 1804. Erskine asked him had he any news from London. "Excellent," was the reply, "we shall all be sent for in a short time;" and the speaker threw down a letter for Erskine to read. Unwittingly he made a like mistake to that of Wilberforce, who, writing at the same time to his tailor to apologize for not paying his bill and to a friend condoling with him on the death of his father, misdirected the letters. Erskine's friend had received two letters from London, and misplaced them in the franked covers. Erskine reading that one not intended for him to see came on this expression, "We must, at any rate, get rid of the Erskines!" What the objection to Henry Erskine was we cannot discover. Lord Erskine's eccentricities, like those of Brougham, probably indisposed his colleagues again to trust him with the great seal, or perhaps even to admit him to the Cabinet. Lord Holland gave John Allen an instance of the *gauche* and foolish way in which Lord Erskine used to talk out of his wig and gown. One day in Cabinet, Lord Erskine's opinion on a measure was asked. He said, in a hasty manner, "Oh, yes; depend upon it it must be, for I remember it was in an old Presbyterian book of prophecies which my mother had." †

Had the negotiations with Lords Grey and Grenville been successful, Lord Erskine was to have been offered office. It is doubtful whether he was to be speaker of the House of Lords or privy seal, but he certainly would not have been chancellor; the great seal was to have been put in commission. When he discovered the proposed arrangement he exclaimed, "By God, I suppose I am to sit in the Cabinet as commissioner of bankrupts!"

* We presume Mr. Percival, then prime minister.

† This letter bears this endorsement by Lord Buchan, "Does not seem to go to Carlton House meetings."

‡ As stated in a previous note, Adam had succeeded Thomas Erskine as chancellor of the duchy and the regent's confidential adviser.

* Under date 22nd of March, 1812.

† From the letter of Sir C. Lyell to his sister, before quoted: *Life of Lyell*, vol. ii., p. 8.

He had previously declared that he would never set foot in Carlton House again.*

A short time before Henry Erskine's death delusive hopes of his succeeding to the dignified office of lord clerk register and of a peerage were held out to him. The Erskines — spite of their experience of the regent's insincerity — seemed to have put some faith in these renewed professions of his friendship: they were again deceived. The vacant office was given to an adherent of Liverpool and Sidmouth, and the peerage was never even offered.

"There seems," wrote Lord Erskine to Henry's wife, "literally to be a spell upon our family, arising however from our continuing, after the death of Fox, to be connected with men who assume the name of a political party, but by their folly have ruined their country along with themselves." †

Colonel Ferguson adds as a note to this letter: "There is still preserved in Lord Erskine's family a handsome topaz in the form of a seal. It was the gift of the Prince of Wales to the lord chancellor. The stone is uncut; this was at the express desire of his Royal Highness, who stated at the time that it was his intention to add to his adherent's honors an *earl's coronet* which he hoped to see engraven on the stone" — which remains a witness to the truth of one text of Scripture. ‡

Erskine acted on his determination "never again to stand at the Scots bar," and withdrew into private life. In his busiest days he had been one of the leaders of society in the Scottish capital. This memoir contains some curious particulars as to Edinburgh society at the time of Erskine's first marriage, now a century and a decade ago.§ Jacobitism was still a social element. Notwithstanding Erskine's reference to the service of his forefathers to the Revolution Settlement, it is said by Colonel Ferguson that his grandfather "inclined in a quiet way towards the Stuarts." Charles Edward, "the *ill usit lad*," as some of the old ladies of the party called him, was still

alive, and as the English Jacobites had a way of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the rooms with glasses at their lips,* so their Scottish brethren used significantly to give as a toast a sentiment "James Third and Eighth," drinking under cover of this text of Scripture, "James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland," which the old Pretender claimed to be.

In the early years of Erskine's married life almost the only special invitation given was to take a "dish of tea" at four o'clock, the dinner-hour being three. This species of reception is said to have been as popular with gentlemen as with ladies. In old Edinburgh small rooms and small incomes forbade expensive entertainments.† After a few years Erskine removed to what was then the most fashionable part of Edinburgh, the newly built George Square. "Four o'clock tea" disappeared, and dinner-parties took its place. In George Square Erskine's next-door neighbors were Walter Scott's family. Of Scott himself we find the following notice, different from all others that we have read, of his childhood. "Little Watty, before he could speak plainly, was always running in and out of the Erskines' house, to Mrs. Erskine's great annoyance. She used to call him 'that silly, tiresome boy.'" ‡

Erskine was a member of many of the clubs with which Edinburgh then abounded.§ For a member of the Evangelical party and a ruling elder he seems to have acted inconsistently in patronizing theatrical amusements. "In all probability it was the persuasion of their dean that induced the Faculty of Advocates to present the admirable Mrs. Siddons" with a massive silver tea-tray as a token of their appreciation of her "many virtues, as much as in gratitude for the pleasure she had afforded them." ¶

Throughout his residence in Edinburgh he seems to have fully discharged all the duties of citizenship. ¶¶

On withdrawing from the bar he retired

* "In Narcissus Luttrell's Diary [in All Souls' Library, Oxford] I found some curious things. The Jacobites had a way of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the room with glasses at their lips.

† "To limp meant L. Lewis XIV.

" I. James.

" M. Mary of Modena.

" P. Prince of Wales."

Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay, vol. ii., p. 219, note.

‡ Henry Erskine, p. 129.

§ Ibid., p. 134.

¶ Ibid., p. 135.

¶¶ Henry Erskine, p. 273.

¶¶ Ibid., p. 270 *et seq.*

* See Henry Erskine, p. 506 *et seq.*; and conf. Fitzgerald's Life of George IV., vol. ii., pp. 87, 99, and the authorities there given; and Lewis's Administrations of Great Britain, p. 526 and note, and the authorities there given.

† Lords Grey and Grenville seem to be here referred to; vide Lewis's Administrations, etc., p. 338 *et seq.*

‡ Henry Erskine, p. 531 and note.

§ Henry Erskine was twice married — first (1772) to Christian Fulerton, only child and heiress of Newhall; secondly, 7th January, 1805, to Erskine, widow of James Turnbull, advocate.

to his seat of Ammondell—almost, we suspect, as unsatisfactory an investment as Lord Erskine's Sussex estate, which produced nothing but brooms. View there was absolutely none, and Lord Buchan expressed his amazement that his brother should have selected such a spot for his house. "Why," said his lordship, "there is actually no prospect whatever!" Erskine, referring to his brother's childless condition, characteristically replied, "You forget, my dear David, that I have always the *prospect* of your estate." * At Ammondell he continued "neglected, but not forgotten." His mind was as clear and active as ever it had been, and he returned to the literary pursuits which his busy life had interrupted. One of his epigrams composed at this period is a fit pendant to that of Canning, on the proposal during Addington's ministry to place blocks at the mouth of the Thames as a protection against French invasion. †

Upon the report that Mr. Yorke, who had moved that strangers should be excluded during the examination of evidence concerning the expedition to the Scheldt, was to be created Lord Dover, Erskine wrote:—

Since Yorke's made a peer by the title of
Dover,
All fear of invasion must surely be over;
When *he* guards our coasts, it may well be
concluded,
We shall always be sure to have strangers ex-
cluded. ‡

He was an amateur in music, and no indifferent performer on the violin. We are told that on the day when the fall of "All the Talents" was known in Edinburgh, he arrived there from London early in the morning. Some friends who knew well what a blow to his hopes was the change of government, and ignorant how much or how little he took it to heart, refrained from going at once to give him their usual welcome. They waited until after his dinner-hour, "knowing that if all were well they should hear the sound of his violin. Punctual to the hour they listened and heard the well-known airs from his favorite Corelli, as if nothing of any consequence had happened, and knew that they might look in to *welcome*, if they could not condole." His violin seems to

have been his daily amusement at Ammondell.*

Lord Erskine's theory as to the higher qualities of animals is well known, and it is believed to have been as firmly held by his brother. The late Lord Buchan † used to relate that "at Ammondell a very imperfect ass, which used to appear every morning at the dining-room window, began to develop into a most amiable donkey in his father's hands, by help of perseverance, warm tea, and breakfast rolls." ‡

Erskine survived his retirement about six years. He died at Ammondell after a short illness, on October 8, 1817, "the best-beloved man in Scotland," to quote the words of a Parliamentary tribute to his memory. He was buried in a vault at Uphall Church, where six years afterwards Lord Erskine was laid beside him. The two brothers rest "within a few yards of the scene of their first studies, quarrels, and brotherly love." §

The annals of the legal profession, whether in England or Scotland, nor, so far as we know, of any other country, record no similar case to that of these two brothers, unless indeed, at the French bar, M. Berryer may be considered a parallel case.

The memory of each brother is even now regarded, not only with respect, but affection by the bars to which they severally belonged. The younger, without aid from friends or connections, went to the bar of a strange country, and there gained a position never before or since attained by any. He had a greater arena, greater opportunities, than his elder brother. Of him it is truly said:—

If there be yet among us the power of truly discussing the acts of our rulers; if there yet be the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our Constitution be still recognized as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor, let us acknowledge with gratitude that to this great man, under heaven, we owe this felicity. . . . Before such a precious service as this, well may the lustre of statesmen and orators grow pale. ||

Had a like stage and like opportunities been given to Henry Erskine he would, we are persuaded, have been found equal

* *Ibid.*, p. 322.

† "If blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French;

The one is the mouth of the river,

The other the Treasury Bench."

‡ *Henry Erskine*, p. 525.

* *Henry Erskine*, pp. 420-423.

† *Henry Erskine's* son.

‡ *Henry Erskine*, p. 529. Attachment to domestic animals is a characteristic of great lawyers. We know, on the authority of Bentham, that Romilly had "a splendid puss."

§ *Ibid.*, p. 532 and note.

|| *Brougham's Statesmen*; title *Erskine*.

to the occasion. But his position at the Scots bar remains unrivalled. His is the less splendid, but intrinsically as great, distinction of being inseparably associated with the "independence of the Scottish bar," which is well described by his biographer to be "a persistent opposition to a high-handed ordering of things, whether in the shape of oppressive legislative measures, or on the part of those at the head of their profession; and a steadfast refusal of all promotion that would have involved a severance from political principle."*

* Henry Erskine, p. 475.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SINGULAR CASE.

CHAPTER VIII.

(continued.)

HAVING satisfied himself that Bill was at least no worse if not improved, Putterton went to the door and looked out to see what sort of a day was promised. The sky was clear, and there was every prospect of bright weather, at which he was pleased, as he thought a fair warm day might do much for the invalid. He kindled a fire, and proceeded to prepare breakfast for himself. As he was busy over it, he thought he heard a rustling behind him and turning, beheld Bill sitting bolt-upright, with both eyes open in a blank stare. Putterton was startled. The eyes had a glassy, vacant look — an expression similar to that of a somnambulist's; and indeed Bill appeared as if he might be moving in his sleep.

Putterton sprang quickly toward him saying: "You must lie still — don't try to get up, Bill;" and as Bill persisted in the effort — "Lie down, lie down instantly; you can't walk yet." He took hold of him, and gently but firmly forced him back again. Bill made no serious resistance, nor did he speak or seem to have an intelligent idea of what was taking place. His head settled back on the pillow, and he appeared once more to sleep quietly. Putterton, much puzzled, stood regarding him for some minutes, and then returned to the cooking. When some gruel was ready he took a small quantity in a cup, and carried it to the bedside.

"Bill," he said tenderly, "don't you think you could take a little gruel now?"

Bill made no answer except to open his

eyes, and Putterton took advantage of this seeming intelligence to lift him up a little, and prop him in a position which enabled him to get the gruel to Bill's mouth without spilling it. Putterton was gratified to see him drink almost two-thirds of the amount. Putterton then softly lowered him again, and Bill fell into another doze which lasted till nearly noon, when he once more opened his eyes. This time there was in them a look of intelligence which gave Putterton great encouragement. The eyes roamed slowly over the room, and finally fixed themselves on Putterton with a feeble expression of surprise. Why it should be a matter of surprise to Bill to see him there, Putterton could not imagine, nor did he stop to think about it, but poured out a cup of tea, of which he had kept a pot ready by the fire, and proceeded to persuade Bill to drink it. This Bill did, and after swallowing the tea, he seemed much refreshed and invigorated. He seemed to rest easier. He had as yet not spoken a word, and Putterton was glad he did not try to talk now, but settled quietly back on the pillow again. He was still very weak. An hour or two later, Putterton administered another cupful of gruel, with a teaspoonful of whiskey in it, and this appeared to benefit Bill so much that he fell into the most natural sleep since the accident. He was improving very fast, that was plain. Putterton was gratified, and hoped to see him in a much better state by the arrival of Winmore with the doctor. Before night, Bill awoke another time, and Putterton succeeded in administering a preparation in gruel, that he thought would put him in an easier frame of mind by the following morning. Putterton sat up, with the intention of watching his patient all night; but long before daylight he fell asleep. When he awoke it was broad day, and Bill was sitting on the edge of the bunk, looking strangely about the apartment. He gazed at his long grey beard with evidence of surprise, and he looked at Putterton, as if Putterton were a surprise to him also. Feeling weak, he had to lie down again, saying feebly, "Who are you? Where did you come from?"

"Who am I, and where did I come from?" repeated Putterton, astonished at such singular questions. Then concluding that Bill was delirious, he said soothingly, "Why, I came over from Ruby with you, Bill; don't you remember? It's all right, old boy; keep quiet, and we'll bring you out all right in a few days. You

had a bad fall, and you're not over the effects of it yet, by any means."

"Came from — Ruby — with me!" said Bill slowly. "Ruby — where's Ruby?"

"Rubyville, you know; it lies over there in Rainbow Park; don't you remember?" Putterton answered, thinking best to humor him. At the same time he prepared to get some breakfast.

"Rainbow Park! — Rubyville! No, I don't know anything about those places. What did you say your name is?"

"I'm Putterton — George Putterton, old fellow; and Winmore has gone out to Ruby to fetch fresh medicines and Dr. Swayton. You had a devil of a bump, you know."

"Yes. I fell off the trail — I know that; but who is Winmore?"

"Winmore! Oh, he's that festive young tenderfoot that came out especially to help us hunt out old Burnfield's mine."

"Young tenderfoot! Burnfield's mine," said Bill musingly. "Ah, yes — Burnfield's mine. How do you know Burnfield has a mine?"

"How do I know it? Why, have you forgotten how you discovered the old box full of Burnfield's papers, and all that? But hold on, Bill — you mustn't get up;" for Bill had raised himself again at the statement of the discovery of Burnfield's box. He refused to lie down.

"How I discovered Burnfield's box! What do you mean? Discover my own box! How do you know I have a box? And what are you doing here, anyway?"

"Just at present," answered Putterton good-humoredly — "just at present, old boy, I am preparing some gruel for you, and as soon as it's ready, I want you to stop your palaver and take it down."

Bill sank back half exhausted, muttering something about "a friend, anyway," and he closed his eyes.

"There, now, that's the way to act," exclaimed Putterton cheerily. "Keep quiet and do as I say, and you'll be on your pins again in a few days. Do you feel any internal pain?"

"Headache," answered the invalid feebly.

"Your bruises — are they painful?"

"Somewhat."

"Well, we won't talk any more now; it tires you," Putterton said, and went on with his preparations. Presently he brought some gruel to the bedside, and raised Bill up, when the latter swallowed the strengthening mixture with evident satisfaction. Putterton then gave him some tea, and he rested once more, soon

falling asleep. After eating his own breakfast, Putterton took up a shot-gun, and went out to look for some kind of a bird of which to make a broth for the sick man. Fortunately he had not gone far before he saw several "sage-hens," and succeeded in bringing down two of them. Both were fine birds, one very young, and this Putterton soon had stewing on the fire. When it was done he looked around to see if Bill was awake. He was not.

"I hate to wake him," Putterton said to himself, "but I must — he ought to have some of this broth;" so he walked to the bed and spoke quietly.

"Wake up, old boy," he said; "I have some delicious chicken broth for you," and he touched him gently on the shoulder.

Bill slowly opened his eyes, and rather painfully moved himself, making an effort to rise. Putterton assisted him into a half-sitting posture, and propped him up with blankets.

"Oh," Bill said, with a weary yawn, "it seems as if I had slept for a long time!"

"So you have — two or three hours; and besides that, most of the time since you fell."

"But it seems longer — it seems an age; and yet it was only last night that I fell."

"No; you are a little mixed. It was three nights ago that you fell. Why, Winmore will be back to-night, I hope, with the doctor."

"Oh, was it? My head aches so, I can't think." A pause. "Who did you say Winmore is?"

Putterton felt a little vexed, but curbing his impatience, he replied calmly, as if Bill were asking a perfectly rational question.

"He's the young fellow — my friend from Boston — who came out to help hunt up Burnfield's mine. Here now, here's a bowl of nice strong broth," and he held it before Bill. "Come, don't talk any more till you have eaten all of this. I won't answer a single question."

Bill, therefore, had no other course left than to eat the broth in silence. His appetite was improving, for he eagerly devoured the fragments of fowl at the bottom.

"There — you've got something in you now that'll give you strength," said Putterton, with gratification at the prospect of Bill's speedy recovery.

The wounded man was certainly regaining his strength with extraordinary rapidity.

"I think I'll walk a little," he said, much to Putterton's astonishment; "I feel as if I could walk now," and he rose to his feet unassisted. Putterton's first impulse was to discourage him; but Bill's manner was so confident, he concluded to give him his own way, and helped him to the door. Bill seemed to have a longing to look out upon the valley, and the sight of it might relieve his disturbed intellect in a measure.

He gazed about with evidence of astonishment, and looked particularly long and hard at some flat stones that formed a sort of natural pavement on the bank of the creek a few yards off. Then he muttered to himself, "Strange, very strange," and then added, "I'll have to lie down, my head pains me so;" and Putterton helped him to return to the bunk. For some moments he remained perfectly quiet. Then he passed his hand over his forehead once or twice, opened his eyes, and looked directly at Putterton. The expression in the eyes was clearer and calmer now, and Putterton congratulated himself that the broth was doing good work. He was taken aback, therefore, when Bill, after remarking that his head was better, said,—

"You are very kind, stranger—very kind; and it was extremely fortunate for me that you happened here in the nick of time. But tell me, how did you come to be here? How did you discover the Glen?"

Putterton did not answer for a moment. He thought seriously of paying no more attention to Bill's delirious remarks. He concluded, however, to continue the conversation, partly because he thought it might be a relief to the poor fellow, and partly because he knew if he humored his strange fancies, he could the more easily control him. It would not do to worry or disturb Bill in any manner; and altogether the wisest plan—the only plan, indeed—was to give him, as far as possible, his own way. Therefore Putterton answered,—

"Is it not the bounden duty, Bill, of any man to do all in his power for an injured comrade, especially in a wilderness like this? And don't you recollect our journey here from Rubyville?"

"My name is Burnfield—William Burnfield, sir. I am under great obligations to you for your kindness; but as I told you, I don't remember you, nor any journey from any place called Rubyville," said Bill with dignity, and considerable animation for a sick man.

"No, of course you don't. A man who has fallen sixty feet, usually don't remember anything of this world," said Putterton, chuckling. "I think you're doing remarkably well. Oh, you'll remember it all in a day or two, so don't worry yourself, *Mr. Burnfield!*" and Putterton smiled at the idea of calling him Burnfield.

Bill heaved a deep sigh as if fatigued, and was silent. Then he said, "You talk very strangely, sir; I can't understand you. I know my fall has bruised and weakened me somewhat, and perhaps my mind is a little muddled; but who you are, and how you came here so providentially, puzzles me beyond measure."

Putterton paced up and down the apartment for some time. Was Bill going mad? or was he himself dreaming? All of a sudden it struck him that Bill's language was vastly improved since the accident. He had always been of the opinion that Bill added something to his accent and bad grammar for effect; but now his continued use of such improved forms of expression increased his surprise and wonder, and he was as much at a loss to account for it as for the persistency with which Bill clung to the idea that he was Burnfield. Bill went on at length:—

"Everything has deteriorated greatly since I went to the mine yesterday. Then these logs were comparatively new—now they look old and weatherbeaten; are they so, or do my eyes deceive me?" He paused for a reply.

"They are old," Putterton replied. "This cabin was built by Burnfield, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know; I built this cabin when I first came into the Glen—almost two years ago,—but it looks twenty years old now."

"Well, old fellow, if you'll lie down and go to sleep, you'll remember in due course of time that this cabin, according to Burnfield's papers, must have been put up at least fifteen years ago."

"No; I built it in the spring of 1857, just after I found the mine."

"Ah, you did, did you?" said Putterton, staring at his companion again, surprised to hear him discourse so glibly on what he had done; but he kept to his resolve not to contradict him, and added, "As it is now the spring of 1873, you readily perceive the house is then exactly sixteen years old."

"Eighteen hundred and seventy-three!" cried Bill, starting from the bed, but immediately sinking back again. "Eigh-

teen hundred and seventy-three! You are joking, my good friend."

"Not at all, Bill—not at all. This is the year of our Lord 1873, just as sure as time flies."

"Eighteen hundred and seventy-three! eighteen hundred and seventy-three! Can it be—can it be possible—can it be possible?" he said wildly. "Am I dreaming? Is this some fearful nightmare? or am I awake, and is it the terrible reality? No, no, no! impossible, impossible! Where am I? I can't think—my head spins like a top—ah," and he fell back exhausted.

"I think I may safely say you are dreaming, Bill. Your head got pretty well shaken up by the fall, and you are a trifle delirious, that's all. Lie still—that's a good fellow; a few more days' rest, and the doctor's treatment, will bring you round all right again."

But Bill did not heed his remarks. He sat up and looked about him again. His beard attracted his attention once more, and he gazed at it intently.

"Grey!" he said, as if in soliloquy. "Grey! my beard grey! yet when I went to the mine yesterday, or the day before, it was brown as a chestnut. Did the fall turn it grey? Where's my looking-glass?" and he glanced about the apartment.

"Here's one," said Putterton, as he handed him a small glass which had hung on the wall. "But your beard and hair have been grey ever since I knew you, Bill," and Putterton racked his brain for some method of soothing Bill's nerves. Bill meanwhile took the glass and looked attentively at his reflected image.

"Yes, yes," he said moodily; "I have kept pace with the cabin in appearance. "Strange—such a great change in so short a time! Why, when I built this cabin I was no older-looking than you are. Now the cabin is antiquated, and I am old and bruised, being cared for by a good Samaritan, apparently dropped from the clouds just at the right moment. I am grateful, I am sure. But, without joking, what year is this?"

"Eighteen hundred and seventy-three, Bill, as I told you before. But I vow you do stick to the idea that you're Burnfield. If you keep it up much longer, I'll begin to think Bill Chloride is lost, and we have found William Burnfield in his place," Putterton replied jestingly.

"Bill Chloride—who is he?"

"Who is Bill Chloride? Why, old fellow, he is you when you are yourself."

"When I'm not myself it must be; for

if ever I was myself, I am now. Whether it is 1859 or 1873—whether this is earth, heaven, or hell—I, sir, am William Burnfield."

"Well, Mr. Burnfield, I think you had better take a rest now, don't you? You'll tire yourself too much if you go on this way."

"No, I feel strong, and prefer to sit up a while yet; but I would like some more of that delicious broth and a cup of tea."

Putterton hastened to respond to Bill's request; and when the broth and tea had been disposed of, Bill, instead of lying down as Putterton hoped he would, began to talk again.

"There is some mistake here," he said. "You call me Chloride or something like that, and I style myself Burnfield. You declare this is 1873, and I am sure it is 1859, for it was 1859 when I fell, and you admit I fell only two or three nights ago. Now, if you are joking, have done with it; if you are not, let us try to arrive at an understanding."

Putterton began to fear that Bill's case was a bad one—that there was more than mere delirium at the bottom—and considered what measures to take should Bill become violent.

"There is no doubt some mistake, Mr. Burnfield," he said appeasingly; "for you fell from the trail three days ago, and yet this is 1873. In 1859 I would have been just thirteen years old, and I look more than that now, don't I?"

"You look at least twenty-seven now," said Bill.

"A good guess. I am exactly twenty-seven; so you see I am right about the date."

Bill said nothing for several minutes. Then he muttered, "I will trust him."

"We will compare notes," he said aloud. "I will outline my history for you, and see if by that means we cannot clear away the obstacles to our mutual understanding."

"Proceed," said Putterton, glad to have Bill do the talking.

"I was born in June, 1824, in Westchester County, New York. That makes me, you perceive, just thirty-five years old." Remembering his beard, he stopped and looked at it. "Yet," he went on, "I appear much older, for I am grey as a badger."

"I should say so," put in Putterton, unable to resist. "Why, Bill, you are nearly fifty—you've been knocking about the mountains between here and Granite for the last ten or twelve years to my knowl-

edge, and you were thirty-five or forty when you began."

"Granite, did you say? You come from Granite, then, do you?"

"Yes, I'm from Granite."

"I hope they'll have a post-office there before long. It's too far to Fort Henry."

"Post-office! Why, have you forgotten, Bill, that Granite has nearly ten thousand inhabitants?"

"Ten thousand!" exclaimed Bill.

"It has. But go on with your story, old boy; I'm anxious to see what kind of a tale you'll make of it."

"Well, I completed my studies," Bill continued; "but by a stroke of misfortune, while I was travelling abroad, my father failed in business, and from great wealth was reduced to an income barely sufficient to meet the immediate wants of his family. I returned home, and found a position with a strong firm that paid me well. Being fortunate in investing some of my savings, I found myself, at the age of twenty-seven, possessed of quite a handsome property; and I crowned my prosperity by marrying the sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon. I have her portrait here," and he fumbled about the pillow for it.

"There's no portrait there, I am positive," said Putterton, "so you need not trouble to hunt."

"Have you taken it away? Did you dare?" and his eyes flashed.

"No, Bill, I didn't take it; you never had any, so far as I know."

"It must be there somewhere. At any rate," Bill continued, "I have another, which I received only the other day. It is still in the envelope with the letter in my box. I'll get it," and he tried to walk.

"Sit still, and tell me where to look."

Bill indicated the place where he had discovered Burnfield's box, which had been brought along for reference, and now reposed on its old shelf. To humor Bill's curious conceit, Putterton brought it to him.

"How did you dare to break open my private box?" exclaimed Bill angrily, when he saw the broken lid. "If I were not so weak I'd be tempted to thrash you. No, for you have befriended me; but why did you meddle with it?"

"You broke it open yourself when you first found it," answered Putterton.

"There you are with your enigmas again," said Bill impatiently, at the same time fumbling amongst the papers, their decayed condition calling forth further

exclamations of surprise from him. Finding the letter containing the portrait of the woman and child, he took it out and kissed it reverently, afterwards handing it to Putterton. The latter was more bewildered than ever at the singular actions of his comrade. At the beginning of the story, he thought perhaps Bill was about to reveal that portion of his life which had apparently always been a carefully guarded secret with him, but now he concluded it was only more of the delusions of Bill's deranged intellect.

"My little Ellen — the darling. I wonder how she is! it seems so long since I saw them. Two years is a long time."

Putterton returned the photograph, saying, "I saw the picture, you know, when we three examined the box in my room."

"Examined my box in your room! No, I don't know. This is the box in which I keep my private papers and letters, and I don't understand what you mean by 'when we examined' it. However, I will proceed: I married, and we were blessed with our little Ellen. Our business was flourishing, and I was happy. But my partner — a warm-hearted Irishman named Garran — was dissipated without my knowing it, and at length completely undermined and ruined our concern, and fled, no one knew where. I found my property all gone, and a heavy balance against me. I vowed to some time clear it all away. Just about that period an uncle died in California, leaving me his sole heir. It was not much he left me, but it was enough to establish a comfortable home for my wife, in her own name, in one of the villages near New York — in Ramapo — and yield her a moderate income. For myself, I meant to try my fortune in the far Western wilderness, in spite of the remonstrance of family and friends. Fortunes had been quickly made in the West before, and I could not see why I should not be one of the favored individuals. I would try it anyway. My uncle's trunk had been forwarded to me, and in it I found some sealed papers. These I discovered to be a description of an old Spanish mine — a mine of great richness — existing somewhere near the Colorado River. My uncle himself had translated this description from some original Spanish documents in Mexico. There were directions for reaching the locality, and for ascertaining the exact position of the mine; and the whole account was straightforward and authentic. With such certainty of rich returns, I was not to be

discouraged, even by an unbroken wilderness. I felt that nature, with a few of her simple children, would not be more unkind to me than civilization in some respects had been; and I had a theory that Indians, properly treated, would not prove such devils as they are commonly pictured. I have since found the theory to be a correct one. My uncle had not attempted to find the mine, because he thought the region too wild to penetrate. I ascertained that the nearest point to my proposed destination was Fort Henry. From there I would be compelled to follow the written directions, as no such thing as a map existed. With my dog, and two or three horses, I started out from Fort Henry, and succeeded in finding the old Spanish and Indian trail, and reached the Glen without adventure. Pretending to be a trapper, no one at the fort suspected my true object. I found the ore to be horn silver; and I reduced it at the mine, by means of a furnace left by the Spaniards, which I succeeded in rebuilding. I kept all traces of ore away from the cabin, so that should I possibly have a chance visitor he would not discover my secret. The ingots I brought down and stored in an excavation I made for the purpose. You have proved yourself such a good friend to me, that I will let you into the secret and show you the *cache*."

Putterton was amazed at the straightforward style of Bill's narrative, and he was impatient to see what he would do when he failed to expose the *cache* of silver.

"You noticed by the creek there a flat-topped ledge?" Bill asked.

"No;" looking out — "oh yes, I see it. I remember it attracted my attention the first day we came — the one nearest the house, you mean?"

"The same. Now, take a crowbar — you'll find several in the tool-house — and after scraping off the sand from the longest stone, the end of which projects farther than the rest, insert the bar in the crevice at the western edge, and pry outward with all your strength. The stone will slide three feet — it is on rollers — and will disclose the entrance to a small chamber. This chamber I have partly filled with silver bricks."

"Very well," said Putterton; and he procured a bar, and then went to the ledge. It was not an extraordinary ledge. There were many very much like it all over the Smoky Hill district. It formed just here the western bank of the creek,

and the top was perhaps twenty feet above it, and was made of broad, flat stones. One of these was, as Bill had said, longer than the others, and there was a crevice at its western edge. Putterton placed the bar in the crevice, and pushed on it; for he saw that Bill had hobbled to the door, and was watching him. There was no motion: the stone was as firm as it ever had been. He laughed, and by way of emphasizing his amusement, gave a tremendous jerk at the bar, bending it, but at the same time starting the stone several inches. He was nonplussed. He rubbed his head pensively, and stared at the stone. Could it be possible, he thought suddenly, that this was one of the old Spanish secrets; that Bill had found it out unknown to his companions, had intended keeping it to himself, and now, in his delirious moments, had exposed it? No; Bill never would do such a thing. What, then, was the explanation? There seemed to be no other. However, here was the moving stone, and Putterton was too much interested in it to stop long for explanations. He pried it back as far as it would go, and saw yawning at his feet a black hole, three feet long by about two feet wide.

"Does it work all right?" inquired Bill.

"Yes; here's a chamber without a doubt, unless I'm dreaming."

"One of us seems to be in dreamland, I'm sure. However, there's no dream about that chamber. Do you see a ladder?"

"Yes," said Putterton.

"Well, go down then; it's only about seven feet deep."

Putterton hesitated. He wanted to go down; but he feared if he did, Bill, in some strange freak, might push the stone back, and make him a prisoner. He was very suspicious of Bill's mental condition. But as he remembered how weak poor Bill was — that he could probably not even lift the crowbar, much less pry a heavy weight with it, — he prepared to descend; but just as he had placed one foot on the top round of the ladder, a loud shout from the direction of the narrows attracted his attention. Glancing that way, he saw two horsemen coming towards the cabin at a rapid pace. He thought it was Winmore and the doctor; but it might be the Irishman and his comrade, or even some one else; so he hastened to pry back the stone to its place, and throw some sand and loose sticks carelessly over it.

CHAPTER IX.

"HOLLA, Chloride!" shouted Winmore heartily, for it was he who rode up: "you're on your pins again. I'm glad to see it, I tell you; for I had my sincere doubts about your ever coming out of that scrape with whole bones."

Bill nodded coldly, but made no reply. He asked Putterton who the men were. Putterton patiently tried again to explain that the speaker was their companion on the journey from Rubyville; that he had ridden back there for medical assistance; and that the man with him was the doctor.

"Oh," said Bill, "he's the person who went for the doctor, is he? I'm greatly obliged to you for your trouble, sir."

"Don't mention it," said Winmore.

"Winmore, this is Mr. Burnfield himself, whom we have the honor to serve," Putterton explained, with a suggestive wink, and continued: "Mr. Burnfield, let me introduce to you Dr. Swayton."

"The devil it is," said Winmore in an undertone.

Bill complained just then of weakness, and Winmore hastened to assist him back to his bed. The doctor and Putterton meanwhile held a consultation as they unsaddled the horses, — Putterton briefly rehearsing the condition of affairs since Winmore's departure.

"Very singular," said the doctor, as they entered the house.

He carefully examined Bill, and declared that he was in no physical way seriously injured. He complimented Putterton on the skill and tact which he had displayed; but he shook his head dubiously when questioned about Bill's mental condition. He said he would not be able to tell for some time whether Bill's brain had been so much affected by the fall as to make any radical changes in its structure; but the headache which Bill complained of in the frontal region, though not now violent, was a bad symptom; for headache was almost always constantly present in cases of brain derangement. He thought, however, the best thing to do was to keep Chloride as quiet as possible; let him have his own way; and treat him exactly as if he were the person whom he supposed himself to be. Meanwhile he would administer necessary remedies, and closely watch the patient's progress from day to day. Then he went to Bill, told him he was pleased to see him recovering so rapidly, and hoped to find him quite himself again in the course of a

week or two. But he cautioned him to rest quietly, and not to tax his brain by any worry or unnecessary exertion.

The doctor was much puzzled, and deeply interested in the case. He prepared his note-books for recording minutely all the changes, and everything of importance connected with it, and in his own mind looked upon it with as much gratification as a schoolgirl on a new novel.

"You made good time," said Putterton to Winmore, as they were eating supper.

"Yes; I had no trouble finding the way. Old Doc is a jewel — such a knowing fellow, and a splendid traveller. He goes like a bird."

"Is 'Old Doc,' as you call him, your horse?" asked Bill, overhearing the remark.

"No, he's — yours," Winmore was about to say, but checking himself in time, changed it to "owned by a friend of mine; but I like to ride him, and took him out to Ruby because he knew the way, and is so tough."

"By the way," said Bill, "have you seen anything of my animals? I had forgotten all about them. They must be all right though, for they never leave the Glen."

"How many were there?" inquired Putterton.

"Three — two horses and a mule; but they must be close by, I'm sure. But Ponto, the rascal, he ought to be here; I never thought of him till this minute. I thought something was missing, too" — and he whistled in a peculiar way several times, but rather feebly.

"Ponto is your dog, I presume," said Putterton dryly.

"Yes; he always watches the cabin while I am at the mine. He's a fine fellow, too. Here, Ponto, Ponto; come here, old boy," he called affectionately. But the faint call met with no response, and no Ponto came. "I wonder where he can be," he said, slowly and anxiously.

"Have you forgotten, B — Burnfield, that your dog — Jack you called him then — died of old age three years ago?"

"Ponto his name was. No, Ponto didn't die three years ago, for he was playing then in Ramapo with my little Ellen."

The conversation was here interrupted in a very unexpected manner. The distant whinny of a horse broke upon the astonished ears of the party, followed in a moment by a long loud halloo. Putterton jumped to his feet and grasped his rifle, though it was not likely any one with

offensive intentions would so plainly announce his coming. Winmore followed Putterton's example, while the doctor soothed Bill, and succeeded in keeping him in his bed.

The sun had already set, but it was still light enough to see plainly, and as Putterton looked out, he discerned two horsemen approaching rapidly. He and Winmore stepped out, rifle in hand, to meet these bold riders, who, Putterton suspected, were the very same who had before so unceremoniously left them, and who had succeeded in following Winmore and the doctor in their hasty journey. As they came up he perceived he was not mistaken. The foremost ejaculated in his familiar manner, —

"Why, how d'ye do agin, gents? Didn't spect to meet yez so soon agin; but I'm tarnal glad we hev, fur we're ruther late campin' agin, an' the sight o' yer cabin looks kinder cheerful like. We're not much acquainted in these yer parts, an' would be obleeged to ye if ye would 'low us to stop with ye."

"Well, sirs," said Putterton haughtily, "I am not sure we care to have you stop with us again, after the way you gave us the slip the other time."

"Sorry ye didn't like the way we left ye; but the truth was, ye were all sleepin' so comfortable, we hated to wake ye jist to say good-bye, so we concluded to jist go on. Sorry ye didn't like it."

Putterton had no reply to this; for how could he deny the truth of the statement? So he said, —

"What have you followed us here for, anyway?"

"Follered ye! Why, bless yer soul, we didn't foller ye! Hain't this yer a free country, an' hain't everybody a-pilin' inter the Smoky Hill Range fur prospects? We came, too, an' strikin' tracks leadin' purty straight fur somewhere, we thought the fellers 'at made 'em must ha' had a good place to go to, an' thought we'd come an' see. We hain't no claim-jumpers, nor nothin' o' that sort, so ye needn't git yer dander up."

"An' ye don't want us to sthop with yez," put in the other man indignantly, "thin we'll make a camp o' our own, that's all. Ye can't lay claim to the whole valley noway. Come along, Con."

"Stop," said Putterton, concluding it would be better to have them near by. "After all, I don't think you are very bad fellows, and you may be of service to us. What say you, boys? shall we let them stop here?"

"As you think best," Winmore said.

"The voice sounds familiar," exclaimed Bill, from within. "Let the men stay."

"Very well, then," added Putterton, "unsaddle and make yourselves at home." Thinking he had better explain a little, he continued, "Our friend Chloride has had a bad fall, and is by no means recovered; he is a little deranged, and fancies he is some one else."

"Thinks he's some wan else, does he?" said the Irishman, — "thinks he's who, sure?"

"A man who used to live here called Burnfield," and Putterton looked full at the stranger to ascertain the effect of the sentence, remembering that this man had on the previous occasion claimed acquaintance with Burnfield.

"We're both o' the same moind at last thin," replied the Irishman coolly.

"What! Do you mean to say you think Bill Chloride has been transmuted into Burnfield? Nonsense!"

"That's jist what oy mane to say exactly."

"The voice sounds familiar," said Chloride again. "Let the men stay; let the one who is talking come in."

"Oll roight, pard. Con, will ye look after the ponies?"

"Go ahead, Barney, I'll take care of them," Con answered; and as he led the horses off to one side, the man called Barney followed Putterton into the cabin.

"Is this the man who was speaking a moment ago?" asked Bill.

"Oy'm the very man, and oy'm glad to see ye better, owld pard. Ye had a close shave, oy hear."

"Yes, yes; I had — a — bad fall. Sit down. Where was it? If I could only think. My head is all stirred up. The voice; yes — but the face —"

"Sure, if yer William Burnfield, — an' if oy'm not greatly mistaken ye are, — ye had cause enough to remember Barney Garran — of Burnfield and Garran," — and the Irishman closely watched Bill's countenance.

"Barney Garran! Are you Barney Garran?" and Bill looked at him rather wildly. "True, true; I see it now — I see it now. And so you've turned up again, Barney — turned up again, 'way out here in the wilderness. You're going to follow me even here; but I've got the stuff to settle it all now, Barney, and I'll keep away from you too — ha, ha, ha! I'll go it alone henceforth, Barney — ha, ha! But where did you go, you rascal? You're a clever dog, I swear — ha,

ha, ha! but use your cleverness in a more righteous manner hereafter — ha, ha!" And Bill, who had raised himself from the bed, would have fallen off in his excitement, had not the doctor been close beside him. He lay perfectly still with closed eyes for a moment, then he looked up and said, —

"You were going to tell me something, Barney."

"Yis, oy was going to tell ye where oy have been."

"Go on."

"When oy saw what a box we were in, all through meself, the furst thing that occurred to me was to lave the country, an' oy boarded the furst outgoing staymer. Oy was half toight when oy did it, an' next morning oy would have given me roight hand to be back on land again. Unfortunately the staymer was driven out of her coorse and wrecked, so that it was nearly four years afterward that oy succayded in getting me foot on the owld sod, resolved to say if oy couldn't raise some funds. Oy knew oy had rich owld relatives there, an' it was about toime for some of thim to kick the bucket. Oy was not disappointed. Oy found meself in possession of a considerable fortune. Back oy wint to New York as soon as possible, but you were gone, owld pard, and hadn't been heard from for a long toime, an' divil o' a sowl knew yer whereabouts. At last oy found yer woife. She hadn't heard from ye for years, but she hoped to say ye again all roight. Oy settled up all accounts — had something left — and came out West to find ye, or lave me owld bones to blaych on the rocks. And, pardner, oy've been hunting ye for noine long years, oy have. Thank God, oy've found ye at last, — battered and bruised, to be sure, but all in a piece."

"The old liar," thought Putterton, as he listened to the Irishman's story. "Evidently he's going to play a bold hand, and come in for a share of the mine — that's Irish every time." He looked at Winmore, to see what he thought about it, and Winmore smiled sarcastically. Putterton was much troubled; for this man's claiming to be Burnfield's partner, and Bill, in his wild fancy of personating Burnfield, claiming to recognize him, complicated matters exceedingly.

"And Barney?" said Bill, "Barney?"

"Yis, pardner."

"How is my wife, Barney?"

"She was well the last oy heard."

"When was that? Long ago?"

"No, not long ago," the man answered evasively.

"Ah! You say you've been hunting me for nine years?" said Bill suddenly.

"Noine years, pardner."

"But it's only about two years since I came here," said Bill.

"It's more than that, pardner, for ye said so the other toime, and Pate Bromley towld me too ye'd been here fourteen or more. Ye said yerself he knows as much as anny one about people and things in this raygin. Oy meant to get him to interview ye, but oy found him laid up with a broken leg at Bigtree, poor divil," said the Irishman; "an' ye've forgotten all these years!" he continued, with astonishment.

"My head whirls so, I can't think," and Bill fell back on his pillow, breathing heavily. He appeared weaker, and his face was much flushed. No one spoke, for the doctor had made a signal with his hand for silence. He anxiously placed a small thermometer against the back of Bill's head, and after reading it, examined his pulse and respiration. Then turning to the others, he said in a low voice, —

"He has talked too much — he must be very quiet now."

"What do you think now, doctor, of his thinking himself Burnfield?"

"Thinking himself," put in the Irishman, rather hotly, "he don't think himself — he is; don't oy know him?"

"What you say *may* be true," answered Putterton, "but you see, my friend, the difficulty is, we don't know you."

"An' ye don't belave me?"

"Certainly not."

"Of coorse, of coorse," said the Irishman, after a pause; "of coorse — it's a singular case — but it'll come out all roight."

"I hope it will come out all right," said Putterton, "but it strikes me there is a bad outlook for poor Bill just at present."

"Give me your hand, — you're a very dacent sort of a man. Good-noight — it's toime to go to bed, oy know. Oy'd loike to stay with me old pard, but you'd prefer to have me outside."

"I'll stay by Chloride myself," said the doctor, "the probability is he will rest easily all night."

"I think I'll sleep outside too," said Putterton, "it is such a beautiful night. Is that your fire?" he added, pointing

to a small flame a hundred feet or so away.

"Yis, that's our camp. Good-noight."

"Good-night," answered Putterton, and then muttered to himself, "There's no telling how much those men may know about this locality, so I'll sleep by the *cache*, and if they leave again in the middle of the night, they can't take anything out of that place with them." So he made a bed not far from the covering-stone of the secret opening, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE camp was very quiet during the night, except once, when Putterton was awakened by a disturbance near where the horses were grazing. He raised himself up and listened attentively. He could plainly hear the horses munching the grass, with now and then a peculiar blowing sound which horses make when feeding—but that was all. The strangers' fire burned up brightly, and he could see their bed, apparently undisturbed. He lay down again, and gave no more thought to the matter, sleeping, as he thought, very lightly. At length another dawn kissed the mountain-tops, and Putterton was up as soon as it was light enough to see distinctly. He felt little refreshed. He looked at the *cache*—it had not been disturbed. He wandered carelessly toward the strangers' sleeping-place, with a strong suspicion that they had again slipped off, though he scarcely saw how they could have gone without waking him, and he was not surprised to discover no sign of them. At length he found the tracks of their horses leading toward the outlet of the valley. Not far off old Doc was quietly lying, and near him were all the other animals.

"I don't understand those fellows at all," Putterton muttered, as he retraced his steps. "What can they be after? They dodge about like lunatics. If they come near us again I'll watch them systematically, for there's no knowing what they may take it into their heads to do next." He saw the doctor standing in the door of the cabin. As he approached the doctor motioned for silence, and said in a low tone, —

"He is still resting very comfortably, and we must not disturb him. But what's the matter?"

"Nothing much; those fellows have gone, that's all. But it worries me to be dogged by such slippery characters. I can't see what they're up to."

"Gone, are they? take anything?"

"No; nothing is disturbed, so far as I can see — that's what puzzles me."

"I don't see that it makes any difference then," said Winmore. "We didn't want them here."

"No; but it's annoying to be tracked about so. They're playing some game — perhaps gone after their friends now to gobble up as many mines here as possible."

"The Irishman swears he was Burnfield's partner, and Bill thinks he knows him. What can he mean?" said Winmore.

"It's all bosh," returned Putterton. "He got his information about Burnfield, you may be sure, at Fort Henry, or from our own papers and conversation. They were probably watching us and eavesdropping all the time we were in Rubyville. Sometimes I think they are lunatics, and that Bill, poor fellow, will soon have to be classed as one too."

"I don't think those fellows are lunatics — they are too shrewd and knowing for that," said Winmore. "But Bill, — I hope he will be better in his mind when he wakes again."

"I think I feel better this morning," said a voice from the interior that made them start; "my brain does not churn about so much — it feels very well: in fact I am much better."

"Don't get up," exclaimed the doctor; "keep quiet, if you please."

"All right, doctor; I suppose you know best; but I feel as if I could stand walking about now."

"Well, Chloride, I hope you are really better." And the doctor emphasized the name and studied the effect.

"You call me by a queer name, doctor."

"The name I have known you by for many a long year, Chloride."

Bill looked at him a moment and said quietly, —

"My name is Burnfield, doctor."

"Well, Burnfield, I hope to see you better in a few days."

"Oh, I'll be quite myself in a week or two, I am sure," said Bill; "I was pretty thoroughly shaken up, you know."

"You were that, B — Burnfield. By the way, I just remember that you did not finish your narrative yesterday. Would you care to go on with it now, or would you rather wait till after breakfast?" and Putterton wondered if Bill's state of mind were such that he could remember where he left off his story, and finish it consistently. He was sur-

prised, therefore, when Bill answered readily, —

"Oh, it's soon finished. Let me see: I stopped to point out the *cache*, did I not?"

"You did," answered Putterton.

"Well, I worked away, filling the chamber with silver, and looking forward to the time when I could have it transported, and could join my darlings, from whom I had occasional letters, when one day I concluded I had enough to cover my debts, and leave me a goodly sum besides, especially if I could sell the mine. I made a hasty map of the locality — the original papers having been destroyed by a fire in my camp — and went up to put in a final blast, taking my lunch with me in a small tin pail. I worked hard all day, and so late that I was in great haste to get back. I concluded to risk the short cut — which, by the way, might be much improved by a little blasting, which I have always neglected doing — and I hurried along it. The darkness gathered fast, and in spite of my care, when I reached a sort of smooth buttress, I missed my footing, and only remember crashing into the pine-boughs, and trying to clutch them. The next I knew I found myself here in the cabin, with a kind and skilful attendant — Mr. Putterton, come from I don't know where, just in time — who persisted in calling me 'Bill' and that queer name 'Chloride,' and contradicting me on every point. But tell me now, how you happened to discover my secluded den so providentially?"

"Very well," said Putterton, "you have told your story so well that the least I can do is to tell you ours; but I wish first to say frankly to you that ours includes yours, and yours, as I tell it, differs radically from yours as you tell it."

"We have differed so radically from the beginning of our acquaintance that a little more will be of no special consequence."

Thereupon Putterton proceeded to relate the circumstance of Bill's finding the box, and of their starting out to investigate the matter. Bill listened with apparently combined interest and astonishment.

"You say you do not remember anything of this, Mr. Burnfield?" inquired the doctor.

"Not a single circumstance. How could I? I can't comprehend what you mean by telling me such an absurd tale."

"We won't discuss the matter at present," said Putterton soothingly; "it will do you no good, so rest quiet, and we will

try to reconcile things another time. The doctor here will stay some days longer, and by that time I hope your condition will be much improved."

"I can stay a week or two yet," said the doctor. "I have an associate who will look after my patients in Ruby, and I am so much interested in Burnfield's case that I couldn't think of leaving now."

"But where is Barney?" exclaimed Bill suddenly, "my old partner, Barney — Barney Garran? Or was it only a dream? did I only dream that I saw him again?"

"There was a man here who claimed to be Burnfield's old partner — the same man who overtook us at our first night's camp, two of them there were; they gave us the slip. But you said you didn't remember that trip. Well, this Barney gave us the slip again last night."

"Gone away, is he — gone away without leaving any word? Ah, I fear he hasn't reformed much; but with all his faults, I like him; he's a good fellow in many ways. So he's gone, and he was actually here — actually here," and Bill stared blankly at the floor.

"He'll turn up again probably; he is not trotting over this wilderness for nothing," observed Winmore.

The conversation dropped with this, and the subject was not again referred to. The days went by, and the strangers, failing to reappear, were gradually forgotten. The mine was left unworked, for Putterton and Winmore were both too much absorbed in the singular case of Chloride to settle down to mining. They occupied themselves when not busy about the cabin with rambling around the whole vicinity, and in doing so, discovered some curious ruins, which in their first haste had been completely overlooked. They took them to be relics of the Spaniards who had worked the mine, but they soon saw that the Spaniards themselves had used material from one structure to build a cabin, the ruins of which were fresh by comparison. Putterton then ascribed the remains to some prehistoric race, and interested himself in studying and measuring them. The valley had evidently been the stronghold of a numerous people; for after finding the better-preserved ruins, his eye was ever on the alert, and he found traces all over the valley and amidst the mountains round about. There were caves walled up with masonry too; and in many places the ground was literally covered with arrow-chips and broken pottery. He resolved, on the recovery of Bill, and when his independent fortune was well

assured by the mine, to devote himself to the investigation and study of the archæology of the region. Bill meanwhile persisted in being treated as Burnfield, though he went on improving physically very fast. His talk was continually of his wife and baby, and Ramapo. With the aid of a pair of shears and Winmore's razors, he succeeded in making a marked change in his appearance, declaring gravely, that excepting wrinkles, scars, and gray hair, he had not altered much after all, — a statement that amused as well as puzzled his companions. He desired to write, but the doctor forbade any mental exertion for some weeks, and compelled him instead, as soon as he was strong enough, to walk with him every day, all the time studying him closely. In response to some inquiries from Putterton, the doctor said there were numerous cases on record where persons had received blows on the head by stones, falls, etc., which had caused them to forget language, friends, and even their own names, — so that Bill's case was thus far by no means extraordinary — even the idea which he persisted in that he was altogether another man: but the radical change in his speech, and the curious coincidence at times between his assertions and the reality, made the case a singular and perplexing one.

Bill showed no signs of changing his mental condition; on the other hand, his mind seemed hourly to more firmly crystallize in its new form. The doctor concluded at length that the change would be permanent. He had known Bill for a long time, and he was sorry to think that he would know him no more as the same generous Chloride. He thought, however, if there was any balance to Bill's present condition of mind — and there had been no evidence to the contrary — he might pass through life, for several years, perhaps, as the man whom he supposed himself to be.

One day he determined to state his conclusions to Putterton and Winmore as soon as they should return from a tramp up the Glen. Bill was lying on a blanket in the shade, comfortable and serene; and the good doctor sat beside the doorway on a bench, lost in the consideration of his singular case. The day had been a delightful one, and was near its close. The sky in the west, as the sun settled his huge bulk down beyond the edges of the cliffs, promised another of the gorgeous sunsets which had so much pleased Winmore. The intensity of the color and

reflections, spreading over the whole dome of the heavens, compelled the doctor's attention, and he gazed pensively up into the maze of dazzling cloud-forms. Sitting in this abstracted manner, he became gradually aware that there were not only moving forms in the sky, but on the earth as well; and suddenly it occurred to him that the sounds of hoofs and jingling spurs were no part of the sunset. Somewhat alarmed, he started to his feet, and was astonished to find quite a cavalcade scarcely a hundred yards off, steadily though not rapidly approaching. He quickly gave a long, loud halloo, as a signal to Winmore and Putterton that they were wanted, and taking up a rifle, calmly awaited the arrival of the visitation.

His signal was answered by a shout from the foremost rider, who then spurred his horse boldly on ahead of his comrades. As he dashed up, he exclaimed, in a familiar tone, —

"Why, how d'ye do agin, gents? Didn't spect to be yer so soon agin; but I'm tarnal glad we air, fur the sooner fur our purpose the better. We've got business yer, an' we'll camp yer fur a day or two, ef ye don't mind. We've got a party a-showin' of 'em the Smoky Hill kentry."

The doctor hesitated, and was on his guard. He scarcely knew what to do in the matter. Bill, who had arisen, stood drawn to his full height, looking sharply at two riders who, as they came up and dismounted, proved to be women. The doctor was more than ever astonished, and just had time to note that they were uncommonly good-looking, as the elder flew past him into Chloride's outstretched arms, with a joyful cry of

"Oh, Willie! have I found you at last?"

The foremost rider quickly dismounted, and discovered something wrong with his saddle that required an astonishing amount of attention. The doctor mechanically put down his rifle as he wiped his eyes, and exclaimed, —

"Wonderful! wonderful!" Then remembering his professional duties, he hastily pulled out his note-book, and made some careful entries therein, just as Putterton and Winmore arrived breathless.

"Ye'll belave me now, perhaps," said the Irishman Barney — for it was he — triumphantly.

"Yis, gents; ye'll believe Barney now, won't ye?" said the man Con.

Winmore was delighted when the younger lady thanked him for being "so kind to her poor papa;" but Putterton

was completely nonplussed, and still shook his head doubtfully.

"It was all through Barney," they heard the lady say who was talking with Bill; "we never could have found you without him — could we, Nellie?"

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE PRIMACY OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

THE life of Archbishop Tait shows in a very striking manner how possible it is for a man to endure many sorrows and yet to have a career of singular good fortune and success. There is a side of his story which is full of pathos, which is almost tragic in its sadness. From the time of the heart-crushing bereavement at Carlisle, the shadow of trouble seemed to rest over his house. There were intervals of brightness, but they were soon darkened by clouds returning after the rain. Sometimes attacks of personal sickness, followed by complete prostration, threatened a premature termination of his work; but even these were light afflictions compared with that desolation of his home which told so heavily upon his sensitive and affectionate spirit. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the taste shown in the publication of the wonderfully touching disclosures in the memoirs of "Catherine and Crauford Tait," there can be no dispute as to the aspect in which they present the late primate himself. He appears in them as a true man, with a wealth of love and tenderness which those who knew him only as an ecclesiastic would never have suspected, and consequently with that capacity for suffering which belongs only to such rich natures. Men of this type may strive to heal their wounds and forget their sorrow in the more earnest devotion to their work and the greater abundance of their labors, but even this does not help them to forget. They carry the scars with them through life, and could we know their inner experiences we might probably find that all the successes which they achieved and the plaudits they won were to them but slight compensation for the hours of mournful reminiscence and trying solitude through which they had to pass. Had the archbishop been asked to choose between a comparatively retired life in a country parsonage, or in the deanery of some quiet cathedral city, where there was much dignity but little responsibility, but where his domestic happiness would

have been unbroken by the tragic events which again and again plunged him into such bitter grief, and the distinguished and active career which he led, chequered as it was by these varied troubles, we doubt whether he would not have chosen the humbler but more peaceful *role*. At all events the only reason which would have led him to prefer the other would have been an overwhelming sense of duty.

The success on the one side, however, was more remarkable even than the cumulation of sorrows on the other. That the son of the Clackmannan writer to the signet should, by the sheer force of his own merit, rise to the highest rank in the Anglican Church was a possibility which could hardly have presented itself to the ambition even of a young Scotchman, encouraged by the remembrance of what had been accomplished by others of his fellow countrymen who had gone south with no brighter prospects than his own. The *Times* repeats a story of Dean Stanley's that when young Tait, who had already distinguished himself at the University of Glasgow, and obtained a Snell exhibition, by which he was enabled to go to Oxford, presented himself at Balliol College, he was asked by Dr. Jenkyns, at that time master, what he had come to Oxford for. "To improve myself and to make friends," was the ready response. And he succeeded as completely as the young Macliver (known to us as Colin Campbell), or the "plain Jock Campbell," who also from humblest beginnings rose to the head of their respective professions. Archibald Tait had more difficulties to overcome than either of them, and such successes as he achieved in the Church were far less probable than those which they won in the army or at the bar. That his honors were fairly obtained may be argued from the universally confessed difficulty of finding in the Church a worthy successor. One of the Conservative journals, indeed, with singular *maladroitness*, went so far as to say in September last that the extreme anxiety with which the changes in his condition were then watched was due partly to the conviction that there was no one on the episcopal bench whose promotion could be regarded with confident satisfaction. Even then, if it could have been alleged that he owed his position to favor, his administration both of London and of Canterbury abundantly justified the wisdom of the appointment. But there was no room for any suggestion of the kind. When the then Dean of Carlisle was designated for the

bishopric of London, it was an open secret that the sympathy of the queen, so strongly awakened by the successive bereavements which had surrounded Carlisle and its deanery with memories so sad as to make a continued residence there distressing to him, had been one cause of the appointment; but it is equally certain that he would not have been promoted to a position so responsible had he not by his conduct on the University Commission impressed Prince Albert with a sense of his great capacity and eminent fitness for high episcopal office.

Throughout the whole of his career, indeed, it was the same exhibition of real power which secured his promotion. His first appointment to a tutorship at Balliol was in some respects the most significant of all. Everything was against him except his merit, but merit carried the day. As a Scotchman of Presbyterian descent and education, he certainly would not be regarded with favor, and we are told that

he had not then acquired that bland geniality of address and demeanor which gave him in later life so strong a hold upon all persons with whom he was brought into contact, and his Scottish stiffness placed him at some disadvantage in comparison with older tutors who were certainly his inferiors in intellect and attainments.

Without connections, without the style which wins favor, without any ecclesiastical influences working on his behalf, his only recommendation was talent, and of that he had given abundant proof. The same convincing argument prevailed with the trustees of Rugby, among whom the idea of allowing political sympathy to bias their choice had not yet intruded itself. Called to elect a successor to Arnold, they were constrained to seek out the man who seemed most able to maintain the reputation of the school, and they chose Tait.

He had thus given abundant evidence of his ability before he was appointed to the see of London, a see which has generally been filled by the translation of some one already on the bench. His predecessor was brought from Chester, his successor from Lincoln, whereas he himself was taken from one of the humblest deaneries in the land. Of course so rapid a promotion was criticised, but one year's work silenced any detractors. The success of his administration in London so clearly designated him for the highest place of all that there was only one prelate whose claims could be placed

in competition, and, happily for the Anglican Church, he was impossible. We are told by the leading journal that

the offer was made by Mr. Disraeli during his first brief tenure of Premiership, and the selection has always been held to have done great credit to his sagacity and freedom from party predilections in the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage. It is probable, moreover, that the queen's personal preference was again exercised in favor of Dr. Tait.

Why not say that it was certain that to the queen herself, and not to the minister, the credit of the appointment was due? It has always been widely believed that the premier would have preferred the Bishop of Oxford, and might probably have carried his point but for the unpleasant impression produced on the mind of Prince Albert, and probably the queen also, by Wilberforce's action in the Hampden case, and by the secession of so many of his near relations to Rome. The third volume of Bishop Wilberforce's life, just published, proves that this rumor was unfounded; but it proves also that Dr. Tait was not Mr. Disraeli's choice. We had ourselves heard, on authority which appeared to us conclusive, that there was another prelate whom the prime minister had selected for the position; but the claims of the Bishop of London, sustained by the influence of the queen, could not be put aside. Some remarkable entries in Bishop Wilberforce's diary go far to confirm this view, and, though they leave some points in doubt, effectually dispose of the absurd attempt of the *Times* to make capital for Lord Beaconsfield out of an appointment which was made in his teeth. "The duke told me of Disraeli's excitement when he came out of the royal closet. Some struggle about the primacy. Lord Malmesbury also said that when he spoke to Disraeli he said, 'Don't bring any more bothers before me; I have enough already to drive a man mad.' My belief is that the queen pressed Tait, and against possibly Ely, or some such appointment." It will be remembered that Dr. Harold Browne was at Ely at the time. Later on we have a conversation with Dean Wellesley, who says: "Disraeli recommended — for Canterbury!! The queen would not have him; then *Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion to Tait.*"

The defenders of the Established Church may congratulate themselves that it was so. Whether Dr. Tait is to be classed as a great archbishop must de-

pend entirely on the sense in which the term is used. He certainly cannot be said to have shown signs of brilliancy in any department. His power lay in his resolute perseverance and his determination to do thoroughly whatever he undertook. But of the genius which is greatly daring itself, and therefore full of inspiration for others; which is rich in inventiveness and courageous in enterprise; which marks out its possessor as a great reformer or a born leader of men, there is not a trace in the late archbishop. The protest of the four tutors against Tract XC. in which he joined was a bold and venturesome step taken at a critical moment, and if Dr. Tait is to be credited with the authorship, it must be said that in the rest of his public life he failed to fulfil the promise thus given at its commencement. But there is no reason to suppose that this was the case. He acted in conjunction with others, and has neither more credit nor more responsibility for a daring act which dealt a heavy blow to Tractarianism at the time than either of his three coadjutors. Certainly it was not by procedure of this type that he won and preserved the reputation of his later years. His gifts were solid rather than showy, and his policy was characterized by judicious moderation rather than by spirit or originality. While, therefore, if we compare him with the eminent ecclesiastics who have occupied his own throne, or that of other historic sees of Europe, he cannot take a high place, we believe it would not be an exaggeration to say that, since the days of Tillotson, of whom he in many points reminds us, the see of Canterbury has not been filled by a prelate who more thoroughly understood its conditions and more diligently sought to meet them, who was at once more loyal to the interests of his own Church and more liberal in his dealings with dissenters from its communion, who sustained the dignity of his office with more grace, and at the same time succeeded in making its practical influence more real and beneficial to the institution itself. This was the view taken by the late Dean of Westminster, and it does not give too exalted an estimate of Dr. Tait's merit and ability. Between the two men there were points of difference as well as of resemblance, but they were alike in their conception of the true spirit of the office and the tact which they brought to the discharge of its duties.

Dr. Tait was at the helm in times of

great difficulty, and by wise and careful handling of the vessel, as well as by a careful study of the conditions of the navigation, was able to keep her clear of the rocks on which more than once she seemed to be drifting, and to save her from the disasters which men of greater ability or enthusiasm, but with less clearness of vision and less tact, might easily have brought on. Perhaps it may be thought that this is not very high praise, but it is as high as a prelate in an Erastian Church who acts up to its ideal can merit. That was the position which Dr. Tait had voluntarily accepted, and accepted because he believed in the institution. Those who see no beauty in his ideal may still admire his consistency to it, and recognize the ability with which he sought to translate it into a reality. The one principle of his public life was *ne quid detrimenti ecclesia capiat*, and recognizing that as the one aim of his policy, it is possible even for those to whom the principle is distasteful, if not immoral, to appreciate the singleness of purpose and the sagacity in the selection of means which were so characteristic of his entire course. There is no reason to believe that he had any sympathy with the doctrines of authority so dear to all High Churchmen; but even had he been more disposed to them, he was wise enough to perceive, first, that it was not by the assertion of such pretensions that the Anglican Church could ever hope to regain the allegiance of Nonconformists; and then, that the maintenance of these classes would make the continued existence of the Establishment impossible. His object always was to enlarge and liberalize that Establishment as the essential condition of its survival, even for a limited period. It may be doubted whether, if the Church could have been conformed to the Ritualistic pattern — the pattern furnished in that much-lauded book which has become a fetish to the "Catholic" party, the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. — he would have desired it to remain the Church of the nation; but whatever may have been his wishes, he knew perfectly well that the thing was impossible, and that Romanizing of the Church meant its disestablishment. For that reason, if for no other, he was a determined enemy of a movement which he felt assured would effect a complete breach between his Church and the English people. The nationality of the Church was of higher importance than its Catholicity, and he

would not have risked the loss of the former in order to preserve the "notes" of the latter.

To make the Church truly national was, in fact, the one object of his life which he kept steadily in view, and for the sake of which he encountered no little obloquy. He understood that to resist the strong drift of public opinion, even when it had set in a direction entirely contrary to his own desires and proclivities, was not only to defeat his own purpose, but to court disaster for the Church; and therefore he yielded at times when more reckless spirits would have had him resist *à outrance*. But he was content to be reproached with cowardice, with unfaithfulness, with vacillation, and a number of other faults beside, rather than compromise what appeared to him the sacred interests which he was bound at all costs to guard. Nonconformists, with a faith based on an entirely different ground, might reasonably say that he had not sufficient trust in the power of truth itself, or in the care of God for his own Church; but this objection cannot be urged by those who share his belief in the value of an official recognition and endowment of religion by the State.

There was nothing exceptional in his Erastianism. It was not more extreme, for example, than that of the Bishop of Liverpool, whose intense Protestantism has not taught him to cherish higher respect for the rights of the individual conscience, and whose Evangelical fervor has not inspired him with a more perfect confidence in the forces which belong to the Church, and which no government can enfeeble or increase. The primate never gave way to the pessimism which marks the predictions of the great Evangelical bishop as to the consequence of disestablishment, and there is no ground for supposing that he would have made greater sacrifices in order to avert this dreaded consummation. He was simply an Erastian, and in this his position and conduct were in strict consistency with his avowed principles. He never indulged in unctuous professions on the one hand, or in loud boasts of spiritual independence on the other, only to give the lie to both by holding an office which the State conferred, and conferred on the understanding, which did not need to be expressed in any form, however indirect, because it was implied in the whole procedure, that its supremacy was to be maintained. If a man cannot in conscience yield that allegiance, he has no

business to accept the humblest position in the Anglican Church. To prate about the supremacy of conscience while wearing the livery and receiving the emoluments of a State official is not a very dignified or honorable course, and yet it is not worse than the loud talk about spiritual independence by those whose actions and words alike manifest their willingness to allow the interference, and even to rest on the power of Cæsar in matters belonging to the kingdom of God. Dr. Tait did not attempt to conceal his own belief in the necessity of a State Church, and he shaped his conduct accordingly. He did not vapor about a freedom which he knew did not exist, and could not be tolerated within an Establishment, nor did he assume a lofty tone of defiance to the State altogether out of harmony with the spirit of the age, but wisely and anxiously sought to reconcile the old institution with the new order of things. If in doing this he often showed weakness, the weakness was due to the situation rather than to the man. Granted the conditions under which the Established Church at present exists, and it is not easy to see how any one could have filled the office of archbishop with more sagacity and efficiency than have characterized the administration of Dr. Tait. If he has not succeeded in making the Church national, he has at least done much to prevent it from assuming that purely sacerdotal character which would have made it distinctly anti-national. He has not won back Nonconformists — that were, indeed, an impossible undertaking — he has not even induced them to abandon their contention for perfect religious equality, but he has done something towards establishing a *modus vivendi* with them even during the controversies which are inevitable. He has not even been able to stave off changes which have materially affected the position of the State Church, but he has succeeded in making them as innocuous as was possible under the circumstances. Amid the political changes of the last few years — changes which have gone much deeper than many suspect, and certainly deeper than is indicated as yet by the legislation of the period — it would have been very easy for a leading prelate to gather around the Church a storm of unpopularity. It is to the honor of Dr. Tait that both as Bishop of London and as primate he pursued a policy which has produced a directly opposite effect. Had he been more of a partisan he would have excited more enthusi-

asm, but it is tolerably certain he would have wrecked the Establishment.

The course he actually took has been, with occasional exceptions, so evidently that of common sense that the probability is he may obtain less credit than is his fair due for the sound judgment which led him to adopt it, and the resolution with which he has adhered to it. His path was by no means so plain as we, judging after the event, may be disposed to believe. Within the Church itself are several distinct parties who consciously or unconsciously are opposed to the idea of its nationality. There are numbers who, though they would not express the feeling, and have indeed scarcely defined it to themselves, cling to the Establishment simply as one of the institutions of the ancient feudalism. They love its pomp and circumstance, they are overawed by its proud historic tradition, they regard it as an appanage of the throne and the aristocracy, they value it as maintaining a proper subordination of different classes in the nation. To men of this type every idea of change is unwelcome. Instead of conciliating Dissenters, they would teach them their own inferiority. If they will be reconciled to the Church, they may be welcomed as penitents; but if not they should be left to bear the necessary penalty of their own voluntary separation from an ancient English institution. With them its orthodoxy, its spirituality, its efficiency, are matters of secondary concern. They are primarily political Churchmen, who look on the Church as the buttress of aristocratic institutions, and Dissent as an English and revolutionary. This is the old Tory view, and it was one which the archbishop could not fail to cross in the pursuit of his broad national ideal.

Then there is the "Catholic" section, to which the Establishment is worthless except in so far as it serves to enhance the dignity and maintain the authority of the "Holy Catholic Church" in the country. Nothing would satisfy this party better than the submission of the entire people to its sway; but that is the only way in which it desires the nationalization of the Church. The Bishop of Lincoln, who is its most august representative, did not hesitate at the recent Church Congress to suggest that in this reconciliation of Popish recusants and Nonconformist schismatics with each other and with the Establishment on the common platform of Anglicanism lies the only prospect of Christian unity in the land. There may be

few who are foolish enough to dream of such an issue as being within the range of possible contingencies; but there are numbers who are so far in agreement with the bishop that they would not yield a solitary point to secure union or even extension by any other method. They would leave the sects with their imperfect Christianity, and at whatever cost hold fast by the authority of the Church. Of course many of the proceedings of Dr. Tait were obnoxious to this class, and were cited as evidence that there was still in him some remnant of the evil leaven of his old Presbyterianism. He knew what they did not perceive, and are unable to perceive now, that these sacerdotal claims were an anachronism, that they find little real favor even with that section of the laity supposed to be most ecclesiastically minded, that the Church which is to live must be popular in the truest sense, and that priests are as little popular in England to-day as at any former period of our history.

It seems to have been this feeling, carried somewhat too far, which betrayed Dr. Tait into one of the greatest mistakes of his primacy. He was certain that Ritualism had no place in the hearts of the English people; he was full of anxiety as to its probable influence on the destinies of the Establishment; he was indignant at its arrogance and lawlessness, and he contemplated the possibility of suppressing at least its extreme manifestations by law. He was still acting in obedience to the guiding principle of his life. Under no circumstances did he show any malevolence towards the Romanizing party, or any disposition to treat them personally with harshness. To him they were enemies of the ecclesiastical commonwealth, and it was essential that their designs should be baffled. They stood in the way of the conversion of the nation to the Church, and were widening the chasm which separated large sections of the nation from the Church, and they must be removed. To this extent Dr. Tait seemed to lean to the views of another school, that which maintains that the Establishment was the defence of Protestantism, and that all who would not accept the Protestant shibboleths should be treated as traitors. But, in truth, the archbishop had as little sympathy with the Church Association as with the English Church Union. He was too tolerant to regard with satisfaction even the mildest forms of persecution, and if he forged weapons which readily lent themselves to the de-

signs of the persecutor, it certainly was not from a desire to suppress any form of opinion, but only to save the Establishment from the evils which he believed would overtake it if the nation found that it was comprehensive enough to include Romanists in its ranks.

In this view he was undoubtedly right. The English people have not learned, show no signs of learning, to tolerate a State Church which indulges in coquetries with Rome. But there was another side of the question of which he did not take sufficient account. Probably he underrated the strength of the forces arrayed on behalf of the extreme Anglicans, and especially did he not anticipate the amount of sympathy which the attack upon them evoked from the moderate High Churchmen. Certainly he did not foresee the reception which his measure met with from Nonconformists and others, who, though ardent Protestants, are not Philistines, and who have learned the lesson which all history teaches, that nowhere is force less of a remedy than in the region of conscience, and even from the masses who care little for theological systems, and certainly have no affection for priests, but who have all the English love of fair play, and whose sense of justice was offended by the severity shown to one section of the clergy. The measure failed of its purpose inasmuch as, so far from giving the people a fuller assurance of the Protestantism of their Church, it has done much to confirm the suspicions previously entertained on this point. It threw down the gauntlet to Ritualism, and Ritualism is so far triumphant that now, after the Church has been for eight years under this drastic law, the practices which the archbishop denounced when he introduced the measure remain as rife as ever. In no respect has Ritualism lowered its flag or abjured its pretensions; while the Public Worship Regulation Act, instead of winning back any sympathy for the Church, has tended rather to lay bare its weaknesses and increase its manifold difficulties. It was a great mistake, but it was only another part of the same policy which the primate pursued when he advocated the acceptance of Lord Harrowby's celebrated amendment on the Burials Bill. He had no desire to persecute; he simply sought to make the Church national, and for that end was as content to reject that which the nation would not tolerate as to comprehend that which it was willing to include, within the limits of its Protestant Christianity.

This Erastian conception of the Church of Christ is offensive to numbers of Churchmen as to all Nonconformists, but it is that on which an archbishop would very naturally look with considerable complacency. It may be said by those who have a more spiritual ideal that it subordinates the essence to the accidents, the life to the meat, the body to the raiment. That is the view of men of Canon Liddon's type, and it is that with which Nonconformists must have more sympathy. But the primate could plead on his own behalf that, however beautiful the canon's theory, it is in flagrant and irreconcilable contradiction to the facts. Erastianism may be good or bad, but it is unquestionably the principle of the Establishment, and the only principle which gives it a chance of existence. Its ideas seem to have been ingrained in Dr. Tait's mind. The *Spectator* speaks of "his perfect sympathy with the sobriety of a type of Christianity which may be described as Presbyterianism thinly veneered with dignified Episcopalian forms;" but his Presbyterian education had done more for him even than this. It had made him intensely Erastian. The actual identification of the Church and the State was maintained much longer in Scotland than in England. Up to a comparatively recent period the Church and the nation were practically the same. The presence of the representative of an Episcopalian monarch in the General Assembly was an anomaly, but it was tolerated, or rather had become to be regarded, as a tribute paid to the faith of the nation. To any one trained under such conditions, with all the memories which associated Presbyterianism with the heroic struggles of the people for liberty, nothing would seem more natural or desirable than a national Church. He was doubtless faithful to all the ideas of his childhood and youth when he labored so incessantly for the recovery of the national idea, and it so happened that he was faithful also to the best interests of the Anglican Establishment.

He has often been described as a "trimmer." The epithet so exactly describes the aspect, which a policy with the aim he kept steadily before him throughout his episcopate was certain to assume, that it is not wonderful it should be applied to him. It was not just, and yet there are facts which seem to sustain it. The opening act of his public life, for example, was that memorable protest against Tract XC. already referred to; while one of his latest, as we are told, was to recommend for other

preferment the clergyman who, perhaps more than any other, has sought to make the theory of that tract a living reality, and who has been conspicuous as an example of the lawless audacity with which, in defiance of courts and statutes, he has persisted in an extravagance of Romish ceremonial. Yet there is no reason to suppose that the primate had abandoned the views expressed in the protest, or regarded Tractarianism, to say nothing of Ritualism, with more sympathy. What he had learned was that the Anglican party was too strong to be expelled from the Establishment without imperilling its existence. He was not less of a Protestant, but he had been forced to the conviction that the supremacy of Protestantism in the Anglican Church was not to be so easily secured as he might at first have believed. The rumors that have been so industriously circulated as to his change of opinion relative to the Public Worship Regulation Act might have been treated with indifference but for the correspondence with Mr. Mackonochie, which is certainly little short of a direct confession of failure. If the act was intended to do anything, it was to suppress the extravagances of ritual for which St. Alban's has so long been notorious; and, so far as the action of the court was concerned, it had answered its design. The ceremonial had been inhibited, and the celebrant condemned; it remained only that the penalty of the law should be inflicted on the recalcitrant priest who obstinately refused to take any heed to the law or its administrators. It was at this point that the archbishop interfered, in order to save the offender from the consequences of his own transgression. It seems at first sight as though the primate shrank from the natural results of his own action in introducing the Public Worship Act. But it is pretty certain that the results were of a kind which he had never contemplated. He had not sufficiently taken into account the force of the strong conscientious convictions of those against whom the law was directed, and probably had calculated on the submission of the great majority. That a few extreme men would secede must have seemed probable, and for this he was doubtless prepared; but the attitude of obstinate passive resistance which Ritualists have taken, and in which they have been sustained by the sympathy of the High Church party in general, was a contingency which evidently was not foreseen, or the act would not have been passed.

Whether it ought to have been anticipated is another question which affects the sagacity of the primate's statesmanship. He was certainly warned at the time, and it would have been better for his own reputation, and probably for the good of the Establishment as well, if he had paid more heed to the eloquent monitions of Mr. Gladstone — than whom the Anglican Church has no more loyal son and no wiser counsellor — than to the Protestant rhapsodies of the prime minister of the day. Mr. Disraeli and Sir William Harcourt, united as the champions of English Protestantism, presented a spectacle which would provoke laughter, were not the issues involved so serious. Still, it may be urged, in excuse for the primate, that these men were sagacious politicians, that if their zeal for Protestantism was somewhat questionable, their care for their own reputation was beyond the possibility of suspicion, and that it might, therefore, be assumed that the policy recommended by them would at least be popular and successful. If an archbishop was to listen to counsels of expediency, there were none who seemed more able to play for him the part of Achitophel. How was it, then, they were mistaken? Surely because they were politicians, who knew nothing of the strength of faith, and were utterly unable to estimate the spiritual forces against which they had to contend. The position of the Ritualist clergy, indeed, is so inconsistent and indefensible that it might have seemed incredible that any rational men could attempt to hold it; and still more that in their struggle they should obtain so large an amount of sympathy, even from those who detest both their principles and practices. To repudiate the control of the nation in the national Church; to accept the interference of the State when it has privileges to bestow, and scorn it whenever it has a discipline to exercise; to set up the authority of conscience as a bar against the control of Parliament when it establishes a court for the administration of law, and meekly to submit to that control when it appoints a minister who has mitres and deaneries to bestow, is such flagrant inconsistency that even far-seeing men may plead some justification of their omission to take it into account in the formation of their policy.

But even if they could have anticipated action so unreasonable, they might have hoped that, at all events, it would have been so strongly reprobated by public opinion that the position must be speedily

abandoned. Strange to say, it has not been so. Not only have High Churchmen rallied to the support of their friends, but even some Liberals of the *Spectator* type have contended strenuously on the same side. Recusants chose to be imprisoned rather than submit, and there are multitudes who are so moved by the spectacle of a man, and especially an earnest religious teacher, suffering for conscience' sake, that they do not stop to inquire whether his martyrdom is the result of his own perversity or of the injustice of authority. Practically, Mr. Green's imprisonment killed the Public Worship Act. It was to prevent the possibility of similar action in the case of Mr. Mackonochie that the primate addressed to him from the chamber of death that touching appeal which will long remain a memorial of the personal goodness and gentleness of the man, and of the miserable feebleness of the system of which he was the representative. When the softened feeling which at present affects all our judgments of the primate's action has passed away, his conduct in this matter may be more severely criticised than now. We only trust that the blame will always rest where it ought to be laid, not on the man, but on the hard necessities of his position.

While the archbishop seemed of late more cautious and, perhaps, more conciliatory towards Ritualists, this tended to increased severity of action in relation to the Rationalist school rather than to that conciliation which had been manifested towards extreme Anglicans. In early days he showed more of the Broad Church spirit, as was seen in his vote against the synodical condemnation of "Essays and Reviews," and in his sympathy with Dr. Colenso. The morning journal, which is understood to be the most authoritative exponent of clerical opinion, says:—

He came to this important post [the Bishopric of London] just when the predicted reaction from Tractarianism began to show itself, first of all in the work of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch, and secondly in "Essays and Reviews." As a leading member of the Upper House of Convocation, Dr. Tait was called upon to take a prominent part in all the discussions to which these publications gave rise, and it would be useless to conceal the fact that he exerted himself in favor of the writers to a degree which gave considerable offence to even very tolerant theologians. In June of the same year the Bishop of Oxford moved a resolution in favor of a synodical condemnation of "Essays and Reviews," which was carried by a large majority; but of the

two dissentients the Bishop of London was one.

A more ill-advised vote than that of the majority has seldom been given. It was needless, for no one would suspect that a bench of bishops would commit themselves to any theological novelties; and it was mischievous, as giving the book thus solemnly condemned a factitious importance and notoriety which otherwise it would not have attained. That the episcopal censure would conclude the controversy no sane man could believe. What bishops have to do with heretical books, at all events in a Protestant country, is to answer rather than to stigmatize them; for if they can do the first the second is not necessary, and if they cannot it has no weight. So Dr. Tait saw, and acted accordingly, and his wisdom has been justified by the event. The vote of Convocation sold the book instead of killing the heresy. In late years Dr. Tait had the satisfaction of having as one of his suffragans one of the celebrated *septem contra Christum*, who, under the genial influences of the episcopal bench, seems to be rapidly developing into a mild type of High Church bishop, who, so far from indulging in heresy, recently delighted his High Church vicars by an elaborate argument in favor of the law so dear to High Church minds, forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister. A still more flagrant offender amongst the seven, and one who has given no signs of penitence, has more recently been appointed to the headship of an Oxford College. Dr. Tait's vote, the wisdom of which has been so strikingly vindicated, was not to be explained by his theological sympathies with Rationalism, but by his broad and tolerant spirit, which not only resented such a mode of action, but disposed him to take a more charitable view of the teachings which had thrown so many of his episcopal colleagues into a panic.

His own position was clearly defined in his charges of 1876 and 1879. With a rationalized Church, out of which the supernatural element has been extruded, he has no sympathy. To give up the incarnation and the resurrection is to reduce Christianity to a cold and powerless deism, and in both these addresses he employs all the power of his reasoning to expose the danger of such an attempt. Speaking in the first of them, in relation to those who admire everything in Christianity except its supernatural element, he says:—

If Christianity could only be relieved of this element — *that is, if it ceased to be Christianity* — they would be glad to adopt it; for without the supernatural element it ceases to be Christianity. Christ died that He might rise again. The resurrection of Christ was the greatest of all miracles. On this the whole of Christianity turns. To attempt, therefore, to present the world with a Christianity devoid of the supernatural elements leads to a contradiction in terms.

It is necessary to cite such a distinct utterance as this, because of the desire on the part of some to fix on certain liberal expressions of Dr. Tait's as though they indicated the absence of any decided theological convictions, and, indeed, a contempt for dogma altogether. There could be no greater mistake. He was broad, but his breadth was in sympathy more than in opinion. He endeavored to be just and even generous to opponents, but it may be doubted whether he always understood their actual position, and it is certain that his liberality to them was not the result of secret sympathy with their views. His charity was of the truest kind — a quality of the heart, a manifestation of broad sympathies, not of lax opinions. In his last charge he returned to the subject, and dealt with it even more fully. Clearly his conceptions of the seriousness of the conflict had deepened in the interval, and he insists even more strongly than before upon the necessity of a distinct testimony on these cardinal verities. He does it, however, with the same perfect self-possession, the same freedom from exaggeration and fear, the same anxious care to discern the good and strong points in the system which he was opposing, that were always so conspicuous in all his controversial utterances. He would have been the last unnecessarily to narrow the limits of comprehension in the Anglican Church; but he left no doubt as to his conviction that in a Christian Church there could be no place for those who, by denying the resurrection of the Lord, practically denied Christianity itself.

The action of the primate towards Nonconformists was dictated by no vain dream that they might be included within the Establishment, but rather by an earnest endeavor to make the pressure of the Establishment so inoffensive that their position outside might be as tolerable as the nature of the circumstances would allow. The Bishop of Liverpool tells Nonconformists that though the Establishment should be destroyed, the social

barriers which divide Churchmen and Nonconformists would remain, and would probably be guarded with more vigilance and severity than ever. The primate, on the contrary, did his utmost to remove just causes of grievance, and to bridge over the social chasm which divides our religious communities. To close it up or to get rid of its unpleasant influences was a task beyond his power, but he established better relations between Lambeth Palace and the Nonconformists than have existed for generations. This was all the more honorable because no man was more decidedly opposed to the Nonconformist contention, or less inclined to recognize the justice of the demands for religious equality. It would seem, from some of his utterances, as though he entertained the hope that the Anglican Church might become the centre of a group of Protestant Churches in this country, itself enjoying the distinction of the State Church and the primacy which that would confer. But even that dream appears to have faded away in his last years, and all that he desiderates in his last charge is the establishment of friendly relations on the basis of mutual respect for recognized conscientious differences. More noble, catholic utterances have seldom fallen from the mouth of an archbishop than those in which on that occasion he urged on his clergy the necessity of a tolerant Christian spirit in their dealings with Dissent.

Here, too, as in his opposition to the "Catholic" party, the ardor of the archbishop led him to commit some mistakes. One of the most serious was his unexpected patronage of the Church Defence Association. It might have been thought that he was the man to see that, if the Church was not its own defender, no society that could be established could avail to defend it. Dissenters, indeed, had no ground of complaint of his action in this matter. It was a confession of weakness which they might rather welcome, and a challenge to a controversy from which, certainly, they were not disposed to shrink. The only gainers by his Grace's movement were the few noisy champions who are the self-constituted and professional defenders of the Establishment. Sagacious men could not but feel that if the time had arrived when the bishops, with the primate at their head, felt that their great institutions throughout the country were not sufficiently strong bulwarks, and that they must themselves come into the conflict and place themselves at the head

of an irregular force, as the only hope of saving the Establishment, its days were numbered, and the end was not far distant.

A more unfortunate error was committed by him at his last Diocesan Conference, when he endeavored to fasten upon Nonconformists the odium of having a system of patronage among themselves. This was his language:—

A real distinction might be drawn between the sale of advowsons and the sale of next presentations. The sale of the former was often spoken of by Nonconformists as an awful blot on the Church; but he could not distinguish its principle from the purchase of a share in a chapel, which in Wales was thought to be a justifiable and a very profitable way of investing money. If a man bought a chapel and placed in it a person in whom he was interested, that was not distinguishable in principle from the sale of an advowson, and therefore the Church was not to be condemned for having failed to get rid of patronage.*

The logic here is as weak as the statements are unfounded. Granting all that the primate asserted, there is no parallel between the man who gives his friend the use of a building and the patron who appoints his nominee to the cure of souls. But the allegations on which this attempted parallel is based have been contradicted on authority which can only be met by a wide array of facts. Had they been true the primate would have had to prove that traffickers in chapel shares had the sanction of any of the Dissenting communities with which they were connected for their proceedings. There is, however, no foundation for the allegations. Our Welsh friends must have been extremely entertained when they heard of the profitable investments in chapel-building shares which are to be had in their country. It is to be regretted that the primate stooped to employ such a weapon. It is still more to be deplored that he did not, before committing himself to such assertions, test the accuracy of his information. Probably it was one of the unhappy results of association with Church-defenders that he was led to adopt one of those sensational stories which are their stock in trade.

But no mistakes of this kind could obliterate the recollection of the service which the primate rendered to the cause of religious liberty, greatly to the annoyance of numbers of his own clergy, and at the risk of serious misconception.

* The Guardian, July 5, 1882.

He used his influence to liberalize the universities; he prevented the struggle about the Irish Church from becoming a fierce conflict between the Established Church and the newly enfranchised democracy, led by the greatest statesman of the age, and flushed with a sense of power and victory which might easily have been roused to passion; he promoted a settlement of the vexed questions determined by the Burials Bill. It may be said, that whatever benefits Dissenters have derived from any of these measures, the Establishment has gained at least as much by its increased security; but this, if true, enhances instead of diminishes the credit due to the archbishop. If he had listened to the fiery counsellors around, he would have taken the *non possumus* attitude and braved the consequences. Let any one endeavor to realize what would have happened had he pursued this course on the second reading of the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the bill would have been rejected, in which case an appeal would have been made to the country, and the whole force of Liberalism engaged in a resolute struggle to humble the clergy. The fate of the English Church would have been identified with that of the Irish Establishment, and it would have been fortunate for the bishops if the worst consequence which ensued had been their own expulsion from the House of Lords. From a blundering policy, which must have been disastrous in its result, they were saved, both on this occasion and on that of the Burials Bill, by the sound judgment of the primate, who had the sagacity to perceive that heroic resistance would be a policy of madness, and, what was equally important under the circumstances, had the courage to act up to his convictions.

Of course Dr. Tait laid himself open to those unsparing attacks by which some of the clergy and the Church journals have enabled us to understand how possible it is to combine a profound belief in episcopal authority with the most disrespectful and even contemptuous action towards those by whom it is wielded. The severest critics of bishops of late have not been found among Nonconformists, but among their own clergy. But perhaps no one has suffered, and certainly none more unjustly than the late archbishop. The attacks upon him—as, for example, in relation to his alleged Presbyterian baptism—have sometimes passed the bounds of decency. Even in a grave

historical work, which is presumably intended to be permanent (Blunt's "History of the Reformation"), the High Church author cannot refrain from introducing a wanton and insulting sneer at his spiritual chief: "Happily for the Reformation," he says, "Archbishop Cranmer was not a Presbyterian by birth and country, and so was not distinctly a foe to the Church of England as some of her later rulers have been." Of course the presence of party spirit so bitter as this goes far to destroy the value of the history; but it is only as evidence of the animus against the archbishop that it is quoted here. With the Church of England as understood by Mr. Blunt, who regards some of its noblest sons, from Wycliffe downwards, as an "Anti-Church party," Tait had no sympathy. He was not a Laud; but while Laud succeeded in bringing himself and his master to the scaffold, and destroying the institution itself, his successor was able in a period of critical difficulty to save it from the danger with which it was threatened. Some later historian of more impartial temper will probably write of this time: "Happily for the Established Church there was at its head, at the commencement of the democratic period, a man who had understanding of the signs of the times, and who perceived that its privileges could only be continued so long as it was able to maintain a popularity based on evidences of its efficiency and moderation. Opposed by those who understood as little of him as of the real spirit of the people, and vainly dreamed of mediæval clericalism in a nineteenth-century democracy, trained in Protestant traditions, and throbbing with an ardent love of freedom, he steadily maintained his own position, and took his own course, and by his judicious action secured for the Establishment an extended lease of life. Presbyterian though he was in origin and early education, and utterly averse to the exalted notions of the Church authority and episcopal right, so dear to the mediæval school, the Anglican Church had no more loyal son, and certainly no abler ruler in the century to which he belonged."

Dr. Tait has been called the archbishop of the laity, and in some senses no epithet could be more true or more complimentary. If it be intended to suggest that he was indifferent or unfair to his clergy, nothing could be more unjust and ungenerous. But, if the meaning be that he recognized the folly of the idea that the

Church can be made a clerical preserve, it is perfectly true. Perhaps another eminent divine, who has recently gone to his rest, and who exercised immense influence, though he did not wear a mitre, might be regarded as sustaining the opposite character, as being the archbishop of the clergy — Dr. Pusey. If the primate were to be compared with him, the "Catholic" party would probably give the palm to the untitled professor of Hebrew. Dr. Tait did not found any school of thought, nor was he known for his mastery of the subtleties of theology. He did not aspire to be a great ecclesiastic, nor had he the reputation of a casuist. He was a Protestant, and did not crave for sacerdotal distinctions of any kind. But in a just conception of the wants of the country and the age, in largeness of heart and statesmanlike sagacity, and, in short, in all the qualities which would fit an English Churchman to do the work of this nineteenth century, he was as much superior to Dr. Pusey as he was inferior to him in those which are necessary in a clerical leader. These two men were representatives of powerful forces which are struggling within the Establishment, and the Church will be fortunate indeed if it can secure another prelate who can handle them as judiciously as the primate who has just been laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Addington. He was not able, indeed, to subdue the spirit of anarchy which is abroad, and his letter to Mr. Mackonochie was a probably unconscious confession of defeat, which however is not less crushing and complete because he may not have seen its full consequences. But he brought to the task the loyal service of a true and kindly heart, and of a clear and sagacious intellect.

This paper has dealt principally with his mode of governing the Church, but he brought it as much strength by his personal devotion and labor. Everywhere he was a worker. Rugby, Carlisle, London, Lambeth, and Canterbury — all have pleasant memories of his labors as a Christian man, as well as of his conduct as an official. The whole metropolis felt the impression of his conduct during the cholera visitation, and in originating the Bishop of London's Fund he gave a stimulus to Church extension not only in his own, but in all our religious communities. If his policy did not give peace to the Church, it was because circumstances were against him. It is much, however, to be able to say, what even his enemies

would not deny, that in the course of his anxious administration there is no evidence that he ever yielded to despondency on the one hand, or to passion on the other; and, still more, that no one could harbor the suspicion that he was malignant to an opponent or untrue to his own convictions. He failed to accomplish the impossible. He could not reconcile a fresh and vigorous life to the restraints which law must maintain in a national Church. That any one will succeed better is not to be hoped. He has left behind him the memory of a true and good man, who strenuously sought to do his duty, and whose personal character and bearing commanded the respect even of those who differed from his policy, or rebelled against the authority with which the law had invested him.

From The Leisure Hour.
IN ALSACE.

BY MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER I.

THE little stream ran murmuring softly over its pebbly bed, until, stopped by some large stone, it began leaping and bounding, dashing its white foam in the sunlight which crept through the pine-trunks down to the slippery bridge. In the middle of it stood Salome, gazing upwards to the sombre forest which crowned the mountain's top, and then glancing behind her to the autumn-tinted wood. Right and left were smiling meadows, where the aftermath was just being cut. Through them Salome's cows were slowly climbing homewards, lowing gently for the accustomed hand which was waiting to milk them, while the soft tinkle of their bells sounded through the quiet air.

Salome listened dreamily, lingering on the bridge and forgetting that her mother had sent her to help Frederika in making the hay; Frederika, too busy to call her, and yet surprised at her non-arrival, with a sort of Martha-feeling at her sister's leaving her to toil alone. Soon Salome roused herself, and began to work so vehemently that her father, shaking his head, said, "Ah, Salome, it is the lazy folk who are always in a hurry!"

Salome blushed — for she was not lazy, only dreamy. She lived a double life, which sometimes made her neglect the

practical duties so scrupulously fulfilled by Frederika; but, as her mother often said, "When she likes to do a thing, nobody can do it better than my little Salome."

Now she worked vigorously, determined not to notice the picturesque black shadows of the fir-trees, but only to see that night was coming and her task not half done. She collected the hay in a heap upon one of the nets which lay spread on the ground, drew it together tightly with cords, and prepared to lift the perfumed burden on to Frederika's head, well protected by a cushion so as to bear the load, and carry it up to the forester's house. Before she had done this, a hand much stronger than her own seized the net, and, to her own surprise as well as Frederika's, placed it on the head of the latter with utmost adroitness.

Salome's blue eyes danced with pleasure. "You back again here, Monsieur Morand?"

The young forester laughed. "Master Dominic is not a tattler, evidently. He has known for some months that I was to come to live with him and learn his business."

"Father knew, and never said a word!" cried Salome, laughing too. "And now I know why mother told Frederika to put clean sheets on the little bed in the hay-loft. I thought it was for Cousin Joseph, who has not been here for three weeks. The trees will have lost all their leaves before he comes to look at them."

"Perhaps your cousin prefers to admire the fading leaves in some other valley," said Morand, knocking the hay from his coat. "When one is shut up all the week in an office or a manufactory, one likes variety sometimes. I'll bet you anything Monsieur Joseph has taken his walks elsewhere, and has on his table a big bunch of crocuses to remind him of his last walk here."

Salome ceased laughing. "Joseph does not care for crocuses," said she sharply; "he says they remind him that winter is coming, when he cannot get to our house. Evidently you don't know much of my cousin."

"I shall probably know more by-and-by, if he comes here so often," answered Morand, tying up another bundle of hay, which this time Salome took upon her head to carry.

But, unlike Frederika, she could not carry it without lifting up her hand to steady it, and at best could scarcely keep her balance. Several times Morand

thought she would have to give in; but the girl knew her invalid mother was watching her from the window, and wished to appear at the hay-shed neither tired nor out of breath.

Passing the little window she asked for a kiss — like a baby! “No time to come in, mother. I stopped lazily on the bridge, and but for Monsieur Morand, Frederika and I should not have done our work by now.”

The mother smiled from the chair, whence she never rose if she could help it. She could do a little housework in the daytime, and she never betrayed what long hours of pain night always brought her. Suffering was written in her face. Of her seven children only these two remained; five lay in the little mountain graveyard, which their mother could no longer visit — till the day when tender hands should lay her beside them.

Salome had no remembrance of these lost ones, but she loved her mother with every fibre of her heart, and knew how her mother had loved all these, and mourned for them as only mothers do.

The kiss given and taken, Salome sprang back to her labor, meeting Frederika coming back with a new bundle of hay, and knitting as she went the long grey stocking, without which she was never seen.

“Frederika never loses a moment,” thought Salome, sighing; “she walks faster knitting than I do with my hands free. Well may father say she is as good as any son, as well as a daughter! I must try and imitate her. If Frederika should get married, what in the world should we do at home?”

So they went and came with their burdens, Salome climbing the rocks, Frederika choosing the straight road. Once the younger girl slipped, and her father placed her burden on the head of Morand.

“I am not used to this sort of thing,” said he; “I would rather carry it on my back.”

“That is not so easy!” cried Salome merrily. “You will let it slip, and the hay will all come down and require to be raked up again. You won’t like that.”

“Come along, Morand,” said the old forester: “the soup will get cold, and we must milk the cows before we go in.”

Morand looked in despair; he had never milked a cow in his life. “I have much to learn,” muttered he piteously.

“Supper is waiting,” said the practical Frederika; and as they hastened on Salome noticed, sticking out of the coat

which Morand had taken off to carry his awkward burden, a bunch of flowers.

“So *you* like crocuses, Monsieur Morand?”

“I thought you did, Mademoiselle Salome.”

Supper was over: it had grown quite dark, only a few stars glittered over the mountain-tops.

“Take your gun, Morand, and we will make our first round. My second I shall leave till later, when the moon is up. Often people come stealing wood by moonlight.”

“What! in this lonely place?” said Morand, who would much rather have sat at the half-open door listening to the two girls singing.

“When want presses, people will come a long way to steal,” said the old forester briefly.

So off they went. The mother called to Salome to help her to bed, and soon the moon was shining on the shut-up cottage windows.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE passed in busy monotony at the forester’s cottage. It was built at the extremity of the valley, which was wide at its entrance, but narrowed down to a mere gorge in the mountain. Often many hours elapsed without a single passer-by appearing. The smiling meadows, filled with cattle, smiled unseen. So did the pretty cottage, with its overhanging roof and its balustraded terrace, where all summer long the womenkind worked, enjoying the too brief sunshine of the day.

Now it was briefer than ever. But the harvest was gathered in, the potatoes were housed, the beet-root pulled up, the sourkraut made (and the mother had pronounced it excellent). Even the grey woollen stockings were all ready for use. Man and beast were well prepared to face the hard winter, and Frederika had an easy mind.

Salome had helped her a good deal, chiefly in obeying orders, blindly as a little child. Frederika was the heart of the home. Only in one thing her sister surpassed her, and that was in taking care of their mother.

She was a happy-minded girl, this Salome. Often her father listened to her singing. “That child is the sunshine of the home, and she grows prettier every day. But for practical work, give me Frederika.”

The old man himself was, however, gayer than usual. Being out of doors all

day, he did not notice his wife's increasing feebleness, and, unconsciously to himself, the coming of young Morand had brightened and changed his life. For twenty years he had been accustomed to wander about, gun in hand, through the forest, often meeting not a soul all day long, till he began talking aloud to himself, or to the dumb animals, for the sake of company. Now he had Morand always beside him, ready to execute his orders, to run after suspected thieves or poachers, to keep count of the fallen trees and the bundles of brushwood. It was Morand who kept in repair the road where the woodcutters would have to pass next spring, and his strong young arm was always ready for any forest work. Coming home, he usually carried both guns, and the old forester marched on, empty-handed, wondering to find himself so little fatigued.

"He seems like one of our own sons," said the old man sometimes to his wife. But the mother smiled sadly. No one would ever be to her what her lost boys were, so good, so handsome, so strong, so brave. Besides, a shade of anxiety sometimes crossed her face as she watched the young forester beside her two daughters, helping Frederika in her daily work, leaning over the balustrade to admire the mountains with the dreamy Salome, or singing with them at the close of the day.

Morand was not always master of the field. Every Sunday Cousin Joseph, an overseer in a large manufactory some miles off, started at dawn, in order to spend the day in the forester's cottage. He was a hardworking fellow, implicitly trusted, and with all his heart in his work, but at the core of it lay one thought, which nobody guessed, least of all the girl herself, and that was his cousin Frederika.

Joseph had a sick mother to keep; he could not marry. But he said to himself, "No one ever goes to the valley; the girls see only carters and woodcutters. The solitude keeps my treasure safe." Now, since Morand had come to learn the forester's trade from old Dominic, Joseph was less at ease. If he missed his usual visit, nobody complained; and all the week long there was Morand laughing and chatting with the girls, helping the father, amusing the feeble mother. Joseph became seriously jealous. But one thing reassured him, he felt convinced that Morand preferred the bridge and the meadow with Salome to the house and the stable with Frederika.

"Besides," thought the lover, "he will soon get his nomination to be forester elsewhere. A few months' patience — then my wages will be raised — I shall speak to my uncle, and Frederika will not say me nay."

So things went on. It was with Joseph that the girls rambled about in the forest, gathering nosegays, while Morand sat under a tree, or by the kitchen fire, smoking his pipe. "I walk enough during the week," he said; "I prefer to sit still when I can. I had rather take off my boots than put them on, and I think flowers growing are much prettier than flowers stuck in vases, and basins, or even beer-glasses." At which Frederika would laugh, and set before him a fresh bottle of Alsatian beer; but Salome sighed, and wished that Morand liked better the things she liked so much.

Winter had come. No more flowers in the forest, or leaves on the trees, or paths distinguishable across the mountain-side. The sharp angles of rock vanished, hidden under a white veil of snow. Unless he succeeded in getting a sledge, Joseph was unable to take his weekly journey to the cottage, where the days now seemed alike in their chill monotony. Often even the two foresters, old and young, were prisoners indoors, or could only march up and down the outside gallery in their huge fur coats.

Father Dominic smoked so many pipes that his tobacco ran short, and Morand could scarcely get to the village to buy some more. He had asked Frederika if she wanted anything, and she wanted so much that he proposed bringing her commissions home in a sledge.

Salome had but one commission to give:—

"Don't forget the medicine for mother."

"No," said the young man, as he glanced at the poor sick woman shivering beside the fire, where all the heat of all the faggots could not warm her.

"You can do nothing," said she gently, smiling to her daughters. "By spring-time I shall go into the light of the eternal sun."

It vexed the forester to hear his wife speak thus.

"Oh, you will mend in the spring," said he, and then became suddenly deaf to all further words.

Luckily the cellar was full, the hay-loft likewise, and the granary, but while the roads were stopped up with snow, meat, fresh bread, and green vegetables were unknown in the forester's cottage. Every

fortnight Frederika baked: other days sourkraut and potatoes sufficed for the principal meal. On Fridays Salome took her part in the work. "No one makes cheeses so well as Salome," the mother always declared, and Frederika generously allowed this. "Still," she thought, "it is only once a week that we can afford to eat cheese."

Morand began to weary of his long chats with Father Dominic, and as soon as the wind had swept the snow into drifts, so as to make anything like a foot-road, he sallied out into the forest and up the mountain. Though he was not sensitive to the beauty of flowers and fading leaves, like Cousin Joseph, who, shut up in a town, delighted in the country, still he enjoyed, with a kind of passion, the glory of the winter landscape — the bare, glittering trees, the icicles gleaming in the frosty sun. His heart sprang to his lips, and he began singing like a boy. Returning, half frozen with cold and very tired, he yet looked so happy that Salome said, —

"Now, for two days at least, we shall have no more grumbling at the winter."

She would have liked herself to go into the forest and up the mountain, but Frederika laughed at the bare idea of such folly, and the mother wholly forbade it.

"I wish I were a little bird or a mouse, to go where I liked," said Salome, and envied the owners of these little feet, the marks of which she saw on her doorsill when she swept the snow off it every morning. Foolish Salome!

CHAPTER III.

It was a specially bad winter, as every one agreed. Skating was the sole exercise possible. After Morand had swept the snow away, the two girls used to go skimming like birds over the ponds in the meadows; but Frederika skated far the best, because Salome's mind was absorbed in admiring the grand mountain heights and dark pine forests, clad in their winter dress of shining white, sharp against the intensely blue sky. When she came in her mother seemed to watch her with an unquiet look, but Salome kissed the feeble yet ever busy hands and smiled.

For a long time now the forester's cottage had been completely isolated from the outside world. The old man grumbled, —

"It is as bad as living in a desert island. I am tired of listening for the wheels of carts that never come."

His daughters laughed. These carts were often for weeks their sole amusement — the cries of the carters to their horses, the sound of feet along the hard road. They counted every tree that was felled and carried away.

"But now," said Frederika dolorously, "there is not a cart on the road, not a woodcutter in the forest, nor even a forester to look after him. Father knows by heart his last newspaper, which he has not read much more than twenty times over."

To beguile the long evenings Salome tried reading aloud, but the two men invariably fell asleep, so the girl read on to herself; but now she closed the book; nobody cared for it. Frederika and she had never been to school; all they knew had been taught them by their mother, a schoolmaster's daughter.

Winter seemed never to end. The potatoes, getting frosted in the cellar, were Frederika's great anxiety, until she had got Morand to cover them close with straw.

"He is as good as a brother to us both," said she frankly to Salome, who said nothing.

For Morand, he watched Frederika from morning till night, busy about her household cares.

"The time will come," he said softly to himself.

Alas! the time was coming already, for the mother of the family was worn out by long sickness. She would have liked to live for her family's sake, and especially for one, over whose young head her quick eyes saw trouble gathering; but life was slipping from her drop by drop. Each day she quitted her bed with greater difficulty; at last she was not able to dress herself. Her daughters dressed her like a baby, and then fetched Morand to carry her to her straw armchair beside the fire, and at night, quite early, he carried her back to her bed.

The moon shone in through the frosty windows. Salome sat at the foot of the bed, watching her sleeping mother. The tiled stove warmed the room pleasantly, and through the half-open door the red light of the kitchen fire shone on the face of the sick woman.

"She looks less pale than yesterday," thought Salome. "Perhaps father is right, she will revive in the spring."

Morand and Frederika were laughing together — sometimes even her father too — but Salome only sat and watched her mother. Gradually the firelight died,

but the moonlight began to fill the room. The young watcher closed her eyes; when she opened them again it seemed as if her mother's face had changed. Salome sprang towards her.

"Take care, my child, take care," was feebly murmured, as the listless hand dropped, and over the beloved features came a solemn, terrible beauty. Salome uttered a sharp cry and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself she was beside the kitchen, Morand alone sitting near her. From the inner room came the sound of sobbing, an old man's sobs, stunned by the great grief of his life. Frederika wept quietly beside him. Salome rose, and staggering, helped by Morand's strong arm, went in to them. Frederika embraced her; her father laid his hand upon her head.

"Thank God, my child, your mother was not alone when she died!"

With difficulty Morand managed to get sent to Joseph the tidings of his aunt's death. With still greater difficulty the two young men contrived to make preparations for the interment. The funeral procession could scarcely reach the distant cemetery where slept the forester's dead children; and when his two remaining daughters insisted upon going, it was as much as Joseph and Morand could do to help them through the snow. Joseph supported Frederika, Morand Salome. The old father refused all aid. He went and came back alone, and arriving at home he went into his wife's empty room and locked the door. Outside it Salome, trembling, sank upon her knees.

"Let us say our prayers," she cried; and they all listened while she repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The long and cruel cold, the sunless days, the freezing nights, had done their work and killed the mother. Her place was empty forever. Salome almost mourned that she herself had been so happy during this winter, the latest of her mother's life; and why had that mother's last words been "Take care"?

Poor child! she was soon to find out.

Spring came at last. The snow began to melt, and communication with the outside world was once more possible. Father Dominic sometimes got his newspaper; if he read it upside down nobody noticed; if the paper dropped, nobody picked it up. His wife was dead.

One day he shut himself up in her room and wrote a letter, gave it to the postman, took his gun, and, without calling Mo-

rand, went out into the forest. A week after he gave the young man a letter. It contained Morand's appointment as head forester in another part of the country. But appended was a postscript, saying, "that Dominic Friechar had asked for him as assistant, and he was free to choose either post; but the former would be much more advantageous."

Morand hesitated. The old forester, who had guessed the contents of the letter, had turned aside.

Salome watched both with evident anxiety. Frederika, busy preparing dinner, was the only one who took no heed.

Morand met Salome's inquiring eyes. "I am appointed forester to a place, very profitable, but a long way from here."

"A long way from here," repeated the old man. "I begged a favor. I wanted to keep you here; I am not the man I once was; my strength does not come back with spring; I think *she* must have taken it away with her, all my courage and all my hope."

His daughters tried to comfort him, but he shook his head without replying. Morand precipitately escaped from the room.

When the young man came back, his dinner had been laid for him only. But Frederika had taken care that all should be quite comfortable for him, even more so than usual; and she was in the kitchen alone. Morand seized her hands.

"If I go to that far-off place, will you go with me?"

"Wherever you like," said she simply.

She had hitherto been too busy to think of love. But when Morand took her in his arms a deep joy took possession of poor Frederika. In the morning Morand had been to her a mere brother, nothing more. Now he seemed everything, beyond her father, Salome, and the dear memory of her mother. She sat down on a chair by the fire, for in truth she trembled too much to stand. Morand also was deeply affected.

At this moment the door opened and Salome entered. Frederika hastily drew back, but her hands were still clasped in her lover's, and Salome saw it.

"Sister!" said Morand, with a smile.

Amazement, almost stupor, was written on the poor girl's white face. All she muttered was, "Does father know?"

"Not yet," answered Morand. "I was just going to look for him in the forest."

"He is in the stable with the sick cow," stammered Salome. Then going up to her sister, she kissed her on the forehead and mouth. "Be happy!" she said. But

when Frederika lifted up her countenance, glowing with the new-found happiness, Salome put her hand before her eyes as if something blinded them. Then, turning to Morand, who stood irresolute at the door, "Brother!" she added, holding out her hand, "now let me go and tell father."

Morand and Frederika sat down again, both silent. Perhaps they felt that their joy was bought by another's pain. But Morand soon recovered himself.

"Thine only, for life and death," whispered he to his *fiancée*, and thought no more.

Meantime Salome mechanically went to the stable. Her father was not there. She sat down on a heap of hay, looking straight before her with blank, dazed eyes. Her pet cows came round her; she noticed their familiar faces, and even the broken horn on the head of one of them, with a vague, stupid tenderness. She suffered cruelly, yet could hardly explain to herself why.

"Take care, Salome, take care."

The very sound of her mother's voice seemed to come to her from afar. Poor Salome dropped her head in her hands and wept.

Like Frederika, she had enjoyed simply and freely the companionship of young Morand, but, unlike her, being given to dreaming, she had allowed her dreams to rest upon him, making him the one object of her existence. When she saw the clasped hands of the two lovers, it seemed as if a sword pierced Salome's heart, and even now she felt her life-blood slowly flowing through the wound. Once more she reflected to herself, "Take care, Salome, take care."

The hours passed by; Father Dominic had returned to the house. Morand and Frederika drew their chairs close together and talked in whispers, absorbed in their own plans and hopes, and already smitten with that instinctive selfishness, of which none of us are ashamed when it takes the pleasant form of devotion to somebody else.

Nevertheless, when she saw her father stand silently on the threshold, the girl's other affections woke up again. She ran to the old man and hid her face on his neck.

"Morand loves me, he wishes me for his wife," murmured she.

The old forester started; an image flitted before his eyes of Frederika's mother at Frederika's age, but far prettier. His voice shook as he said tenderly, "God

bless thee, child; make thy husband as happy as she made me for five-and-twenty years." Then he stretched out a hand to the young man, but not forgetting his former wish, added, "Do you go, or stay?"

Both the lovers hesitated, till Morand said, "You shall decide the matter yourself."

At this moment Salome entered. Her father might well look amazed — even terrified. Colorless cheeks, reddened eyes, disordered hair, and an expression at once blank, vague, and wholly piteous. The old man put his arms closely round his daughter, and then said, as if continuing a conversation already begun, —

"Yes, Morand, when you leave us, and go to your new home in the mountain, and have all the responsibility of a forester upon your shoulders, you must take care that the woodcutters do no injury to the young trees."

Morand looked surprised, but Frederika answered quickly, "Of course, father, when you come to see us you will tell Morand many little things which he has not already learnt."

So Morand understood, to his great joy, that he had won, not only his wife, but his independence.

Salome and her father went out together. In the open air, in sight of the mountain and the forest, where still lay white patches of the winter snow — that long winter, so happy and so sad — the old man drew his daughter to his heart.

"Thou shalt be wholly my own," he said tenderly. "Thou shalt replace all whom I have lost."

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER the cottage roof was at once great joy and great pain. No confidences were exchanged between Morand and his betrothed, or between the old man and Salome, only every one united in hastening the preparations for the marriage. Possibly Morand blamed himself for not having sooner made up his mind and expressed it. Frederika had many a bitter thought in the midst of her happiness. The old forester said nothing, but his eyes followed his younger daughter far oftener than the elder.

Morand had to leave a month after his betrothal, and go to establish himself in his new home and work. When he came back Frederika was busy, getting ready the trunk filled with household linen, the labor of her busy hands, which she would take away with her to her husband's home. Salome helped her, silently but energetically.

ically. She seemed to have quaffed in one draught her bitter cup, to have cut off the right hand and plucked out the right eye. If she suffered still, no one knew it, not even her father. Frederika even, seeing her sister so busy, often said to herself, "How quickly she is consoled! If Morand had loved her instead of me, I think I should have died of grief." But people do not die of grief whose hearts are true and whose will is firm. Salome, bent on rooting out of her soul a love which, however innocent at first, was innocent no longer — Salome watched and prayed night and day.

Morand came back for his bride. Frederika herself did not take more pains to set off her beauty in her bridegroom's sight than did Salome to conceal all traces of her suffering. Her eyes looked brighter than ever when the young forester led his wife to the altar, insomuch that many said, "If I had been Morand I would have chosen Salome." But the mothers shook their heads and said that "beauty was not everything, and Frederika was such an admirable manager of a household."

Joseph was at the wedding. When he went to ask for a holiday it was with so dull a face that his master inquired laughingly whether he was off to a marriage or a funeral. Joseph might well have said the latter. All his hopes seemed dead and buried.

But the blow had not struck him suddenly as it had Salome. He had time to compose his features, and even put on a fitting manner as he apologized for his long absence.

"But you never missed me," said he to the bride. Frederika blushed, for it was only too true.

Busy, even with her orange-blossom crown on, she was helping Salome to lay the dinner. Joseph gave her a gold cross, bought out of his slender wages, and her eyes sparkled with delight. She would have liked to put it on at once. Morand was not rich, and had nothing to give her but the gold ring that lay in his waistcoat pocket.

Joseph's secret was tolerably well guessed, but the bridegroom was not jealous. Joseph and Salome walked into church together behind the happy pair. The father looked after them and sighed.

"Two griefs cannot make one happiness," thought he.

The young couple were gone, the forester's cottage had become silent. Once Salome used to sing at her work, now she

worked without singing. It was with difficulty that she remembered little details of housekeeping, so easy to Frederika. But she would not let herself dream. "What use would it be?" she often thought. "As mother said, 'Take care, Salome.'" So she redoubled her activity in the house, her watchful care over her old father, who often smiled when she came to relieve him of his gun, and even to unbutton his gaiters.

"I am still stout enough to take care of myself, and I want no assistant," said he. "It was Morand I wanted, but the lad knew better how to shift for himself."

While her father was in the forest Salome spent many a lonely hour, but sometimes she went with him and watched the long slides, like the slide of Alpnach, down which the huge logs were thrown. It was the brightest day of the very dull week, when Joseph paid his usual visit; he never failed to come early and depart late. But he spoke little, and not even the news which the old man was always ready to tell about Frederika and her affairs provoked from him a reply. He entered, taciturn and cold, arranging on his lap the flowers he had gathered in the forest, great handfuls of which he often took back to his city home. Never once had he exchanged confidences with Salome, yet he felt she understood him. Whether he spoke or not, her presence was a rest to him. She, on her side, began to find the time long between his visits, and each time when Joseph went away she said to him, "You will be sure to come again?"

Winter returned, but a little less severe than the last. The valley lay deep in snow, and the forester's cottage was once more shut out from the world. Not from Joseph, who got a sledge and succeeded in coming every week as usual. He brought Father Dominic town news, not over-interesting, and newspapers, full of the war, which was a ceaseless curiosity to the old man, who had once served as a soldier in Algeria.

"There I used to meet men of all countries, and ever after I like to know what is passing in the world. Last winter I had nearly come to the end of my tobacco, but I do believe I could better want my pipe than my newspaper."

Salome laughed. "Happily, father, you can read the same paper twenty times over, but you can never re-commence an ended pipe. That which vanishes in smoke vanishes forever."

Her voice was a little sad; Joseph looked at her surprised; the old man tapped his nephew on the shoulder. "Thanks to thee, lad, I have wanted neither pipe nor newspaper all the winter. I do believe you think all the week what you can bring us when you come."

"No, uncle, I do better than that; Salome writes down what she wants one week, and I bring it the next."

"As you brought the books which I saw you reading together, and the crystal cup with her name on it that she got last week."

Joseph blushed, so did Salome, without knowing why.

"The barometer is falling," he said absently.

"Nonsense of barometers. I make mine out of the winds and clouds, the flight of birds, and the leaves of trees. These show, as cleverly as you can, the state of the weather. When you come next week, nephew, you will require no sledge."

Joseph laughed. It has served me well all winter, but I prefer my legs. They cost less money."

For though his wages had increased, he was still very economical. They laughed at the large account Joseph was beginning to have at his banker's. But the young fellow kept his own counsel over his own affairs.

CHAPTER V.

THE clouds were low and the sky grey, when Joseph, stick in hand, took the next time his way to the forester's cottage. Streams long frozen came tumbling down the rocks or filtering through the ground, the murmur of waters was heard on every side. The snow was fast disappearing in the forest, but many times the road was blocked up by trunks of trees which the now freed torrents had torn up, and brought tumbling with them down the mountain-side. Joseph tried to lift them away, so as to make an easier path for those who might follow him. But it was hard work. His bag slipped from his shoulders; it was heavy, for, sledge or no sledge, he would not forget Salome's commission. Very tired and breathless was he when he reached his uncle's door.

Salome stood there alone. "Father is gone to the forest; he is troubled at the rapid melting of the snow. Sometimes our stream overflows its banks and does a deal of harm."

Joseph had spent many an hour by the brook-side, gathering flowers or catching

trout. It had never occurred to him that it could do any harm — the innocent little stream!

"The sky is not brilliant to-day, and the ground is well soaked with rain. Still, I think you could walk easily, Salome, if you will lean sometimes on me. Shall we start and go and look after your father? I own I shall be rather interested to see that pretty, merry little rivulet in a fury."

Salome did not laugh. "Accidents happen sometimes," said she gravely, and agreed at once to Joseph's proposal. Young and strong, steady-headed, sure-footed, she had no fear except for her father. "But if we meet him, and you take his gun and give him your arm, he will come safely home in spite of this horrible weather."

So chatting, the two cousins went merrily on. Joseph had got into the habit of telling Salome all his cares, which his mother was too old and infirm to be troubled with, and she in her turn had many things to say to him which she never said to her father. They spoke of present and future unhesitatingly, but the past was always a sealed book with both.

They reached the stream without finding the old man. There Joseph stopped, horrified at the change. It was not a rivulet at all, but a foaming, roaring torrent, pouring down the mountain-side.

"For the love of God, let us hurry on!" cried Salome. "Close by is a ruined house, with a cottage built against it. If the stream sweeps it away everybody will be drowned."

Joseph seized Salome's hand, and they both ran as fast as they could. The noise of the waters and the occasional crash of falling trees almost deafened them, but above it all Salome thought she heard cries of distress. She leaped from stone to stone, her long hair floating behind her.

Joseph's eyes followed her in admiration. "Never did I see a woman so strong and brave as this gentle Cousin Salome!" thought he.

Arrived at the abandoned house with the little cottage clinging to its wall, they found it already half destroyed by the violence of the flood. A woman stood at the window with a child in her arms, and just opposite, on the farther shore, stood the old forester, gun in hand, making signs to her that he would try to swim across.

Father Dominic used to say of quiet Joseph, "He has milk in his veins in-

arch on Bosworth field. But when James, Earl of Derby, was beheaded after the battle of Worcester, in 1651, the estate was purchased under the Sequestration Act by Serjeant Glynn, through whom it comes into its present possession, by Mrs. Gladstone, and his portrait hangs over the mantelshef of the drawing-room; "but," said Mrs. Gladstone, in calling our attention to it, "he is an ancestor of whom we have no occasion to be and are not proud."

The aspect of the house is very impressive and imposing as it first suddenly seems to start upon the view after the long carriage-drive through the noble trees, if not immediately near, but breaking and brightening the view on either hand; yet, within and without, the house seems like its mighty master—not pensive nor rural; it does not even breathe the spirit of quiet. Its rooms look active and power-compelling, and we could not but feel that they were not indebted to any of the æsthetic inventions and elegances of furniture for their charm. Thus we have heard of one visitor pathetically exclaiming, "Not one *dado* adorns the walls!" Hawarden is called a castle, but it has not, either in its exterior or interior, the aspect of a castle. It is a home; it has a noble appearance as it rises on the elevated ground near the old feudal ruin which it has superseded, and looks over the grand and forest-like park, the grand pieces of broken ground, dells and hollows, and charming woodlands.

When within the house, in every room you seem to be surrounded by books; books, quantities of them, in the breakfast-room; and in the great and noble library, the lofty room surrounded with books; here, a noble heirloom of the Glynn family, a portrait by Vandyke of that marvellous man, Sir Kenelm Digby, hangs over the fireplace. This seems to be a favorite picture of Mrs. Gladstone's, who especially called our attention to it. Other interesting pictures light the way, conspicuously an engraving of Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which, however noble as an imitation of the style of Velasquez, fails to give any suggestion of the light and play of life which glows and gleams from the face of the original in every moment of conversation. You step from the library into the study—it is the anteroom of the library. As we did so we were, perhaps, surprised by the presence of a most breathing bust of William Pitt, for whom Mr. Gladstone is understood to have the highest admira-

tion; and no wonder, for, strange as it may seem to say it, between the two statesmen there are remarkable points of resemblance, both men equal to a great national emergency. Pitt was a mighty master of finance—the mightiest chancellor of the exchequer England had known until even his genius was transcended in this department by that of the present living minister.

At the door of the study the minister graciously received us, and with a warm pressure of the hand made us at home at once in this great workshop of the mind, of so many studies and cares; and here, in order, or disorder, were still books, and books, and books, papers, busts, portraits, and every variety of furniture of culture and taste. We saw very few indications of any care for costly or elegant bindings. Clearly the volumes were there, not as the furniture of the house, but the furniture of the incessantly acquisitive mind. It is a venerable apartment. At different tables—there are several in the room reserved and set apart for various occupations—the visitor is instantly impressed as by the memories of a variety of labor. *This* is the literary table; here "*Juventus Mundi*" was written; here the Homeric studies were pursued. "Ah!" sighs Mr. Gladstone, "it is a long time since I sat there!" *This* is the political table; here the Irish Bills and the budgets were shaped and fashioned. And here is Mrs. Gladstone's table; here she probably planned her orphanage, and the hospital she first called into existence. *This* is the room where the scholar and the statesman spends the chief portion of his time; there is the theological portion of the library—an ample collection; separate compartments receive the works of Homer, and Shakespeare, and Dante; and the busts of Sydney Herbert, and Mr. Gladstone's old college friend, the Duke of Newcastle, and Canning, and Cobden, and Homer bend from the bookcases, and Tennyson looks out from a large bronze medallion.

Of course, we cannot visit Hawarden without also paying a visit to the church. It is a fair large structure, externally a plain old brick building, with a low tower and dwarf spire, standing in the midst of a large population of graves. About thirty years since the church was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The walls, however, escaped destruction, and the present building is a restoration to the memory of the immediate ancestor from whom the entire

However dreary the road may be, when the gates are passed and we enter the richly wooded and extensive park, all the sternness vanishes and the eye enjoys charming vistas opening amongst oaks, limes, and elms. It is, indeed, a fine and ample domain, and there, as you go along the fine drive, on the height on the left, is the ruin of the ancient castle, to which the present quite modern and more home-like habitation is the successor.

The traditional history of this castle travels back to a very remote antiquity, and is the central point of interest to many a tragedy, and some of a very grotesque character. For instance, for many ages the inhabitants of Hawarden were called "Harden Jews," and for this designation we have the following legendary account. In the year 946, during the reign of Cynan ap Elis ap Anarawd, king of Gwynedd North, there was a Christian temple at Harden, and a rood-loft, in which was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, with a very large cross in her hands, which was called "holy rood." During a very hot and dry summer the inhabitants prayed much and ardently for rain, but without any effect. Among the rest, Lady Trowst, wife of Sytysyllt, governor of Harden Castle, went also to pray, when, during this exercise, the holy rood fell upon her head and killed her. Such behavior upon the part of this wooden Virgin could be tolerated no more. A great tumult ensued in consequence, and it was concluded to try the said Virgin for murder, and the jury not only found her guilty of wilful murder, but of inattention in not answering the prayers of innumerable petitioners. The sentence was hanging, but Span, of Mancot, who was one of the jury, opposed this act, saying it was best to drown, since it was rain they prayed for. This was fiercely opposed by Corbin of the Gate, who advised that she should be laid on the sands near the river. So, this being done, the tide carried the lady, floating gently, like another lady, Elaine, upon its soft bosom, and placed her near the walls of Caerleon (now Chester), where she was found next day, says the legend, drowned and dead. Here the inhabitants of Caerleon buried her. Upon this occasion, it is said, the river, which had until then been called the Usk, was changed to Rood Die, or Rood Dee. We need not stay here to analyze some things belonging to locality and etymology, which appear to us somewhat anachronistic and contradictory in this ancient and queer legend.

Hawarden appears to have been a stronghold of the Saxons, for, on the invasion of William, it was found in the possession of Edwin, sovereign of Deira; indeed, the word "Hawarden" is supposed to be synonymous with the word *Burg-Ardden*, Ardin, a fortified mount, or hill. It is usually supposed to be an English word, but of Welsh derivation, and is no doubt related to *dinas*, in Welsh the exact equivalent to the Saxon *burg*. It is believed that the old castle was built shortly after the Conquest. This is very probable, for that was the age of castles, and old Hawarden Castle was probably no exception to those cruel haunts of feudal tyranny and oppression. Many years since, when the rubbish was cleared away beneath the castle ruin, a flight of steps was found, at the foot of which was a door, and a drawbridge which crossed a long deep chasm neatly faced with freestone, then another door leading to several small rooms, all, probably, places of confinement; and those hollows, now fringed with timber trees, in those days constituted a broad, deep fosse. We find it afterwards in the possession of Roger Fitzvalarine, a son of one of the adventurers who came over with the Conqueror. Then it was held, subordinately, by the Monthault, or Montalt, family, the stewards of the palatinate of Chester. It is remarkable, as we noticed in our story of Hughenden Manor, that as the traditions of that ancient place touched the memory of Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, so do they also in the story of the old castle of Hawarden. Here Llewelyn, the last native prince of Wales, held a memorable conference with the earl. Within the walls of Hawarden was signed the treaty of peace between Wales and Cheshire, not long to last; and here Llewelyn saw the beautiful daughter of De Montfort, whose memory haunted him so tenderly and so long. Again we find the castle in the possession of the Montalt family, from whom it descended to the Stanleys, the Earls of Derby. The most illustrious resident in Hawarden is the great statesman to whom it is now a favorite home; yet here the last native princes of Wales, Llewelyn and David, attempted to grasp their crumbling sceptre. Here, no doubt, halted Edward I., "girt with many a baron bold;" here the Tudor prince, Henry VII., of Welsh birth, visited in the later years of the fifteenth century; and this was the occasion upon which it passed into the family whose representative had proclaimed him mon-

arch on Bosworth field. But when James, Earl of Derby, was beheaded after the battle of Worcester, in 1651, the estate was purchased under the Sequestration Act by Serjeant Glynn, through whom it comes into its present possession, by Mrs. Gladstone, and his portrait hangs over the mantelshef of the drawing-room; "but," said Mrs. Gladstone, in calling our attention to it, "he is an ancestor of whom we have no occasion to be and are not proud."

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estate is derived by the present family. The rector, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the second son of the premier, although not a great preacher, is one to whom men listen with pleasure; he is quietly earnest and instructive. But, no doubt, the most singular scene in the Hawarden Church, beheld usually when the premier is in residence in the castle, is to see him sitting in the plain, uncushioned pew, near the lectern and opposite the pulpit. It may be thought — perhaps feared — that of the crowds which fill the church at the morning and evening service, multitudes are brought together, strangers, week after week, to obtain a view of that face so gnarled and rugged, and often so pale. It must be admitted that the spectacle of the prime minister of a great nation taking part, week after week, in the simple service of an obscure village church is a sight the world has seldom if ever seen. Seated near to the reading-desk, at the time and place indicated, he quietly rises and goes through his part of the service, reading the lessons from the desk. Then he resumes his seat, and, while joining heartily in the other parts of the service, usually listens to the sermon with head thrown back and closed eyes. Then the service closes, and the premier throws a coat over his shoulders without putting his arms into it: he is only on his way to the rectory. The family all seem to live together in the most beautiful relations of lovable unity. But as he walks along the churchyard path it is probably lined with visitors, waiting, uncovered, to greet him as he passes along. With hat in hand, his head uncovered, he passes through the human lane of lovers and admirers — perhaps of some enemies too — exchanging smiles and nods and friendly negotiations till he is safe in the household room of the rector, his son. We have heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of his health to the fact that he will have his Sabbath to himself and to his family, undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of State, or even the recreations of literature and scholastic study.

It is impossible to restrain a sense of admiration for this profound public regard for the day of rest. Whether in London or at Hawarden, he puts us in mind of his great predecessor in the statesmanship of England, Cecil Lord Burleigh, who, when he arrived at Theobalds on a Saturday evening, would throw off his cloak or chain of office and exclaim, "Lie there and rest, my good lord treasurer!"

Yes, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus),
That before living he'd learn how to live —
No end to learning;
Earn the means first — God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Was it not great? Did he not throw on God
(He loves the burden)
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?

It may, however, truly be said, while keeping clear of all party difference, Mr. Gladstone is a very remarkable study. He possesses a singular variety of faculty and amazing fullness of vitality. Mind and body seem equal in perfection of animation and agility. How truly it has been said, "There is no way of making heroism easy. Labor, iron labor, is the only way." Mr. Gladstone reminds us of what Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "He can toil terribly." But nature, when she adds difficulty on difficulty, gives brains. In his exceeding simplicity of character he seems to say, "I am born to this position. I *must* take it, and neither you nor I can help or hinder me; surely then I need not fret myself to guard my own dignity." To fell a stout and ancient tree of ample girth; to walk with ease and pleasure a dozen miles; to translate from English into elegant Latin, or to translate from Latin or Greek into elegant English; to address a concourse of twenty-five thousand persons; or to deliver an oration from the chair of an university; to deal successfully with the complicating embarrassments of a tariff, the perplexities of a chancellor of the exchequer; to write essays as an accomplished journalist; or firmly to grasp the rudder of the vessel of the State, — all these exhibit a variety of power surely not less than astonishing to ordinary mortals; to all which it must be added that he is not a remote and silent landlord. He is at home and talkative with all the tenants and villagers, takes an interest in the literary or young men's society of his little village, is a frequent caller at many of the houses of the villagers. One old dame makes it her boast that she has frequently told Mr. Gladstone all that was on her mind, while a wise old farmer, whose house we passed on our way, is constantly visited by the premier, who deems it to be a part of the wisdom of his life to make himself acquainted with the opinions and ways of thinking of all sorts and conditions of men. He has something to say to everybody, and something to listen to with respect from everybody.

He has none of the jauntiness of Lord Palmerston, yet the cares of empire seem to sit lightly also upon his shoulders. He has not the remoteness which we found characteristic of Lord Beaconsfield, but an affable nearness, and it is impossible to approach him and look into his face without feeling that you are in the presence of a man who disdains all chicanery, all meanness, and who breathes magnanimity as his native air.

If Mr. Gladstone be a firm Anglican, we obtain a fine insight as to the breadth of his Christian sentiments from the following extract from his address at the Liverpool College in December, 1872: "Not less forcibly than justly," he said, "you hear much to the effect that the divisions among Christians render it impossible to say what Christianity is, and so destroy all certainty as to the true religion. But if the divisions among Christians are remarkable, not less so is their unity in the greatest doctrines that they hold. Well-nigh fifteen hundred years have passed away since the great controversies concerning the Deity and the person of the Redeemer were, after a long agony, determined. As before that time, in a manner less defined but adequate for their day, so, ever since that time, amid all chance and change, more — aye, many more — than ninety-nine in every hundred Christians have, with one voice, confessed the Deity and incarnation of our Lord as the cardinal and central truth of our religion. Surely there is some comfort here, some sense of brotherhood; some glory due to the past, some hope for the times that are to come."

It would be exceedingly ungracious if we were to close this paper without mentioning the urbane and beneficent lady to whom Mr. Gladstone is indebted for this noble historical home. Mrs. Gladstone, the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynn, has so entered into and partaken of all the triumphs of her illustrious husband that any record would be defective which did not pay honor to her name; and then, a very interesting feature, and one of the most interesting buildings at Hawarden, is Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage, which stands close to the castle. Here desolate orphans are well cared for, and find, until they have to enter on the conflict and to encounter the cares of life, a happy home. Also it is very pleasing to record that, as there is no village library in Hawarden, the great library at the Castle, consisting of some ten thousand volumes, is open to borrowers, no further security being taken

than the entry of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction: It may be presumed that the treasures of the inner study are guarded from the profanation of uncultured fingers and unlearned eyes.

From Longman's Magazine.

A FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

A DOG STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"DANDY, come here, sir, I want you." The little girl who spoke was standing by the table in the morning-room of a London house one summer day, and she spoke to a small silver-grey terrier lying curled up at the foot of one of the window-curtains.

As Dandy happened to be particularly comfortable just then, he pretended not to hear, in the hope that his child-mistress would not press the point.

But she did not choose to be trifled with in this way: he was called more imperiously still, until he could dissemble no longer and came out gradually, stretching himself and yawning with a deep sense of injury.

"I know you haven't been asleep — I saw you watching the flies," she said. "Come up here, on the table."

Seeing there was no help for it he obeyed, and sat down on the table-cloth opposite to her, with his tongue hanging out and his eyes blinking, waiting her pleasure.

Dandy was rather particular as to the hands he allowed to touch him, but generally speaking he found it pleasant enough (when he had nothing better to do) to resign himself to be pulled about, lectured, or caressed by Hilda.

She was a strikingly pretty child, with long curling brown locks, and a petulant profile which reminded one of Mr. Doyle's charming wilful little fairy princesses.

On the whole, although Dandy privately considered she had taken rather a liberty in disturbing him, he was willing to overlook it.

"I've been thinking, Dandy," said Hilda reflectively, "that as you and Lady Angelina will be thrown a good deal together when we go into the country next week, you ought to know one another, and you have never been properly introduced yet; so I'm going to introduce you now."

Now Lady Angelina was only Hilda's doll, and a doll, too, with perhaps as few ideas as any doll ever had yet — which is a good deal to say.

Dandy despised her with all the enlightenment of a thoroughly superior dog; he considered there was simply nothing in her, except possibly bran, and it had made him jealous and angry for a long time to notice what influence this staring, simpering creature had managed to gain over her mistress.

"Now sit up," said Hilda. Dandy sat up. He felt that committed him to nothing, but he was careful not to look at Lady Angelina, who was lolling ungracefully in the work-basket with her toes turned in.

"Lady Angelina," said Hilda next, with great ceremony, "let me introduce my particular friend, Mr. Dandy. Dandy, you ought to bow and say something nice and clever, only you can't; so you must give Angelina your paw instead."

Here was an insult for a self-respecting dog! Dandy determined never to disgrace himself by presenting his paw to a doll — it was quite against his principles. He dropped on all fours rebelliously.

"That's very rude of you," said Hilda, "but you shall do it. Angelina will think it so odd of you. Sit up again and give your paw, and let Angelina stroke your head."

The dog's little black nose wrinkled and his lips twitched, showing his sharp white teeth: he was not going to be touched by Angelina's flabby wax hand if he could help it!

Unfortunately Hilda — like older people sometimes — was bent upon forcing persons to know one another, in spite of an obvious unwillingness on at least one side, and so she brought the doll up to the terrier, and, taking one limp pink arm, attempted to pat the dog's head with it.

This was too much: his eyes flamed red like two signal lamps, there was a sharp sudden snap, and the next minute Lady Angelina's right arm was crunched viciously between Dandy's keen teeth.

After that there was a terrible pause. Dandy knew he was in for it, but he was not sorry. He dropped the mangled pieces of wax one by one, and stood there with his head on one side, growling to himself, but wincing for all that, for he was afraid to meet Hilda's indignant grey eyes.

"You abominable, barbarous dog!" she said at last, using the longest words

she could to impress him. "See what you've done! you've bitten poor Lady Angelina's arm off."

He could not deny it — he had; he looked down at the fragments before him, and then sullenly up again at Hilda. His eyes said what he felt — "I'm glad of it; serves her right — I'd do it again!"

"You deserve to be well whipped," continued Hilda severely; "but you do howl so. I shall leave you to your own conscience" (a favorite remark of her governess) "until your bad heart is touched, and you come here and say you're sorry and beg both our pardons. I only wish you could be made to pay for a new arm. Go away out of my sight, you bad dog, I can't bear to look at you!"

Dandy, still impenitent, moved leisurely down from the table and out of the open door into the kitchen. He was thinking that Angelina's arm was very nasty, and he should like something to take the taste away. When he got down-stairs, however, he found the butcher was calling and had left the area gate open — which struck him as a good opportunity for a ramble. By the time he came back Hilda would have forgotten all about it, or she might think he was lost, and find out which was the more valuable animal — an intelligent dog like himself or a silly, useless doll.

Hilda saw him from the window as he bolted out with tail erect. "He's doing it to show off," she said to herself; "he's a horrid dog sometimes. But I suppose I shall have to forgive him when he comes back!"

However, Dandy did not come back that night, nor all next day, nor the day after that, nor any more; for the fact was, an experienced dog-stealer had long had his eye upon him, and Dandy happened to come across him that very morning.

He was not such a stupid dog as to be unaware he was doing wrong in following a stranger, but then the man had such delightful suggestions about him of things dogs love to eat, and Dandy had started for his run in a disobedient temper.

So he followed the broken-nosed, bandy-legged man till they reached a narrow, lonely alley, and then, just as Dandy was thinking about going home again, the stranger turned suddenly on him, hemmed him up in a corner, caught him dexterously up in one hand, tapped him sharply on the head, and slipped him, stunned, into a capacious inside pocket.

"I thought werry likely I should come

on you in 'ere, Bob," said a broken-nosed man in a fur cap, about a week after Dandy's disappearance, to a short, red-faced, hoarse man, who was drinking at the bar of a public house.

"Ah," said the hoarse man, "well, you ain't fur out as it happens."

"Yes, I did," said the other. "I met your partner the other day, and he tells me you're looking out for a noo Toby dawg—I've got a article somewheres about me at this moment I should like you to cast a eye over."

And, diving into his inside pocket, he fished out a small, shining, silver-grey terrier, which he slammed down rather roughly on the pewter counter.

Of course the terrier was Hilda's lost Dandy. For some reason or other, the dog-stealer had not thought it prudent to claim the reward offered for him as he had intended to do at first, and Dandy not being of a breed in fashionable demand, the man was trying to get rid of him now for the best price he could obtain from humble purchasers.

"Well, we *do* want a understudy, and that's a fact," said the hoarse man, who was one of the managers of Mr. Punch's Theatre. "The Toby as travels with us now is breakin' up, getting so blind he don't know Punch from Jack Ketch. But that there animal 'ud never make a 'it as a Toby," he said, examining Dandy critically: "why, that's bin a gen'leman's dawg once, that has—we don't want no amatoors on our show!"

"It's the amatoors as draws nowadays," said the dog-fancier: "not but what this 'ere particular dawg has his gifts for the purfession. You see him sit up and smoke a pipe and give yer his paw, now."

And he put Dandy through these performances on the sloppy counter. It was much worse than being introduced to Angelina; but hunger and fretting and rough treatment had broken down the dog's spirit, and it was with dull submission now that he repeated the poor little tricks Hilda had taught him with such pretty perseverance.

"It's no use talking," said the showman, though he began to show some signs of yielding: "it takes a tyke born and bred to make a reg'lar Toby. And this ain't a young dog, and he ain't 'ad no proper dramatic eddication—he's not worth to us not the lowest you'd take for him."

"Well now, I'll tell you 'ow fur I'm willing to meet yer," said the other persuasively: "you shall have him, seein' it's

you, for——" And so they haggled on for a little longer, but at the end of the interview Dandy had changed hands, and was permanently engaged as a member of Mr. Punch's travelling company.

A few days after that Dandy made acquaintance with his strange fellow-performers. The men had put the show up on a deserted part of a common near London, behind the railings of a little cemetery where no one was likely to interfere with them, and the new Toby was hoisted up on the very narrow and uncomfortable shelf to go through his first interview with Mr. Punch.

When that popular gentleman appeared at his side Dandy examined him with pricked and curious ears. He was rather odd-looking, but his smile, though there was certainly a good deal of it, seemed genial and encouraging, and the poor dog wagged his tail in a conciliatory manner—he wanted some one to be kind to him again.

"The dawg's a fool, Jem," growled Bob, the other proprietor of the show, a little, shabby, dirty-faced man with a thin and ragged red beard, who was watching the experiment from the outside: "he's a-waggin' his bloomin' tail—he'll be a-lickin' of Punch's face next! Try him with a squeak."

And Jem produced a sound which was a hideous compound of chuckle, squeak, and crow, when Dandy, in the full persuasion that the strange figure must be a new variety of cat, flew at it blindly.

But though he managed to get a firm grip of its great hook nose, there was not much satisfaction to be got out of that—the hard wood made his teeth ache, and besides, in his excitement he overbalanced himself and came suddenly down upon Mr. James Blott inside, who swore horribly and put him up again.

Then, after a little highly mysterious dancing up and down, and wagging his head, Mr. Punch, in the most un-called-for manner, hit Dandy over the head with a stick (in order, as Jem put it, "to get up a ill-feeling between them"), a wanton insult which made the dog madder than ever.

He did not revenge himself at once: he only barked furiously and retreated to his corner of the stage; but the next time Punch came sidling cautiously up to him, Dandy made, not for his wooden head, but for a place between his shoulders which he thought looked more yielding.

There was a savage howl from below, Punch dropped in a heap on the narrow

shelf, and Mr. Blott sucked his finger and thumb with many curses.

Mr. Punch was not killed, however, though Dandy had at first imagined he had settled him. He revived almost directly, when he proceeded to rain down such a shower of savage blows from his thick stick upon every part of the dog's defenceless body, that Dandy was completely subdued long before his master thought fit to leave off.

By the time the lesson came to an end, Dandy was sore and shaken and dazed, for Jem had allowed himself to be a little carried away by personal feeling; still it only showed Dandy more plainly that Mr. Punch was not a person to be trifled with, and, though he liked him as little as ever, he respected as well as feared him.

Unfortunately for Dandy, he was a highly intelligent terrier, of an inquiring turn of mind, and so, after he had been led about for some days with the show, and was able to think things over and put them together, he began to suspect that Punch and the other figures were not alive after all, but only a particularly ugly set of dolls, which Mr. Blott put in motion in some way best known to himself.

From the time he was perfectly certain of this he felt a degraded dog indeed. He had scorned once to allow himself to be even touched by Angelina (who at least was not unpleasant to look at, and always quite inoffensive); now, every hour of his life he found himself ordered about and insulted before a crowd of shabby strangers by a vulgar, tawdry doll, to which he was obliged to be civil and even affectionate, as if it was something real!

Dandy was an honest dog, and so, of course, it was very revolting to his feelings to have to impose on the public in this manner; but Mr. Punch, if he was only a doll, had a way of making himself obeyed.

And though in time the new Toby learned to perform his duties respectably enough, he did so without the least enthusiasm: it wounded his pride — besides making him very uncomfortable — when Punch caught hold of his head, and something with red whiskers and a blue frock took him by the hind legs, and danced jerkily round the stage with him. He hated that more than anything. Day by day he grew more miserable and homesick.

He loathed the Punch and Judy show and every doll in it, from the hero down to the ghost and the baby. Jem and Bob were not actually unkind to him, and

would even have been friendly had he allowed it; but he was a dainty dog, with a natural dislike to ill-dressed and dirty persons, and shrank from their rough if well-meant advances. He never could forget what he had once been, and what he was, and often, in the close sleeping-room of some common lodging-house, he dreamed of the comfortable home he had lost, and Hilda's pretty imperious face, and woke to miss her more than ever.

At first his new masters had been careful to keep him from all chance of escape, and Bob led him after the show by a string; but, as he seemed to be getting resigned to his position, they allowed him to run loose.

He was trotting tamely at Jem's heels one hot August morning, followed by a small train of admiring children, when all at once he became aware that he was in a street he knew well — he was near his old home — a few minutes' hard run and he would be safe with Hilda!

He looked up sideways at Bob, who was beating his drum and blowing his pipes with his eyes on the lower and upper windows. Jem's head was inside the show, and both were in front and not thinking of him just then.

Dandy stopped, turned round upon the unwashed children behind, looked wistfully up at them as much as to say "Don't tell," and then bolted at the top of his speed.

There was a shrill cry from the children at once of "Oh, Mr. Punch, sir, please — your dawg's a-runnin' away from yer!" and angry calls to return from the two men. Bob even made an attempt to pursue him, but the drum was too much in his way, and a small dog is not easily caught at the best of times when he takes it into his head to run away. So he gave it up sulkily.

Meanwhile Dandy ran on, till the shouts behind died away. Once an errand-boy, struck by the particolored frill round the dog's neck, tried to stop him, but he managed to slip past him and run out into the middle of the road, and kept on blindly, narrowly escaping being run over several times by tradesmen's carts.

And at last, panting and exhausted, he reached the well-remembered gate, out of which he had marched so defiantly, it seemed long ages ago.

The railings were covered with wire netting inside, as he knew, but fortunately some one had left the gate open, and he pattered eagerly down the area-steps, feeling safe and at home at last.

The kitchen door was shut, but the window was not, and, as the sill was low, he contrived to scramble up somehow and jump into the kitchen, where he reckoned upon finding friends to protect him.

But he found it empty, and looking strangely cold and desolate; only a small fire was smouldering in the range, instead of the cheerful blaze he remembered there, and he could not find the cook — an especial patroness of his — anywhere.

He scampered up into the hall, making straight for the morning-room, where he knew he should find Hilda curled up in one of the armchairs with a book.

But that room was empty too — the shutters were up, and the half-light which streamed in above them showed a dreary state of confusion: the writing-table was covered with a sheet and put away in a corner, the chairs were piled up on the centre-table, the carpet had been taken up and rolled under the sideboard, and there was a faint warm smell of flue and dust and putty in the place.

He pattered out again, feeling puzzled and a little afraid, and went up the bare stone staircase to find Hilda in one of the upper rooms, perhaps in the nursery.

But the upper rooms, too, were all bare and sheeted and ghostly, and, higher up, the stairs were spotted with great stars of whitewash, and there were ladders and planks on which strange men in dirty white blouses were talking and joking a great deal, and doing a little whitewashing now and then, when they had time for it.

Their voices echoed up and down the stairs with a hollow noise that scared him, and he was afraid to venture any higher. Besides, he knew by this time somehow that Hilda, her father and mother, all the friends he had counted upon seeing again, would not be found in any part of that house.

It was the same house, though sadly stripped and deserted, but all the life and color and movement had gone out of it; and he ran here and there, seeking for them in vain.

He picked his way forlornly down to the hall again, and there he found a mouldy old woman with a duster pinned over her head and a dustpan and brush in her hand; for, unhappily for him, the family, servants and all, had gone away some days before into the country, and this old woman had been put into the house as caretaker.

She dropped her brush and pan with a start as she saw him, for she was not fond of dogs.

"Why, deary me," she said morosely, "if it hasn't give me quite a turn. However did the nasty little beast get in? a-gallivantin' about as if the 'ole place belonged to him!"

Dandy sat up and begged. In the old days he would not have done such a thing for any servant below a cook (who was always worth being polite to), but he felt a very reduced and miserable little animal indeed just then, and he thought she might be able to take him to Hilda.

But the charwoman's only idea was to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Why, if it ain't a Toby dawg!" she cried, as her dim old eyes caught sight of his frill. "Here, you get out, you don't belong 'ere!"

And she took him up by the scruff of the neck and went to the front door. As she opened it, a sound came from the street outside which Dandy knew only too well; it was the long-drawn squeak of Mr. Punch.

"That's where he come from, I'll bet a penny," cried the caretaker, and she went down the steps and called over the gate, "Hi, master, you don't happen to have lost your Toby dawg, do you? Is this him?"

The man with the drum came up — it was Bob himself; and thereupon Dandy was ignominiously handed over the railings to him, and delivered up once more to the hard life he had so nearly succeeded in shaking off.

He had a severe beating when they got him home, as a warning to him not to rebel again — and he never did try to run away a second time. Where was the good of it? Hilda was gone he did not know where, and the house was a home no longer.

So he went patiently about with the show, a dismal little dog-captive, the dull-est little Toby that ever delighted a street audience; so languid and listless at times that Mr. Punch was obliged to rap him really hard on the head before he could induce him to take the slightest notice of him.

But in spite of all this, he made the people laugh; most, perhaps, at night, when the show was lit up by a flaring can of paraffin, and he sat with his feet in Punch's coffin, howling dolefully at the melancholy strains of Bob's pipes, which Dandy always found too much for his feelings.

It was winter time, about a fortnight after Christmas, and the night was snowy

and slushy outside, though warm enough in the kitchen of a big Belgravian house. The kitchen was crowded, a stream of waiters and gorgeous powdered footmen and smart maids perpetually coming and going; in front of the fire a tired little terrier, with a shabby frill round his neck, was basking in the blaze, and near him sat a little, dirty-faced man with a red beard, who was being listened to with some attention by a few of the upper servants who were enjoying a moment's leisure.

"Yes," he was saying, "I've been in the purfession a sight o' years now, but I don't know as I ever hears on a Punch's show like me and my mate's bein' engaged for a reg'lar swell evenin' party afore. It shows, to my mind, as public taste is a-comin' round — it ain't quite so low as formerly."

The little man was Bob; and he, with his partner Jem, and Dandy, were in the house owing to an eccentric notion of its master, who happened to have a taste for experiments.

He agreed with many who consider that some kind of amusement in the intervals of dancing is welcome to children; but it was one of his ideas too that they must be getting a little bored by the inevitable lecture with the dissolving views, and find a conjuror (even after seeing him several times in a fortnight) as a rule more bewildering than amusing; although, as a present-producing animal, the last has his compensations.

He was curious to see whether the drama of Punch and Judy had quite lost its old power to please. He could easily have hired an elegant and perfectly refined form of the entertainment from some of the fashionable toy-shops or "universal providers," only unfortunately in these improved versions much of the original fun is often found to have been refined away.

So he had decided upon introducing the original Mr. Punch from his native streets and in his natural uncivilized state, and Jem and Bob chanced to be the persons selected to exhibit him.

"Juveniles is all alike," observed the butler, who, having been commissioned to engage the showmen, condescended to feel a fatherly interest in the affair; "'igh or low, there's nothing pleases 'em more than seeing one party a-fetching another party a thunderin' good whack over the 'ead. That's where, in my opinion, all these pantomimes makes a mistake. There's too much bally and music 'all

about 'em, and not 'arf enough buttered slide and red-'ot poker."

"There's plenty of 'ead-whackin' in *our* show," said Bob, with some pride, "for my partner Jem, you see, he don't find as the dialogue come as fluid to him as he could wish for, so he cuts a deal of it, and what ain't squeakin' is mostly stick — like a cheap operer."

"Your little dog seems very wet and tired," said a pretty housemaid, bending down to pat Dandy, as he lay stretched out wearily at her feet. "Would he eat a cake if I got one for him?"

"He ain't, not to say, fed on cakes as a general thing," said Bob drily, "but you can try him, miss, and thankee."

But Dandy only half raised his head and rejected the cake languidly — he was very comfortable there in the warm fire-light, and the place made him feel as if he were back in his own old kitchen, but he was too tired to be hungry.

"He won't hardly look at it," said the housemaid compassionately. "I don't think he can be well."

"Well!" said Bob, "*he's* well enough — that's all his contrariness, that is: the fact is, he thinks hisself a deal too good for the likes of us, he do — thinks he ought to be kep' on chicking, in a droing-room!" he sneered, wasting his satire on the unconscious Dandy. "I tell you what it is, miss, that there dawg's 'art ain't in his business — he reg'lar looks down on the 'ole concern, thinks it *low*! Why, I see 'im from the werry fust a-turn-in' up his nose at it, and it downright set me against him. Give me a Toby as takes a interest in the drama! The last but one as we had afore him, now, *he* used to look on from start to finish, and when Punch went and 'anged Jack Ketch, why, that dawg used to bark and jump about as pleased as Punch 'isself, and he'd go in among the crowd too and fetch back the babby as Punch pitched out o' winder, as tender with it as a Newfunland! And he warn't like the general run of Tobies neither, for he got quite thick with the Punch figger — thought a deal on 'im, he did — and, if you'll believe me, when I 'ad to get that figger a noo 'ead and cootom, it broke that dawg's 'art — he pined away quite rapid. But this 'ere one wouldn't turn a 'air if the 'ole company went to blazes together!"

Here Jem, who had been setting up the show in one of the rooms, came into the kitchen, looking rather uneasy at finding himself in such fine company, and Dandy was spared further upbraidings, as he

was called upon to follow the pair upstairs.

They went up into a large, handsome room, where at one end there were placed rows of rout seats and chairs, and at the other the homely old show, seeming oddly out of place in its new surroundings.

Poor draggled Dandy felt more ashamed of it and himself than ever, and he was glad to get away under its ragged hangings and lie still by Jem's dirty boots till he was wanted.

And then there was a sound of children's voices and laughter as they all came trooping in, with a crisp rustle of delicate dresses and a scent of hothouse flowers and kid gloves that reached Dandy where he lay: it reminded him of evenings long ago, when Hilda had had parties and he had been washed and combed and decked out in ribbons for the occasion, and children had played with him and given him nice things to eat — they had generally disagreed with him, but now he only remembered the pleasure and the petting of it all.

He would not be petted any more! Presently these children would see him smoking a pipe and being familiar with that low Punch. They would laugh at him, too — they always did — and Dandy, like most dogs, hated being laughed at, and never took it as a compliment.

The host's experiment was evidently a complete success: the children, even the most *blasés*, who danced the newest valse st *p* and thought pantomimes vulgar, were d'lighted to meet an old friend so unexpectedly. A good many had often yearned to see the whole show right through from beginning to end, and chance or a stern nurse had never permitted it. Now their time had come, and Mr. Punch, in spite of his lamentable shortcomings in every relation of life, was received with the usual uproarious applause.

At last the hero called for his faithful dog Toby, as a distraction after the painful domestic scenes, in which he had felt himself driven to throw his child out of window and silence the objections of his wife by becoming a widower, and accordingly Dandy was caught up and set on the shelf by his side.

The sudden glare hurt his eyes, and he sat there, blinking at the audience with a pitiful want of pride in his dignity as dog Toby.

He tried to look as if he didn't know Punch, who was doing all he could to catch his eye, for his riotous "rootitoot" made him shiver nervously, and long to

get away from the whole thing and lie down somewhere in peace.

Bob was scowling up at him balefully: "I know'd that 'ere dawg would go and disgrace hisself," he was saying to himself: "when I get him to myself he shall catch it for this!"

Dandy was able to see better now, and he found as he had guessed, that here was not one of his usual audiences — no homely crowd of loitering errand-boys, smirched maids-of-all-work, and ragged children jostling and turning their grinning white faces up to him.

There were children here too — plenty of them — but children at their best and daintiest, and looking as if untidiness and quarrels were things unknown to them — though possibly they were not. The laughter, however, was much the same as he was accustomed to, more musical perhaps, and pleasanter to hear, but quite as hearty and unrestrained — they were laughing at *him*, and he hung his head abashed.

But all at once he forgot his shame, though he did not remember Mr. Punch a bit the more for that: he ran backwards and forwards on his ledge, sniffing and whining, wagging his tail and giving short, piteous barks in a state of the wildest excitement. The reason of it was this — near the end of the front row he saw a little girl who was bending eagerly forward with her pretty grey eyes wide open and a puzzled line on her forehead.

Dandy knew her at the very first glance. It was Hilda, looking more like a fairy princess than ever, in a pale, rose-tinted dress, and a row of pearls twisted in her bright hair.

She knew him almost as soon, for her clear voice rang out above the general laughter. "Oh, that isn't Toby — he's my own dog, my Dandy, that I lost! It is really; let him come to me, please do! Don't you see how badly he wants to?"

There was a sudden, surprised silence at this — even Mr. Punch was quiet for an instant; but as soon as Dandy heard her voice he could wait no longer, and crouched for a spring.

"Catch the dog, somebody, he's going to jump!" cried the master of the house, more amused than ever, from behind.

Bob was too sulky to interfere, but some good-natured grown-up person caught the trembling dog just in time to save him from a broken leg, or worse, and handed him to his delighted little mistress; and I think the frantic joy which Dandy felt as he was clasped tight in her

loving arms once more, and covered her flushed face with his eager kisses, more than made up for all he had suffered.

Hilda scornfully refused to have anything to do with Bob, who tried hard to convince her she was mistaken. She took her recovered favorite to her hostess.

"He really is mine!" she assured her earnestly; "and he doesn't want to be a Toby, I'm sure he doesn't: see how he trembles when that horrid man comes near. Dear Mrs. Lovibond, please tell them I'm to have him!"

And of course Hilda carried her point, for the showmen were not unwilling, after a short conversation with the master of the house, to give up their rights in a dog who would never be much of an ornament to their profession, and was out of health into the bargain.

Hilda held Dandy, all muddy and dragged as he was, fast in her arms all through the remainder of the performance, as if she was afraid Mr. Punch might still claim him for his own; and the dog lay there in measureless content. The hateful squeak made him start and shiver no more; he was too happy to howl at Bob's dismal pipes and drum: they had no terrors for him any more.

"I think I should like to go home now," she said to her hostess, when Mr. Punch had finally retired. "Dandy is so ex-

cited; feel how his heart beats, just there, you know; he ought to be in bed, and I want to tell them all at home so much!"

She resisted all despairing entreaties to stay, from several small partners who felt life a blank after she had gone, till supper came; and so her carriage was called, and she and Dandy drove home in it together once more.

"Dandy, you're very quiet," she said once, as they bowled easily and swiftly along. "Aren't you going to tell me you're glad to be mine again?"

But Dandy could only wag his tail feebly and look up in her face with an exhausted sigh. He had suffered much and was almost worn out; but rest was coming to him at last.

As soon as the carriage had stopped and the door was opened, Hilda ran in breathless with excitement.

"Oh, Parker, look!" she cried to the maid in the hall, "Dandy is found — he's here!"

The maid took the lifeless little body from her, looked at it for a moment under the lamp, and turned away without speaking. Then she placed it gently in Hilda's arms again.

"Oh, Miss Hilda, didn't you see?" she said with a catch in her voice. "Don't take on, now; but it's come too late — poor little dog, he's gone!"

F. ANSTEY.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE CHOCTAWS. — There are still two thousand of the Choctaws living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, and, on the authority of Mr. H. S. Halbert, they retain in all their pristine vigor most of the usages of their ancestors. Among these the methods employed in conducting a courtship and performing a marriage are curious. When a young Choctaw of Kemper or Neshoba County sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then advances within a short distance and gently lets fall a pebble at her feet; he may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention, when, if this pebble-throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain. Sometimes, instead of throwing pebbles, the suitor enters the maiden's cabin and lays his hat upon her bed. If the man's suit be acceptable the hat is permitted to remain, but if she be unwilling to be his bride, it is instantly removed. Whichever method be employed, the rejected suitor knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible. When a marriage is

agreed upon, the time and place are fixed for the ceremony. The relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom meet at their respective homes, and from thence march to the marriage ground, halting at a short distance from one another. The brothers of the bride go across to the opposite party, and bring forward the bridegroom, who is then seated upon a blanket spread upon the ground. The sisters of the bridegroom then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the bride. She is expected to break loose and run, but of course is pursued, captured, and brought back to be seated by the side of the bridegroom. All the parties now cluster around the couple, the woman's relatives bring forward a bag of bread, a lingering symbol of the time when the woman had to raise the corn, the man's relatives a bag of meat, in memory of the days when the man should have provided the household with game. Next presents of various sorts are showered on the couple, who all this time sit still, not even speaking a word. When the last present has been given they arise, now man and wife, and, just as in civilized life, provisions are spread and the ceremony is rounded off with a feast.

Times.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLI. }

No. 2020.—March 10, 1883.

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Vol. CLVI. }

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—•—
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.
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NEPENTHE.

THE north wind follows free and fills
 Our rounding sail, and overhead
 Deepens the rainless blue, and red
 The sunset burns on quarried hills ;

And peace is over all, as deep
 As where, amid the secular gloom
 Of some far-reaching, rock-built tomb,
 The nameless generations sleep ;

While, undecayed as on the day
 That saw them first, the kings of old,
 In sculptured calm serene, behold
 The slow millenniums pass away.

Still, far behind us, as we cleave
 Smooth-flowing Nile, the din of life
 And passionate voices of the strife
 Are hushed to silence, and we leave

The cares that haunt us, dark regret
 For wasted years, and wild unrest,
 Yearning for praise or pleasure, blest
 With life's last blessing, — to forget.

For still in Egypt's kindly air,
 Strong antidote of mortal woes,
 The painless herb, Nepenthe, grows,
 Which she whom fair-haired Leda bare

Mixed in the wine, and stilled their pain
 Who wept in Spartan halls for sire
 Or brother, wrapped in funeral fire,
 Or wandering o'er the boundless main.
 Spectator. A. J. C.

THE BROKEN TOY.

A BROKEN toy ! what memories cling
 Around this half-forgotten thing ;
 What baby laughter seems to rise,
 Like old, delightful melodies ;
 What shouts of wordless, tuneful joy,
 At sight of this poor broken toy !

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest !
 Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,
 What would we give to hold again
 The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain !
 Ah, child ! the empty cot is ours,
 But thine the sunshine and the flowers !

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come
 To smile again upon thy home ?
 Such little pleasures as we know
 In this, our twilight life below ;
 Some fragments of earth's paltry joys,
 A handful of its broken toys !

How calm thy lot, forever blest ;
 How exquisite thy happy rest !
 How changeless, joyful, and serene,
 Compared with what thy lot had been
 With us, whose fleeting, clouded joys
 Are at their best but broken toys !
 Chambers' Journal. J. H.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

THOU whose birth on earth
 Angels sang to men,
 While their stars made mirth,
 Saviour, at thy birth,
 This day born again.

Thou whose face gives grace,
 As the sun's doth heat,
 Let thy sunbright face
 Lighten time and space,
 Here beneath thy feet.

Light, not born of morn,
 High past heaven above,
 Saviour, virgin-born,
 Held of men in scorn,
 Turn men's scorn to love.

As that night was bright,
 With thy perfect ray,
 Very Light of light,
 Turn the wild world's night
 To thy perfect day.

Bid our peace increase,
 Thou that madest morn ;
 Bid oppression cease,
 Bid the night be peace,
 Bid the day be born.

Sunday Magazine.

A. C. S.

NIGHTFALL.

BELOW the black line of the furthest hill
 The sun moves slowly to the under world,
 And Night, with starry banner half unfurled,
 Waits in the east till all the world is still,
 And growing twilight's purple shadows fill
 The earth with gloom and with a sense of rest,
 And down afar in the forsaken west
 The splendor of veined rose and daffodil
 Still lingering there. And lo ! even as I speak,
 And as the lengthening shadows onward swim,
 The last glow fadeth, growing faint and dim
 Like the fair dreams of youth when life, grown
 meek,
 Looks heavenward only, through Time's dark-
 ness bleak,
 To God's white throne between the seraphim.
 Good Words.

ARMENIA, 1883.

UPON her soil they say those violets grew
 That wove a fragrant carpet for the feet
 Of curious Eve, ere by that snake's deceit
 The world lost innocence and suffering knew,
 Brave Noe, riding with his motley crew,
 Her highest hilltop, black above the sheet
 Of turbid waters, hail'd as resting-seat,
 And thither in his batter'd life-boat drew.

Such honor had she in the years ago,
 Whose lands lie desolate beneath the sky,
 Whose people, now, the tyrant tramples on,
 While few are fain to listen to their cry,
 Oh ! pray we that before her day be done
 She taste again the sweets of liberty !
 Academy.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DR. JOHN BROWN OF EDINBURGH.*

SINCE the last session of our university Edinburgh has lost two of her citizens of literary mark. Dr. John Brown died, in his house in Rutland Street, on the 11th of May, in the seventy-second year of his age; and his friend, Dr. William Hanna, died in London on the 24th of the same month, aged seventy-three. They were both buried in Edinburgh. I was absent at the time, and could not pay the last tribute of respect due at their funerals. But, as I had the honor of knowing them both well, I cannot let the present occasion pass without asking you to join with me in remembering them affectionately. I could say much to you of Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers. I could dwell on the merits of his "Life" of that great man and of his other well-known works, and on his fine liberality of intellect and the keen and warm geniality of his Scoto-Irish heart. In this place, however, it is naturally of Dr. John Brown that I feel myself entitled to speak at some length. He was, in a sense, during the latter part of his life, peculiarly our Edinburgh man of letters, the man most fondly thought of in that character by many people at a distance. They had begun, long before his death, to call him "the Scottish Charles Lamb;" and the name is applied to him still by English critics.

Born at Biggar in Lanarkshire, in 1810, the son of the Secession minister of that town, and of a family already in the third generation of its remarkable distinction in the Scottish religious world as "the Browns of Haddington," our friend came to Edinburgh in 1822, when he was twelve years old. His father had then removed from Biggar, to assume that pastorate of the Rose Street Secession Church in this city in which, and subsequently in his ministry in the Broughton Place Church, and in his theological professorship in connection with the Associate Synod, he attained such celebrity. When I first knew Edinburgh there was no more ven-

* A portion of this paper was delivered as a lecture in the University of Edinburgh on Tuesday, October 24, 1882.

erable-looking man in it than this Dr. John Brown of Broughton Place Church. People would turn in the streets to observe his tall, dignified figure, as he passed; and strangers who went to hear him preach were struck no less by the beauty of his appearance in the pulpit, the graceful fall of the silver locks round his fine head and sensitive face, than by the Pauline earnestness of his doctrine. At that time, the phrase, "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh," if used in any part of Scotland away from the metropolis, would have been taken as designating this venerable Calvinistic clergyman, and not his son. The son, meanwhile, it is true, was becoming well enough known within Edinburgh on his own account. Having been educated at our High School and University, and having chosen the medical profession, and been apprenticed for some time to our famous surgeon, Syme, he had taken his degree of M.D. in 1833, and had then — with no other previous medical experience out of Edinburgh than a short probation among the sailors at Chatham — settled down permanently in Edinburgh for medical practice. From that date, therefore, on to the time when I can draw upon my own first recollections of him, — say about 1846, — there had been two Dr. John Browns in Edinburgh, the father and the son, the theological doctor and the medical doctor. It was the senior or theological doctor, as I have said, that was then still the "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh" *par excellence*, and the name had not transferred itself to the younger with its new signification. He was then about thirty-six years of age, with some little practice as a physician; and my remembrance of him at that time is of a darkish-haired man, of shorter stature than his father, with fine, soft eyes, spirited movement, and very benignant manner, the husband of a singularly beautiful young wife, and greatly liked and sought after in the Edinburgh social circles in which he and she appeared. This was partly from the charm of his vivid temperament and conversation, and partly because of a reputation for literary ability that had been recently gathering round him on account of occasional semi-

anonymous articles of his in newspapers and periodicals, chiefly art criticisms. For the hereditary genius of "the Browns of Haddington" had, in this fourth generation of them, turned itself out of the strictly theological direction, to work in new ways. While Dr. Samuel Brown, a younger cousin of our Dr. John, and much more intimately my own friend at that time, had been astonishing Edinburgh by his brilliant speculations in chemistry, Dr. John himself, in the midst of what medical practice came in his way, had been toying with literature. Toying only it had been at first, and continued to be for a while; but by degrees,—and especially after 1847, when the editorship of the *North British Review*, which had been founded in 1844, passed into the hands of his friend Dr. Hanna,—his contributions to periodical literature became more various and frequent. At length, in 1858, when he was forty-eight years of age, and had contributed pretty largely to the periodical named and to others, he came forth openly as an author, by publishing a volume of what he called his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," consisting mainly of papers of medical biography and other medico-literary papers collected from the said periodicals, but including also his immortal little Scottish idyll called "Rab and his Friends." His father had died in that year, so that thenceforward, if people chose, the designation "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh" could descend to the son without ambiguity. And it did so descend. For eleven years before that appearance of the first collection of his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," with "Rab and his Friends" included in it, I had been resident in London, and I remained there for seven years more. During all those eighteen years, therefore, my direct opportunities of cultivating his acquaintance had ceased; and, while I could take note through the press of the growth of his literary reputation, it was only by hearsay at a distance, or by a letter or two that passed between us, or by a glimpse of him now and then when I came north on a visit, that I was kept aware of his Edinburgh doings and circumstances. Not till the end of 1865, when I resumed resi-

dence in Edinburgh, were we brought again into close neighborhood and intercourse. Then, certainly, I found him, at the age of five-and-fifty, as completely and popularly our "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh" in the new sense as ever his father had been in the old one. His pen had been still busy in newspapers and periodicals, the subjects ranging away more and more from the medical; another volume of his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," or collected articles, had been published; and some of his papers, selected from that volume or its predecessor, or taken more directly from the manuscript, had been brought out separately, in various forms, under the discerning care of his friend and publisher, Mr. David Douglas, and had been in circulation almost with the rapidity of one of the serial parts of a novel by Dickens. Of both his "Minchmoor" and his "Jeems the Doorkeeper" more than ten thousand copies had been sold; his "Pet Marjorie" had passed the sale of fifteen thousand copies; and "Rab and his Friends" was already in its fiftieth thousand. With all this applause beating in upon him from the reading public, in Scotland, in England, and in America, there he still was in his old Edinburgh surroundings,—a widower now for some years, domesticated with his two children, and more solitary in his habits than he had been,—but to be seen walking along Princes Street of a forenoon, or sometimes at some hospitable dinner-table of an evening, always the same simple, wise, benevolent, lovable, and much-loved Dr. John. And so for sixteen years more and to the very end. The sixties crept upon him after the fifties, and the white touch of the first seventies followed, and the vivid, darkish-haired Dr. John of my first memory had changed into the bald-headed and spectacled veteran you may see in the later photographs,—the spectacles before his fine eyes if he were looking to the front, but raised over the placid forehead if he were looking downwards at a print or a book. But these changes had come softly, and with a mellowing rather than withering effect; and, as late as last winter, what veteran was there in our community whose face and presence in any com-

pany was more desired or gave greater pleasure? If a stranger of literary tastes visited Edinburgh, about whom did he inquire more curiously, or whom was he more anxious to see, if possible, than Dr. John Brown? We knew, most of us, that his calm face concealed sorrows; we remembered his long widowerhood; we were aware too of the occasional glooms and depressions that withdrew him from common society; but, when he did appear among us, whether in any public gathering or in more private fashion, how uniformly cheerful he was, how bright and sunny! It has been stated, in one obituary notice of him, that his medical practice declined as his literary reputation increased. I doubt the truth of the statement, and imagine that the reverse might be nearer the truth. To the end he loved his profession; to the end he practised it; to the end there were not a few families, in and about Edinburgh, who would have no other medical attendant, if they could help it, than their dear and trusted Dr. John. My impression rather is that he was wrapt up in his profession more and more in his later days, using his pen only for a new trifle now and then as the whim struck him, and content in the main with the continued circulation of his former writings or their re-issue in new shapes. It was on the 12th of April in the present year, or only a month before his death, that he put the last prefatory touch to the first volume of that new edition of his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" in three volumes, in which his complete literary remains are now most conveniently accessible.

The title "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," borrowed by Dr. John from the title-pages of some old volumes of the minor English literature of the seventeenth century, indicates, and was intended to indicate, the nature of his writings. They are all "Leisure Hours," little things done at times snatched from business. There are between forty and fifty of them in all, none of them long, and most of them very short. It is vain in his case to repeat the regret, so common in similar cases, that the author did not throw his whole strength into some one or two suitable subjects, and produce one or two impor-

tant works. By constitution, I believe, no less than by circumstances, Dr. John Brown was unfitted for large and continuous works, and was at home only in short occasional papers. One compensation is the spontaneity of his writings, the sense of immediate throb and impulse in each. Every paper he wrote was, as it were, a moment of himself, and we can read his own character in the collected series.

A considerable proportion of his papers, represented most directly by his "Plain Lectures on Health addressed to Working People," his little essay entitled "Art and Science," and his other little essays called "*Excursus Ethicus*" and "Education through the Senses," but also by his "Locke and Sydenham," and others of his sketches of eminent physicians, are in a didactic vein. Moreover, they are all mainly didactic on one string. When these papers are read, it is found that they all propound and illustrate one idea, which had taken such strong hold of the author that it may be called one of his characteristics. It is the idea of the distinction or contrast between the speculative, theoretical, or scientific habit of mind, and the practical or active habit. In medical practice and medical education, more particularly, Dr. John Brown thought there had come to be too much attention to mere science, too much faith in mere increase of knowledge and in exquisiteness of research and apparatus, and too little regard for that solid breadth of mind, that soundness of practical observation and power of decision in emergencies, that instinctive or acquired sagacity, which had been conspicuous among the best of the older physicians. As usual, he has put this idea into the form of humorous apologue:—

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—Clinical wards of Royal Infirmary. The Physician and his Clerk *loquuntur*.

John Murdoch, in the clinical ward with thoracic aneurism of the aorta, had at his bedside a liniment of aconite, etc. Under the stress of a paroxysm of pain he drank it off, and was soon dead.

Physician.—Well, Sir, what about Murdoch? Did you see him alive?

Clerk. — Yes, Sir.

Physician. — Did you feel his pulse?

Clerk. — No, Sir.

Physician. — Did you examine his eyes?

Clerk. — No, Sir.

Physician. — Did you observe any frothing at the mouth and nose?

Clerk. — No, Sir.

Physician. — Did you count his respirations?

Clerk. — No, Sir.

Physician. — Then, Sir, what the d——I did you do?

Clerk. — I ran for the stomach-pump.

Dr. John was never tired of inculcating this distinction; it is the backbone of almost all those papers of his that have been just mentioned, and it reappears in others. In his special little essay, called "Art and Science," he formulates it thus:

IN MEDICINE

SCIENCE

Looks to essence and cause.

Is diagnostic.

Has a system.

Is *post mortem*.

Looks to structure more than function.

Studies the phenomena of poisoning.

Submits to be ignorant of nothing.

Speaks.

ART

Looks to symptoms and occasions.

Is therapeutic and prognostic.

Has a method.

Is *ante mortem*.

Looks to function more than structure.

Runs for the stomach-pump.

Submits to be ignorant of much.

Acts.

Now, in the particular matter in question, so far as it is here represented, we should, doubtless, all agree with our friend. We should all, for ourselves, in serious illness, infinitely prefer the attendance of any tolerable physician of the therapeutic and prognostic type to that of the ablest of the merely diagnostic type, especially if we thought that the genius of the latter inclined him to a *post-mortem* examination. Hence we may be disposed to think that Dr. John did good service in protesting against the run upon science, ever new science, in the medicine of his day, and trying to hark back the profession to the good old virtues of common sense, practical clear-sightedness, and vigorous rule of thumb. What I detect, however, underneath all his expositions of this possibly salutary idea, and prompting to his reiterations of it, is something deeper. It is a dislike in his own nature to the abstract or theoretical in all matters whatsoever. Dr. John Brown's mind, I should say, was essentially anti-speculative. His writings abound, of course, with tributes of respect to science and philosophy, and expressions of astonishment and gratitude for their achievements; but it may be observed that the thinkers and philosophers to whom he refers most fondly are chiefly those older magnates, including Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Bishop Butler, among the English, whose struggle was over long ago, whose results are an accepted inheritance, and who are now standards of orthodoxy. All later drifts of speculative thought, and especially the latest drifts of his own day, seem to make him uncomfortable. He actually warns against them as products of what he calls

"the lust of innovation." This is a matter of so much consequence in the study of Dr. John Brown's character that it ought not to be passed over lightly.

There can be no doubt that his dislike of the purely speculative spirit, and especially of recent speculation of certain kinds, was rooted in some degree in the fine devoutness of his nature, his unswerving fidelity to his inherited religion. The system of beliefs which had been consecrated for him so dearly and powerfully by the lives and example of his immediate progenitors was still substantially that with which he went through the world himself, though it had been softened in the course of transmission, stripped of its more angular and sectarian features, and converted into a contemplative *religio medici*, not unlike that of his old English namesake, the philosopher and physician of Norwich. Like that philosopher, for whom he had all the regard of a felt affinity, he delighted in an *O altitudo!* craved the refuge of an *O altitudo!* in all the difficulties of mere reason, and held that in that craving itself there is the sure gleam for the human spirit of the one golden key that unlocks those difficulties. A difference, however, between him and old Browne of Norwich is that he had much less of clear and definite thought, logical grasp of prior propositions and reasonings, with which to prepare for an *altitudo*, justify it, and prop it up. Take as a specimen a passage relating to that very distinction between art and science which he valued so much: —

It may be thought that I have shown myself, in this parallel and contrast, too much of a partisan of Art as against Science, and the same may be not unfairly said of much of the

rest of this volume. It was in a measure on purpose—the general tendency being counter-active of the purely scientific and positive, or merely informative, current of our day. We need to remind ourselves constantly that this kind of knowledge puffeth up, and that it is something quite else that buildeth up. It has been finely said that Nature is the Art of God, and we may as truly say that all Art—in the widest sense, as practical and productive—is His Science. He knows all that goes to the making of everything, for He is Himself, in the strictest sense, the only maker. He knows what made Shakespear and Newton, Julius Cæsar and Plato, what we know them to have been; and they are His by the same right as the sea is His, and the strength of the hills, for He made them and His hands formed them, as well as the dry land. This making the circle forever meet, this bringing Omega eternally round to Alpha, is, I think, more and more revealing itself as a great central, personal, regulative truth, and is being carried down more than ever into the recesses of physical research, where Nature is fast telling her long-kept secrets, all her tribes speaking, each in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God—the sea saying “It is not in me,” everything giving up any title to anything like substance, beyond being the result of one Supreme Will. The more chemistry, and electrology, and life, are searched into by the keenest and most remorseless experiment, the more do we find ourselves admitting that motive power and force, as manifested to us, is derived, is in its essence immaterial, is direct from Him in whom we live and move, and to whom, in a sense quite peculiar, belongeth power.

This is fine, it is eloquent, it is likable; but one cannot call it lucid. Indeed, if interpreted literally, it is incoherent, for the end contradicts the beginning. “Abstain from excess of theory or speculation,” it says, “for theory and speculation, prosecuted to the very utmost, lead to a profound religiousness.” This is the only verbal construction of the passage, but it is the very opposite of what the author meant.

It is much the same with Dr. John Brown in smaller matters. If he wants a definition or a distinction on any subject, he generally protests first against the desire for definitions and distinctions, maintaining the superiority of healthy practical sense and feelings over mere theory; then he produces in his own words, some “middle axiom,” or passable first-hand notion on the subject, as sufficient for the purpose if anything theoretical is wanted; and then he proceeds to back this up by interesting quotations from favorite and accredited authors. In short, Dr. John Brown lived in an element of the “middle

propositions,” the accredited axioms, on all subjects, and was impatient of reasoning, novelty of theory, or search for ultimate principles. It is but the same thing in another form,—though it deserves separate statement,—to say that he disliked controversy. He shrank from controversy in all matters, social as well as intellectual; was irritated when it came near him; and kept rather on the conservative side in any new “cause” or “movement” that was exciting his neighborhood. Perhaps the most marked exception in his writings to this disposition to rest in existing social arrangements, and also to his prevailing dislike of speculation, was his assertion of his unhesitating assent to that extreme development of Adam Smith’s doctrines which would abolish the system of State licensing for particular professions, or at all events for the profession of medicine. He advocates this principle more than once in his papers, and he signifies his adherence to it in almost the last words he wrote. “I am more convinced than ever,” he says in the prefatory note to the collected edition of his “*Hora Subseciva*,” “of the futility and worse of the Licensing System, and think, with Adam Smith, that a mediciner should be as free to exercise his gifts as an architect or a mole-catcher. The public has its own shrewd way of knowing who should build its house or catch its moles, and it may quite safely be left to take the same line in choosing its doctor.” This is bold enough, and speculative enough; but the fact is that this acceptance of the principle of absolute *laissez-faire*, or non-interference of the State, or any other authority, in medicine, or in any analogous art or craft, was facilitated for him by his hereditary voluntarism in Church matters, and indeed came to him ready-made in that form. What is surprising, and what corroborates our view of the essentially non-theoretical character of his intellect, is the unsystematic manner in which he was content to hold his principle, his failure to carry it out consistently, his apparent inability to perceive the full sweep of its logical consequences. Thus, to the words just quoted he appends these: “Lawyers, of course, are different, as they have to do with the State, with the law of the land.” Was there ever a more innocent *non sequitur*? If any one may set up as a curer of diseases and make a living in that craft by charging fees from those who choose to employ him, why may not any one set up as a lawyer, and why may not I select and

employ any one I please to plead my cause in court, instead of being bound to employ one of a limited number of wigged and gowned gentlemen?

If, then, it was not in theory or speculation that Dr. John Brown excelled, — and that there was no deficiency of hereditary speculative faculty in his family, but much the reverse, is proved not only by the theological distinction of his predecessors in the family, and by the brilliant career of his cousin, Dr. Samuel Brown, but also by the reputation among us at this moment of his still nearer relative, the eminent philosophical chemist of Edinburgh University, — in what was it that he did excel? It was in what I may call an unusual *appreciativeness* of all that did recommend itself to him as good and admirable. In few men has there been such a fulfilment of that memorable apostolic injunction: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The context of that passage shows that what was enjoined on the Philippians was a habit of meditative and ruminative appreciation of all that was noteworthy, of every variety, within accredited and prescribed limits. Dr. John Brown was a model in this respect. Within the limits of his preference for the concrete and practical over the abstract and theoretical, he was a man of peculiarly keen relish for anything excellent, and of peculiar assiduity in imparting his likings to others.

His habit of appreciativeness is seen, on the small scale, even in such a matter as his appropriation and use of pithy praises and anecdotes picked up miscellaneously. "'Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?' said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. 'With brains, sir,' was the gruff reply." Having met this story in some life of the painter Opie, Dr. John Brown had fastened on it, or it had adhered to him; and not only did he hang one whole paper on it, entitled "*With Brains, Sir*," but he made it do duty again and again in other papers. At times when Dr. Chalmers happened to be talked to about some person not already known to him, and was told that the person was a man of ability, "Yes, but has he *wecht*, sir, has he *wecht*?" was his common question in reply; and, as Dr. John Brown had also

perceived that it is not mere cleverness that is effective in the world, and that *weight* is the main thing, he was never tired of bringing in Dr. Chalmers's phrase to enforce that meaning. When Dr. John wanted to praise anything of the literary kind as being of the most robust intellectual quality, not food for babes but very "strong meat" indeed, he would say "This is lions' marrow." As he was not a man to conceal his obligations, even for a phrase, we learn from him incidentally that he had taken the metaphor originally from this passage in one of the pieces of the English poet Prior: —

That great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy,
He dined on lions' marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread.

Dr. John had a repertory of such individual phrases and aphorisms, picked up from books or conversation, which he liked to use as flavoring particles for his own text. He dealt largely also in extracts and quotations of greater length. Any bit that struck him as fine in a new book of verses, any scrap of old Scottish ballad not generally known, any interesting little poem by a friend of his own that he had seen in manuscript, or any similar thing communicated to him as not having seen the light before, was apt to be pounced upon, stamped with his *imprimatur*, and turned into service in his own papers, as motto, relevant illustration, or pleasant addition. His fondness for quotation from his favorite prose-authors has already been mentioned. In fact, some of his papers are little more than patches of quotations strung together by admiring comments. In such cases it is as if he said to his readers, "How nice this is, how capital! don't you agree with me?" Sometimes you may not quite agree with him, or you may wish that he had thrown fewer quotations at you, and had said more on the subject out of his own head; but you always recognize his appreciativeness.

On the larger scale of the papers themselves the same appreciativeness is discernible. Take first the papers which are most in the nature of criticisms. Such are those entitled "Henry Vaughan," "Arthur H. Hallam," "Thackeray's Death," "Notes on Art," "John Leech," "Halle's Recital," and "Sir Henry Raeburn." Whether in the literary papers of this group, or in the art papers, you can see how readily and strongly Dr. John Brown could admire, and what a propagandist

he was of his admirations. If Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, the quaint and thoughtful English poet of the seventeenth century, is now a better-known figure in English literary history than he was a generation ago, it is owing, I believe, in some measure, to Dr. John Brown's resuscitation of him. So, when Tennyson's "In Memoriam" appeared in 1850, and all the world was moved by that extraordinary poem, who but Dr. John Brown could not rest till he had ascertained all that was possible about young Arthur Hallam, by obtaining a copy of his "Remains in Verse and Prose," privately printed in 1834, with a memoir by the author's father, Hallam the historian, and till he had been permitted to give to the public, in liberal extracts from the memoir, and by quotation from the pieces themselves, such an authentic account of Tennyson's dead friend as all were desiring? The paper called "Thackeray's Death," though the only paper on Thackeray now to be found among Dr. John Brown's collected writings, is by no means, I believe, the only paper he wrote on Thackeray. If there was a Thackeray-worshipper within the British Islands, it was Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh. Thackeray was his greatest man by far, after Scott, or hardly after Scott, among our British novelists, — his idol, almost his demigod; he had signified this, if I mistake not, in an article on Thackeray, while Thackeray's fame was still only in the making; and the particular paper now left us is but a re-expression of this high regard for Thackeray as an author, blended with reminiscences of his own meetings with Thackeray in Edinburgh, and testimonies of his warm affection for the man. Another of his chief admirations was Ruskin. I can remember how, when the first volume of the "Modern Painters" appeared, the rumor of it ran at once through Edinburgh, causing a most unusual stir of interest in the new book, and in the extraordinary "Oxford Graduate" who was its author; and I am pretty sure now that it was Dr. John Brown that had first imported the book among us, and had enlightened Dr. Chalmers and others as to its merits. There is no article on Ruskin among the collected papers; but there are frequent references to him, and his influence can be discerned in all the art-criticisms. These art-criticisms of Dr. John Brown, however, are hardly criticisms in the ordinary sense. No canons of art are expounded or applied in them. All that the critic does is to stand, as it were, be-

fore the particular picture he is criticising, — a Wilkie, a Raeburn, a Turner, a Landseer, a Delarocche, a Holman Hunt, or, as it might happen, some new performance by one of his Edinburgh artist friends, Duncan, Sir George Harvey, or Sir Noel Paton, — exclaiming, "How good this is, how true, how powerful, how pathetic!" while he attends to the direct human interest of the subject, interprets the story of the picture in his own way, and throws in kindly anecdotes about the painter. It is the same *mutatis mutandis* for music, in his notices of pieces by Beethoven and others, as heard at Halle's concerts. His most elaborate paper of art-criticism is that entitled "John Leech." It is throughout a glowing eulogium on the celebrated caricaturist, with notices of some of his best cartoons, but passing into an affectionate memoir of the man, on his own account and as the friend of Thackeray, and indeed incorporating reminiscences of Leech and Thackeray that had been supplied him by a friend of both as material for a projected memoir of Leech on a larger scale. If not in this particular paper, at least here and there in some of the others, the query may suggest itself whether the laudation is not excessive. One asks sometimes whether the good Dr. John was not carried away by the amiable fault of supposing that what happens to be present before one of a decidedly likable kind at any moment, especially if it be recommended by private friendship, must be the very nonsuch of its kind in the whole world. Another query forced on one is whether there did not sometimes lurk under Dr. John's superlative admiration of a chief favorite in any walk an antipathy to some other in the same walk. It is told of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "Junius," that, when he was an old man, he gave this counsel to a promising young member of the House of Commons whom he had heard deliver a speech distinguished by the generosity of its praises of some of his fellow-members: "Young man, take my advice; never praise anybody unless it be *in odium tertii*," i.e. "unless it be to the discredit of some third party." No man ever acted less in the spirit of this detestable, this truly diabolic, advice than Dr. John Brown; and one's question rather is whether he did not actually reverse it by never attacking or finding fault with any one, unless it were *in laudem tertii*, to the increased credit of some third party. Whether he was so actuated, consciously or unconsciously,

in his declaration of irreconcilable dislike to Maclise, and his exceptionally severe treatment of that artist, I will not venture to say; but I can find no other sufficient explanation of his habitual depreciation of Dickens. His antipathy to Dickens, his resentment of any attempted comparison between Dickens and Thackeray, was proverbial among his friends.

While, as will have been seen, Dr. John was by no means insensible to impressions from anything excellent coming from besouth the Tweed, it was naturally in his own Scotland, and among the things and persons immediately round about him there, that his faculty of appreciation revelled most constantly. With the majority of his literary fellow-countrymen that have attained popularity in Scotland during the last fifty years, he derived many of his literary instincts from the immense influence of Scotticism that had been at work in the preceding generation, and is seen, in his choice of themes, following reverently in the wake of the great Sir Walter. He reminds one somewhat of Aytoun in this respect, though with a marked Presbyterian difference. Most of his papers are on Scottish subjects; and in some of them, such as his "Queen Mary's Child-Garden," his "Minchmoor," the paper called "The Enterkin," that entitled "A Jacobite Family," and that entitled "Biggar and the House of Fleming," we have descriptions of Scottish scenes and places very much in the spirit of Sir Walter, though by no means slavishly so, with notes of their historical associations, and recovery of local legends, romances, and humors. In a more original vein, though also principally Scottish, are those papers which may be described as memoirs and character-sketches in a more express sense than the three or four already referred to as combining memoir with criticism. By far the most important of these is his memoir of his own father, in supplement to the life of his father by the Rev. Dr. John Cairns, and published under the too vague title of "Letter to John Cairns, D.D." It is a really beautiful piece of writing, not only full of filial affection, and painting for us his father's life and character with vivid fidelity, but also interesting for its reminiscences of the author's own early years, and its sketches of several eminent ministers of the Scottish Secession communion whom he had known as friends of his father. The paper entitled "Dr. Chalmers," though not particularly good, attests the strength of

the impression made by that great man on Dr. John Brown, as on every one else that knew Dr. Chalmers. Better, and indeed fine, though slight, are "Edward Forbes," "Dr. George Wilson," "The Duke of Athole," "Struan," and "Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune." On the whole, however, the most characteristic papers of the memoir class are those of medical biography, including "Locke and Sydenham," "Dr. Andrew Combe," "Dr. Henry Marshall and Military Hygiene," "Our Gideon Grays," "Dr. Andrew Brown and Sydenham," "Dr. Adams of Banchory," "Dr. John Scott and his Son," "Mr. Syme," and "Sir Robert Christison." Sydenham was Dr. John Brown's ideal of a physician, and his account of that English physician and of his place in the history of medicine is really valuable. The medical profession is indebted to him also for his warm-hearted vindication of those whom he calls, after Scott, "Our Gideon Grays,"—the hard-working and often poorly paid medical practitioners of our Scottish country villages and parishes,—and for the justice he has done to such a scholarly representative of that class as the late Dr. Adams of Banchory, and to such recent medical reformers as Dr. Andrew Combe and Dr. Henry Marshall. Especially interesting to us here ought to be the obituary sketches of Syme and Christison, so recently the ornaments of the Medical School of Edinburgh University. He threw his whole heart into his sketch of Syme, his admiration of whom, dating from the days when he had been Syme's pupil and apprentice in surgery, had been increased by lifelong intimacy. I may therefore dwell a little on this sketch, the rather because it reminds me of perhaps the only occasion on which I was for some hours in the society of Syme and Dr. John Brown together.

In the autumn of 1868, Carlyle, then lord rector of our university, and in the seventy-third year of his age, was persuaded, on account of some little ailment of his, to come to Edinburgh and put himself under the care of Professor Syme for surgical treatment. Syme, proud of such a patient, and resolved that he should have his best skill, would hear of no other arrangement than that Carlyle should be his guest for the necessary time. For a fortnight or more, accordingly, Carlyle resided with Syme in his beautiful house of Millbank in the southern suburb of our city. Pains were taken to prevent the fact from becoming known, that Carlyle

might not be troubled by visitors. But, one day, when Carlyle was convalescent, there was a quiet little dinner party at Millbank to meet him. Besides Syme and Carlyle, and one or two of the members of Syme's family, there were present only Dr. John Carlyle, Dr. John Brown, and myself. It was very pleasant, at the dinner-table, to observe the attention paid by the manly, energetic, and generally peremptory and pugnacious little surgeon to his important guest, his satisfaction in having him there, and his half-amused, half-wondering glances at him as a being of another *genus* than his own, but whom he had found as lovable in private as he was publicly tremendous. There was no "tossing and goring of several persons" by Carlyle in that dining-room, at all events, but only genial and cheerful talk about this and that. After dinner, we five went up stairs to a smaller room, where the talk was continued, still more miscellaneous, Syme and Carlyle having most of it. That very day there had been sent to Carlyle by his old friend David Laing, a copy of the new edition which Laing had just privately printed of the rare "Gude and Godly Ballates" by the brothers Wedderburn, originally published in 1578; and Carlyle, taking up the volume from the table, would dip into it here and there, and read some passages aloud, for his own amusement and ours. One piece of fourteen stanzas he read entire with much gusto, and with excellent chaunt and pronunciation of the old Scotch. Here are three of the stanzas:

Thocht thow be Paip or Cardinal,
Sa heich in thy Pontificall,
Resist thow God that creat all,
Than downe thou sall cum, downe.

Thocht thow be Archebischoep or Deane,
Chantour, Chanslar, or Chaplane,
Resist thow God, thy gloir is gane,
And downe thou sall cum, downe.

Thocht thow flow in Philosophie,
Or graduate in Theologie,
Zit, and thow fyle the veritie,
Than downe thou sall cum, downe.

Most pleasant of all it was when, later in the evening, we moved to the low trellised verandah on the south side of the house, opening on the beautiful garden of flowers and evergreens in which Syme took such delight. It was a fine, still evening; and, as the talk went on in the open air, with the garden stretching in front of us and the views of the hills beyond, only with the accompaniment now of wreaths of

tobacco-smoke, Syme, who disliked tobacco, was smilingly tolerant even of that accompaniment, in honor of the chief smoker.

For more than twelve years after that evening, which I remember now like a dream, Carlyle was still in the land of the living, advancing from his seventy-third year to his eighty-sixth; but hardly a year of the twelve had elapsed when the great surgeon who had entertained him, and who was so much his junior, was struck by the paralysis which carried him off. It is from Dr. John Brown that we have this touching record of Syme's last days:

I was the first to see him when struck down by *hemiplegia*. It was in Shandwick Place, where he had his chambers,—sleeping and enjoying his evenings in his beautiful Millbank, with its flowers, its matchless orchids and heaths and azaleas, its bananas and grapes and peaches: with Blackford Hill,—where Marmion saw the Scottish host mustering for Flodden,—in front, and the Pentlands, with Cairketton Hill, their advanced guard, cutting the sky, its ruddy porphyry *scour* holding the slanting shadows in its bosom. He was, as before said, in his room in Shandwick Place, sitting in his chair, having been set up by his faithful Blackbell. His face was distorted. He said, "John, this is the conclusion;" and so it was, to his, and our, and the world's sad cost. He submitted to his fate with manly fortitude, but he felt it to the uttermost,—struck down in his prime, full of rich power, abler than ever to do good to men, his soul surviving his brain, and looking on at its steady ruin during many sad months. He became softer, gentler,—more easily moved, even to tears; but the judging power, the perspicacity, the piercing to the core, remained untouched. Henceforward, of course, life was maimed. How he bore up against this, resigning his delights of teaching, of doing good to men, of seeing and cherishing his students, of living in the front of the world,—how he accepted all this only those nearest him can know. I have never seen anything more pathetic than when, near his death, he lay speechless, but full of feeling and mind, and made known in some inscrutable way to his old gardener and friend that he wished to see a certain orchid which he knew should be then in bloom. The big, clumsy, knowing Paterson, glum and victorious (he was forever getting prizes at the Horticultural), brought it—the *Stanhopea tigrina*,—in, without a word. It was the very one,—radiant in beauty, white, with a brown freckle, like Imogen's mole, and, like it, "right proud of that most delicate lodging." He gazed at it, and, bursting into a passion of tears, motioned it away as insufferable.

To have been such a chronicler of the excellent as Dr. John Brown was, required more than endowment, however

extraordinary, in any mere passive quality of appreciativeness. It required the poetic eye, the imaginative faculty in its active form, the power of infusing himself into his subject, the discernment and subtlety of a real artist. Visible to some extent in his criticisms of books and pictures, and also in his memoirs and character-sketches, and in a still higher degree in those papers of local Scottish description, legend, and reminiscence to which we have already referred, — "Queen Mary's Child-Garden," "Minchmoor," "The Enterkin," "A Jacobite Family," and "Biggar and the House of Fleming," — this rising of sympathetic appreciation into poetic art and phantasy appears most conspicuously of all in those papers or parts of papers in which the matter is whimsical or out of the common track. Perhaps it is his affection for out-of-the-way subjects, evident even in the titles of some of his papers, that has led to the comparison of Dr. John Brown with Charles Lamb. Like that English humorist, he did go into odd corners for his themes, — still, however, keeping within Scottish ground, and finding his oddities, whether of humor or of pathos, in native Scottish life and tradition. Or rather, by his very appreciativeness, he was a kind of magnet to which stray and hitherto unpublished curiosities, whether humorous or pathetic, floating in Scottish society, attached themselves naturally, as if seeking an editor. In addition to the illustrations of this furnished by the already mentioned papers of Scottish legend, or by parts of them, one may mention now his paper entitled "The Black Dwarf's Bones," that entitled "Mystifications," his "Marjorie Fleming" or "Pet Marjorie," his "Jeems the Doorkeeper," and the quaint little trifle entitled "Oh! I'm Wat, Wat." In the first three of these Dr. John Brown is seen distinctly as the editor of previously unpublished curiosities. There were relics of information respecting that strange being, David Ritchie, the deformed misanthropist of Peeblesshire, who had been the original of one of Scott's shorter novels. These came to Dr. John Brown, and he strung them together, extracts and quotations, on a thread of connecting narrative. Again, having the privilege of knowing intimately that venerable Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune who is the subject of one of his memorial sketches, and who used to reside in Edinburgh every winter till within a few years of her death in 1877 at the age of ninety-five, who but Dr. John Brown first persuaded

the venerable lady to give to the world her recollections of the marvellous dramatic feats of her earlier days, when she used to mystify Scott, and Jeffrey, and Lord Gillies, and John Clerk of Eldin, and Count Flahault, and whole companies of their contemporaries in Edinburgh drawing-rooms, by her disguised appearances in the dress and character of an eccentric old Scottish gentlewoman; and who but Dr. John immortalized the tradition by telling her story over again, and re-imagining for us the whole of that Edinburgh society of 1820-21 in which Miss Stirling Graham had moved so bewitchingly? Ten years before that, or in December, 1811, there had died in Edinburgh a little girl of a family with whom Scott was particularly intimate, and who lived near him in Charlotte Street. She was but in her ninth year; but for several years she had been the pet and wonder of her friends, for her precocious humors and abilities, her knowledge of books and poetry, the signs of genius in all her ways and in her own little attempts in prose and verse. Many a heart was sore, Scott's for one, when poor little Pet Marjorie died; and no one that knew her ever forgot her. One sister of hers, who survived her for seventy years, cherished her memory to the last like a religion, and had preserved all her childish and queerly spelt letters and journals, and other scraps of writing, tied up with a lock of her light-brown hair. To these faded letters and papers Dr. John Brown had access; and the result was that exquisitely tender "Pet Marjorie" or "Marjorie Fleming" which is the gem in its kind among all his papers, and perhaps the most touching illustration in our language of Shakespeare's text, "How quick bright things come to confusion!" Here, as in some other cases, it may be said that Dr. John Brown only edited material that came ready to his hand. Even in that view of the matter one could wish that there were more such editing; but it is an insufficient view. He had recovered the long-dead little Marjorie Fleming for himself; and the paper, though consisting so much of quotations and extracts, is as properly his own as any of the rest. But, should there be a disposition still with some to distinguish between editing and invention, and to regard "Mystifications" and "Marjorie Fleming" as merely well-edited curiosities of a fascinating kind, no such distinction will trouble one who passes to "Jeems the Doorkeeper." A real person, as he tells us, sat for that sketch too, and

we have a portrait of the actual Jeems who officiated as his father's beadle in Broughton Place Church; but with what originality and inventiveness of humor is the portrait drawn, and how fantastically the paper breaks in the end into streaks of a skyward sermon! There is the same quaint originality, or Lamb-like oddity of conglomerate, in the little fragment called "Oh! I'm Wat, Wat," and in one or two other trifles, with similarly fantastic titles, which I have not named.

There is no better test of imaginative or poetic faculty in a man than susceptibility to anything verging on the preternaturally solemn, or ghastly. Of the strength of this susceptibility in Dr. John Brown's nature there are evidences, here and there, in not a few of his writings. Take for example the following reminiscence of a walk with Thackeray in his paper entitled "Thackeray's Death:"—

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December when he was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh,—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening,—such a sunset as one never forgets: a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross: there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what we all were feeling, in the word "CALVARY!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things.

Even a more remarkable example is that furnished by the paper entitled "In Clear Dream and Solemn Vision." The paper purports to be the record of a singular dream, dreamt by a man whom Dr. John Brown counted among his most intimate friends, and of whose great abilities, powers of jest and humor, and powers of a still higher kind, there are yet lively recollections in the lawyer-world of Edinburgh,—the late A. S. Logan, sheriff of Forfarshire. I prefer here to tell the dream in my own words, as it has remained in my memory since I first heard it many years ago. This I do because, while the version of it I have so retained came to me originally from Dr. John

Brown himself, it seems to me better than the version subsequently given by him in his own paper, attenuated and diluted as it is there by explanations and comments, and also by the insertion of a metrical expansion of it which Logan himself had attempted.

The dream may be entitled "The Death of Judas," and was as follows. The dreamer seemed to be in a lonely, dreary landscape somewhere, the nearer vicinity of which consisted of a low piece of marshy ground, with dull, stagnant pools, overgrown with reeds. The air was heavy and thick, not a sound of life, or sight of anything indicating human presence or habitation, save that on the other side of the marshy ground from the dreamer, and near the margin of the pools and reeds, was what seemed to be a deserted wooden hut, the door half-broken, and the side-timbers and rafters also ragged, so that through the rifts there was a dim perception of the dark interior. But lo! as the dreamer gazed, it appeared as if there were a motion of something or other within the hut, signs of some living thing moving uneasily and haggardly to and fro. Hardly has one taken notice of this when one is aware of a new sight outside the hut,—a beautiful dove, or dove-like bird, of spotless white, that has somehow stationed itself close to the door, and is brooding there, intent and motionless, in a guardian-like attitude. For a while the ugly, ragged hut, with the mysterious signs of motion inside of it, and this white, dove-like creature outside at its door, are the only things in the marshy tract of ground that hold the eye. But, suddenly, what is this third thing? Round from the gable of the hut it emerges slowly towards the marshy front, another bird-like figure, but dark and horrible-looking, with long and lean legs and neck, like a crane. Past the hut it stalks and still forward, slowly and with loathsome gait, its long neck undulating as it moves, till it has reached the pools and their beds of reeds. There, standing for a moment, it dips down its head among the reeds into the ooze of one of the pools; and, when it raises its head again, there is seen wriggling in its mouth something like a small, black, slimy snake, or worm. With this in its mouth, it stalks slowly back, making straight for the white dove that is still brooding at the door of the hut. When it has reached the door, there seems to be a struggle of life and death between the two creatures,—the obscene, hideous, crane-like bird, and the pure,

white innocent,—till at last, by force, the dove is compelled to open its throat, into which its enemy drops the worm or snake. Immediately the dove drops dead; and at that same instant the mysterious motion within the hut increases and becomes more violent,—no mere motion now, but a fierce strife and commotion, with nothing distinctly visible or decipherable even yet, but a vague sense of some agony transacting itself in the dark interior within the loop-holed timbers and rafters, and of two human arms swung round and round like flails. Then, all at once, it flashed upon the dreamer what he had been beholding. It was Judas that was within the hut, and that was the suicide of the betrayer.

Every author is to be estimated by specimens of him at his very best. Dr. John Brown had a favorite phrase for such specimens of what he thought the very best in the authors he liked. Of a passage, or of a whole paper, that seemed to him perfect in its kind, perfect in workmanship, as well as in conception, he would say that it was "done to the quick." The phrase indicates, in the first place, Dr. John Brown's notions of what constitutes true literature of any kind, or at least true literature of a popular kind, as distinct from miscellaneous printed matter. It must be something that will reach the feelings. This being presupposed, then that is best in any author which reaches the feelings most swiftly and directly,—cuts at once, as it were, and with knife-like precision, to the most sensitive depths. That there are not a few individual passages scattered through Dr. John's own writings, and also some entire papers of his, that seem to us to answer this description, will have appeared by our review of his writings so far as they have yet been enumerated. In such papers and passages, as every reader will observe, even the workmanship is at its best. The author gathers himself up, as it were; his artistic craft becomes more decisive and subtle with the heightened glow of his feelings; his style, apt to be a little diffuse and slipshod at other times, becomes nervous and firm. Of whatever other productions of Dr. John Brown's pen this may be asserted, of whatever other things of his it may be said that they are thus masterly at all points and "done to the quick," that supreme praise must be accorded, at all events, to the two papers I have reserved to the last,—*"Rab and his Friends"* and *"Our Dogs."* Among the many fine and

humane qualities of our late fellow-citizen it so happened that love of the lower animals, and especially of the most faithful and most companionable of them, was one of the chief. Since Sir Walter Scott limped along Princes Street, and the passing dogs used to fawn upon him, recognizing him as the friend of their kind, there has been no such lover of dogs, no such expert in dog-nature, in this city at least, as was Dr. John Brown. It was impossible that he should leave this part of himself, one of the ruling affections of his life, unrepresented in his literary effusions. Hence, while there are dogs incidentally elsewhere, these two papers are all but dedicated to dogs. What need to quote from them? What need to describe them? They have been read, one of them at least, by perhaps two millions of the English-reading population of the earth; the very children of our Board Schools know the story of *"Rab and his Friends."* How laughingly it opens; with what fun and rollick we follow the two boys in their scamper through the Edinburgh streets sixty years ago after the hullabaloo of the dog-fight near the Tron Kirk; what a sensation on our first introduction, in the Cowgate, under the South Bridge, to the great Rab, the carrier's dog, rambling about idly, "as if with his hands in his pockets," till the little bull-terrier that has been baulked of his victory in the former fight insanelly attacks him and finds the consequence; and then what a mournful sequel, as we come, six years afterwards, to know the Howgate carrier himself and his wife, and the wife is brought to the hospital at Minto House, and the carrier and Rab remain there till the operation is over, and the dead body of poor Ailie is carried home by her husband in his cart over the miles of snowy country road, and the curtain falls black at last over the death of the carrier too and the end of poor Rab himself! Though the story, as the author vouches, "is in all essentials strictly matter of fact," who could have told it like Dr. John Brown? Little wonder that it has taken rank as his masterpiece, and that he was so commonly spoken of while he was alive as "the author of *'Rab and his Friends.'*" It is by that story, and by those other papers that may be associated with it as also masterly in their different varieties, as all equally "done to the quick," that his name will live. Yes, many long years hence, when all of us are gone, I can imagine that a little volume will be in circulation, containing

"Rab and his Friends" and "Our Dogs," and also, let us say, the "Letter to Dr. Cairns," and "Queen Mary's Child-Garden," and "Jeems the Doorkeeper," and the paper called "Mystifications," and that called "Pet Marjorie" or "Marjorie Fleming," and that then readers now unborn, thrilled by that peculiar touch which only things of heart and genius can give, will confess to the same charm that now fascinates us, and will think with interest of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh.

DAVID MASSON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PHILIP AT FLORENCE.

THERE are people who would rather admit any imputation in the world than that of being favored by fortune; people who, if told they are looking well, will remind you reproachfully that they had a very bad cold in the head the week before last; people who grumble at coming into a fortune because of the payment of legacy duty entailed thereby, and who could not accept a first-class embassy or a seat in the Cabinet without sighing over the arduous duties attached to such posts. But Philip, whatever his defects may have been, was not one of those ungracious and ungrateful specimens of humanity. He had always recognized the fact that his luck was exceptional; and his first reflection, on waking out of the short sleep into which he had fallen towards morning was an acknowledgment that in the present instance, as in so many previous ones, the stars in their courses were fighting for him. Characteristically enough, he was less struck by the strange turn of fortune which promised to change him from a penniless nobody into a highly respectable landed proprietor than by a concurrence of circumstances which seemed likely to render the task of investigation natural and easy. Of all cities in Europe Florence was the one to which he could betake himself at this time with the least fear of exciting remark or suspicion. In the ordinary course of things he would most likely have moved thither before the autumn; and latterly both Mr. Brune and Margaret had been hinting to him that he ought not to lose time in bringing the period of his musical education to an end. Herr Steinberger, too,

who had not approved very cordially of the Italian plan, would probably prefer that his pupil should take leave of absence during the busy time of the London season than later in the year. He could, in short, go where he wanted to go, and at the same time tell the literal truth as to his destination — which was something of an unwonted luxury for him. He had quite made up his mind that the mystery should be solved, if by any means he could solve it; and really the solution did not seem likely to present any difficulties whatever.

After breakfast, therefore, Margaret was led out into the garden, and was informed that Philip proposed to hasten the fulfilment of his programme by a few months. "Everybody says that May is the time for Florence," he remarked; "and I suppose, if one wants to get all the good one can out of a place, one should take it at its best. That old Signora Tommasini whom I told you about will be there soon, and will give me introductions that may be useful to me. Moreover, it is high time for me to be setting to work again, Meg. Capua is very delightful, but stern duty seems to motion me towards Tuscany."

"Capua! where is that?" asked Margaret, who had not the educational advantages enjoyed by the young women of the present day.

"It is within sight of the towers of Crayminster cathedral," answered Philip; "and it is a dangerous residence for lazy people who like being spoilt. It isn't everybody who appreciates it at its proper value, though. I don't believe you care a straw for this dear old place, Meg; you would go off and leave it to-morrow without a single regret."

"Oh, no; indeed I should not!" said Margaret. "It has taken me a great many years to get fond of Longbourne; but I am very fond of it now, and of all its associations. I leave home so seldom, too, that I have become like a limpet on a rock, and I should feel utterly lost if I were dragged off it, and thrown out into the world again."

This was not at all the kind of reply that Philip had wished and expected to receive. He made haste to change the subject. "By the way, Meg," said he, "didn't you tell me once that it was at Florence that my father and mother were married?"

Margaret threw a quick glance of apprehension at him. "I think so," she answered; "I think it was at Florence;

but it is so long since I was told about it that I cannot be quite sure."

The truth was that she was far from feeling as certain as she had once done that this marriage had ever been solemnized at all. The improbability of Countess Marescalchi's story had become more apparent to her with the lapse of years; and from the same cause sundry little touches of sincerity about the dying woman's utterances, which had carried conviction to Margaret's mind at the time, had lost distinctness. Philip had not alluded to his father or mother half-a-dozen times in the last ten years, and she was sorry that it should have occurred to him now to make inquiries about what might prove to be undiscoverable.

"Being in the place, I should rather like to see the church where they were married. It seems odd to know so little about one's parents," Philip went on. "I suppose you don't remember the name of the church, Meg?"

Margaret shook her head, and looked rather shamefaced. It struck her for the first time that she had hardly done her duty towards the unfortunate woman whose child she had appropriated. In her anxiety to treat Philip in all respects as her own son, she had forgotten a little what her wishes would have been, had she been in the situation of poor Countess Marescalchi, and had taken no pains to keep the mother alive in the memory of the *bambino* whom she had so loved.

"I don't think I ever heard the name of the church," Margaret answered. "Indeed, I am almost sure I never did. I am afraid I have been very selfish, Philip," she added penitently. "I ought to have talked more about your mother to you; and I am sure you must often have wanted to know about her. Why did you never ask me before?"

Philip suddenly burst out laughing, and then as suddenly checked himself, turning his head away for a moment. If there was a person in the world whom he loved, it was Margaret; he never deceived her without a greater or less degree of pain; and the contrast between the true cause of his inquiries and that to which she attributed them had flashed vividly across his mind, as his impressions always did, and had faded away, leaving the echo of that inappropriate laugh as the trace of its passage.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know. I don't believe in instinctive affection, do you? How can one really care for a person whom one hardly

recollects? You are my real mother, Meg; and as for my father, I have small reason to revere his memory, by all accounts. I should like just to know who he was, though. One feels a little pardonable curiosity upon such points."

"Yes," agreed Margaret, with some hesitation; "but I should hope—I should think, at least—that he must be dead. I have your uncle Signor Cavestri's address in Florence somewhere, and I can give it you if you like. That is, I have what was his address twelve years ago: I have never heard a word of or from him since."

"Give me the address, Meg, and I'll look the old fellow up. Perhaps he may know something; and, if he doesn't, it can't be helped."

"I almost hope he may not," said Margaret.

Philip was not prepared to go quite so far as that; but he offered the general observation that it was a queer world, to which Mrs. Stanniforth signified her assent; and with that the subject dropped.

A few days after this Philip set out for Italy, with the good wishes of all his friends to speed him on his way. Some of them drove down to Crayminster station to bid him farewell; and the last thing that Philip saw, as the train began to move, was Nellie, waving her hand and nodding to him, with the brightest of smiles upon her face.

"Hurray!" exclaimed Mr. Brune, as he turned to leave the platform. "My dear Nellie, may I be permitted to say hurray?"

"You may say anything you like, papa," answered she, with due submission.

"Thank you, my dear. How I do dislike that young man!"

"Ah; but you would dislike anybody who wanted to marry me, wouldn't you?" said Nellie, taking her father's arm and giving it a squeeze.

"Well, well; perhaps so. I can't bear the sight of Marescalchi, I know. However, we've seen the last of him for the present, and long may it be before we see him again! It is my firm belief that you don't care a brass farthing for him, Nell."

And perhaps the very vehemence with which Miss Brune repelled this accusation may have confirmed her father in his opinion.

It is certain that Nellie did not shed any tears, and was in no way cast down by her lover's departure; nor, for that matter, was the lover himself cast down. Philip's powers of amusing and enjoying

himself were quite unbounded; and the pleasure he got out of a railway journey from England to Florence was as great as the discomfort entailed thereby upon common mortals — which is saying a good deal. The odd types that he encountered among his fellow-travellers, the novelty of the scenes that flitted, like dissolving views, past the railway-carriage windows, the ever-increasing warmth of the sun and clearness of the atmosphere, as the express rushed southwards — all these, and a hundred other trifles, contributed to divert and exhilarate him. A fresh sensation awaited him after the passing of the frontier, namely, a vague and pleasant stirring of long-buried memories. Those sallow faces, those high-pitched voices, those unshaven chins, those stout and brilliantly-dressed ladies, had he not known them all in some previous state of existence? The mulberry-trees, the maize-fields, the trailing vines, the ragged beggars who loitered and whined outside the railings of wayside stations, were not all these familiar, and yet strange, to him? Even certain faint odors, in which garlic and bad tobacco had a large share, seemed to recall shadowy experiences through which somebody had once passed. Philip really could not have sworn that he had passed through them himself. He felt half inclined to shake hands with the people who got into the railway carriage; for surely they were all old friends, though their names had somehow escaped him. He studied their features with a puzzled smile; whereupon they smiled back, as Italians are always ready to do, and promptly entered into conversation. Philip had some knowledge of Italian, and his quick ear soon picked up the intonation of that easiest of tongues: perhaps, too, memory came to his aid again here. He managed to make himself agreeable; he scraped acquaintance with various entertaining persons; and so arrived at his destination at length, not at all tired, in a very cheerful frame of mind, and without having troubled his head once in the course of his journey about its object.

But when he had established himself comfortably in an hotel overlooking the Arno, and had had a bath and an ample breakfast and a cigar, he began to think it was time to attend to business, and, strolling out into the sunshine, inquired his way to the Via di San Giorgio.

The directions that he received were not very precise, and he had some little difficulty in following them; but he was in no hurry. He spent a very agreeable

hour in admiring Giotto's Campanile, in loitering down the sunny side of broad thoroughfares, in staring in at shop-windows, and in exploring a network of narrow byways. At length, more by chance than intention, he hit off the street of which he was in search, and, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, compared the address inscribed upon it with the number of the house before him. "Via di San Giorgio, No. 34, *terzo piano*." Here, sure enough, was No. 34; and a very dismal and poverty-stricken habitation it looked. As Philip climbed the dirty stone staircase, he had leisure to reflect that an uncle who lived in such quarters would be a very likely sort of uncle to make demands upon the purse of a nephew possessed of landed property; but parsimony had never been one of Philip's vices, and he said to himself that, if things turned out well, some sort of provision should be made for this needy relative. It presently appeared, however, that Signor Cavestri was no longer in a position to request or require human aid.

"Signor Cavestri!" cried the dishevelled servant of all work who answered Philip's ring. "Eh! signore." And she raised her right hand and suddenly allowed her head to drop upon it sideways, as if it would roll off her shoulders.

Philip had never seen this gesture employed before; but its meaning required no explanation. "Do you mean to say that Signor Cavestri is dead?" he asked in some dismay.

"*E morto — è morto — sì!*" answered the woman, nodding a great many times, in apparent determination that there should be no mistake as to the fact of her late master's demise; and she went on to state that it was three years and more since he had been laid to rest, and to give some particulars of his last illness, to which Philip paid little attention.

"What a bother!" he muttered. Then he said aloud: "I regret this exceedingly. I have come all the way from England to see Signor Cavestri upon a matter of business which I had hoped might prove advantageous to him. Do you know whether any relations of his are living in Florence?"

"*Sicuro!* His daughter, the Signora Bonera, and her family inhabit the floor upon which your Excellency is standing," replied the woman, upon whom Philip's well-to-do appearance had not failed to produce some effect. "With permission, I will go and call the signora."

But before Philip could make any an-

swer, a third person had come to the front, in the shape of an obese, dark-haired lady in a rather dirty white dressing-gown, who may perhaps have overheard the previous colloquy.

"I am the Signora Bonera," quoth she, with a sweeping curtsey and a fascinating smile. "*Favorisca, signore.*" And she led the way into a scantily furnished and carpetless sitting-room, and requested the stranger to do her the honor to sit down.

"So you are my cousin!" thought Philip, as he seated himself with precaution upon a decrepid armchair; "and you have got a family, and be hanged to you! All things considered, my dear cousin, I shall not reveal my identity to you until I am obliged."

He therefore made known the nature of his errand with much circumlocution and a great deal of pretended difficulty in expressing himself in Italian. Signora Bonera became immensely interested and excited when she heard what it was that had brought the stranger to Florence; she was very inquisitive and asked numberless questions; but the greater part of these Philip affected not to understand. He soon found out that she was not likely to be of any assistance to him, and that she knew little or nothing beyond the fact that her aunt had been married to a wealthy Englishman, who had deserted her.

"But," said she, "my uncle Filippo, who lives at Bologna, would be able to furnish you with every particular. He was at the marriage himself, as I have often heard him tell, and he can prove, if that is what is wanted, that it was a good marriage. I will write to him this evening, and beg him to come here and meet you. *Lo zio* is growing an old man — and there is the cost of the journey. But doubtless the signore has the means —"

An expressive pause seemed to call for some rejoinder from Philip, who bowed and said there would be no difficulty on the score of legitimate expenses.

"I will write by the very next post," cried the Signora Bonera. "And what name shall I have the pleasure of mentioning to my uncle?" she asked insinuatingly.

Philip declared that he could not think of putting the lady to so much trouble. Only let her oblige him with Signor Filippo Cavestri's address, and he would himself undertake the rest. This proposition did not at all meet the views of Signora Bonera, who pointed out that it would be a great deal easier for her than

for her interlocutor to compose an Italian letter; but Philip said he had no doubt he should be able to make himself intelligible with the help of a dictionary. Thereupon a long and lively debate ensued; but in the end Philip carried his point, and escaped without having given his name. He promised to call again before long, at the same time throwing out some pacifying hints as to a possible change in the fortunes of the Cavestri family, and so made his way out into the air and sunshine again, not ill pleased, upon the whole, with the result of his afternoon's work. It would have been more convenient, and probably less expensive, to have had to deal with one person than with a whole family, and he could have wished that his cousin had been a rather more presentable individual; still, he reflected, it might have been worse. These people were evidently too poor to be very troublesome, and it was a far cry from Longbourne to Florence. Taking everything into consideration, he was inclined to put down the whole Cavestri clan at an annual expenditure of from three to four hundred pounds; and really they would be cheap at the money, if they could supply him with the information that he wanted.

When he returned to his hotel the sun, sloping towards the west, was flooding the Lung Arno with mellow light, and illuminating, among other persons and things, a very smart landau, which was waiting at the door. Philip was indulging in a moment's idle curiosity as to who the owner of this showy equipage might be, when the porter hurried out, cap in hand, to hold open the door. Then came the swish of voluminous skirts; a shrill exclamation rang through Philip's head, and immediately both his hands were being grasped in the tightly gloved ones of Signora Tommasini.

"You, of all people in the world!" she exclaimed. "Well, I am glad! I had really begun to think I was never to see you again."

"Nor your 5,000*l.* either," thought Philip. And simultaneously it occurred to him that, if he should indeed prove to be the heir of Longbourne, this and other debts might be discharged within no very long space of time. This enabled him to welcome Signora Tommasini with less of mental reserve than he might otherwise have done.

"You can't be more glad than I am," he answered. "You are more surprised, I dare say, because I fully expected to

meet you here, and have been looking forward to doing so for a long time."

"Have you? I don't believe you a bit; but it is polite of you to say that. Why have you never written to me? Are you staying in this hotel? Are you really going to study here?" went on the signora, asking questions with her usual volubility, and pausing for no answers. "Come for a drive with me. I am going to the Cascine, where it is delicious at this hour, and where you will meet all the world. I am singing at the opera here, you know, and am received *tant bien que mal*. But I don't like these Florentines; they are very different from my good English public. They are cold; they are critical; they make no allowance for a poor old woman with a cracked voice, who is doing her best to please them. Ah, well, every dog has his day. The Florentines would adore you; they love a handsome face as much as a sweet voice. You ought to make your *début* here. But I suppose old Steinberger would object to that. Not that you would ever be able to make yourself heard beyond such an orchestra. The public taste is becoming ruined in Italy, as it is everywhere else. In old days they loved singing; now they only care for noise. I was singing in 'Don Carlos' last night, and they insisted on having the march three times, the idiots! All that is rather a help to old stagers, like myself, who don't mind a hubbub which covers deficiencies; but it would be fatal to you. Where have you been since you left London? Down in the country all this time? I thought you hated the country. Give an account of yourself and of all that you have been doing."

"I will, if you let me get in a word," answered Philip, laughing.

He had been seated in the landau beside Signora Tommasini long before this, and they were within the gates of the Cascine by the time that she had ceased speaking. The carriage had fallen into a line of others, which were proceeding at a snail's pace along the shady drive, meeting a stream of returning vehicles, some shabby, some resplendent, all, or nearly all, badly horsed. Many hats were raised and many hands waved to the popular *prima donna*, who acknowledged these greetings with a bow from her waist to the ladies, a bob of her head for the men, and a broad, good-humored smile for everybody. Her time was so taken up with receiving and returning salutations that she could pay but

little attention to her companion, and at last ordered the coachman to drive on to a more secluded part of the gardens.

"It is impossible to talk or to listen in this crowd," said she; "and I want to talk to you, or rather to hear you talk." And when the fashionable world of Florence had been left behind, the signora proposed that they should get out of the carriage and walk a little way. "I am obliged to take some exercise every day to keep down my fat," she said, with a laugh. "I haven't succeeded very well, you'll say; but then there's no telling how much worse I might have been if I had been lazy. Now, what has brought you here? Wasn't it rather a sudden resolution?"

"I always talked, you know, of coming to Italy for a time," answered Philip; "and it so happens that I have reasons for wishing to be in Florence just now, besides the desire to take a few lessons and to enjoy the pleasure of your society."

At that moment he felt a strong impulse to be candid with Signora Tommasini. Philip, like many other persons who habitually distrust their kind, was subject to irresistible leanings towards confidence in the case of certain individuals, and particularly of such as he thought likely to prove of service to him. Signora Tommasini was emphatically one of these. He knew that her affection for him was sincere; he had found her also to be a shrewder woman than was generally supposed, and he had a notion that shrewdness might be a very necessary quality in dealings with the Cavestri family. Added to this, he was naturally anxious to let the signora know that there was so fair a probability of her 5,000*l.* being handed back to her before she was much older. Such being his state of mind, it may well be supposed that within the space of about half an hour the signora knew all that there was to know about her friend's parentage and adoption, and about the flattering tale which hope and Mrs. Prosser had whispered in his ear. She would have been in possession of the facts a great deal sooner if she had not interrupted the beginning of the recital by many queries and ejaculations, and if she had not stopped Philip to scold him roundly for five minutes when he alluded to the prospect of his being able soon to refund the advance which she had so kindly made to him. But after that she became more and more grave and silent, and her final comment upon what she had

heard was the unexpected one of "Well, it is a great pity."

Philip looked at her, looked up at the sky, looked around him at the trees on either side of the shady alley along which they were pacing, and, spreading out his hands with a gesture of patient expostulation, addressed himself to space. "Now, did you ever — I ask you, *did* you ever — hear anything like that? I have seen something of women; I have lived amongst them more than most men do, and I flattered myself that I understood the queer nature of them to some extent; but after this I give the subject up, it beats me altogether. Oh, it's Balak and Balaam over again, you know. I bring her out here to congratulate me, and behold, she puts on a long face, and says it's a pity! Now, I should like to know why it is a pity. In what possible way can it be a pity?"

"It seems to me," answered the signora, "that it is a pity in every way. The story will turn out to be true, I'm afraid; and I tell you frankly that I'm very sorry for it. I had had great hopes of you. With labor and patience I do believe that you would have become a famous singer some day; and I am quite certain that the life of a famous singer would have been the one above all others to make you happy. You will not be happy at all as a country gentleman with a limited income, and you will go to the bad, most likely, for want of something to do and somebody to look after you. More than that, I think it is a pity — we are friends, you know, and you mustn't be angry if I speak my mind — I think it is a pity that you should be turning the lady who has been the making of you out of house and home."

Philip was not easily offended; but this outspoken censure touched him in a sore place, and the blood mounted to his forehead as he answered, "That is a very unfair way of putting it. It is true that Mrs. Stanniforth may have to leave Longbourne; but is that any fault of mine? She won't be a penny the poorer, remember, and all that she will lose will be the house. And let me tell you that, if you knew her, you would be aware that she is the very last person in the world to grudge me a piece of good fortune."

"Then why didn't you tell her what you were coming here for?"

"What would have been the use of troubling her, when I knew nothing for certain? Besides, I promised Prosser that I wouldn't say a word to any one."

"I don't care a snap for that malignant

old hag of a housekeeper; and you don't care a snap for your promise. You have broken it already in telling me; break it again, and write to Mrs. Stanniforth by to-night's mail."

"My dear Signora Tommasini, I have the most sincere respect for your opinion; but I do think I may be the best judge of what ought to be my conduct towards Mrs. Stanniforth."

"Well may you say that you don't understand women!" cried the signora with some impatience. "Oh, you foolish fellow! can't you understand such a simple thing as this? — that Mrs. Stanniforth would forgive you for turning her out of her home, or even for taking her purse out of her pocket; but that she will never quite forgive you for deceiving her. You have made a very stupid mistake as it is; but you may undo it partly, if you write by to-night's post and explain everything. She will think you found writing more easy than speaking; many people do. Come along back to the carriage; we haven't a minute to lose."

And this energetic lady caught Philip by the arm, and hurried him away, paying no heed to his protests.

"You are quite wrong," he said. "She'll tell her mother, and then there'll be the deuce to pay. And a pretty fool I shall look if the whole thing turns out a myth."

"Stuff and nonsense!" returned the signora; "she won't tell anybody; and if she does, it is better to look like a fool than like something else. Don't you play fast and loose with your best friends. You can't afford it, I tell you."

All the way back to Florence the signora lectured and Philip argued; but the end of it was that he did write the letter, as he was bid, and posted it at the same time with one addressed to Signor Cavetri at Bologna.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

THE post-office, as brought to its present state of efficiency, is doubtless one of the glories of the age and an institution for which everybody ought to be thankful. That the facilities for speedy communication afforded by it give us all an immensity of needless worry is, however, indisputable; and this chapter will show how a mighty power was brought about among one set of insignificant people by the postal machinery during the space of a single short week.

Possibly things might have fallen out differently but for the accident of Philip's having chosen to leave Longbourne for Italy on a Monday; which was the day invariably set apart by Mrs. Stanniforth for the despatch of that weekly budget to Shorncliffe which has been already more than once referred to. For several past Mondays Margaret had contrived, with no small difficulty, to keep her own counsel upon the subject which chiefly engrossed her thoughts; for she had felt certain that Hugh would consider the engagement between Philip and Nellie an imprudent one, and would say so; and she had heard this said so many times already that it seemed almost better to hold her peace altogether than to expose herself to a repetition of it from a fresh quarter. But on this especial Monday, when all the agitation of leave-taking was still upon her, it was inevitable that she should write about Philip, and scarcely less inevitable that, in writing about him, she should tell the whole truth. This was the conclusion to which she came, after tearing up three abortive attempts at mystery. Either she must disburden her soul, or Hugh must do without his letter. Her own inclinations and regard for the feelings of her friend alike urged her to adopt the former alternative; and accordingly she did adopt it — with a result which will have been foreseen by readers with good memories.

On the Wednesday morning Mrs. Winton, sitting opposite to her daughter at the breakfast-table, and receiving a pat of butter in her tea, instead of a lump of sugar, formed the not unnatural conclusion that some news of a disquieting nature had reached the mistress of the house.

"Dearest Margaret," said she, when the above trifling mistake had been mentioned and rectified, "I trust you have not had any unpleasant letters."

"Nearly all letters are unpleasant," answered Margaret, with a tremble in her voice and a very unsuccessful imitation of a laugh. She added something incoherent about business letters and begging letters, and laid down the one which she had been perusing.

But as soon as her mother, who had a fine healthy appetite, had ceased to scrutinize her, she picked it up again and finished it, her face growing paler and paler, as she read.

"MY DEAR MARGARET" (Hugh wrote),

"I can't tell you how astonished and

grieved I was to hear by your letter of this morning that Marescalchi had engaged himself to Miss Brune. It is such a bad business that I hardly know how to tell you what is the real state of the case; and yet it is certain that you must be told. I wish with all my heart that I had not been such a fool as to conceal what I have known for the last three months; but I acted, as I thought for the best, never doubting but that the young fellow would confess it all to you himself, sooner or later. Latterly, indeed, I have fancied, from your never saying anything about him in your letters, that he had done so.

"It is useless to try and break these things gently: the miserable truth is that he is married already. Unfortunately, there is no room for the shadow of a doubt as to the fact. You may remember that you wrote to me in January last, asking me to go up to London and see Marescalchi, who, you feared, was in some trouble; and it was then that I discovered that he was living in Conduit Street with his wife, to whom he must have been some time married, as there was a baby. I happened to see the whole three of them entering the house, and I am bound to say the young woman appeared to be a modest, respectable sort of person, though certainly not a lady. I hesitated to speak to Marescalchi at the time, as perhaps I ought to have done; and when I was next able to call, I heard from the landlady of the lodgings that he and Mrs. Marescalchi were in great distress, owing to the sudden death of the child; so that it was really impossible for me to intrude upon him. Had I had the smallest idea that he could be such a scoundrel as he evidently is, I should not have been so scrupulous. I need not say how much I have felt for you all this time; and I may add that I have also wasted some good pity upon him. Poor little Miss Brune! this is a sad beginning for her life.

"If I can be of any help to you in any way, you know that you can command me. I could get leave, if necessary, and a *journey to Italy* would be quite within my power. I dread to seem interfering and officious; but there are emergencies in which a strong arm is a useful thing, and there are persons who understand no other argument.

"I am writing in some haste; and, besides that, I thought you would rather I said what I had to say as briefly as possible; but of course, if you wish it, I can give you fuller particulars. For the pres-

ent I will only add that, if you can think of any way in which I can serve you, and will tell me of it, you will confer a true kindness upon

"Your affectionate friend,
"HUGH KENYON."

There were certain passages in this letter which were scarcely judicious, and the whole composition was pervaded by a subdued "Didn't I tell you so?" flavor which Margaret would certainly have noticed and resented, had its subject matter been less appalling. As it was, she could only repeat to herself, "This is not true. I can't believe it. Hugh must have made some mistake." But there was very little comfort to be got out of telling herself that she couldn't believe it, when she knew all the time that she could, and did. She read the letter over again, and was unable to discover any loophole for escape. There was no getting over the landlady's allusion to "Mrs. Marescalchi;" nor was it conceivable that Philip should have allowed any woman to pass as his wife, unless he had been really married to her. Margaret did not ask herself whether it was conceivable that Philip should contemplate bigamy. She had not yet had time to weigh probabilities, and was so stunned and bewildered that, if Mrs. Winnington had chosen to question her further, the whole story must infallibly have come out in the course of a few minutes.

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Winnington's mind was engaged with other matters at the moment. Mrs. Winnington had been reading letters of her own — letters from London — letters in which mention was made of balls and dinners and state concerts, and all the other unvarying incidents of that life for which her soul yearned. Mrs. Winnington had tasted these delights many a time and often, and for her assuredly there could be no new thing under the dim London sun; but as she was very far from desiring anything new, such philosophical reflections were powerless to console her, and it was with a profound and pathetic sigh that she restored her letters to their envelopes. Margaret did not appear to notice this signal of distress; so Mrs. Winnington sighed more loudly, and, again failing to attract attention, rose, walked to the other end of the table, and placing her hands affectionately on her daughter's shoulders, kissed her on the forehead.

"Dearest Margaret," said she, "you

are looking very pale. Don't you think you ought to have a little change?"

"Oh, no," answered Margaret hastily; "I am perfectly well, and I hate going away from home. Longbourne suits me better than any other place in the world."

"My dear, are you sure of that? Constitutions differ, certainly; but I cannot help thinking it very unlikely that a place which invariably makes me ill after three weeks can agree with you all the year round."

"But it really does," answered Margaret, with provoking obtuseness.

Mrs. Winnington moved to the window, and looked out upon the terrace, where her younger daughter was to be seen walking up and down in the sunshine. "Poor Edith!" she murmured; "I do feel so very sorry for her, poor child!"

"Sorry for Edith?" repeated Margaret absently. "Why should you be sorry for her?"

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Winnington with some asperity, "you are not the only person in the world who is to be pitied. Other people have their troubles too; and naturally, at Edith's age, it seems hard to be buried down in the country, when all her friends are enjoying themselves in town."

This direct appeal proved effectual. Margaret roused herself, got up, and joined her mother at the window. "How selfish of me never to have thought of that!" she exclaimed penitently. "Of course she ought to be in London, and so ought you. Do take her there at once; you must not hesitate about leaving me."

But Mrs. Winnington shook her head. "No," said she decisively; "I determined, once for all, last year, that I never would spend another season in London lodgings. To begin with, it is more than I can afford."

"But, mother —"

"Dearest Margaret, you are always so kind; and I know you would gladly help us out with our rent; but rent is really the least thing. There are carriages, and dresses, and flowers, and a hundred other necessaries, which would swallow up the whole of my wretched little income in a few months. Besides which, living in lodgings is objectionable in every way. I felt it so very strongly last year, and I made up mind that I would never do it again. If one wishes to hold up one's head in society at all, one must entertain. It need not be upon a large scale, and it need not cost much; but there is just the

feeling, you know, that one can have a few people to dinner sometimes, and that one has a decent house to receive one's visitors in. I have thought very often lately that I have acted rather unfairly to Edith in remaining unsettled, year after year, as I have done. It is so difficult to see one's duty plainly! I believe now that what I ought to have done would have been to establish myself in a small house at the far end of Belgrave Road, or some other cheap place. It would have been very nasty; but it would have given her an opportunity of sometimes catching glimpses of civilization. There is no help for it now, though. To hire a house in London for the season would be out of the question; and to lodgings I will not go. As I said to Lady Laura Smythe the other day, going into society in that sort of way is almost like living upon the charity of others—a thing I could never consent to do."

If Margaret did not answer immediately, it was because she was half afraid that it was not in her power to make the only answer that could be considered at all to the point. That a childless woman, with fifteen thousand a year and the simplest of personal tastes, should ever be in want of money may sound somewhat incredible; but it is said by those who ought to know that there are people with twice Mrs. Stanniforth's means who are not unacquainted with the pinch of poverty. However that may be, it is certain that Margaret was not, in the true sense of the word, rich. From various causes, which need not be entered into now, she was seldom able to keep a large balance at her bankers', and it has been shown before what excellent reasons she had for desiring to lay by a certain sum every year. Still, she felt that, if she remained long silent, her mother's delicate scruples would be aroused, and poor Edith would get no London season. Therefore she only hesitated a moment before declaring cheerfully that the London house ought to be her affair, and that she would give instructions about securing one forthwith.

Mrs. Winnington could not hear of such a thing. No! she knew too well how many people had claims—if you could call them claims—upon poor dear Margaret, and what it cost to provide young men with unlimited travelling expenses and the best singing-masters in Italy. No! if dear Margaret had wished to take a house in London for *herself*, that would have been another thing; but Mrs. Winnington could not accept, and

would not accept, even from her own daughter—and so forth, and so forth, for ten minutes, without a break. In the course of these ten minutes it did, indeed, transpire that there was a small house in Park Street, belonging to a particular friend of Lady Laura Smythe's, which was now to be had; but the rent asked for it was quite too ridiculous—which was a pity, as the situation and the very modest dimensions of the house might have made it suitable in other ways. "But," added Mrs. Winnington, "no doubt it will be snapped up at once. Lady Laura asked me to let her have a reply by return of post. So absurd of her! As if I could possibly afford such an expense! But I never can get people to understand that your purse is not mine."

The remainder of the argument need scarcely be chronicled. Of course Margaret protested that all that was hers was her mother's, and of course Mrs. Winnington pointed out that, however justifiable such a theory might be upon abstract grounds, it was impossible to make it fit in with the conditions of a sophisticated state of society. The generous dispute was a prolonged one; but it was not so unduly prolonged as to prevent Mrs. Winnington from dashing off a few hasty lines to Lady Laura Smythe in time to catch the midday post.

Margaret breathed more freely as soon as this question was disposed of. In the impending catastrophe her mother's sympathies would not, as she well knew, be with her; and it would be best for her to be alone when the terrible disclosure had to be made. It should not be made before an answer should have come from Philip: she had now so far recovered her scattered wits as to have decided upon that much. She would write to him, enclosing Hugh's letter, and she would not condemn him until he should have had an opportunity of giving his version of the story. Who knew but that he might be able to exculpate himself? Even a prisoner who has been caught in the act of entering a dwelling-house by the area-window at midnight is held innocent until he has been proved guilty; and was she not to extend the same measure of bare justice to poor Philip? She had already begun to think of him as "poor Philip," it will be observed. Perhaps in his case, as in that of the supposititious burglar, it was upon the absence of "felonious intent" that she built her vain hopes.

But, as the day went on, it became more and more apparent to her that she could

never live through the long interval of suspense that must take place before a reply could be received from Florence. This, she calculated, could not, at earliest, be before the fifth day; and to exist in a state of torment through four mortal days and nights was an ordeal not to be faced, if by any means it could be avoided. She longed to telegraph, but could not see her way to doing so, consistently with prudence; for Longbourne was not one of the houses where telegrams are received and despatched so frequently as to give rise to no remark; and, besides that, it would be impossible to frame a message which should be at once intelligible to Philip and unintelligible to the clerks at the Crayminster post-office. It was while pondering the latter difficulty that Margaret thought of a very simple expedient for overcoming it. Why should she not word her telegram in a foreign language? The notion pleased her so much, and her desire to be put speedily out of her pain was so strong, that she resolved, at last, to run the risk; and in the course of the afternoon she set out to walk across the fields to Crayminster, and to write the momentous question with her own hand. She did not care to let the servants know that she was in such haste to communicate with Mr. Marescalchi, and she would not drive, for she knew that if she did so her mother would accompany her.

The young gentleman who snatched Mrs. Stanniforth's telegraph-form out of her hand—(Is it because postmen always have the gratuities of Christmas before their mind's eye, while post-office clerks have nothing connected with that season to look forward to, except an increase of labor, that the former are so subservient and the latter so outrageously offensive in their demeanor towards the public?)—this young gentleman was as satisfactorily puzzled as could have been wished. Margaret had written distinctly the following words in German, having had doubts as to the trustworthiness of French in this age of universal accomplishment: "Is it the case that you are not free to marry? Pray telegraph the exact truth. Hugh has been in Conduit Street." This message, after much preliminary frowning and muttering, was accepted and paid for; and when Margaret had asked three times at what hour it would be delivered, and had been answered at last by a curt, "Can't say, 'm shaw," she started on her homeward way.

It was a long, up-hill walk, and the sun

was hot and scorching, as it often is in the month of May. Margaret, weary in body and mind, had lost all thinking power, and, fortunately for herself, was unable to suffer in anticipation of a terrible future. Her one anxiety then and throughout the remainder of the day, was that the reply to her telegram should reach her after her mother and sister had gone to bed. It would have puzzled her to give any account afterwards of the manner in which she had got through that interminable afternoon and evening. But somehow or other the time passed; and fortune was very kind to her; for hardly had Mrs. Winnington and Edith wished her good-night, and gone up-stairs, than a ring at the front door brought her heart into her mouth; and a minute later the wished-for yellow envelope was in her hands.

She tore it open, devoured its contents, and then, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears of joy. Philip's answer was brief and to the point; and he had not thought it necessary to employ any language but his own. "All right. Free as air. Very natural mistake of Kenyon's. Will write about this and the other matter shortly."

It was very well to be thankful; but it was unfortunate, though not, perhaps, very surprising, that Margaret's thankfulness should have been mingled with a strong feeling of wrath against the luckless Hugh Kenyon. "How like Hugh to jump to conclusions in that way!" she thought. "Hugh would believe anything bad of Philip; and he never considers what misery he inflicts upon me when he makes such cruel accusations."

This was, no doubt, extremely unjust, since Colonel Kenyon was about the last man in England to jump to conclusions, and certainly the last to inflict needless pain upon those whom he loved; but that he was ready to believe anything bad of Philip was true enough, and it was probably this predisposition which Margaret found it most hard to forgive. She sat down forthwith, and scribbled off a hasty letter, which would have gone near to breaking Hugh's heart if he had ever received it. But he never did receive it; for his correspondent, after relieving her feelings by saying some very cutting things, wisely tore up what she had written, and went to bed at peace with all mankind, forgiving her friends as well as her enemies.

It was not until the following morning that she began to wonder what might be

that "other matter" to which Philip had made allusion; but it did not occur to her to attach any importance to the phrase. He might have intended to refer to his engagement to Nellie, or to his plans for remaining at Florence — most likely to the former. Thursday, therefore, was a day of rest and freedom from care for Margaret; but upon the Friday morning she found, beside her plate at breakfast-time, the letter which had been written at Signora Tommasini's instance, and which had been posted before the telegram from Longbourne had reached its destination. The substance of this letter astonished and perturbed Margaret a good deal; but it by no means filled her with consternation, as Colonel Kenyon's had done. Considering the haste with which it had been written, it was a not unskillfully worded epistle. It was — so Margaret thought — quite unnecessarily contrite in tone, and it explained to her full satisfaction Philip's previous silence. It was both natural and becoming that, upon the first blush of the thing, he should have held himself bound by his promise to Prosser, and it was a proof of his heart's being in the right place that, after more mature consideration, he should have found it impossible to keep any secret from herself. As to the main point, her sympathies and hopes were entirely upon the side of her adopted son. Most willingly would she retire from Longbourne to let him enter there as master, and most thankful would she be if the respectability of his birth could be proved beyond a doubt. Not having had time to contemplate possible side-issues, she was inclined to hail the news, so far as it went, as thoroughly good news.

"A letter from Florence?" asked Mrs. Winnington insinuatingly, across the table. "All well, I hope?"

"Philip has got over his journey safely," answered Margaret, with pardonable equivocation.

"So glad! Now, dearest Margaret, don't you think you might come up to London to us for a time? We would not keep you a day longer than you wished to stay; but I really believe you would enjoy yourself, when once you were there."

What reply Mrs. Stanniforth would have made to this kindly pressure to partake of her own hospitality will never be known; for at this moment Edith, who had been looking out of the window, turned round to say that one of the cows had got into the garden, and was eating up the roses.

"Oh!" exclaimed Margaret, and flew out on to the terrace, followed by her sister.

An exciting chase, subsequently joined in by two gardeners, ensued, and lasted for a matter of ten minutes, while Mrs. Winnington looked on from the window with a face of strong disapproval. It did not accord with her views of propriety that ladies should rush about and make themselves hot, when they had a large staff of retainers handsomely paid to do that for them. Such behavior, she thought, lowered one in the eyes of one's inferiors, and encouraged them to take liberties. Possibly with a desire to spare herself the sight of so degrading a spectacle, she turned away, and began carelessly glancing at the letters which Margaret had imprudently left on the table. It has been said before that Mrs. Winnington's notions with regard to the sacredness of other people's letters were of a liberal order; and she did not for a moment hesitate to draw these from their envelopes. And so it came to pass that when Margaret returned — flushed and breathless, but triumphant — she found her mother extended rigidly upon her chair, with the soles of her feet well exposed to view, her head falling on to her shoulder, and her arms hanging helpless by her sides like those of a rag doll. What had happened was only too evident; and Margaret, for once, lost all control over her indignation.

"Really, mother," she exclaimed, "this is too bad! Why do you read my letters?"

"Oh, Margaret," answered Mrs. Winnington in a hollow voice, "do not — *do* not speak of such trifles at a moment like this! How you can scamper after cows, when you may be upon the brink of being turned out of your house, is more than I can comprehend. This is what one gets by adopting orphans and pampering them! But for your infatuation, this wretched boy might have died years ago."

"Nonsense, mother! it is not in the least certain that I shall be turned out of my house; and I don't care if I am. You ought not to have looked at my letter, and you have no business to know anything about this. The least that you can do now is to behave as if you knew nothing about it."

"Very well, my dear; if you think that is a proper way to speak to your mother, I can say no more. In my opinion, letters that are left open upon the table are as much public property as newspapers; and I must say I should never have supposed

you wished to conceal anything from me. Pray do not imagine that I shall interfere in the matter, directly or indirectly. It must be sifted, however," continued Mrs. Winnington, assuming a more erect attitude. "The woman Prosser must be sent for at once, and made to tell all that she knows."

"I cannot allow it!" exclaimed Margaret. "The secret is Philip's, not mine, and it would be most ungenerous in me to betray him. It would not do any good either; for, naturally, Prosser could tell us no more than she told him."

"It would do this good," answered Mrs. Winnington, "that it would set my mind at rest. I don't believe a word of this story, mind you—not a word of it! It might be easy enough for that woman to deceive a silly, vain boy; but she will not find it so easy to deceive me, I can tell her!"

The issue was inevitable. Mrs. Winnington had taken the bit between her teeth, and Margaret knew full well that argument would be thrown away upon her. Indeed, the good lady herself confessed as much. She was not going to interfere in any way, she said; but at the same time she could not blind herself to her plain duty. She could not sit still and allow a monstrous fraud to be concocted under her daughter's roof; and, in short, if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. In other words, Mrs. Winnington expressed her intention, in the last resort, of betaking herself to the housekeeper's room, and doing battle there.

As a choice of evils, therefore, Mrs. Prosser was summoned, and probably derived much satisfaction from the spectacle of her enemy's discomfiture. Mrs. Prosser, it need hardly be said, was victorious all along the line. Her evidence was not to be shaken by the most searching cross-examination; nor did she allow herself to be moved for one instant from the placid respectfulness of her bearing. Mrs. Winnington she ignored altogether, addressing her replies exclusively to Margaret, and, it must be confessed, producing a rather favorable impression upon the latter by her straightforwardness. When pressed to say why she had not told her story before, she answered that that was a matter "betwixt her and her conscience," and she must "decline for to enter upon it again." She had "already spoke to Mr. Philip upon the subjeck."

"It all seems to be the most preposterous rubbish!" cried Mrs. Winnington at

length. "At all events, the question cannot be set at rest without a lawsuit; that is certain."

"I don't think, ma'am," observed Mrs. Prosser to Margaret, "as Mr. Neville would wish to go to law, if Mr. Philip's rights was proved to his satisfaction; and I believe there is nobody else who could do so."

"Of course there could be nobody else, Prosser," answered Margaret. "It is a pity, I think, that you did not speak sooner; but I quite believe all that you have told us. It does not prove anything —"

"Nothing at all, ma'am."

"Still, it may help us to find out the truth. You can go now, Prosser. For the present, I hope you will say no more about this to any one."

"If you remember, ma'am, my own wishes was that you should not be told yourself, as long as 'twas uncertain," replied Mrs. Prosser, scoring this final hit as she dropped a curtsey in the doorway. "If 'tis known far and wide before the week is out, 'twill not be through me, ma'am, you may depend."

CHAPTER XXV.

CONSULTATIONS.

MRS. PROSSER exceeded the limits of justifiable innuendo when she hinted that the disclosure which she had made would be known far and wide in the course of a week. Mrs. Winnington was not the woman to publish abroad anything that might hereafter tell to her own or her daughter's disadvantage; nor did she at all allude to the subject when paying a round of calls upon neighbors whom she could not refuse herself the pleasure of informing that she had taken a house in Park Street for the season. But, on the other hand, she talked of nothing else in the family circle. She soon made her peace with Margaret, remembering that something was due to one who had behaved with so much liberality in the matter of that Park Street house; and although she could not acknowledge that she had been guilty of any impropriety in reading Philip's letter, she went so far as to say that she was sorry for having done so, since Margaret's feelings had been hurt thereby. Margaret willingly accepted this apology, such as it was, apologized on her side for the hasty expressions which she had used in the heat of the moment, and only begged that the whole question might be suffered to remain in abeyance

until further particulars should be forthcoming.

Mrs. Winnington said no doubt that would be best; that was exactly what she herself would advise; for what could be the good of discussing a story which would in all probability turn out to be false from beginning to end? After which, she went on to discuss it in all its bearings; in all such of its bearings, that is, as seemed likely to affect her own family; for it was with these alone that she troubled herself. Old Mr. Stanniforth would be none the worse off, whatever might happen; but Margaret was in danger of being deprived of her home without a halfpenny of compensation; and the truly grievous part of the business was that she would have in a manner created her own despoiler, since it was tolerably certain that Philip would never have been heard of in England but for her ill-judged charity. The good lady's thoughts were thus so engrossed that she quite overlooked the circumstance that the chief sufferer would be Mr. Brune, who would assuredly be called upon to refund the purchase money of an estate which had never been his to dispose of. When, however, Margaret drew her attention to this aspect of the affair, she admitted that the poor man's case was a hard one.

"And that," said she, "makes me the more anxious that you should consult him without loss of time. In fact, I think it would be hardly honest to keep him any longer in ignorance of his danger."

Margaret said that was not her feeling at all. She would much rather say nothing to Mr. Brune yet.

"Well, my dear, if you feel any hesitation about speaking to him, I should not mind doing it myself. I do not like Mr. Brune; his manners are very uncouth and abrupt, and I have no doubt he will be rude to me. Still, we must not consider that. If you can spare me the carriage this afternoon, I will just drive over to Broom Leas, and have a few words with him."

Margaret groaned. "I thought you agreed with me," she said, "that the best thing we could do was to hold our tongues?"

"Unquestionably the best thing — it is the *only* thing that we can do. But that is not to say that we should neglect any means of gaining information. Mr. Brune must have known more about his brother than we can do, and it is quite possible that he may have been aware of the existence of this Italian lady, and may be

able to tell us who she was. At least it can do no harm to ask him."

"I think it may do a great deal of harm," Margaret protested.

But she could neither gag her mother nor lock the door upon her; and so, in the course of the afternoon, Mr. Brune, who was enjoying himself in his shirt-sleeves, lopping off the straggling branches of a laurel hedge on his domain with a billhook, was startled by the apparition of a lady whose visits were never very welcome to him.

Mrs. Winnington's customary bland smile of greeting was tempered by a mournfulness which it was impossible to ignore. "So sorry to disturb you," said she; "but I was told that I should find you here, and as I wanted to speak to you rather particularly —" Here a natural feeling of curiosity caused her to break off, and inquire, "Do you really *like* doing that?"

"I really do," answered Mr. Brune, resuming his coat with some reluctance. "The only objection to hedging and ditching is that, when one is employed in that way, one is scarcely in trim to receive visitors. But I dare say you will kindly excuse me from shaking hands with you, Mrs. Winnington. You were saying that you wanted particularly to speak to me."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Winnington with a great sigh.

"Has Philip Marescalchi broken his neck? If he has don't mind saying so; I can bear to hear the worst."

Mrs. Winnington sighed again. "Oh, no," said she regretfully; "he has not broken his neck. But it is about him that I am anxious to consult you."

And then the tale was told, and was listened to without a word or a sign of interruption. Mrs. Winnington was a good deal put out by the calm way in which every one, except herself, seemed to take the disquieting prospect that was opening out before them.

"Well, Mr. Brune?" she said impatiently, when she had waited for some seconds in vain for her companion to speak.

"Well, Mrs. Winnington?"

"What do you think of all this? Do you believe that there is any truth in it? Do you think your brother was a likely man to make a clandestine marriage?"

"My dear madam, is it possible for me to answer such questions to any purpose? Yes; all things considered, I should say it was probably true. I see no reason why Prosser should have invented the

words which she says she heard; and the dates appear to be correct, and there is a suggestive similarity between the names of Brown and Brune. Oh, yes; the chances are all in favor of its being true. As to whether my brother George was a likely man to act as he is said to have done, I really can't give an opinion upon the subject. In one sense, nobody is likely to do such a thing, and in another sense anybody is. One is never surprised at hearing that a man has been married on the sly; but I take it that no one has natural proclivities that way."

"But, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, "aren't you going to do anything? Do you mean to sit still and allow yourself to be plundered? Can't you make any inquiries?"

"I shall write to my brother's lawyers, and ask them whether they know anything. It appears that Marescalchi's mother was accustomed to receive remittances from her husband's lawyers."

"H'm — yes; it would be well to do that certainly. I feel that we ought to be bestirring ourselves. It would be a terrible blow to poor Margaret to be driven from her home."

"I shall be only too happy to talk things over with Mrs. Stanniforth, if that would be any comfort to her."

"Well, the truth is that dear Margaret rather shrinks from speaking about the matter at all. But if you can suggest any way in which I could be of service —"

"You are most kind. No; I don't know that you can do anything," replied Mr. Brune, thinking of Diogenes and Alexander, but patiently refraining from applying the precedent to the present case.

A pause of some minutes supervened, during which Mrs. Winnington fidgeted irritably, and Mr. Brune looked wistfully at his billhook. It was evident that the man did not choose to be communicative; and it only remained for his visitor to leave him, consoling herself as best she might with the hope that something — or rather that nothing — might come of the lawyers' letter.

This hope was fulfilled some days later, when Messrs. Hobson & Jobson wrote to say that, to the best of their belief, their late client had lived and died a bachelor. They had, at all events, never transacted business on his behalf with any Italian lady. So far so good; but Mrs. Winnington, as may possibly be remembered, had a personal acquaintance with the senior member of the firm, and she could not

resist writing to him in a friendly, informal manner, to beg for his candid opinion upon this most distressing subject. His answer made her rather uncomfortable.

"DEAR MADAM (wrote Mr. Hobson), —

"We have already been in communication with Mr. Brune with reference to the matter upon which you consult me, and I have nothing to add to the reply sent to him. Speaking generally, however, I may say that, supposing such a marriage as you mention to have taken place, it would in my opinion be in the last degree improbable that Mr. George Brune, or any other man similarly situated, would have let his family lawyers into his secret.

"Faithfully yours,

"SAML. HOBSON."

"And this is the man who has dined with us over and over again, and has stayed in the house upon three separate occasions!" cried Mrs. Winnington, very angry with Mr. Hobson for having written so curtly, and still more angry with him for having suggested such unpleasant doubts. "I will never trouble myself to be civil to a solicitor again as long as I live."

In the mean time Margaret had heard once more from Philip, who filled three pages with a description of Florence, mentioned incidentally that he expected soon to have an interview with his uncle, Signor Cavestri, who was coming from Bologna to meet him, and said not one word about the subject of Margaret's telegram until quite the end of his sheet. "I meant to have told you all about that Conduit Street business," he wrote; "but, after all, I think it will keep until we meet. There are some things which it is just as well not to commit to paper, and one is not at liberty to tell everything even to one's best friends. But, my dear old Meg, how *could* you suppose that, if I had had one wife living, I should think of marrying another? I am not a bit angry, you know; but I am rather amused, I confess, and surprised that you should not know me better. Colonel Kenyon, no doubt, thinks me capable of all manner of iniquity. Even he might have given me credit for some small amount of prudence, though." And then he added in a postscript: "If you have spoken to Nellie of what you have heard, and if she feels at all uneasy or dissatisfied, of course I will write to her more fully. Otherwise I think least said soonest mended for the present."

It was not because this explanation struck her as insufficient that Margaret wrote a line to Hugh Kenyon, requesting him to run down for a day or two and see her. She held—and she was doubtless right in holding—that it was worse than useless to bestow confidence by halves, and that, if she believed Philip at all, she must believe, without requiring further elucidation, that he was entirely innocent of the offence imputed to him. But with Mrs. Winnington buzzing about her, like a great bluebottle, at all hours of the day, with Mr. Brune and Nellie holding aloof as if they were offended, and with her own uncertainty as to what course events would take, and what development she ought to hope for, she did feel a strong wish for a little sympathy; and, that being so, it was natural that she should turn her eyes towards that quarter whence sympathy had been forthcoming for so many years.

Hugh, it is needless to say, obeyed the summons with alacrity. Despite the melancholy character of the occasion, he arrived in Longbourne in better spirits than he had enjoyed for many months past. Margaret's note had led him to hope that he was to be reinstated in that post of confidential adviser which he had forfeited by his untimely declaration, and which, notwithstanding many friendly assurances to the contrary, he was well aware had never been fully restored to him. She was coming back to him, he thought; she had turned to him instinctively in the time of her trouble; and, although he did not now expect that she would ever consent to be anything more than his friend, it would be a great deal to be received again upon the old terms. Without exactly rejoicing over Phillip's downfall, he yet could not help feeling that if that young deceiver were cut off with a shilling (the traditional shilling being represented by a few hundreds a year) his most dangerous rival would be removed.

He was therefore not a little taken aback by the first words that Margaret addressed to him.

"Hugh, what made you give me such a dreadful fright? You were quite mistaken about my poor boy."

"Mistaken! how mistaken?"

"There was no truth whatever in that—report about his being married."

"You mean that he denies it, I suppose."

"Yes. I telegraphed to him at once, and had an answer the same night, and since then I have heard from him. He says it was a natural mistake on your

part, but that it can all be very easily explained."

"God bless my soul! what explanation does he give?"

Margaret was obliged to confess that nothing very explicit had reached her from Philip beyond a bare denial; but that, she said, was quite enough for her. His word was sufficient, and she could perfectly enter into his reasons for disliking to put upon paper what might very well be communicated by word of mouth. Letters, unfortunately, were sometimes read by people to whom they were not addressed, and very likely Philip had thought of that. "It was wrong of me to distrust him at all," she concluded. "For you, of course, it was different; but, as he says, I ought to have known him better."

"Oh! is that all he says?"

"You can see his letter if you like," answered Margaret, handing over the sheet in question. "I don't know whether you will find it convincing, but it is quite so to me."

Hugh read the short paragraph which has been quoted above, and drew down the corners of his mouth. "It strikes me as a shuffling sort of statement," he remarked. "It's all very well to say, 'How can you believe that I should be such a blackguard as to do so and so?' but that's no answer to a man who saw you do it."

"It is an answer to me, at any rate. And don't you think, Hugh, that you were rather in a hurry to take things for granted? You never made any inquiries, you know."

"But, my dear Margaret, I had the evidence of my own senses. I saw the woman enter the house with him. I called in Conduit Street afterwards, and found that they were living there as husband and wife. I heard the landlady speak of her as Mrs. Marescalchi. What more would you have?"

"Oh, I admit that it is mysterious," said Margaret; "but what of that? So many things are mysterious until they are explained. Might it not have been to serve a friend in some way that he allowed that woman to pass as his wife for a time? I think that is conceivable."

"I don't," said Hugh shortly.

"And you don't believe him on his word?"

Hugh looked up uneasily. "There is no one on earth whom I trust more implicitly than I do you," he said; "but if you were to tell me that your name was not Margaret Stanniforth, and that you

didn't think it necessary to say any more at present, but would explain it all some day or other, how could I bring myself to believe that you were speaking the truth?"

"Ah, well," said Margaret, "women have more faith than men, I suppose. I should believe you if you told me black was white. But never mind. I am as certain as I am of my own existence that Philip will be able to clear himself all in good time; and we won't say any more about it now, especially as I have something else to tell you, which I have been thinking of a great deal more during the last few days."

Colonel Kenyon's astonishment was only equalled by his disgust when he was informed of the fresh complication of which Philip Marescalchi was the central figure. "Confound that fellow!" he exclaimed; "I wish to heaven his mother had scragged him when he was a baby! He seems bound to bring perpetual trouble in one way or another. And the provoking part of it is that you don't mind it a bit. I believe you rather enjoy it."

This little outburst of impatience had the happy effect of making Margaret laugh. Upon which Hugh laughed too; and thus friendly relations, which for a moment had shown symptoms of becoming strained, were re-established.

"Now tell me," said Margaret; "do you think Philip is really Mr. George Brune's son?"

Hugh was compelled to acknowledge that the story had a horrid air of probability about it. "To tell you the truth," he added, "I noticed his likeness to the family long ago; but I set it down to mere coincidence."

"Yes; is it not strange that I should never have remarked it? I see it so plainly now; and not only that, but I can trace a decided resemblance between his character and Mr. Brune's."

"There I can't go along with you."

"That is because you like Mr. Brune, and you have never liked my poor Philip. But perhaps it is not so much a similarity in actual character that I mean, as in ways of speaking and looking at things. I know exactly what Mr. Brune will say in certain cases, and it is just what Philip says, and often in the very same words. Both of them have a way of pretending to laugh at everything, and both of them are really as tender-hearted as women. I wish you knew Philip as well as I do. You can't think what a penitent letter he wrote me about this journey of his to

Florence, and how grieved he is at the idea of my having to give up Longbourne. As if it was any fault of his that he is his father's son!"

"Well, I am glad to hear that he is penitent," said Hugh, getting up, and walking about the room. "As for your leaving Longbourne, I don't know about that, I'm sure. It will be a case for the lawyers, I fear."

"Why should it be? If once it can be proved that Count Marescalchi and Mr. George Brune were one and the same person, there can be no more to be said. I am sure Mr. Brune would not go to law with Philip."

"Perhaps not; but it's rather an intricate question. You see, old Mr. Staniforth made a gift of the estate to Jack, and the title-deeds are now in the hands of the trustees. I know no more of law than I do of Hebrew; but I suppose we could not surrender them at all events until the purchase money had been refunded."

"But then there is the compensation paid by the railway company."

"Yes; but I don't know whether old Staniforth would disgorge that without making a fight for it. He is a sharp old fellow—or used to be. It is a most unmitigated nuisance, look at it which way you will."

"It will all come right in the end," said Margaret confidently.

"I am not at all so sure of that. I would much rather it went wrong in the beginning, I know. I wonder, now, whether there is any hope of that old Prosser's having trumped up a plausible story to serve some ends of her own. It is difficult to believe that a woman could keep a secret like that entirely to herself for a dozen years and more."

"She had the safety-valve of confession to her parish priest, you see."

"What, to old Langley? Do you mean to say he has known this all along, and never said a word?"

"I suppose he has. He has not been here since the disclosure, and I suspect he is rather afraid of facing us."

"Well he may be, the old Jesuit! I shall look him up this afternoon, and hear what he has to say for himself."

"You won't be rude to him, will you, Hugh? You must remember that he has only done what he would consider to be his bounden duty in keeping Prosser's secret."

"Oh, I won't be rude to him," answered Hugh: "I only want to find out how

much he knows. I suppose he'll tell me the truth anyhow."

The result of this determination was that Colonel Kenyon formed one of a congregation of three at evensong, and, waiting for the rector afterwards, put the reverend gentleman, as he mentally expressed it, "through his facings."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Langley said; "an unfortunate affair in many ways; but let us hope that some arrangement may be come to. I am glad the woman has at length made up her mind to tell what she knew. I have been urging her to do so for years past."

"But why didn't you make her speak out? Couldn't you have withheld absolution, or something?"

Mr. Langley smiled. "I think you hardly understand the case," he said. "There could be no question of absolution, the woman having committed no sin. What she revealed to me was in the nature of a strictly confidential communication, made to me as her priest."

"She said it was under seal of confession."

"Ah, yes; a slight confusion of terms not uncommon among the uneducated. It is true that she first divulged the matter to me as a part of her confession; but I pointed out to her at the time that she was wrong in doing so. Of course I could not do otherwise than regard what was imparted to me in such a manner as sacred. Since then I have lost no opportunity of impressing upon her what I believed to be her duty; but she is, unfortunately, a very obstinate person. I should not have felt myself justified in laying a positive command upon her so long as she held it a matter of conscience to keep silence."

"Well, I don't know," said Hugh, twirling his moustache; "I should have thought you might have brought a little more pressure to bear; but it's not much use talking about that now. You believe, then, that old Brune really said all that?"

"I have not a doubt of it; and I may add that I have very little doubt as to young Marescalchi's being the son."

"It's a horrid bore," remarked Hugh. "I expect I shall have a lot of bother over it; and I'm afraid our friends at Broom Leas will suffer." And he went on to explain some of the difficulties which he anticipated, and which were likely to interfere with the amicable family arrangement to which Mr. Langley, as well as Mrs. Prosser, appeared to have looked forward.

Mr. Langley could only express his sympathy and regret, adding, as a moral to be deduced from the whole affair, that if the late Mr. Brune had been a sound Churchman, all this trouble would have been avoided. "In such a case, he would have sent to me upon his death-bed — which I am sorry to say that he did not think fit to do — and the truth would have been revealed."

"What, even if he had made it the subject of a strictly confidential communication?" Hugh could not help saying.

"Unquestionably. Concealment of marriage, and the leaving of a child destitute, would be deadly sin; whereas it might very well be a question with many people how far they were entitled to make public words spoken by one in a state of delirium. But perhaps I had better not weary you with definitions," said Mr. Langley rather coldly. "I trust," he added, "that there is no feeling of soreness as regards me in my dear friend Mrs. Stanniforth's mind."

"Oh, she'll forgive you," said Hugh; "she'd forgive anybody for doing anything." And as he walked away, it occurred to him that there was only one person in the world towards whom he had ever known Margaret to display an unforgiving spirit, and that that person was himself; which seemed a little hard.

Trudging pensively homewards along the deep lanes, he heard himself, on a sudden, called by name, and was presently overtaken by Nellie Brune — a person whom, under the circumstances, he would much rather not have encountered.

"Have you come down about this business, Colonel Kenyon?" she asked. "Is it really true that Philip is Uncle George's son?"

"Ah, that's just what I want to know, Miss Brune," answered Hugh. "If I were not afraid of making you angry, I should say I hope he isn't."

"Oh, but I hope the same thing," said Nellie quickly.

"Why, I thought the great wish of your life was that Longbourne should come back into the possession of your family."

"But I don't want Mrs. Stanniforth to be turned adrift. And, besides, I could never feel as if Philip were one of us."

"You ought not to have much difficulty in feeling that," said Hugh, looking at her kindly. His honest heart was so full of pity for the poor girl that he hardly knew how to speak to her without betraying himself. He could not doubt that Philip was a married man, and he had

already formed an indefinite resolution that he would prove him to be so, and thus at least save Miss Brune from the danger of an irreparable calamity. But what in the world was he to say to the girl now?

She allowed his allusion to pass, and asked: "Do you suppose that Philip knew of this before he went to Florence?"

"Of course he did; it was the old housekeeper who told him, you know. In fact, I imagine that he only went to Florence in order to get at documentary proof of Mr. Brune's marriage."

Nellie tightened her lips, and nodded. "I suspected as much," said she.

"Ah, you're beginning to find the young rascal out," thought Hugh, with some satisfaction. But, feeling that the devil ought to have his due, he said aloud: "I am not sure that you can exactly blame him, you know, for not saying anything about it before he started. It seems that he did write without loss of time."

"He need not have said what was untrue, though. He told us all that he was going there to study."

"Well, perhaps he is going to study."

"Yes; I dare say he is," agreed Nellie hastily, thinking perhaps that she had said too much. "Will you give my best love to Mrs. Stanniforth, please?"

"Certainly I will," answered Hugh; "but why don't you come up and see her? She thinks you are offended with her about this unlucky business."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Nellie; "what possible reason could I have for being offended with her? I have kept away lately because — because — It is rather difficult to explain; only don't you know how disagreeable it is to talk over things with people when you don't quite agree with them, and when they — think you ought to agree with them?"

And, having given utterance to this somewhat vague sentiment, Miss Brune took her leave rather hurriedly.

"I wonder whether she really cares for that worthless fellow," mused Hugh, resuming his walk. "I don't believe she does; and I'm sure I hope she doesn't. It was Margaret who got up the match, I suspect. What a pity it is that she will insist upon making people happy in her own way, whether they wish it or not!"

And as soon as he reached the house he delivered Nellie's message, adding carelessly on his own account: "She doesn't seem to pine for her absent lover to any alarming extent. Is she very much in love with him, do you think?"

"More so than you might suppose," answered Margaret, smiling. "Nellie shows her feelings very little; but I understand her, and I know that she has never cared a pin's head for any one but Philip. It is a very long-standing attachment on both sides; but want of money has prevented matters from coming to a climax. I am so very glad that the engagement took place while Philip was still a poor man; I think they will both be glad to remember that afterwards."

"But even if he gets Longbourne, he will be a poor man."

"He will be well enough off to marry, I suppose; and then, I hope I may be able to help them out a little."

To this Hugh made no answer, except to shake his head gravely; and as Mrs. Winnington came in at that moment, eager to hear whether anything fresh had been elicited from Mr. Langley, the subject dropped.

He had no further opportunity for private conversation with Margaret that day. The whole evening was occupied by an amicable contest between her and her mother with reference to the latter lady's move to London; Mrs. Winnington protesting that she could not bear to leave her daughter in the midst of so much trouble, while Margaret declared that she was in no trouble at all, and that it would distress her beyond everything to deprive Edith of her season. Hugh, knowing what the outcome of the discussion was certain to be, took little interest in its progress, but sat silently twirling his thumbs and heartily wishing that Mrs. Winnington were in London already. Every now and again he was appealed to —

"Candidly now, Hugh, do you think dear Margaret ought to be left quite alone?" and so forth. He answered somewhat at random; which was of the less consequence since his answers were never listened to. Edith remained as silent as he throughout, and was to all appearance quite as indifferent. Once, when, just by way of saying something, he asked her whether she was not looking forward to having a great deal of dancing, she replied that she never danced in London, and volunteered the additional information that she hated London at all times, and particularly during the season. Whereupon Mrs. Winnington glanced sharply over her shoulder, exclaiming, "Edith, my dear child, how can you talk such nonsense!" and Edith at once collapsed.

It was close upon midnight before Mrs.

Winnington acknowledged herself vanquished, and laid down her arms. "If you put it in that way, my dear," Hugh heard her saying, "I suppose I ought not to refuse; but I shall be longing to be with you all the time; and I do trust that you will write or telegraph for me at any moment, if you want me. Unless you promise me that, I positively will not go. You see," she continued, turning to Hugh with a deprecatory smile, "how weak I am. I had fully determined to give up all thought of London for the present; but dear Margaret makes such a point of our going that I feel I should have to yield to-morrow, if I did not do so to-day. I am quite ashamed of myself; for I must confess that a few hours ago, I should have said that nothing could shake my resolution."

As, however, she left at ten o'clock on the following morning, it must be assumed that her maid was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and had packed up in anticipation of the event. Her last words to Hugh, as she stepped into the carriage, were: "Well, good-bye, dear Hugh. If you should be coming up to London, you must be sure to call on us in Park Street. I hope you understand that I should not be going away now if I thought I could be of any use here. But I really do not believe I could."

"Not the slightest use in the world," answered Hugh, whose stock of patience, large as it was, had not been quite equal to the demand made upon it by the needless waste of his only evening at Longbourne. His duties compelled him to return to Shorncliffe the same afternoon; and it was a little mortifying to him to perceive that Margaret was rather relieved than otherwise when she was told that he, too, must leave her.

He attributed this to his unfortunate inability to sympathize with her upon the subject that was nearest her heart; but it was probably quite as much due to a sensation of embarrassment on her part at finding herself alone in the house with him. It had been comparatively easy to bury the past in oblivion when writing to him, or when other people were at hand; but now that they two were face to face, and free from all chance of interruption, she found it impossible to keep a certain day in the past summer out of her memory; and what was worse, she saw that he was laboring under precisely the same difficulty. Besides which, he had a patient, half-reproachful way of looking at her which made her shy and uncomfort-

able; and this, in its turn, made her angry. There was something ridiculous, she thought, in a woman of her age being subject to such girlish afflictions; and, after the manner of women, she visited her anger in some degree upon its innocent cause.

Upon the whole, Hugh felt, as he drove away, that his visit had not been a success; and the same reflection was at the same moment passing through Margaret's mind, while she stood on the doorstep, watching the departure of her guest.

From Temple Bar.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHOOLDAYS.

THE recent celebration of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary jubilee reminded the country of how very young the prime minister was when he entered public life. Like Canning, however, he had begun his training for Parliament when a boy at Eton, and the fact that Pitt had been premier in his twenty-fourth year, seems to have early impressed him with that opinion which Chancellor Oxenstiern so pithily formulated in his advice to his son, that the world is not so difficult to govern after all. Without overrating his own abilities, William Gladstone, when in his teens, perceived that not many lads of his own age were his intellectual equals, and, though he was at school during a period which Mr. Bright has described as the "dark ages" of Parliamentary history, it must be noted that he had a sanguine belief in the career which lay open to talent in England. He had probably heard that when George Canning was a boy in the sixth form, editing the *Microcosm*, and making his name sound far beyond the confines of the school, Charles James Fox had visited Eton on purpose to see him, and to try and enlist his services for the Whig party. This precedent, coupled with that of Pitt, was surely enough to set a spirited boy's ambition fluttering; and it also explains in a measure how Gladstone started in life as a Conservative. In what other country could a clever schoolboy, the son of a merchant, have felt sure that in a few years he would, by mere force of culture and energy, sit among those who made the nation's laws and ruled its people? The possibilities that unfolded themselves before young Gladstone's mind were things essentially English. Although by the light of Brougham's speeches and

Sydney Smith's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, those times when "Gatton and Old Sarum returned their two members apiece, when Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews were debarred from public offices, and when Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery weighed heavily on mankind," were times of blackness, yet they showed many a bright ray to those who compared the condition of England with that of foreign States. The freest of all lands — the only State in Europe which had a real Parliament, and an unfettered press — the only country, it may be added, in which a schoolboy would have been allowed to conduct such a very plain-spoken periodical as the *Eton Miscellany*, England, supreme in arms as in commerce, in oratory, in poetry, must have seemed to a boy of warm heart and glowing imagination, most fair, majestic, and enviable. That himself would live to make her still freer, richer, and greater, was of course not a prospect within the range of young Gladstone's vision; but it was because he was a boy of happy mood and generous impulses, no prig or precocious critic, but a hearty enjoyer of life as he found it, that he began to admire all that was great and meritorious in his country's institutions, before he set himself to discover what was amiss in them. And that he has constantly labored for what he sincerely believed to be his country's good, may be argued from that enthusiastic, Conservative love for England which he conceived whilst at Eton. Nevertheless, as we shall see presently, Gladstone's Conservatism was even then tempered by occasional outbursts of a democratic spirit, as when he wrote his "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler."

It has seemed to the present writer that it would be interesting to seek out the most memorable facts connected with William Gladstone's six years' stay at Eton. He is indebted for some of those which he publishes to Mr. Gladstone himself, who kindly communicated them in conversation.

William Ewart Gladstone entered Eton in September, 1821. His two elder brothers, Thomas and Robertson, had already been some time at the school, and Thomas was in the fifth form. William was soon to be his fag. When the London coach had set down the three brothers at the door of the Christopher Inn, they had not far to go to reach their boarding-house, which was just over the way. It was kept by a dame, Mrs. Shurey, and by reason of its vicinity to the famous

inn, was looked upon by the boys as most eligibly situated. It was, however, the worst of all houses for study; and it doubles the merit of Gladstone's achievements at Eton that he should have been able to work in such a place. To the Christopher came many times a day coaches and post-chaises from all points of the compass; on Fridays, which were market-days in Eton,* the farmers held their ordinary there; and squires, drovers, pedlars, recruiting sergeants and occasional village wenches who came in to be hired as servants, clustered under the porch. From their barred windows the boys at Shurey's who were idly disposed would often watch diverting sights; and not unfrequently their slumbers would be disturbed by nights by the untuneful choruses sung in the coffee-room after hunt dinners. Add to this, the noise made by criers of news — men with long red coats and post-horns — who, alighting from the coaches on days when there was any stirring intelligence from town, would spread about, blowing fierce blasts, and offering their special editions of the *Times* or *Morning Chronicle*, at a shilling apiece. One can fancy the future premier bravely doing his Latin verses while these fellows were tooting and bawling about the execution of Fauntleroy.

But the Christopher was also much resorted to by boys of the school; indeed the part which it played in the Eton of old, as an agent of demoralization, can hardly be realized now. When in 1845 Dr. Hawtrey appealed to the Fellows (who had got the property by an exchange with the crown) not to renew the lease of the house, he drew a lamentable picture of the evils it had caused, which evils were at their worst in Gladstone's days. Boys were always slinking into the inn for drink. If caught, they had been to see friends from London, or to inquire about parcels sent down by coach. Masters shrank from provoking these ready lies, and a great deal had to be winked at. Often boys got tipsy, and then Shurey's across the road was a convenient place into which to stagger for the friendly emetic of mustard and water; when the Christopher was full, Shurey's became a sort of annex to the house. It was so easy to speed a fag thither for liquor; and presently, the coast being clear of masters, the youngster would return running with his *princeps* full of beer or port.

* The Eton Market was not abolished till Dr. Hawtrey's time.

The *princeps* was a receptacle of deceptive appearance made out of the covers of an early edition of Virgil. It would hold three bottles, and when carried under the arm looked like a grave folio. Dr. Keate, however, seems to have had an inkling of its uses, and this accounts for the otherwise inexplicable prohibition which he once addressed to all lower boys: "I'll have no folios carried about: if I catch any boy with a folio, I'll flog him."

It had apparently been fated that the soundness of Gladstone's moral nature should be tried at the very outset of his school life by the perilous character of his surroundings. But he passed quite unscathed through temptations, and so did George Selwyn the future Bishop of New Zealand, who boarded at the same house and who became early one of his best friends. These two and their brothers — for the two Selwyns and the three Gladstones all deserve the same praise — remained uncontaminated amid corruptions which are known to have had a seriously damaging effect upon some other boys less finely constituted. In Mr. Gladstone's own words, the boys of his house became for the most part "a very undistinguished set."

Shurey's was a small house, and it is a curious coincidence that Lord Salisbury — then Lord Robert Cecil — boarded there in after years, the house having then become the Rev. G. Cookesley's. Possibly he had one of the rooms which Gladstone occupied at different times, but this cannot be ascertained, for the whole place has been rebuilt. After Mrs. Shurey, two other dames — Mrs. Stansmore and Miss Edwards — successively had the house, then Mr. Cookesley took it with the adjoining tenement, and subsequently the Rev. C. C. James knocked both houses into one. Alterations have also removed all vestiges of the room which Arthur Hallam (the subject of "In Memoriam"), the dearest of Gladstone's Eton friends, occupied at Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Hawtrey's, now Dr. Hornby's. Looking for this room quite recently with Dr. Hornby, Mr. Gladstone was unable to find it. Shurey's formed part of the house now held by Mr. J. P. Carter. Mr. Gladstone identifies it as the house "which has its boys' entrance facing the Long Walk, a promenade, which, by the way, is generally called "the Wall" by present Etonians.*

* Or the "School Wall," to distinguish it from the

Gladstone was placed in the middle remove of the fourth form. That was not a bad placing for a boy who was barely twelve years old, as in those days, when boys went to Eton much younger than they do now, few new-comers escaped a probationary stage in the Lower School. His tutor was the Rev. Henry Hartopp Knapp, an excellent scholar, and a pleasant, very pleasant fellow, but a curious cleric, and as a tutor by no means exemplary. He and another master, the Rev. Benjamin Drury, were passionately fond of theatres; and Mr. Maxwell Lyte, in his interesting "History of Eton," mentions into what queer freaks their love of the drama often led them. They were in the habit of going up to London whenever any performance of special attraction was to take place. They would leave Eton on Saturday afternoon and return on Monday morning in time (or not in time) for early school, looking over exercises as they drove along in their curricule. Sometimes they would each take a favored pupil to see the play, and to sup and sleep at the Hummums or the Bedford in Covent Garden. Captain Gronow relates how on one of these expeditions, when their young companions were Lord Sunderland and the Hon. W. H. Scott, Lord Eldon's second son, they sallied forth at night in search of adventures, and created such a disturbance that after several chivalrous encounters with the watchmen they were taken to Bow Street, and had to be bailed out of durance by the secretary of the all-powerful chancellor.

Mr. Knapp was not afraid of cracking his second, or even his third bottle of claret after dinner. Somebody having spoken about the evils of the Christopher in his presence, he asked contemptuously how a boy could get seasoned into a man if temptations were kept from him? He was as fond of prize-fighting as of theatres, and said that a scholar ought to attend prize-fights and horse-races, if he wanted to get an idea of what the Olympian games were like. At one time he owned a terrier named "Keph," whom he backed for ten pounds to kill pole-cats against a bull-dog of Sir Christopher Wilmoughby's at a cock-pit in Peascod Street, Windsor. All these unorthodox tastes ended by drawing Mr. Knapp into trouble. In 1830, his scholarship and perhaps his jollity caused him to be appointed lower master; but he had got deeply into debt,

"Football Wall," in "Sixpenny." By "the Long Walk" is always understood the Avenue in Windsor Great Park.

and four years later he suddenly fled from the country, carrying with him as much money as he could raise. After spending some years in the Isle of Elba, he eventually died in Rome in 1846.

These facts are not cited with a view to throwing any obloquy on the memory of a man, who, if he had his faults, had also many good qualities, and was well liked by most of his pupils; but it has been necessary to recall them in order to show how little Gladstone owed to his tutor for moral training. The double hazard which had placed him in an unsatisfactory boarding-house, and under a tutor who set no good example of living to his pupils, threw him upon his own resources for moral culture. If it be said that his character was moulded by Eton, it must be added that it was not cast in the Eton mould; but got formed somehow outside it. The license which prevailed in the school, the insufficient instruction that was imparted, the idleness and extravagant habits that were in fashion—all tended to the detriment of the many; but no doubt they did good to the few, by inducing them to withdraw themselves from the common life of the place and pursue learning by ways of their own. Some young men of Sparta may have learned sobriety from tipsy helots, and to that extent the helots were their instructors; so at Eton bad influences of all sorts hardened certain boys against temptation, and made them wonderfully self-reliant. But Gladstone and his friends, by leading blameless lives, and striving to learn more than their masters taught them, truly gave more to Eton in the manner of example than they took from it. Besides the Selwyns and Arthur Hallam, Gladstone's principal friends were J. Milnes Gaskell, Francis H. Doyle, John Hanmer (afterwards Lord Hanmer), Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford), J. W. Colville (Right Hon. Sir J., afterwards chief justice at Calcutta, etc.), W. E. Jelf (Rev.), J. H. Law, P. A. Pickering, W. W. Farr, and Charles Wilder.

It is more than strange to hear that the future chancellor of the exchequer (the greatest financier of a financing age) was taught no mathematics at Eton and hardly any arithmetic. When Napoleon was a boy at the Military School of Brienne, a master prophesied that he would never make a passable officer, because of his distaste for mathematics; no similar prophecy could have been made about Gladstone, for there was no mathematical master at the school to make it. The

three first rules of arithmetic were taught after a fashion by a Major Hexter, who kept a boarding-house, and was styled the writing-master. Only the lower boys went to him, and when they were certified as proficient in long division the major troubled them no more. It throws a funny light on the Eton of old times to be informed that when in 1836 the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey came to the school as mathematical master he was only allowed to give his lessons as "extras," and to the first thirty boys in the school, because Major Hexter was supposed to have a vested interest in the ignorance of the remainder; and ultimately Mr. Stephen Hawtrey had to pay the major a pension of £200 a year so that he might withdraw his opposition to the propagation of Euclid and Algebra.

Gladstone received no religious teaching either. In 1822 the Rev. John Wilder, now senior fellow, became one of the assistant masters; and two years later the Rev. James Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo, was added to the number. These two gentlemen, more earnest than most of their colleagues, sought to introduce a Greek Testament lesson once a week, and they succeeded after a time; but not without much difficulty, as the other masters disliked the innovation, and Dr. Keate hoped little good from it. The manner in which Sundays were spent in those days would have gone far to defend Eton against any charge of being a sectarian school; it might even have raised a question as to whether, although all its masters were clergymen, it could rightly be called an ecclesiastical foundation. The boys used to lie in bed till nearly ten, as Sunday "private business" (which consists now of a Scriptural lesson) was not yet thought of. At half past ten they attended a service in the chapel, and it was a common complaint among the parishioners of Eton, many of whom had sittings in the choir, that the boys in the higher forms used not to enter chapel until the last stroke of the bell, when they would rush in all together, helter-skelter, shoving one another, laughing, and making as much noise as possible. The noblemen, or "nobs," and the sixth form, occupied stalls, and it was customary that every occupant of a stall should, on taking his seat for the first time, distribute amongst his neighbors packets of almonds and raisins, which were eaten *during the service*. Between 2 and 3 P.M. all the forms below the sixth (but not the Lower School) had

to muster in the upper schoolroom, where Dr. Keate gave out the subjects for the week's Latin theme, and then gabbled out some pages from the "Maxims" of Epictetus, or a few extracts from Blair's "Sermons." During this performance some of the boys, having brought pens and ink with them, would dash off their themes, while the others kept up a continuous uproar. Keate, quacking like an angry duck, to use Alexander Kinglake's description of his voice, would now and again demand silence, but it was the custom of the boys to be deliberately obstreperous at this Sunday class, which they called "Prose" (Keate called it "Prayers"), and the head master so far tolerated the scandal that he only made a show of trying to suppress it by occasionally picking out some of the worst among the rioters and flogging them. Being indiscriminating in his punishments, as despots generally are, he once wanted to flog Gladstone because the latter's hat was knocked out of his hand by a boy nudging his elbow. "Playing at cricket with your hat, eh?" he screamed from his desk. It was with some trouble the accused demonstrated that there had been no offence, but only an accident. Keate's distrust of schoolboy honor, however, was inveterate. "Well, I must flog somebody for this," he quacked. "Find me the boy who gave you the nudge."

It has been urged by apologists of Dr. Keate that the rough unruliness of boys in his time justified the unreasoning severities for which he was famous; but this plea is untenable. Etonians of sixty years ago were pretty much what Keate himself made them. By his system of ignoring mountains and magnifying mole-hills, of overlooking heinous moral offences and flogging unmercifully for peccadilloes, he caused boys to lose all sense of proportion as to the delinquencies which they committed. It was venial to get tipsy because Keate chose to take no cognizance of what was done out of bounds, or in places that were prohibited; but a boy was sure of a birching who came late for absence, or infringed the foolish rules about shirking. Keate actually pretended not to know that boys boated on the river. On the 4th of June he used to send for the captain of the boats and say: "You know I know nothing; but I am told that you know a great deal. As you are in authority, try to keep order to-night. Lock-up will be three-quarters of an hour later than usual: this is your privilege."

How nonsensical this was, when we recollect that the captain of the boats, after getting this informal acknowledgment of his position, would have had to "shirk" by bolting into a shop if on his way towards the river he had met a master in the High Street! In Gladstone's second half-year, Easter 1822, Dr. Keate was suddenly moved to drop his pretence of ignorance about boating by the fear that the eight would go upon the river at a time when it was swollen by floods, and dangerous. But he expressed himself in such labored periphrases that J. A. Kinglake,* the captain, feigned not to understand, and a joke was got up by hiring a crew of watermen to dress themselves like the eight and to row up to Surly with masks on their faces. Keate, hearing that the eight meant to defy him, started for the Brocas in great alarm and, running along the bank, barked, "I know you, So-and-So, I know you all; I'll flog you, I'll expel you." When the watermen lifted their masks and gave him a cheer, he was mightily crestfallen and returned to college in the sulks, but even after this he relapsed into his old affectation of ignorance, so that his assistant masters had to go clandestinely to the river-side if they wished to see the 4th of June fireworks.

What could be expected of such a system? If it be true that Keate was in private life gracious, sensible, and modest, he is the more to blame for having done violence to his nature so as to appear in the discharge of his public duties a graceless, senseless, cruel little martinet. Of his fondness for flogging there can be very little doubt, and as no boy, even the gentlest and best-behaved, was safe from his capricious rod, a quibbling spirit was developed among those who felt themselves to be in danger of his castigations without having deserved them. On one occasion Gladstone, being præpostor of his form, had omitted to mark down a friend who had come late into school. A birch was at once called for, and Keate magniloquently upbraided as a breach of trust that which seems to have been only a lapse of memory. "If you please, sir," argued the future statesman, then fourteen years old, "my præpostorship would have been an office of trust if I had sought it of my own accord, *but it was forced upon me.*" Keate might have answered that the offices of sheriff and of

* Afterwards Serjeant Kinglake, Recorder of Bristol; M.P. for Rochester.

juryman are forced upon the holders, who nevertheless are required to discharge them with diligence; but he was a very sophist, always more disposed to admire the ingenuity of a tortuous excuse than to put faith in a candid explanation. Mr. Gladstone admits now that his defence was more culpable than the fault; but if he had not succeeded in puzzling the small wits of his master, that peevish pedagogue would have flogged him.

There is really only one slightly extenuating circumstance that can be urged as to Dr. Keate's misrule, and it is that the provost and fellows did not supply him with assistants enough. Even in this he was to blame, for if he had insisted upon having a larger staff it would have been given him; but it is not to be denied that by their cold manner of entertaining all proposals for an increase in the number of masters the fellows made the task of solicitation repugnant to a man who never liked to appear as a suppliant. The number of boys at Eton from 1821 to 1827 varied between five hundred and twenty-eight and six hundred and twelve, but at no time during these years were there more than nine assistants* including the lower master; and as some of the forms in the lower school only had twenty or thirty boys, it followed that some of the divisions in the upper school were of quite unwieldy size. In 1820 Dr. Keate's own division had swelled to one hundred and ninety-eight. He then relieved himself by creating the middle division of the fifth, but he continued to keep about one hundred boys under his own charge. There are masters—men like Dr. Goodford or the present Archdeacon of Derby—who would have been able to hold a division of three times that size in perfect order by inspiring the boys with respect; but it is evident that Dr. Keate, in spite of all that has been written about his Olympian manner, was not respected, for his classes were continually being disturbed by cock-crowings, whistlings, upsetting of forms, and other practical jokes, which it would fill the modern Etonian with sheer amazement to see.

Arthur Hallam had gone to Eton in the same year as Gladstone, and they were both in the same form, Gladstone

* Three of these are now alive: the Rev. George H. Dupuis, now vice-provost, who was master from 1817 to 1834; the Rev. John Wilder, senior fellow, master from 1824 to 1849; and the Rev. Edward Coleridge, fellow, master from 1825 to 1850; Lower Master from 1850 to 1857.

being several places above his friend. Dr. Keate used once a week to take the remove for a lesson of Horace, and the fourth form for a lesson of Cæsar, and he soon singled out Gladstone, Hallam, and J. Colvile, as good boys to "call up," because they seemed to take some interest in their lessons. His method of testifying his gratification at their industry was, however, of the gruffest. It was customary for the lower boys on the 5th of November to light forbidden bonfires with Greek grammars in the school-yard. Keate of course made ineffectual war on the practice. Meeting Colvile on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1822, with a pile of books under his arm, he taxed him indignantly with intending to set fire to these volumes. Colvile would as soon have burned his own hair as a book, and answered that he was going to Hallam's room with Gladstone's books and his own to prepare a lesson. "I don't believe it," said Keate; "you and the other two have got some foolish notions into your heads about *dulce est desipere in loco*; but school isn't the place for dissipation. You shall all three bring me five of Æsop's fables written out to-morrow; then I shall know that you have not been up to mischief." The next day Keate sent for Selwyn *minor* (G. A.). "Where's your Greek grammar, boy?" "Please, sir, it's at my dame's." "Go and fetch it: if you're not back in ten minutes, I'll flog you." Selwyn ran, but in his hurry returned with a grammar of his brother's. "I knew it: you've burnt your own, sir! Don't deny it: I see guilt in your eye." Selwyn in vain protested, alleging that he must have mislaid his own book. "Then I'll flog you for that," snapped Keate. "A boy who mislays his books is an idler," and further dispute being useless, the future bishop got his "six cuts."

Gladstone and Hallam only remained lower boys for about eighteen months. During most of that time Gladstone fagged for his brother Thomas, and he was lucky in having a brother who did not drive about in gigs, as it was a common custom for fast upper boys to do. The fags of these fast ones would be sent to the livery stables to order traps, and sometimes their masters would take them out to act as "tigers" during drives to Salt Hill or to Marsh's Inn at Maidenhead, a favorite place of resort, as there was a cock-pit there. On one of these outings in a curricule a horse bolted, and the driver, brutalized by terror, ordered his fag to jump on to the horse's back and

saw at his bit. The foolhardy feat was accomplished, and the horse stopped, but the small boy's arms were almost pulled out of their sockets, and one of them got badly dislocated. This boy boarded at Shurey's, and it fell to Gladstone's lot to embrocate his shoulder with vinegar, until it was seen that the injury could not be repaired without help from a doctor.

Gladstone himself never had such grievous fagging adventures as this. How light his fagging was is shown by some remarks in his introduction to the *Miscellany*, in which he ridicules the anxieties of mothers who fear to send their sons to Eton lest they should fall under the sway of petty tyrants. He himself, he says, "never met with a Nero or Caligula."

Touching fags, it may be mentioned that when it came to Gladstone's own turn to be a fag-master, one among the servitors he had was George Mellish, son of the Dean of Hereford. Master and fag lost sight of each other after both had left school; but years afterwards it became Mr. Gladstone's duty as prime minister to offer a lord justiceship to George Mellish. "I wrote to him as 'Dear Sir,'" says Mr. Gladstone; "having no idea that I was addressing an old fag of mine; but a few days later, as we were going down to Windsor, we met on the platform at Paddington, and he reminded me of the relation in which he had formerly stood towards me. All recollection of him had unaccountably slipped from my memory, until he thus unexpectedly reintroduced himself."

Another of Gladstone's fags was John Smith Mansfield, now a police magistrate at the Marlborough Street Court. Mr. Mansfield says of him: "He was not exacting, and I had an easy time of it. I cannot remember doing anything more than laying out his breakfast and tea table, and occasionally doing an errand. As Gladstone was about five years my senior, there was an immense distance between us. I recall him as a good-looking, rather delicate youth with a pale face and brown, curling hair — always tidy, and well-dressed — not given much to athletic exercises, but occasionally sculling, playing cricket and hockey. Neither Gladstone, nor his friend Hallam, nor Gaskell, nor Doyle, shone so much in the scholarship of that day as the Selwyns — the so-called scholarship consisting solely in making Latin verses. In fact, no school with a great name could have sunk lower in point of giving education than

Eton in the time of Dr. Keate. George Mellish was my junior; he was very delicate, and even then suffering from hereditary gout. Few that knew him only as a great scientific lawyer could suppose that when he was about fifteen he was an admirable actor of old men's parts in private theatricals at my dame's. He was never my fag; but in the hierarchy of Eton fagging I remember, as fags of my own, Rowland Williams, Arthur Helps, and E. Beckett Denison, whom I trust I treated as well as Gladstone treated me."

It used to be customary for a boy on promotion to the fifth form to give a supper in his room; and afterwards to recite a satirical ode, passing comments on all the other fellows in his boarding-house. These productions were often very coarse, for it was an understood thing that the authors of them were never to be molested by those whom they abused. Gladstone in his fifth-form poem eschewed all personalities, but conveyed his opinion with great vigor on some of the abuses rife in the school, and in particular on cruelties that used to be practised towards pigs at the Eton Fair that was held every Ash-Wednesday. A barbarous usage had arisen for boys to hustle the drovers and then cut off the tails of the pigs. Gladstone gave great offence by remarking that the boys who were foremost in this kind of butchery were the first to quake at the consequences of detection, and he dared them, if they were proud of their work, to sport the trophies of it in their hats. On the following Ash-Wednesday he found three newly amputated pig-tails hung in a bunch on his door, with a paper bearing this inscription: —

Quisquis amat porcos, porcis amabitur illis;
Cauda sit exemplum ter repetita tibi.

Gladstone wrote underneath a challenge to the despoilers of the pigs to come forth and take a receipt for their offering, which he would mark "in good round hand upon your faces;" but the statesman, who in his seventy-fourth year fells trees for amusement, was already, as a boy, a tough foe to deal with, and his invitation met with no response. It would be pleasant if one could add that after this the pigs had a better time of it; but their miseries only ceased when the Ash-Wednesday Fair was abolished under Dr. Hawtrey.

Soon after they had got into the fifth form, Gladstone and Hallam began to mess together, although they boarded at

different houses. They messed week about in each other's rooms — a very unusual thing, and not too convenient for fags who had to carry "orders" (rations) from house to house. The charm of Arthur Hallam's conversation and manners seems to have been very great. He had all the exuberance of boyhood with a feminine sweetness of disposition, and a judgment of surprising lucidity, so that, as Francis Doyle said of him, "he appeared to turn the rays of a clear, fragrant torch on every question which he discussed."* Gladstone bore him a great love, and it was chiefly for his sake that he kept away somewhat from the athletic pursuits in which his physical activity would have well fitted him to excel. He was never in the boats, nor did he play much at cricket. Hallam's pleasure was to take long rambles in fields, or about Windsor and its park, and in these excursions the two friends were often joined by others of their studious *coterie*. It is to be remarked, however, that these boys, though they kept aloof from their less-cultured schoolfellows, gave themselves none of the airs of Byronic disenchantment which were so much in vogue with a certain section of the studious youth of Britain in those days. They were enthusiastic about the emancipation of Greece; they had caught a glow from Byron's poetry; but they had imbibed none of his bitterness; their favorite poet, after all, was Scott. "I think Byron would have been a happier fellow if he had been at Eton," was George Selwyn's observation when the news of the poet's death at Missolonghi arrived during the summer half of 1824. And there was some force in the criticism: "Eton would have taken more of the conceit out of him," added Selwyn, "and with less vanity to torment him what a man he would have been!"

A few weeks after Byron's death, Mr. Canning came down to Eton for the 4th of June, and found time to have nearly an hour's chat with the son of his principal supporter in the famous Liverpool election of 1812. Canning's career exercised the greatest fascination over young Gladstone's mind, and on that privileged day when he took the foreign secretary to see his room and then walked about college listening to his advice and to his remarks about some of the important topics of the day, the fascination became complete and lasting. It was doubtless from a happy

recollection of his own precocity that Canning did not speak to his young admirer as to a boy about childish things, he must have seen the sparkle of hero-worship in Gladstone's eyes, and he laid himself out to produce a deep impression by emitting on all subjects those generous sentiments which leave their mark on a boy's understanding. His advice, conveyed in the tone of an elder brother, was all about school-work: "Give plenty of time to your verses: every good copy you do will set in your memory some poetical thought or well-turned form of speech which you will find useful when you speak in public;" but when he touched on politics he spoke "almost like one who has need of advice himself, so full was he (or seemed to be) of those illusions which official life too often dispels." The universal reign of Parliaments, he said, was "going to loose the tongues of nations that had been dumb, and set their hearts beating. Imagine a Peruvian Parliament, fancy a new Areopagus at Athens. Greeks in tail-coats and beaver hats; Epaminondas, M.P. for Thebes, Alcibiades, M.P. for Athens, Lycurgus and Draco both sitting for Sparta, and being law officers of the crown, Draco of course expecting his speedy promotion to a lord chief justiceship. It all seems so strange and yet it's all coming, and what a novel thing it will be for English ministers to find themselves in communication with nations, veritably with nations, and not with excited or trembling kings speaking through arrogant soldiers or tricky courtiers! . . ."

In alluding to Byron, however, Canning showed some reserve. A boy in the sixth had wanted to deliver a passage from "Childe Harold" as his 4th of June speech, but Dr. Keate would not allow it. Gladstone thought this a shame. "Ah well, poor Byron! His host of enemies will disband now," was all Canning would say.

An incident occurred on the evening of that 4th of June which might have diminished some of Gladstone's veneration for his idol, had he been an eye-witness of it. Walter Carew,* captain of the boats, had invited Mr. Canning to go up to Surly as "sitter" of the "Monarch," ten-oar. The statesman accepted the honor, but amid the press of boats about Windsor bridge, when the crews were rowing round and round the eyot where the fireworks were being discharged, he

* Arthur Hallam was the eldest son of the historian. He died at Vienna in 1833, six years after leaving Eton.

* Afterwards Sir W. Palk Carew of Haccombe, Devon.

displayed great nervousness. The dignity of England's heroic minister did not appear impressively as he clutched the sides of the boat, exclaiming: "We shall go over; I know we shall. Horton" (this to the coxswain), "do you wish to drown me?" Such trepidation might have been excusable in one of the modern outrigger boats, but it was hardly so in one of those broad tubs which would be called barges in these days, and which even sixty years ago were known to be almost insubmersible. There was some joking in the school for several days about the statesman's dread of a ducking.

Canning's visit, and some remarks of his about the *Microcosm*, caused the idea of the *Miscellany* to germinate in Gladstone's mind, although the idea did not come to fruition until nearly three years later.

Just before Gladstone entered Eton, in 1821, the *Etonian*, edited by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, had run its short, brilliant career; and Gladstone, though a lower boy, got acquainted with some of the contributors to that periodical, who used to come and breakfast with his brother Thomas. Among them were Richard Durnford (whom "Gladstone *minor*" afterwards appointed Bishop of Chichester), Walter Trower (who became Bishop of Gibraltar), Chauncey Hare Townshend, and Edmund Beales (who acquired glory of a certain sort during the Hyde Park riots of 1866). These school-worthies had acquired a real renown through their writings, and as Gladstone rose to the higher forms, the purpose of founding a magazine naturally suggested itself to him as one of the only methods that lay open to him for achieving scholastic distinction. Nowadays the talents of schoolboys find plenty of scope in competitions for prizes and scholarships, and as a consequence the various Eton periodicals started during the last thirty years have been very poor. Their staffs have been recruited from among boys not successful in school-work — youthful eccentrics, triflers, *blasés* and such like. But in Gladstone's days there were no prizes or scholarships; and very few examinations. When a boy had once got into the fifth he obtained his removes to the middle and upper division without trials; and eventually ascended to the sixth by seniority — there being only ten collegers and ten oppidans in that head form. Gladstone was "sent up" several times for his verses; but this was the only honor to which he and boys of his description

could aspire. Thus the very best material in the school was always available for independent literary work.

It is to be noted, however, that if there was always plenty of talent at Eton, able editors were as scarce there as elsewhere. The only three school periodicals which stand out as exceptionally good — the *Microcosm*, the *Etonian*, and the *Miscellany* — were edited by boys who possessed great firmness of character as well as genius and judgment. Canning, Mackworth Praed and Gladstone all knew how to recruit a staff, keep it up to the best standard of work, and prevent its members from falling out. If he had not become a statesman he might have done wonders in conducting a London daily newspaper.

Dr. Keate was favorable to school magazines, debating societies, and even to dramatic clubs. In 1820, he felt bound to suppress a dramatic association which had been founded by Lord Tullamore, and afterwards carried on with great success by G. W. Howard (Earl of Carlisle), but this was because its members pushed matters rather too far. They had hired a room in the Datchet Road, which was fitted up with a theatre; and crowds of ladies, who came from court and country in coaches and sedan chairs, used to attend the performances. Some of the young actors had their heads turned and grew disposed to neglect all school-work. Dr. Keate had recourse to his usual remedy of flogging the "stars" of the troupe, and then dissolved their company; but after this, as before, he winked at occasional theatrical performances (which Mrs. Keate patronized), and he was always glad when the most promising boys in his division got into the Eton Debating Society, or "Pop."* Gladstone joined this association in 1826, and in the following year, on getting into the sixth, brought out the *Miscellany*.

But first one must notice that at the Montem of 1826, he figured in the procession to Salt Hill disguised as a Greek in white *fustanelle* and embroidered cap. He was one of those who begged for

* So named, it is believed, from *σολίνα*, as the society first held its sittings over the shop of Mrs. Hatton the pastrycook. Mrs. Hatton had a very pretty niece, whose charms were immortalized in a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens": —

"Maid of Hatton's, ere we part,
Give me one more cheery tart,
And since that is left undressed
Don't mind the change, but keep the rest,
Hark, a cheer before we go!

βση κορη αγαμω."

"salt" — that is, money — in favor of the captain of the school, Edward Hayes Pickering, who afterwards became an assistant master at Eton.* Contrary to the usual practice, Pickering did not go to King's but to St. John's, Cambridge. The "purse" collected in his favor was one of the largest ever made, and Gladstone contributed not a little to keep most of its contents for Pickering by some energetic action he took in preventing the destruction of flowers in the gardens of the hotel at Salt Hill. The fifth form, who wore scarlet coats, with cocked hats and swords, were wont to draw their swords and lop off the heads of flowers, slash trees and palings, etc., all of which damage had to be paid for by the captain out of his purse. Gladstone appealed to some of his most muscular friends to assist him in checking this wanton destruction; and that year the damages were insignificant compared to what they were sometimes, when they would "make almost all the salt melt." As for Gladstone's costume, it was much admired. This was in the year before Navarino, and "philhellenism" was rampant in public schools.

The first number of the *Eton Miscellany* appeared in June, 1827, "printed by T. Ingaltou," and edited by "Bartholomew Bouverie," who contributed a very smartly written introduction dedicated "To the Many-Headed Monster."

The first number was surprisingly good; and there was no falling off in the subsequent issues, which continued till November. Reading them to-day, one is struck by the wonderful command of language which was possessed by the young writers, by their ease in joking and by their knowledge of the world. G. A. Selwyn's articles on the "Proceedings of the Dull Club" were excellent fooling. L. H. Shadwell had an article on "The Miseries of being a Godfather," which would well bear reprinting. Arthur Hallam wrote some truly beautiful little poems on "The Death of a Charger," "The Battle of the Boyne," etc.

That the editor already had strong sympathies with the woes of Ireland may be judged from this fragment of a poem on "Erin," by J. Halsey Law, which he admitted into No. IV.: —

Thus I thy destined woes reveal,
Which Fate forbids me to conceal;
I see no beam of cheery light
To dissipate the shades of night;

* He died in 1852.

Through unborn ages yet shall be
One course of endless misery.

To a foreigner reading the above lines Eton would assuredly have seemed a mysterious place. Here were a number of boys living under the rod of a pompous, tyrannical little doctor of divinity — boys who might be flogged for neglecting to doff their hats to him as he passed along in his three-cornered "wind-cutter," and yet they were allowed a liberty not enjoyed by the greatest thinkers in some other countries of expressing their thoughts freely in print, and even of pronouncing condemnations on the rulers of their country. But what would the curious foreigner have said of William Gladstone's "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler"?

This production, in Vol. II., is so extraordinary that one can only quote three stanzas of it as samples, without attempting to conjecture under the influence of what passing fury it was written: —

First Stanza.

Shade of him, whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung;
Shade of him whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll.
Though swift as lightning, civic sword
Descended on thy fated head,
The blood of England's boldest pour'd
And numbered Tyler with the dead!

Second Stanza.

Still may thy spirit flap its wings,
At midnight, o'er the couch of kings;
And peer and prelate tremble too
In dread of nightly interview!
With patriot gesture of command,
With eyes that like thy forges gleam,
Lest Tyler's voice and Tyler's hand,
Be heard and seen in nightly dream.

Eighth Stanza.

I hymn the gallant and the good
From Tyler down to Thistlewood;
My Muse the trophies grateful sings,
The deeds of Miller and of Ings.
She sings of all who soon or late
Have burst Subjection's iron chain,
Have scath'd the bloody despot's fate,
Or cleft a peer or priest in twain!

It will be remembered that Thistlewood and Ings, the butcher, had been hanged in 1820 for hatching the Cato Street conspiracy, which had for its object the assassination of the members of Lord Liverpool's ministry (among whom was Mr. Canning), and of some other guests who were to dine at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square, including the Duke of Wellington. Under such cir-

cumstances the "Ode to Tyler" would seem a little strong, even if it appeared in these days in a revolutionary journal; and one may doubt whether it would have commended itself to the approval of Mr. Canning, who always spoke with a shiver of the escape he had had "from Ings' knife." But Canning died just before the "ode" was published.

Dr. Keate did not utter a word of censure on the poem; and one may compare this placid indifference with the action which Dr. Hornby recently took in respect of Mr. James Leigh Joynes's little book, "A Tourist in Ireland." Possibly, however, Gladstone was making allusion to the effect which his "ode" produced in different quarters when he wrote in "B. Bouverie's Diary," Vol. II., No. 9:—

October 20. — I inquired into my own character. I found myself according to the reports of my various respondents: "floundering"—"mad, quite mad"—"a disgrace to Eton"—"a sullier of the glories of my worthy ancestors"—"a poor creature"—"a failure"—"fitter for Grub Street, London, than for High Street, Eton"—"an upstart"—"a plagiarist"—"one too proud to learn from the writings of his ancestors"—"a *compte* censor"—"a milk-and-water do-no-good." *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*

One need hardly say that Gladstone's other contributions to the *Miscellany* were not couched in the same tone as the "ode." His feeling, almost passionate panegyric on Canning, shows how deeply he was moved by the death of that statesman. Most of his writings were calm in language, and breathe a conservative spirit; they also evince a rather nervous pre-occupation on the part of the writer as to what his readers will think of them. The words "benevolent public," "potent dispenser of fame," etc., recur very frequently. The graver pieces are those in which he displays most force; in humorous passages his pen does not run with the same lightness as Selwyn's, Shadwell's, or Doyle's. The epitaph which he composed for himself would have conveyed but a faulty idea of his talents and character:—

Here lieth Bartle Bouverie,
A merry soul and a quaint was he;
He lived for gain, he wrote for pelf,
Then took his pen and stabbed himself.

Gladstone was always merry enough; but he was not one of those boys who can be called "merry fellows." Whilst he edited his magazine he used to stupefy his fags by his prodigious capacity for

work. His table and open bureau would be littered with "copy" and proofs; he suffered like other editors from the plague of MSS., and had to read quires of proffered contributions that were unacceptable; and yet he always found time to do his school-work well. Dr. Keate, carper as he was, could find no fault in him; and even ended by taking him into special favor, as undoubtedly one of the best and most industrious scholars in the school. Probably no other boy ever got such praise from Dr. Keate as Gladstone did, when the head master said to him: "You belong to the *Literati* (Pop.), and of course you say there all that's on your mind. I wish I could hear you without your being aware of my presence; I'm sure I should hear a speech that would give me pleasure."

On another occasion, alluding to the fact that Gladstone's father had first thought of sending him to the Charter-house, Keate said, "That would have been a pity for both of us, Gladstone—for you and for me." It is certain that if Gladstone had become a Carthusian his destinies might have been very different. At Charter-house, by the way, he would have been W. M. Thackeray's contemporary.

The *Eton Miscellany* continued to appear until its editor left Eton at Christmas, 1827. He had then been a whole year in the sixth form; but he had not become captain of oppidans, for one boy who was his senior remained at the school much longer than was usual; and, as already explained, places in the sixth were only to be conquered by time, not by merit. Gladstone was, however, president of the Debating Society and the acknowledged head of Eton in literary attainments and oratory. He helped to revive the prestige of "Pop.," which was on the wane when he entered it, though he never saw it in such a flourishing condition as it has been in these latter times when there are always candidates to fill every vacancy. In Gladstone's days the society often found it difficult to recruit suitable members. Mr. Mansfield says of this society: "Poorly educated as Etonians were by Dr. Keate, they did a great deal in educating each other. The debating society drew their attention to history and politics; and all the printed speeches of statesmen in the last century, and the beginning of the present, were known to the young debaters."

The name of W. E. Gladstone may be seen carved on the upper right-hand panel

of the door which stands to the left as you face the head master's desk in the upper school. His sons have their names cut on the same door close by. This carving was not done by Gladstone himself, but by Dr. Keate's servant in requital for the customary leaving-fee. Respecting a name in another place, supposed to have been cut by Gladstone himself, the Rev. C. C. James writes: "The name GLADSTONE (no W. E.) is cut in large letters on the Long Walk near what used to be Shurey's, and afterwards my home. It is on the tenth slab from the home and the fifth from the opening. Mr. E. Lytton says that the family believe it to be by W. E. Gladstone's knife. I will not guarantee that it may not have been done by another boy who was my pupil some twenty years ago, as I observe that other names of his contemporaries are equally moss-grown."

Be this last name of Mr. Gladstone's own cutting or not, enough has been said to show that the prime minister has left more than one enduring memorial of himself at Eton.

JAMES BRINSLEY RICHARDS.

From Chambers' Journal.
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

THE sound of footsteps put an end to Frobisher's musings. He looked up, and next moment a glad light leaped into his eyes. Elma Deene was coming towards him; but she held her sunshade so low that he could not tell whether she had seen him. He rose and went to meet her. "Truant! where have you been all this time?" he said. "I have not seen you since —"

"Since half past seven this morning, and it is now exactly eleven," answered Miss Deene demurely. "Three hours and a half — a long time, truly."

"It seems like three days and a half to me."

"You might have seen me at breakfast, had you cared to do so."

"I was very busy, so took breakfast in my own room. But you look warm, *ma belle*. Have you been chasing a butterfly, or merely robbing the roses of some of their tints?"

"Captain Dyson and I have been flirt-

ing on the croquet lawn. Are you not jealous?"

"Not in the least."

"That must be because you are afraid of him. He is a most terrible fellow — by his own account. Shot no fewer than thirteen tigers when in India."

"And all of them with the long-bow, I make no doubt. But what have you in this basket of yours? Something in connection with some charity, I suppose?"

"No. I'm only hemming a couple of dusters for the housekeeper. Getting my hand in, you know."

"Getting your hand in?"

"Yes; against the time you and I are married. I shall have all this sort of thing to do then, and I may as well begin to practise in time. I went into the kitchen the other day, and the cook taught me how to make an apple dumpling. Are you fond of apple dumplings?"

"Very. At least I should be, if they were made by you."

"The sole you had at dinner yesterday was fried by me."

"It was the sweetest sole I ever tasted."

"I gave the cook five shillings, and she let me fry it all by myself."

"Very kind of the cook."

"I study *Soyer* for an hour every morning."

"You will be quite a little treasure of a housekeeper."

"I've a great deal to learn. We shall not be able to afford a servant, shall we?"

"Hum — well, only a small one at first, perhaps. Now I come to think of it, Elma, there seems something mean and cowardly in dragging a girl like you down to the level of my poverty-stricken life."

"Dick, I won't listen to you if you talk such nonsense."

"Your life has been one of ease, of luxury almost. You have never known the want of money. Have you fully weighed the consequences of tying yourself for life to a man who hasn't a ten-pound note in the world to call his own?"

"Why, of course I have, you great goose."

"And the risk does not frighten you?"

"Not the least bit in the world."

"By marrying without your uncle's consent, you will lose the eight thousand pounds which would otherwise come to you under your grandmother's will. Mr. Pebworth will never consent to your marrying me."

"What then? I love you better, far better, than the eight thousand pounds."

"I can offer you no better home than three or four dingy rooms in a back street in London."

"So long as it is our home, I shall be content."

"No more carriage-drives, but the two-penny 'bus instead; no more servants to wait upon you; no flower-shows, no operas, no picnics."

"Other people live without such things, and are content. Why not I?"

"My brave-hearted girl!"

"Think how cosy we shall be, Dick, on winter evenings in our little home! And when we choose to go out, no cares, no responsibilities, but just the latch-key in your pocket, and there you are. And on Saturday nights we shall have to go marketing, you and I, with a big basket and a bulky umbrella, and bring home the butter and the eggs, and the asparagus and the truffles; and I shall have to be very careful that the shopkeepers do not overcharge me."

"Asparagus and truffles on three guineas a week, which will be about the extent of my income! We should be ruined in a month."

"I should have said cabbages and turnips. And then in summer, our window-sill shall be as full of flowers as it will hold, and that shall be our garden. And of an evening, when you have done writing, you shall sit by the open window with your slippers and your pipe — I shall allow you to smoke, you know — and read bits of Tennyson to me, or a chapter out of the last novel; while I darn your gloves or sew on your buttons. And when it gets too dark to see to read or sew, but not dark enough to light the lamp — for we must be very economical — I will sing to you one or two of those songs that you say you love so well; and we shall be as happy, Dick, dear, as two robins in a nest."

Her eyes were glowing; the delicate color in her cheeks had deepened while she was speaking. Can it be wondered at if Master Frank stooped and kissed the face that was gazing up so confidently into his? In any case, as veracity compels us to state, that is what he did.

"Fie! Dick, naughty boy! what right have you to take such liberties?" she said with a pretty pout.

"The temptation was too much for me."

"I hear voices," exclaimed Miss Deene; "Clunie and Captain Dyson are coming this way. Let us turn down here."

They took a winding path through the shrubbery that led to another part of

the grounds, and were presently lost to view.

From the foregoing conversation, it will at once be understood that our friend Mr. Frobisher had not neglected to make his hay while the sun shone. When he had made up his mind that he was in love with Miss Deene — and it did not take him long to arrive at that conclusion — he at once set to work with his customary ardor to achieve success in a pursuit that was utterly new and strange to him. But his victory had not been a difficult one, for, truth to tell, Elma was quite as deeply in love with him as he was with her. When he had taken her hand one day and whispered certain words in her ear, she had hung her head for a few moments, then looking up, her eyes dimmed with tears, and a little half-pathetic smile playing round her lips, had said simply: "If you value my love as much as you say, it is all yours."

And thus the affair was settled between them, only for the present the sweet secret was all their own; for a little while no one must know it but themselves.

Scarcely were Frobisher and Miss Deene lost to view, when Captain Dyson and Miss Pebworth appeared on the scene. Clunie was hanging on the little warrior's arm, and appeared to be intensely interested in what he was saying. His shrill, piping voice could be heard while he was still some distance away.

"There I was, Miss Pebworth," he was saying, "perched in a mangrove-tree, on one side of me the tiger, on the other the tigress — waiting."

"Oh, Captain Dyson, what a frightful predicament!"

"Their instinct told them that in time I must succumb to hunger and fatigue, and then —"

"You quite make me tremble. Let us sit down here in the shade, please."

"By all means. I am flattered by your interest."

"But why did you not shoot the wretches?" asked Clunie, as Dyson sat down in close proximity to her.

"Miss Pebworth, I had only one bullet left," replied the captain, with his most tragic air.

"I should have died of fright — I know I should."

"What was to be done? Death — a horrible death — stared me in the face. Suddenly, a happy thought struck me. I was groping absently in my pockets, when all at once my fingers encountered a

hard substance. What do you think it was?"

"Gracious me! Another bullet, perhaps?"

"No, Miss Pebworth; it was not a bullet. It was a nutmeg!"

"A nutmeg, Captain Dyson! How very remarkable!"

"It was more than remarkable — it was providential. The moment I felt the nutmeg, I knew I was saved. I loaded my rifle with it, in place of an ordinary bullet, and fired. I am a dead-shot, and my usual skill did not fail me. The nutmeg entered the animal's left eye and crashed through his brain. One of my enemies was disposed of."

"How very brave! How exceedingly clever!"

"I loaded again with the real bullet, and ten seconds later the tigress lay lifeless in the dust. The skins of the two animals are on my library floor at the present moment."

"What a wonderful escape! I could listen to you all day long," said Clunie, as she rose and put up her sunshade.

"You do indeed flatter me, Miss Pebworth."

"You will tell me some more of your remarkable adventures, Captain Dyson, will you not?"

"I shall only be too gratified to do so."

"For the present, I must leave you. Mamma will be looking for me." She let him squeeze the tips of her fingers for a couple of seconds, and next moment was tripping lightly across the lawn towards the house.

The captain followed her with admiring glances. "A most superior girl," he muttered to himself; "and so very appreciative." Then he lit a cigarette, and strolled back in the direction of the croquet-ground.

CHAPTER VI.

In a cool morning-room which Mr. Pebworth had appropriated to his own uses, that gentleman and Mr. Dick Drummond, whom he still looked upon as his nephew, were closeted together. Mr. Pebworth had a little business in hand which he was anxious to bring to an auspicious conclusion. "Dempsey has agreed to invest a couple of thousands," he was saying, "and Dyson fourteen or fifteen hundred. I suppose, my dear Frank, I may put you down for the same amount as our friend the captain?"

"In matters of this kind, as I have told you before, I am the veriest infant. If

you tell me that the speculation is a sound one, I have no objection to invest."

"As sound as a roach."

"No fear of its cracking up in a month or two?"

"My dear Frank! As if I should ask you to associate yourself with any speculation that was not absolutely *bond fide*. The Patent Bottled Ozone Company offers a magnificent field for enterprising capitalists. Fifteen per cent. per annum guaranteed, and a bonus every six months. Think of that! Fifteen per cent. and a bonus!"

"Why, I shall be a millionaire before I know where I am. You shall have a cheque in the course of a few days."

"Bless you — bless you! I suppose I can lock up the coupons in my fireproof safe along with the other documents I hold belonging to you?"

"Do so. They will be safer in your keeping than in mine."

"My own idea, exactly. By-the-by, my dear Frank, I hope you won't think it impertinent on my part, but may I ask whether Mr. Drummond's stay at Waylands is likely to be a very lengthy one?"

"That depends upon himself. I want him to stay here altogether — to make Waylands his home, in fact. But he's so very independent. He talks about going back to his brush and palette in our old rooms in Soho."

"A very sensible young man. He would feel himself too much like a dependant here. In any case, my dear Frank, it seems hardly advisable that the intimacy between yourself and him should be kept up on the same familiar footing as of old."

"I don't know so much about that, in Dick's case. You see, we were chums together all through those old poverty-stricken days that now seem so hard to believe in. When a man has shared his last sixpence with you; when you have dined together off sixpennyworth of cold meat and a pint of porter; when you have walked the streets together for hours after dark, because your togs were so shabby you couldn't be seen out by daylight, — why, if fortune ever does turn up the ace of trumps, that man is the first whom one ought to remember. Don't you agree with me, Uncle Pebworth?"

"Certainly, my dear Frank, certainly. Gratitude is always beautiful. I am grateful for many things."

"So that you see," continued Drummond, "Dick and I are almost like brothers; and if he leaves Waylands, I shall

miss him more than I could say. He attends to my letters and accounts and all sorts of bothering things. I never could answer letters, you know."

"My dear Frank, why not take me for your guide, philosopher, and friend, unworthy me? Mr. Drummond cannot claim to have that experience of the world that I have; he cannot claim to have that interest in your welfare that I, your uncle on your poor dear mother's side, have. No, no. Ask anybody, everybody, they will all say: 'Pebworth's heart is in the right place.' That heart, my dear nephew, I need hardly say, is entirely devoted to your service."

"Very kind of you, I must say. Somehow, nowadays, I seem to have no end of friends. Everybody seems to like me. Once on a time, poor old Dick was the only friend I had in the world."

Mr. Pebworth shook his head in grave dissent. "Your noble heart, Frank, would secure you friends in whatever position of life you might be placed."

At this moment a servant entered with a card on a salver. Dick took it and read: "'The Hon. Mrs. Clackmannan.' Don't know her. Never heard the name before," he added.

"One of the most notorious beggars in these parts," observed Mr. Pebworth sententiously.

"A beggar, uncle!"

"I mean for so-called charitable objects. Beware of her, Frank, or she will wheedle your purse out of your pocket before you know what you are about."

"In any case, I suppose I must go and see the woman," answered Dick; and with that he rose and left the room.

Mr. Pebworth locked after him with a sneer. "A gilded puppet!" he muttered to himself. "But I must have the pulling of the strings, not Mr. Drummond. A dangerous fellow that. He must be got away from Waylands at any cost." He rose, ran his fingers through his hair, buried his hands deep in his pockets, and began to pace the room slowly. "I breathe again," he said. "This cheque which Frank will give me will just pull me through my difficulty with Starkie and Co. He will never ask to see the coupons. If I can only contrive to tide over the next three months, I shall be safe—safe." He sighed heavily, wiped his hot palms with his handkerchief, and stood for a few moments gazing absently out of the open French window. While he was thus engaged, Frobisher came slowly along the terrace. At sight of him, Mr. Pebworth

started. "Ah! Mr. Richard," he called out, "you were the very person who was in my thoughts."

"Kind of you, I'm sure," responded Frank. "I like people to think about me."

"If you have a few minutes to spare, I should like to have a little conversation with you."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Pebworth."

The elder man led the way into the room, and Frobisher followed. "Pray, take a chair, Mr. Drummond."

Frank took one; and Mr. Pebworth sat down on the opposite side of the table.

"I have just had a long talk with my nephew," said the latter. "Among other things, he remarked that it was your intention to leave Waylands in the course of a few days, and resume your old mode of life in London. I quite agreed——"

"And did dear, simple-minded Frank say that?" interrupted the other. "And did you really believe it?"

"Eh?"

"My dear sir, I gave you credit for having a higher opinion of me than that."

"Upon my word, Mr. Drummond, I hardly follow you."

"I appeal to you, Mr. Pebworth, as a man of the world. Should I not be a consummate ass to desert my friend at the very moment he has stepped into eight thousand a year? It would be too much to expect of poor human nature, would it not?"

"Poor human nature is weak, very," answered Pebworth with a melancholy shake of the head, but with his cunning eyes fixed anxiously on Frobisher's face.

"And as regards dear old Frank," went on the other, "never were the sweet offices of friendship more needed by him than at the present moment."

"I confess that I fail to apprehend your meaning."

"When Frank was poor, Frank could take care of himself; now that Frank is rich, Frank must be taken care of. He must be protected from the horde of harpies and bloodsuckers who scent out a rich man as unerringly as though he were a pigeon and they so many kites bent on picking his bones."

Mr. Pebworth moved uneasily on his chair. "And you have constituted yourself my nephew's protector?" he asked with a half-hidden sneer.

"I have constituted myself his protector, his adviser, and in all business matters his other self, or as we say in Latin,

his *alter ego*. For the present, Waylands is my home, and here I mean to stay — as long as it suits me, and no longer.”

“Upon my word, sir, you assume a very independent tone in this matter.”

“And not without reason. Listen to me, Mr. Pebworth. My friend informed me not many minutes ago that you had persuaded him to invest heavily in Patent Ozones.”

Mr. Pebworth half started from his chair, and then sat down again.

“Three weeks ago,” continued Frobisher imperturbably, “at your suggestion he invested one thousand pounds in Pan-Caucasian mining shares; and you have been quietly feeling your way with him as regards the African Sand Utilization Company.”

“And pray, sir, in what way may all this concern you?”

“Whatever concerns my friend, or his pocket, concerns me. Now, I have only to go to Frobisher and lay before him a few plain facts — I have only to tell him that the Pan-Caucasian shares have been going down slowly but surely for the last seven days —”

“A temporary panic, nothing more.”

“So be it. I have only to tell him that there are some very ugly rumors afloat with regard to the stability of the Patent Ozone Company —”

“Calumnies, base calumnies, every one!”

“So be it. I have only to tell him that the list of the directors of the African Sand Company does not contain a name of any standing in the City — I have only to do this, Mr. Pebworth, and my friend would come to you five minutes later with instructions to sell out without an hour’s delay every shilling’s-worth of stock you have bought in his name.”

The pallor on Mr. Pebworth’s face had deepened as Frobisher’s cold, unimpassioned tones touched on one point after another; surprise and anger had gradually given place to abject fear; for the time being the man looked ten years older than he had looked ten minutes previously. He took out his pocket-handkerchief furtively and rubbed his damp fingers with it under the table. Once, twice, he essayed to speak; but no sound came from his lips. Frobisher was quietly rolling a cigarette.

“But you are not going to say anything of the kind to my dear Frank, are you, Mr. Drummond?” The question had something of the sound of a beggar’s whining entreaty.

Frobisher looked up with a contemptuous smile. “Why should I not, Mr. Pebworth? — why should I not?” he asked.

“And then, again, why should I?” he added a moment later. “I only speak of these trifles to prove to you how desirable it is that you and I should be friends.” He leaned his elbows on the table and looked steadily into the other man’s face. “Don’t you think, Mr. Pebworth, that you and I had better be friends than enemies?” he asked.

Mr. Pebworth’s eyes quailed and fell. He drummed nervously for a moment or two with his fingers on the table; then he said: “I know of no reason, Mr. Drummond, why you and I should not be friends — the best of friends.”

“Good,” replied Frobisher. Then he finished the preparation of his cigarette before uttering another word. “Do you know, Mr. Pebworth,” he resumed, “that it has often occurred to me how badly you were treated by the late Mr. Askew, when he bequeathed every penny he died possessed of to his scapegrace nephew, and left you, his first cousin, entirely out in the cold?”

Mr. Pebworth stared, as well he might; but the impassive face opposite told him nothing. After a little pause of hesitation, he said: “I *was* badly treated, Mr. Drummond — very badly treated. The forgetfulness, the unkindness, of my aged relative, for whom I always cherished a very warm affection, has, I need hardly say, touched me to the quick.”

“If old Askew had only left you a slice of the pudding! If, for instance, he had left you the Marshfield property, in Yorkshire, which brings in something like two thousand a year — how very nice that would have been!”

“Don’t, my dear friend — please, don’t! Even to hear such a thing hinted at is almost too much for my poor feelings.”

“How many romances one hears and reads about — how many strange freaks of fortune there are in connection with will-cases! It would be a curious circumstance, now, wouldn’t it, if some fine day a fresh will were to turn up showing that Mr. Askew had not forgotten you at the last moment?”

“Don’t talk in that way, my dear sir, please, don’t!”

“Frobisher has given me something like a cart-load of old Mr. Askew’s papers to wade through. What, if among those papers I should come across a will the existence of which has hitherto been unknown, and in which your name is not

forgotten — it would be a remarkable coincidence, would it not?"

Pebworth turned first red and then yellow, and stared at Frobisher, as if in doubt whether to take his words seriously or the contrary. "It would indeed be a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Drummond," he said at last. His voice trembled a little, and his eyes were bent with a furtive and suspicious look on Frank's face.

"Fifteen hundred or two thousand a year derivable from landed property would not be so dusty — eh, Mr. Pebworth?"

"Ah." It was a sigh rather than an exclamation, but it was eloquent with a meaning all its own.

For a little while, neither of the men spoke. The fish was playing round the bait. The angler was waiting patiently.

"Do you think, Mr. Drummond, that there is the slightest probability of any such will as you hint at being in existence?" Mr. Pebworth's voice was hardly raised above a whisper, and he had glanced warily round before speaking, to make sure that they were alone.

"At present, I have only waded through about one-third of the old gentleman's papers," answered Frank. "What may be hidden among the remainder, I cannot of course say. But — nothing is impossible."

"The law would not see anything out of the ordinary in such a document?"

"How could it? You were Mr. Askew's first cousin. What more natural than that he should have changed his mind in your favor after making his first will? Frobisher would still have six thousand a year. A man may live very comfortably on six thousand a year."

"What if my dear Frank were to contest the will?"

"You don't know poor, dear, simple-hearted Frank as well as I do, or you would not even hint at such a thing."

"The witnesses to such a document would be —"

"Softly, my dear sir — softly. No document of any kind has yet been found, and the chances are ten thousand to one that it never will be found. Still — more curious things than that do happen every day of our lives."

Frobisher rose and pushed back his chair. Pebworth was anxious and perturbed, and yet not without an inward feeling of elation. The golden bait dangling before his eyes had proved too much for his powers of resistance. He had snatched at it, and was hooked without as yet being aware of the painful fact.

Frobisher, hat in hand, turned to say a few last words. "In this mercenary age, Mr. Pebworth," he said, "men do not usually care to labor for nothing, and when they do, their work as a rule is worth but little. As a man of business, it must naturally occur to you to ask yourself what object I have in view, what end I wish to gain, in speaking to you as I have spoken this morning."

Mr. Pebworth nodded. The question was one that he had not failed to ask himself.

"I can tell you in a few words the object I have in view, the end I wish to gain," answered Frank. "I am in love with your niece, Miss Deene, and I want your consent to our marriage."

"You want to marry my niece! You!"

"Even I. Why not, Mr. Pebworth? It is true that at present I am only Dick Drummond, a poor painter; but I don't want to remain a poor painter all my life. I could marry Miss Deene without your consent, were I so minded; but in that case, she would forfeit the eight thousand pounds which comes to her under her grandmother's will. Now, although I am a Bohemian, I am a very matter-of-fact individual as well, and I should be a fool to miss the chance of netting eight thousand pounds. Then again, by marrying your niece, I should become your nephew, in which case, don't you see, your interests and mine would be identical."

"You must give me time to think — to think, Mr. Drummond," said Pebworth, who was utterly taken aback by the audacity of Frank's avowal.

"As for that, we are only theorizing, you know, and the chances are that our talk this morning will end in nothing but moonshine. But so long as you and I understand each other, that is enough. And I think I may say, Mr. Pebworth, that we do understand each other?"

"We do indeed, Mr. Drummond."

"We will talk further of this anon, as they say on the stage. And now for a cigarette on the terrace. Listen to that blackbird, Mr. Pebworth. How sweet its note, how pure its song! I think that I should like to be a blackbird on a bright morning in summer." And with a smile, whose meaning Pebworth could not fathom, and a careless nod, Frobisher lounged slowly through the open window and strolled along the terrace.

"What a remarkable young man — what a very remarkable young man!" muttered Pebworth to himself as he gazed after Frank's retreating form. "He may

be a painter of pictures which he cannot sell, but if so, he has certainly mistaken his line in life. He ought to be managing director of the African Sand Utilization Company. He is the very man for the post."

From All The Year Round.
SOME CURIOUS COMMISSIONS.

THE politic marriage of the victor of Bosworth with Elizabeth of York was as unfelicitous as most politic marriages, and when death dissolved it, there was little grief in the survivor's heart. After three years' widowhood Henry had a mind to marry again, and was recommended by Isabella of Spain to seek the hand of the young queen of Naples. He asked her to send him a portrait of the lady, as, if she were not handsome, he would not have her for all the treasures of the world, the English people "thought so much of good looks." No portrait coming from Spain, Henry despatched James Braybrooke, John Still, and Francis Marsyn to Valencia, ostensibly to deliver Princess Katherine's greetings to her dear kinswoman, but really to learn if the queen of Naples were fitted to share his throne.

Never, surely, did three gentlemen accept a more thankless commission than that undertaken by the bearers of Henry's most curious and exquisite instructions, as Bacon terms them. These instructions required the envoys to note and set down the young widow's age, the color of her hair, the hue of her complexion, the quality of her skin; whether her face was fat or lean, round or sharp, painted or unpainted; her countenance cheerful or melancholy, steadfast or "blushing in communication;" the height and breadth of her forehead, the shape of her nose, the peculiarities of her eyebrows, eyes, teeth, and lips were to be precisely noted, with an express injunction to speak to her fasting, and so find out whether her breath was sweet or not, or savored of spices, rose-water, or musk. They were enjoined to mark well her Highness's neck and bosom; the size and shape of her arms, hands, and fingers, and ascertain her exact height. Lest they might be deceived into giving her more inches than belonged to her, they were directed to obtain a pair of the royal slippers and take careful measurement thereof. Henry's inquisitiveness did not end here. He insisted upon knowing if his possible con-

sort was free from all bodily blemish, unplagued by hereditary ailments, was sometimes ill and sometimes well, or enjoyed constant health; whether she ate or drank immoderately; and generally how she stood with her uncle, the king of Aragon; what land or livelihood she had, or would have, in Naples or elsewhere; and whether such was hers for life only, or went to her heirs forever.

By dint of close observation, and a little bribery, the envoys-extraordinary were enabled to satisfy their master's curiosity on most points. They reported that the young queen was round in figure, of middle stature, had a fat round face (unpainted), a cheerful countenance, fair complexion, clear skin, greyish brown eyes, brown hair, and small eyebrows. Her nose rose a little in the midward and bowed a little towards the end, her lips were round and thick, her neck was full and comely; round arms of proper length; hands right fair and soft, with fingers of meet length and breadth, completed the catalogue of her conditions. Regarding her Highness's exact height, the dimensions of her forehead, and the sweetness of her breath, the inquisitors remained in doubt; but the court apothecary assured them that his mistress had no personal deformity; was a good feeder, eating heartily twice a day, but drinking little — water or cinnamon-water being her usual beverage, although sometimes she indulged in a little hypocras. Trustworthy information respecting the queen's pecuniary position was not forthcoming. She was high in favor with the old king of Aragon — possibly because she resembled him in the fashion of her nose and complexion — and he intended to give her a richer dowry than he had given any of his daughters, and report was rife in the land that she was destined to become queen of England. The chance was given her, but she declined the honor, an example followed by the archduchess of Savoy. Then Henry made overtures to the widow of Philip of Castile, but she declared she could not entertain a matrimonial offer until her husband had been laid in his grave; and disinclined to wait until Joan grew tired of carrying her dead Philip about with her, the thrice-rebuffed widower went no more a-wooing.

In 1655, the Earl of Sandwich, having done his part in disposing of the Dutch fleet, off Harwich, hurried home, intent upon disposing of his eldest daughter. Consulting Mr. Pepys on the matter, he commissioned the prince of diarists to

bring about a marriage between the Lady Jemimah and the heir of Sir George Cartaret. In two days' time, Pepys had obtained the formal consent of Sir George and his wife, and ere ten days had gone, arranged the articles of alliance, and heard the match mightily approved by the king and the Duke of York.

Here, it might be thought, his commission ended. That was not Pepys's notion. He had wooed and won his own wife in the old, old way, and was not inclined to allow his patron's daughter to be cheated of her courting dues, which seemed likely to be the case if over-modest Philip Cartaret were left to his own devices; so, when that gentleman was bound for Dagenham, to make the acquaintance of his bride-elect, Pepys volunteered his companionship, which was gladly accepted. Had it been declined, the match might have fallen through, for young Cartaret came out badly as a suitor, taking no notice of Lady Jemimah, either at or after supper, and although he professed to be mightily pleased with the lady, acknowledged that much "in the dullest insipid manner that ever man did."

Next day being Sunday, it was arranged that the young people should go to church together, and Pepys spent two hours in instructing Mr. Philip how to behave, telling him to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and, when alone with her, to make such and such compliments. But his pupil was too bashful to obey orders, and omitted taking Lady Jem's hand, both going to and coming from church, for which his mentor took him roundly to task. Dinner over, everybody adjourned to the gallery, and after chatting a while, Lady Wright and Pepys slipped away, an example followed by Lord and Lady Crewe, the lovers being left alone, save for the pretty little daughter of Lady Wright, and she, says Pepys, "most innocently came out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration, which made us without have good sport to laugh at it."

Before leaving Dagenham, Pepys took Lady Jem aside, and enquired how she liked the gentleman, or if she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed and hid her face; but the questioner was not to be denied, and at last she confessed her readiness to obey her father and mother, "which was all she could say or I expect." On the other side, he was gratified by Philip Cartaret thanking him

heartily for his care and pains, and declaring himself mightily pleased with his matrimonial prospects; but, for all that, his adviser had reason to complain that he found him almost as backward in his caresses as he was on the first day.

On the 31st of July, just five weeks after Pepys opened negotiations, Mr. Philip Cartaret and Lady Jemimah Montagu were married at Dagenham, Pepys being somewhat troubled by the bride's sad looks, but comforting himself with the hope it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual.

Commissioned by her lord to obtain some bone-lace for presentation to the queen of France, Dorothy, Countess of Leicester — being resolved, for the honor of the country and her own credit to send none but the best — was under the necessity of informing her husband that the money he proposed to spend would not suffice, bone-laces, if good, being dear. Leicester was evidently as ignorant as most men of the cost of feminine finery. This could not be said of Lord Stair, Queen Anne's able representative at Paris. Writing to thank him for performing so well in her small affairs, Marlborough's duchess says she never had anything in her life so easy and well-made as "the pair of bodyes" he had procured her, and therefore troubled him to get another pair of plain white tabby for her own wear, and a little pair, bound with gold braid on the front, for her daughter, Lady Harriett. Furthermore, she wants a nightgown for herself and a "monto" and petticoat for Lady Harriett, taking leave to set forth very exactly what she would have. "My nightgown need have no petticoat to it, being only of that sort to be easy and warm, with a light silk wadd in it, such as are used to come out of bed and gird round, without any train at all, but very full. 'Tis no matter what color, except pink or yellow — no gold nor silver in it, but some pretty striped satin or damask, lined with a taffetty of the same color. Lady Harriett's is to be a monto and petticoat to go abroad in, but I would not have any gold or silver in it, nor a stuff that is dear, but a middling one that may be worn either in winter or summer. You have seen her, I believe, but 'tis not amiss to say she is above thirteen years old, that they may the better guess at the length of the monto; and if they are as exact as the taylor was in the bodyes, it will not want the least alteration." Like her famous husband, Duchess Sarah had an eye to saving, inti-

mating that she is in no hurry for the things, but would have them up on any occasion, "that one need not be troubled with the Custom House people."

If an ambassador was plagued in this way, an ambassador's wife could not hope to escape similar inflictions. When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was in Turkey, every lady of her acquaintance in London and Vienna pestered her for pots of balm of Mecca; a cosmetic not so easily obtained as they supposed, nor of much use when it was obtained, if Lady Mary's own experience went for anything. Having applied some to her face one night, she found it next morning swelled to an extraordinary size, "and all over as red as my Lady H.'s;" in which sad state it remained for three days, her looking-glass affording her no consolation for the reproaches of her husband. Some of the demands upon her good-nature afforded the lively lady food for laughter. To one of her many exacting friends she wrote: "You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your housemaids. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, etc.; and their patron never sells them, except as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets, are always either guilty of some crime, or so worthless that they are of no use at all."

Unable to satisfy her friend's longing for a Greek slave, Lady Mary made some amends for the disappointment by executing another commission from her — sending her a Turkish love-letter, in the shape of a small box containing a pearl, a clove, a jonquil, a piece of paper, a pear, a cake of soap, a bit of coal, a rose, a straw, a piece of cloth, some cinnamon, a match, a gold thread, hair, a grape, a piece of gold wire, and a pod of pepper. Taken out of the box in the above order, these articles signified: "Fairest of the young, you are as slender as this clove; you are

an unblown rose. I have long loved you, and you have not known it. Have pity on my passion; I faint every hour. Give me some hope; I am sick with love. May I die, and all my years be yours. May you be pleased, and your sorrow mine. Suffer me to be your slave. Your price is not to be found. But my fortune is yours; I burn, I burn; my flame consumes me. Do not turn away your face. Crown of my head; my eyes; I die, come quickly!" The pepper-pod standing for the postscript: "Send me an answer."

If she had good reason to exclaim at the unreasonable requirements of her correspondents, Lady Mary was equally capable of desiring strange things for herself, owing to having commissioned somebody to get her a mummy, "which I hope," says she, "will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one designed for the king of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable projects depending upon it. They fancied it was the body of God knows who, and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy was committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since. I dare not try my interest on so considerable a point as the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination."

Asked by a friend to find him a footman, an obliging man of letters sent on his own servant with the following comical letter of recommendation: "I think the bearer will fit you. I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet, though he hath a running head as well as running heels — and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man? — I would not part with him were I not to go post to the north. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries. He will come when you call him; go when you bid him; and shut the door after him. He is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master. He is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff and knock him down. When you go a country journey, or have him run with you a-hunting, you must spirit him with liquor. If he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back." Howel had a knack of giving odd descrip-

tions of people. Desired by Master Thomas Adams to look up a newly married couple in whom he was interested, Howel did so, and reported that he never before beheld such a disparity between two that were one flesh; comparing the husband to a cloth of tissue doubled, cut upon coarse canvas; and the wife to a buckram petticoat lined with satin. "A blind man," continued he, "is fittest to hear her sing; one would take delight to see her dance if masked; and it would please you to discourse with her in the dark, if your imagination could forbear to run upon her face. When you marry I wish you such an inside of a wife, but from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you!"

When Lafayette paid a visit to the United States, he intimated his desire to become master of an opossum, and a Baltimore editor gladly undertook to see that the general had one to take home with him. Anxious to make the most of the occasion, he proclaimed his want in a highly spiced appeal to his countrymen, urging them to prove that republics were not always ungrateful. They responded cheerfully—too cheerfully—to the appeal. Opossums came in from north and south, east and west, until the overwhelmed journalist found himself possessed of two thousand one hundred and ninety-nine too many. He could not afford them separate accommodation, he dared not lodge them together; so, at night, he turned them all loose in Monument Square to quarter themselves as they listed. Next day, 'possums were here, there, and everywhere in Baltimore, to the delight of the black, and the disgust of the white citizens, who fervently wished that Lafayette had never heard of an opossum, or that the editor had executed his commission with more discretion. It is possible, however, to be too discreet. Certain Cincinnati capitalists, interested in a railway bill passing through the Kentucky Legislature, despatched an honest man to Frankfort with twenty thousand dollars, to be used "where it would do most good." He stayed there until the bill was introduced and thrown out, when he returned to Cincinnati to report the result of his mission to his employers. "Did you distribute the whole of the money?" asked they. "Not a cent," was the reply; "the members were willing enough to take it, but they wouldn't give receipts, and I was not coming back without either money or vouchers for it." And the would-be log-

rollers no longer wondered at the non-passing of their bill.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHURCHYARD POETRY.

EVERY artist knows the value of contrast. Light is best shown by the depth of shadow. A red roof comes out well when backed by a grey sky; a scarlet geranium can hardly be rendered save against a dark green leaf. This is a canon of art. A *sforzando* must leap out from a *piano*, a *diminuendo* must follow on a *forte*. Shakespeare relieved the most thrilling scenes of his tragedies by others which were actually farcical: Hamlet and the gravedigger are in juxtaposition.

So in our sorrows what better medicine is there than the prattle of a merry child? And why is the rest of Heaven so longed for, but because we are so wearied by the unrest of earth?

Wit has been defined as the power to perceive "la différence des choses semblables, et la ressemblance des choses différentes." Perhaps this delight which we feel in contrast is one of the reasons why odd and incongruous epitaphs never fail to amuse us. There is such a strong opposition between the grim seriousness of death and the absurd commemoration of the dead, that we smile when we ought to sigh, and think less of the virtues of the departed than of the folly of the survivors.

It seems hardly fair to place on the tombstone of one who cannot expostulate or resist, such lines as these which may be seen in a churchyard in the Isle of Wight:—

To the memory of Miss Martha Grin.
She was so very pure within,
She cracked the shell of her earthly skin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

Perhaps few epitaphs are more utterly ridiculous than the above; and yet in it one traces the old simile of the chrysalis changing into the butterfly, and also the stupid idea which still lingers in thoughtless minds, that good men and women and children, when they die, turn into angels; an idea equally repugnant to the teaching of Holy Scripture and to common sense.

There are cases in which an absurdity is suggested to the mind of the reader, though not in the least intended or perceived by the inscriber. In a cemetery

near Windsor this verse of Holy Scripture appears on a headstone beneath the name of a man who died, advanced in years:—

Behold, I come as a thief.

Given thus without any context the first suggestion is that the deceased says to the passer-by, "Behold, I come as a thief!" One requires some time and some thought fully to take in the object of this epitaph, if one may call it so; which is, doubtless, to act as a warning to those now living, as we may suppose it once acted to the dead man at our feet.

In somewhat the same manner a sharp contrast is suggested to the mind of the reader by an epitaph in the parish church of Richmond, Surrey; though very probably the composer thereof did not perceive the lurking jest. It is in memory of a barrister who bore the appropriate surname of Lawes; although a member of the profession which exists only by reason of men's quarrels and disputes, and which would die out if men were all pacific, he was, it is recorded here, "so great a lover of peace, that when a contention arose between life and death, he immediately yielded up the ghost to end the dispute."

Then again a mere misreading may, for the moment, render an inscription entirely ludicrous, though no suspicion of a jest is in the actual epitaph, nor in the minds of those who composed and placed it above the grave. Two friends were walking in the churchyard of Folkestone parish church, when one of them who had lingered a little, exclaimed, "What a very odd epitaph!" The other asked what it was. "Why, it is this:—

In memory of Mrs. So-and-so;
alias my Mother."

It did indeed sound odd; but a closer investigation proved it to be,—

Alas, my Mother!

An adaptation of the words "Alas, my brother!" with which the old prophet of Bethel mourned over the man of God from Judah, whose disobedience was punished by a terrible death.

A Mr. Charles Lamb, not the Elia with whom and for whom we have laughed and wept, sleeps beneath an epitaph of which even the authors of the words of comic songs might be ashamed:—

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap bang.

If one were not assured that this and many others equally absurd are genuine, one would doubt how any sane person could have composed, and any relative or clergyman have permitted, such inscriptions. The power of veto is vested in some one, but to exercise it and run counter to the wishes of mourning and affectionate, though foolish relatives, would be an invidious task. A faithful pastor and true poet (the Rev. S. J. Stone) finding that a grieving widower was about to place above his wife's remains the very old and very silly "Afflictions sore, etc.," obtained leave to substitute an original verse. Every clergyman is not a poet, but if the parish priest fears some folly or indecency may be perpetrated, he might, at least, suggest a suitable text, and his suggestion would, in most cases, be thankfully accepted. What inscription can be more lovely than—

So He giveth His beloved sleep;

And what can be more indecent than—

Here lies the body of Deborah Dent.

She kicked up her heels and away she went,

which appears in a churchyard near Bury St. Edmunds? But the clergyman thus acting as censor, should not be too critical, nor set aside what is only *gauche* not objectionable, nor needlessly disappoint and pain the composers of the epitaph. It seems especially hard that when a man composes his own epitaph it should not be placed above his remains.

Great grief was caused to an aged widow by the refusal of a clergyman to allow her to have inscribed the lines which her husband had written for himself:—

Here lies at rest from earthly wars
A sergeant of the 8th Hussars;
He lies confined in narrow borders,
Here to wait till further orders.

These lines are homely, but not vulgar; and one regrets that the churchyard at Leeds, for which they were intended, is not embellished and enriched by them. In general, when persons compose their own epitaphs, they rather design to satirize their contemporaries than to commemorate themselves. Piron, in his famous couplet, merely sneered at the French Academy; while Prior, in his stanzas, only scoffed at nobles and heralds. "Miserrimus" * was an exception; he left no record of either himself or others; his one rebellious, despairing word neither teaches nor warns. The following lines

* In Worcester cathedral.

are engraved on a modest stone in Kensal Green Cemetery : —

When I lie beneath the soft, green grass,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not that she did ill or well,
But only, She did her best.

To one who knows what her life was, both its *ill* and its *well*, that verse has a rugged and pathetic ring of truth ; and its deep humility prompts us to echo, She did her best.

Probably the following, which may be seen in the parish church of All Saints', Fulham, was not written by Thomas Bonde, for a man can hardly name beforehand the place of his decease. It is a quaint inscription, and has been beaten by the weather of nearly three hundred years : —

At Earth* in Cornwell was my first beginning/
From Bondes and Corringtons as it may appere
Now to Earth in Fulham has God disposed
my end
In March one thousand and six hundred of
Christ
In whom my body here doth rest
Till both in body and soul I shall be fully
blest
Thomas Bonde.

In the matter of rhyme churchyard poets are very careless. It is a carelessness in which they are countenanced by greater poets than themselves. Mr. Tennyson has made words of one syllable rhyme with those of two, as when *higher* in one place does duty with *fire*, and in another with *desire*. And these are both in "In Memoriam," his greatest and most perfect poem. Also, the one female poet whom England has produced (though many Englishwomen have written beautiful verses) is satisfied with half-rhymes, and with very faint appearances of rhyme ; in her grand poem, "The Children," that word is supposed to rhyme with *bewildering*. We easily forgive Mrs. Browning, with tears in our eyes, as we read her powerful, painful lines. We have a little more difficulty in forgiving Coleridge — who can rhyme so beautifully — for making *humming* answer to *women*, and thus ruining a really lovely poem.† The Frenchman who, essaying English, made *plain stone* rhyme with *Shenstone*, and *natural* with *rural*, may be dismissed with compassion. But how can we forgive, even with a smile on our lips, the author of the following

* St. Erth in Cornwall.
† A Day-Dream.

epitaph in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames ?

Here lieth the body
of Thomas Lyme Distiller
who departed this life October 11
1719.

Who in his strength and prime
Unto his Maker did his soul resign
Above the reach of humane kind.

We may be *humane*, and we may be *kind*, but we cannot help being critical as well.

There are also churchyard poets whose one merit lies in their conscientious rhymes ; with heroic fortitude they devote their best efforts to the discovery or the manufacture of a rhyme to some unlucky word for which they feel a strange affection. Here is an inscription in the burying-ground of St. Peter's Church, near Broadstairs : —

In memory of Mr. Richd. Joy
(called the Kentish Samson)
who died May 8, 1742,
aged 67.

Herculean Hero, famed for strength
At last lies here his breadth and length,
See how the mighty man is fallen,
To death ye strong and weak are all one,
And the same judgment doth befall
Goliath great as David small.

Richard Joy is likened to Samson, Hercules, and Goliath, all in a breath ; it takes away ours !

Who will not wonder at and admire the skill, the originality, of the genius whose brain furnished him with the means of putting into verse the sad event which he has thus recorded ? —

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided ;
But ere the wedding day arrived
She sickened and she died dead.

After this instance of a poet's ingenuity in overcoming the exigencies and difficulties of rhyme, it may be as well to point out how another genius did not overcome, but evaded, similar difficulties. The following appears in a churchyard in Devonshire, and Devonshire men pride themselves on their indomitable energy and pluck : —

Here lies John Meadow
Who passed away like a shadow.
N.B. His name was Field,
but it would not rhyme.

This is really very neat, and much more worthy of record than any couplet ending in *shield*, *yield*, or *wield*, would have been.

The trade or profession of the deceased may often be used with good effect to point a moral on his tombstone. The following, in Weybridge churchyard, is a rather good specimen of what one may call the professional epitaph :—

Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
have toss'd me to and fro,
In spite of both by God's decree I harbor
here below ;
And now at Anchor I do lie with many of our
Fleet,
We must one day set sail again our Saviour
Christ to meet.

Another nautical epitaph is worth preserving ; it is over the grave of a family drowned off Aldeburgh, Suffolk, in the wreck of a schooner, and buried in Aldeburgh churchyard :—

They parted in the angry sea,
Forlorn as things of earth might be,
The mother and her children twain ;
Heaven heard ascend the cry profound,
And lo ! in pure and hallowed ground
The loved, the lost are met again.

O happy Mother, children blest,
That here in consecrated rest,
Safe in the Lord's appointed room,
In soft embrace together lie,
While beauteous spirits from on high
Watch with them in the tomb.

The notion of angelic spirits being entombed with the dead is most extraordinary.

We all know that volumes might be written on the mighty subject, "How not to do it." It is a subject on which we all have practical experience ; in our own persons if we are lazy, stupid, or awkward ; in the persons of others if we are energetic, clever, or capable. But if one had to compose an epitaph for a man of whom one desired to say nothing, then how not to write it might become difficult. In such a dilemma, many years ago, a Sussex squire found himself. He had a bailiff, whom he had discovered to have indulged in all kinds of mal-practices. This unjust steward had robbed his master in every possible way, and when detected was dismissed. Whether he could dig, or whether he was not ashamed to beg, history sayeth not. His master, when bidding him begone, added these words, "For the sake of your wife and family I will do nothing to you, but after your death I will punish you severely." It may be supposed that the bailiff did not trouble himself much about this threat. But it was carried out. The man died ; the master took on himself the task of

erecting his tombstone and of composing his epitaph, which was as follows :—

In memory of
John Smith.
He was

This singular inscription was recently, and no doubt is still, to be seen in Horsham churchyard. The author of it would lead persons to view it, and when they inquired "*What was he?*" would tell them the story of his bailiff's delinquencies. This story was passed on from mouth to mouth and became far more impressive and more widely known than it would have been if recorded at length on the stone. Indeed, the squire could hardly, with any regard to public opinion, inscribe a man's misdeeds above his mouldering bones ; but the blank which said nothing offensive, was amply sufficient to fulfil the threat of posthumous punishment, which was thus inflicted on this unjust steward.

From the south Saxon country we will travel northward and stay our flight at Stirling, whose bridge over the Forth used formerly to be considered the gate of the Highlands. There we will reverently admire the beautiful Grey Friars' Church ; we will muse over the Douglas tower, and Marr's work ; we will smile at the first *barabee* ; stand in Knox's pulpit, and sit in Mary Stuart's chair. Thence we will go to the lovely cemetery, where there is much that is interesting. The guide will point out to us an epitaph of which the leading idea is so uncommon yet so true, that it is well worth reproducing in this place :—

1809
Alexr. Meffen
Chief-constable Stirlingshire
Our life is but a winter day
Some only breakfast and away
others to dinner stay
and are full fed
the oldest man but sups
and goes to bed
large is his debt
that lingers out the day
he that goes soonest
has the least to pay.

It is probable that Alexander Meffen was at least one of those who to dinner stay, even if he did not live to sup ; his official position indicates middle, if not old, age. But leaving the banks of the Forth and returning to those of the Thames, we will enter the small churchyard of Shepperton, and read what is inscribed above a little child :—

Margaret Peacock
Born March 25th 1823
Died January 13th 1826.

Long night succeeds thy little day
Oh blighted blossom! can it be
That this grey stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?

The half formed words of liveliest thought
That spoke a mind beyond thy years;
The song, the dance by nature taught,
The sunny smiles; the transient tears;

The symmetry of face and form;
The eye with light and life replete;
The little heart so fondly warm;
The voice so musically sweet;

These, lost to hope, in memory yet
Around the heart that loved thee cling,
Shadowing with long and vain regret
The too fair promise of thy spring.

The two last lines of the above are obscure as to their meaning, but the whole poem is very simple and tender. Little Margaret did but "breakfast and away," and though more than half a century has elapsed since she passed from earth on that "winter day," we cannot stand by her quiet grave without something of regret and something of envy. For deep truth lies in four lines by an unknown thinker and writer:—

Our life is only death! time that ensu'th
Is but the death of time that went before;
Youth is the death of childhood, age of youth;
Die once to God, and then thou diest no more.

If, as we began by saying, contrast has a great and unique charm, then after the above lines in memory of Baby Margaret, we will turn to the epitaph placed over the grave of a child who died in infancy. It is somewhat vulgar and irreverent, yet it asks a question not easily answered:—

If I was so soon to be done for
I wonder what I was begun for!

Indeed, there is no answer to this question, whether asked by the babe or the nonogenarian, unless we look forward to a life beyond the grave, to which this present life, whether short or long, is but the prelude or overture.

A few generations back an epitaph in verse was the tribute usually paid to departed virtue or greatness. There is no need to quote the famous lines on "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," or those which Pope composed in memory of Gay. Of the style of his time the epitaph by Thomas Carew on the Lady Mary Villiers is a fair specimen, forced and affected as it appears to us:—

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
Mayst find thy darling in an urn.

Even more forced and affected, laboriously wrought by the brain, not spontaneously outpoured by the heart, as surely were the lines on Baby Margaret Peacock, is this curious triplet by Robert Wild:—

Here lies a piece of Christ; a star in dust
A vein of gold; a china dish that must
Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the just.

The declension from a piece of Christ, through a star and a vein of gold, to a china dish, is very odd; the idea being, no doubt, that the once living clay will be a vessel of honor when raised to the mansions prepared for the just.

A conceit fully as quaint as these, though more touching from the simple piety which breathes through the epitaph, is found on a tombstone in the "Little Cloisters" of Westminster Abbey. It is in memory of a certain "Mr. Thomas Smith, of Elmly Lovet, who through the spotted veil of the small-pox yielded up a pure and unspotted soul to God, expecting but not fearing death."

A puzzling epitaph—puzzling because either the lady was very thin, or the bung-hole unusually large—is the following from Stonehouse Churchyard, Gloucestershire:—

In memory of
John Collins and Mary his wife

She { died } May 1st. 1791. { Ætatis } 74
He { died } Aug. 19th. 1797. { } 73

Also the children of John and Ann Collins

George { born } Feb. 4th. 1794; { died } March 2 1796
Martha { } Sept. 27th, 1791, { Aug. 1 1800

'Twas as she tript from cask to cask
In at a Bung-hole quickly fell
Suffocation was her task
She had no time to say farewell.

Ann Collins died Sept. 11th 1801 Ætatis 49.

In contrast to these, the following, from the cemetery at Chertsey, Surrey, will serve as an example of the extremely natural and unaffected style of some other churchyard poets. The last line is simple to ruggedness:—

The cup was bitter the sting severe
To part from those he loved so dear
But hoping through Christ to meet them
again
Though suffering much he did not complain.

It was at Chertsey that Abraham Cowley lived; his house bears a tablet pointing out to the passer-by the historical and poetical interest which attaches to it. On the occasion of his death Pope wrote some rather pompous lines in his "Windsor Forest," and Denham eulogized his learning and genius in some pedantic verses. On Cowley's fellow-townsmen the mantle of poetry does not appear to have fallen, at least if we may judge by the inscriptions in the churchyard. A very old stone rests against the east end of the church—apparently placed there in order to preserve it. The letters are almost illegible, but after considerable trouble and time spent on it, we are rewarded by the discovery that it commemorates Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, of whom we are told:—

Gentle her carriage, temper meek
Her language whors likewise discreet
Prudent her conduct without pride
With these good gifts Possess she died

In the first line *gentile* no doubt means either *gentle* or *genteel*; in the second, *whors* would appear to be equivalent to *was*; in the last, the capital *P* to *possess* is merely ornamental. Either the author or the mason had strange notions of orthography; instead of the proverbial action of dropping a tear to the memory of this good woman, we smile upon her tombstone. And it is more fitting to smile than to weep upon the graves of the righteous.

Our smile gives place to a knitting of the brows as we peruse some elaborate lines on a stone placed above the narrow cell of Mr. Richard Smith, surgeon, who died May 28th, 1800:—

The friend of all, embalmed by Virtue's tears
Drops to the grave mature and full of years;
A Spirit mild, beneficent and True
With worthy Smith from this vain world withdrew,

Virtue survives when nature sinks to rest
And stamps her Image on each feeling breast,
For faithful Mem'ry loves an honest name
And Truth consigns it to immortal Fame.

The glimmer of meaning is very faint among "Virtue," "nature," "Image," "Mem'ry," "Truth," and "Fame." But no doubt "worthy Smith" deserved all that his eulogist desired to say of him, and after eighty years of semi-oblivion

we hereby add a few hours to his "immortal Fame."

Before we leave Chertsey churchyard we will glance at one more epitaph, and surely an unbidden smile must dry the falling tear:—

Charlotte daughter of
John and Phœbe Stibbs
died May 19th 1828.

Weep'st kind parents, Sisters dear,
O dry that falling tear
The voice of reason and religion hear
By them instructed ah reflect how blest
The favored souls recalled to early rest
But faith reflects to thee on earth was given
To toil and suffer thou rest we hope in heaven.

The poem commences, we may opine, with Charlotte Stibbs's inquiry and her entreaty to her relatives to mitigate their grief for her loss; it concludes, apparently, with the survivors' charitable hope that her departed spirit is at rest. But it is an inscription difficult to understand and to explain.

We can easily understand, and it were well if in the moments of temptation we could always recall, the following lines in memory of Richard Cogwell, who died on the 12th June, 1534:—

Whoso him beboth inwardly and oft,
How hard it were to flitt from bed unto the
pitt,
From pitt unto payne that ne'er shall cease,
certayne,
He wold not doe one sin all the world to winn.

These quaint lines are given in a note to the third chapter of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying;" they are still to be seen on a brass plate near the middle of a large stone in Faversham Church. The brass is in good preservation.

In the same church is another inscription, to the memory of "Semanus Tong, Nat. 1334; ob. 1414." On a brass appears his effigy, and below it a Latin epitaph, curious for its absence of all attempt at poetic diction, though rhyme is carefully introduced:—

Hic probus et dignus, vir honestus, amansq;
benignus
Ut vere scitur, Semanus Tong sepelitur,
Hic vir opportunus, Baro de portubus unus,
In Thrugleigh natus fuit, in Fevershamq;
moratus
Mortuus ipse die celsa fuit Epiphanie
Anno milleno C quarter, quarto quoque
deno,
Hujus Semani fuerant quadraginta bis anni
Tempus in hac vita, sibi cœlica sit via scita.
— Amen.

Which has been translated by the present

vicar of Faversham, the Rev. C. E. Donne, into lines which represent very faithfully the spirit and style of the original:—

Here rests in the grave a benevolent man,
Benign, and right honest, deny it who can,
He was good to his neighbors and friends
every one,
And none more respected than Semanus Tong.
Of the Cinque Ports a Baron, he did his work
truly,
And though dwelling at Feversham, born was
at Throughleigh,
On Epiphany day, fourteen hundred and four-
teen,
To the Church, in a coffin Semanus was brought
in,
The years of Semanus were just eight times
ten,
May his pathway to heaven be certain.—
Amen.

Our present stock of quaint epitaphs is nearly exhausted, for we do not wish to quote those that are old and hackneyed. One more, and we have done:—

Here lies the Landlord of the Lion,
He's buried here in hopes of Zion;
His wife, resigned to Heaven's Will,
Carries on the business still.

The force of advertising could no further go.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE HUMORS OF EXAMINATIONS.

As a rule, examinations are not regarded by the outside world as occasions on which a display of humor may be expected. But if exceptions prove the rule, then may examinations claim to afford a very rich fund of ludicrous incidents. There are naturally varied circumstances in examinations which call forth the wit of the candidate. The humor varies, in fact, with the particular person who is being examined, and what is the topic of conversation between examiner and candidate. There is to be distinguished a medical as well as a legal humor; and conspicuous amongst the occasions which afford opportunity for the display of the ludicrous, are those examinations which, dignified by the name of "general knowledge" trials, afford a very wide and rich field for the ingenuity of candidates.

A thought may suggest itself to readers who reflect upon the subject of examination humor, that of all circumstances, the position of a candidate at an examination table is the least likely situation to evoke

a sense of the humorous. The racking of the brain to find an answer to an oral question, the knowledge that the examiner is waiting with a fixity of gaze for one's reply, and the desperation with which at last the candidate may rise to the occasion, form a series of circumstances, out of which a joke might be regarded as least likely to arise. But it is this very desperation which is frequently the natural parent of the witticism. The candidate makes up his mind to say or write something, and that something, as often as not, is, in an innocent moment of inspiration, a joke.

One of the frequent causes of humor at examinations is of course the ignorance of candidates. A person was once asked to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" His reply was highly characteristic. "Esau," said he, "was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash"! The confusion of "Esau" and "Æsop," of "copyright" and "birthright," of "potage" and "potash," is an example of humor of by no means an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. "Wolsey was a famous General who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being *decapitated several times*, said to Cromwell: 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age!'"

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young lads about to enter the ranks of professional student-life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths. "What was the Star Chamber?" Answer: "An astronomer's room."—"What was meant by the Year of Jubilee?" Answer: "Leap-year."—"What was the Bronze Age?" Answer: "When the new pennies became current coin of the realm."—"What are the Letters of Junius?" Answer: "Letters written in the month of June."—"What is the Age of Reason?" Answer: "The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

The replies given to questions of a scientific nature are often of a remarkably curious, not to say extraordinary kind, and appear frequently to result from a want of appreciation of the exact meaning of the teaching. We know, for example, of a student in a popular class of physiology, who on being asked to describe the

bones of the arm, stated in the course of his reply that the bone of the upper arm (named *humerus* in anatomy) "was called the *humorous*, and that it received its name because it was known as the 'funny bone.'" The Latin name of the bone had evidently become confused in the student's mind with the popular name given to the elbow, the nerve of which on being violently struck, say, against a piece of furniture, gives rise to the well-known sensation of "pins and needles" in the arm and hand. Another answer given in an anatomy class is worth recording. The teacher had described the *tarsus* or ankle-bones — the scientific name of course being simply the Latin equivalent for the ankle. No such philological idea had troubled at least the student who replied to a question concerning the ankle, "that it was called the *tarsus* because St. Paul had walked upon it, to the city of that name"! Still more ludicrous was the confusion of ideas which beset a student who was questioned regarding the nature of the organ known as the *pancreas* or "sweetbread," which, as most readers know, is an organ situated near the stomach, and supplying a fluid of great use to the digestion of food. The reply of this latter student was as follows: "The sweetbread is called the Pancreas, being so named after the Midland Railway Station in London." Anything more extraordinary or ludicrous than the confusion of ideas as to the relation between St. Pancras Railway Station and an organ of the human body, can hardly be conceived.

It is related of a rough-and-ready examiner in medicine that on one occasion having failed to elicit satisfactory replies from a student regarding the muscular arrangements of the arm and leg, he somewhat brusquely said: "Ah! perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I would put in action were I to kick you!" — "Certainly, sir," replied the candidate; "you would put in motion the flexors and extensors of my arms, for I should use them to knock you down." History is silent, and perhaps wisely so, concerning the fate of this particular student. The story is told of a witty Irish student, who, once upon a time, appeared before an examining board to undergo an examination in medical jurisprudence. The subject of examination was poisons, and the examiner had selected that deadly poison prussic acid as the subject of his questions. "Pray, sir," said he to the candidate, "what is a poisonous dose of prussic acid?" After cogitating for a

moment, the student replied with promptitude: "Half an ounce, sir." Horrified at the extreme ignorance of the candidate, the examiner exclaimed: "Half an ounce! Why, sir, you must be dreaming! That is an amount which would poison a community, sir, not to speak of an individual." — "Well, sir," replied the Hibernian, "I only thought I'd be on the safe side when you asked a poisonous dose." — "But pray, sir," continued the examiner, intent on ascertaining the candidate's real knowledge, "suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what treatment would you prescribe?" — "I'd ride home for a stomach-pump," replied the unabashed student. "Are you aware, sir," retorted the examiner, "that prussic acid is a poison which acts with great rapidity?" — "Well, yes," replied the student. "Then, sir, suppose you did such a foolish thing as you have just stated," said the examiner; "you ride home for your stomach-pump; and on returning you find your patient dead. What would you, or what could you do then?" asked the examiner in triumph, thinking he had driven his victim into a corner whence there was no escape. "What would I do?" reiterated the student. "Do? — why, I'd hould a post-mortem!" For once in his life, that examiner must have felt that dense ignorance united to a power of repartee was more than a match for him.

Incidents of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients both by doctors and by students. A professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the individual: "Ah! you are troubled with gout." — "No, sir," said the man; "I've never had any such complaint." — "But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout." — "No, sir," was the reply; "nor my mother either." — "Ah, very strange," said the professor to his class. "I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters which we are accustomed to note in gout." — "Front teeth!" ejaculated the patient. — "Yes," retorted the professor; "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir!" — "Well, that beats everything," replied the man; "it's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the

gout. I've had this set for the last ten years!" The effect of this sally on the part of the patient, upon the inquisitorial professor and his students, may be better imagined than described.

Occasionally within the precincts of colleges and universities, a rich vein of humor may be struck in a very unexpected fashion. On one occasion a professor, noticing that certain members of his class were inattentive during the lecture, suddenly arrested his flow of oratory, and addressing one of the students, said: "Pray, Mr. Johnston, what is your opinion of the position of the animals just described, in the created scale?"—"Mr. Johnston" was forced to say that "really he had no views whatever on the subject." Whereupon the professor, turning to a second inattentive student—who had evidently not caught "Mr. Johnston's" reply or its purport—said: "Mr. Smith, what is your opinion of the position of these animals in the classified series?"—"Oh, sir," replied the innocent Smith, "my opinions exactly coincide with those just expressed so lucidly and clearly by Mr. Johnston!"

There are examiners, and examiners, of course; some stern, others mild and encouraging; some who try to discover what a student knows, and others whose aim appears to be rather that of elucidating the ignorance of the candidates who appear before them. But to the end of time, there will be humor mixed with the grave concerns of testing knowledge, which is, for both sides, a hard enough task. The student who, when asked by a stern examiner what he would recommend in order to produce copious perspiration in a patient, replied, "I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir!" had a keen sense of humor, which it is to be hoped the examiner appreciated. His answer was in keeping with the question which has been argued by us and by others, whether the whole subject of examinations, as at present conducted, should not be thoroughly overhauled and revised.

From The Leisure Hour.
THE FIRST OF THE WHITE MONTH.

THIS is what the Mongols call New Year's Day. Having an invitation from a friendly lama to spend the day with him, I took care to arrive at his tent, which was not far from the Russian frontier, on

the afternoon of the last day of the old year. This afternoon is always a busy time with the Mongols. Enter a tent at this time, and, as soon as your eyes recover from the blinding glare of the sun on the white expanse of snow outside, and the bitterness of the smoke-cloud inside, through which you must pass before sitting down, you see all hands at work. They are preparing for next day's feast.

In the tent of my host they were making *banch*. This is made by mincing mutton very small, mixing it with salt and chopped vegetables, and doing it up in small nuts covered with a casting of dough. They themselves consider it a luxury to be indulged in only on great occasions, and in this instance prepared a large quantity. As soon as a nut was finished it was placed on a board near the wall of the tent, where, notwithstanding the great fire blazing in the centre, it froze through in a few minutes. When frozen, the nuts were put away in a bag ready for the morrow.

While the rest of the company were making the *banch*, my host, the lama himself, was making repeated attacks on a basinful of boiled meat which stood before him. As soon as the *banch* was finished every man pulled out his knife and set to work on the meat. It is a little alarming to see a Mongol eat. He takes a piece of meat in his left hand, seizes it with his teeth, then cuts it off close to his lips. The knife flashes past so quickly and so close to the face that a spectator, seeing it for the first time, has his doubts about the safety of the operator's nose. Practice makes them expert and their hand sure, and I never heard of any one, even when drunk, meeting with an accident in this way. The configuration, too, of the Mongolian face makes this method of eating much safer for them than for us. A Mongol's nose is not at all prominent, sometimes hardly projecting beyond the level of the cheeks. Next to the color of the hair, the size of the nose is the first thing that strikes a Mongol as peculiar in a foreigner. The alarm felt by a foreigner at seeing a group of Mongols eating meat is somewhat akin to that experienced by a Chinaman when for the first time he sees a party of foreigners at table, flourishing sharp, glittering knives and putting food into their mouths by means of forks. He is astonished that the eaters do not cut themselves, and thinks his own harmless chopsticks much the safer way of eating.

While we were at dinner, I expressed

my surprise at finding them taking their meal so early in the afternoon, and not after dark, as usual. The reason they gave was that the Mongol fashion was to eat seven dinners on the last day of the year. I rather liked this idea at first, as the custom in the north of Mongolia, of only one meal per day, and that after dark, with nothing but tea, tea, tea, the whole day long, does not seem to suit an European so well as a Mongol. My satisfaction, however, was short-lived, for I soon discovered that they had made up their minds that I should do justice to the whole seven, and that a sly old yellow-coated lama on my left had installed himself as tally-keeper to the guests. As the day wore on, matters began to look a little serious. The solemn voice of the man in yellow had only pronounced *three!* What was to become of the remaining four? As I was wondering how I could best get out of the difficulty, deliverance came in an unlooked-for way. Some one sitting in a tent about a dozen yards off shouted, "Ocher, come and drink wine;" and Ocher, though as a lama he had vowed to abstain from wine, and just then was employed in counting my dinners, at the summons disregarded his vow, and went off at the call.

During the course of the afternoon two large pails were filled with tea and set aside. When all the preparations were finished we had a pleasant time round the blazing fire, talking of the customs of our respective countries, etc., etc. Among other things we talked of the speedy course of time, and, in return for some of our Christian metaphors, my lama gave me some wise Buddhistic sayings, such as:

From the moment of acquiring wealth, parting with it is our doom.

From the moment of union, separation is our doom.

From the moment of birth, death is our doom. Moment by moment we approach death.

Next morning, New Year's Day, all were astir early, and the every-day routine gone through as usual. The Mongolian New Year's Day, it should be noted, like the Chinese, is not the same as ours. The year consists of three hundred and sixty days, with an odd month inserted each fourth year. The year begins usually the same time as our February. The customary question, "Have you slept well?" was asked, but no reference made to the new year. The only manifest difference was, that the whole household seemed to have got new caps. After a

time, a neighbor came in and asked, "Have you not embraced yet?" This seemed to stir up our host; glancing at the crescent of sunshine, which, streaming in through the smoke-hole above indicates the time of day as it traces its way round the circumference of the tent, he remarked, "It is time now." But he was not quite ready. He unlocked a spacious box, and after bringing out a pile of things, new and old, at last succeeded in fishing out a new red coat and a fine fur cap, trimmed with yellow silk. The cap cost perhaps as much as the coat, and with the two our host looked quite imposing. When all was ready all stood up in the cloud of smoke, and each embraced each, saying, "*Sain O?*" (Are you well?) Their embrace is a very simple affair. When two persons perform this ceremony they stretch out their arms towards each other, and the one puts the ends of his coat-sleeves under the ends of the coat-sleeves of the other. When we had all embraced we sat down again, and after wiping away the tears, which the bitter smoke had forced from our eyes, each one ate a small portion from a plate containing bread, fruits, roasted millet, and a preparation of milk. This done, we hastened to the next tent, in which a petty officer lived. By the time we all got in, the tent was crowded; each one of us embraced the host, putting our sleeves under his, in token of respect, asked, "*Sain O?*" found a seat where we could, drank his tea, tasted his fare, were offered Chinese wine in small Chinese cups, conversed a few minutes, and returned to our tent to receive visitors. They were not long in coming. Some were near neighbors. These merely drank tea and tasted bread, but when visitors came from a distance the bag of banch was produced, and a quantity of it boiled and handed to the strangers. The ease and rapidity with which this can be cooked makes it a very desirable kind of fare to have on hand on a day when numerous visitors are expected at different times.

As we had a gilling lama, a kind of doctor of medicine and divinity all in one, for our guest, we soon had a number of people in our tent anxious to know their "lucky airt" for the year. The gilling was nothing loath to be consulted, produced his books, and soon satisfied the inquirers. The process of determining this "lucky airt" is simple. The visitor tells his age, the gilling consults a table, and the point of the compass is found at once.

During the course of the day we had many visitors. Our tent possessed unusual attractions. My host was a man of influence; his guest, the gilling, had a great reputation for learning; and then there was "the man from the far country." After we had for a time entertained the numerous visitors whom these attractions drew to our tent, we dispersed in various directions to make the round of our several acquaintances. A young lama who had spent the night keeping a vigil in a temple took me in tow, and conducted me to all the tents within a reasonable distance. In almost every instance we found the altar decked out with a great display of offerings. These consisted for the most part of bread and mutton, the broad piece of fat which forms the tail of the Mongolian sheep often being the centre-piece. One of the great injunctions of their religion is abstinence from flesh, and on expressing my surprise at finding the forbidden thing presented as a religious offering, an intelligent Mongol replied, "It all happens through stupidity; stupid men among us Mongols are many." It was noteworthy that on the altar of the man who made this remark the offerings consisted of grain, fruit, and bread only. In all the tents which we entered not only were the altars furnished with a profusion of offerings, but the altar-lamps — little brass cups filled with butter — were lighted, and in some of the more pretentious tents the altar was enclosed above and around with silken hangings. The altar stands almost exactly opposite the door, and a New Year's Day visitor, on entering, turns first to the altar and worships; that done, he may address himself to the human occupants of the tent. I noticed only one departure from this rule throughout the entire day.

In addition to bread and tea, visitors are in most cases offered wine; and as every man is expected to visit the tents of all his friends, and as very few refuse wine when it is offered, there is some danger of a man drinking more than is good for him. Two things tend to keep the Mongol sober — the small size of the cups and the distance from tent to tent. But sometimes the Mongol gets tired of the minute Chinese winecup, throws it aside, and pours a good dram into a large wooden teacup. This, frequently repeated, produces its effect, and then follows horsemanship extraordinary! A Mongol, long after he is too drunk to stand, can keep his saddle very well if he can be hoisted into it, and one of the sights to be seen

on the afternoon of a New Year's Day, is that of half-a-dozen madcaps careering in company over the snow, performing all manner of antics, and apparently in momentary danger of breaking their necks.

The northern Mongols usually restrict the festivity to one day, but their neighbors, the Buriats, keep up the celebration for a week or more, perhaps — as the Mongols say, with some scorn — in imitation of the Russians. Should friends be beyond reach on the first day of the year, the sacred duty of salutation is performed on the first occasion of their meeting. Far into the year it is quite common for Mongols meeting in the desert to remark, "We have not embraced yet, have we?" and then duly perform the ceremony that would have been appropriate months before. Southern Mongols, on the other hand, say they cease embracing at the end of the White Month.

J. G.

From Chambers' Journal.

A REMINISCENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN my youthful days in Edinburgh, a trifling incident — but to me a rare piece of good fortune — occurred in relation to "the author of 'Waverley,'" which it gives me pleasure to record.

In those early days I was an enthusiastic reader of his novels, and was in the habit of frequently looking in at the Court of Session, in the old Parliament House of Edinburgh, where Scott, in his official capacity as one of the clerks of court, used to sit while it was in session. I always endeavored to get as near him as I could, to gaze upon that noticeable face and head, which, once seen, could never be forgotten; and I used to wonder by what process that magical genius of his had evoked from the past such a gallery of real men and women — in number and variety almost approaching Shakespeare — with all their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their strength, their weaknesses, their stainless purity, their devotion, and homely simplicity, his manly, healthy genius redeeming from all taint of exaggeration or sentimentalism the characters that live in his pages. It was a face in which were combined shrewdness, humor, kindliness, keen perception, and sagacity; while to these was superadded a certain "pawkiness" (to use a Scotch word which has no equivalent in English). He would now and then exchange words with the brother officials

who sat beside him, or opposite to him, on the other side of the table. Often some joke would pass, and then his face would lighten up, and a smile break out and steal all over it, his merry eye and suppressed chuckle revealing the sense of humor that had stirred him. Here I may say that Chantrey's world-known bust of him reproduces his usual expression with consummate fidelity. No bust of any one I have ever seen has so truthfully conveyed to me the living features as this one does.

It was in the summer of 1829, I think, now fifty-three years ago, that a commercial traveller, a friend of mine, bound for Galashiels, proposed to drive me thither from Edinburgh in his gig, and back again. As I had never seen Abbotsford, I eagerly seized this opportunity of being taken so near the place. Having seen Scott in the Parliament House the day before, I concluded that he was for the time resident in town, and that there would be no difficulty in gaining admission to the house and grounds of Abbotsford. It was arranged that, while my friend was transacting his business in Galashiels, I should walk on to the Tweed, on whose south bank stands Abbotsford, near the river, backed by "Eildon's triple height," be ferried across, and return in a few hours to my companion. It was a lovely day, and the fields and woods were in all their summer beauty. As the song says,

I saw Tweed's silver stream
Glittering in the sunny beam.

I was ferried across its rippling waters, then mounted the grassy bank on the other side, and presented myself at the entrance to the house, full of delightful anticipations of the treat I should have in seeing the interior of the den itself of "the Wizard of the North." The old manservant who opened the door to me regretted that I could not be admitted; "because," said he, "the shirra* is at hame and in the house, and strangers are not admitted when he's here." Thus my fine castle in the clouds all at once vanished, and I stood wistful and disappointed, telling the old man that I had come all the way from Edinburgh that day specially to see the place, and that I had never dreamed his master was at home, having myself seen him in the court on

* Scott was sheriff of Selkirkshire.

the previous day. "Ye see, sir," he replied, "he comes out here whenever he can get a day, even when the court's sittin'. He cam out last night. It canna be helped. I'm sorry ye've had the trouble o' comin' sae far for naething." At that moment, Scott himself, coming out of a room entering from the corridor, had reached the hall entrance where I stood, on his way to the grounds. He was clad in a homely suit of black-and-white cloth, and had a belt round his waist, in which were stuck a hatchet, a hammer, and a small saw, while two large dogs gamboled about him, leaping up against him in their eager fondness, and presenting their heads to be patted. "What's the young man's business?" said he, addressing the servant, who repeated to him what I had been saying, while I stood with my heart beating furiously the while. Before I could gather courage to say a word for myself, Scott, turning to me, said: "As you have come so far, young man, to see the place, you must not be disappointed; so you can just gang through the house, and see whate'er you like. Good-day, sir." Before I could thank him, he passed out into the grounds, the dogs still leaping up upon him, he pushing them off and playfully scolding them.

This was my last glimpse of Scott. At that time he was working hard, with deadly persistence, to retrieve his misfortunes and pay his creditors. He looked paler than usual, and was careworn and anxious. This was about three years before his final break-down and death. How grand and impressive are Carlyle's words about him in his latter days! "And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more; a possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in this eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care; the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

ALEXANDER IRELAND.

BOWDON, CHESHIRE.

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Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2021.— March 17, 1883.

} From Beginning,
Vol. CLVI.

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A WINTER PICTURE.

LINKED hands of woman and of man,
 Eyes waking, watching eyes that sleep;
 Close-curtained windows, pictured walls,
 Whereon the ruddy fire-shine falls
 With cheerful, tender glow;
 A brodered wrap, a jewelled fan,
 And by the couch a fragrant heap
 Of waxen blossoms, white as snow.

A weary brow where tresses cling
 Uncurled, as if with heavy dews,
 White flower-like lids, that soft and meek
 Shade the sharp outline of the cheek,
 Like ivory pure and pale;
 A hand whereon the wedding-ring
 Hangs like a fetter growing loose,
 All sadly, truly, tell their tale.

So very fair! A year ago
 She wore her bridal coronet.
 So very young! It almost seems
 The shadow of her childish dreams
 Is wrapped about her now.
 No touch of human want or woe
 Hath troubled her young spirit, yet
 She fades like blossom on the bough.

She fades. Ah! watcher heavy-eyed,
 Cast down thy gold with reckless hand,
 Spread lavishly beneath her feet
 All goodly things and fair and sweet,
 To snare her weary eyes;
 She is thine own, thy childish bride,
 Thy blossom from love's fairy-land,
 Rise up, do battle for thy prize!

Clasp, clasp her close in Love's strong arms,
 Kiss, kiss her close with Love's warm lips,
 Give all thou hast, and all thou art,
 The very life-blood of thine heart,
 To save her from her fate.
 Let Love stand forth and work his charms
 Triumphant over death's eclipse.
 Love's very self replies, "Too late!"

There was no lack of corn and wine,
 No lack of hope's delightful flowers,
 No lack of gay and glittering toys,
 Of simple pleasures, childish joys,
 To please her guileless heart;
 But one hath made a silent sign,
 And through the sunshine of the hours
 His shadow creeps with scythe and dart.

There was no lack of fondest love
 To fence her from life's outer air,
 No lack of passion deep and strong
 To clasp her close and hold her long
 In surest, safe embrace.
 The nest is worthy of the dove,
 Soft-lined and warm, and very fair.
 But one prepares another place.

She is thine own, world-weary man,
 Thy very own, a little while,
 The tender simple child whom thou
 Hast guarded with a solemn vow,

Yet day by day she slips
 A little farther from the span
 Of earthly life — no earthly smile
 Will linger long upon her lips.

Thy wealth, new-showered upon her life,
 Was powerless to corrupt her soul,
 But ah! that gold, that useless hoard
 So widely spent, so freely poured,
 Is powerless to save!
 Fling down thy weapons in the strife,
 Nor love, nor wealth can make her whole.
 Go to, thou canst but deck a grave.

But when the green grass laps her in,
 Thy tender one, thy little wife;
 When all that love must bear and do,
 When forced to taste the bitter rue,
 Is borne and done and past;
 Steal sometimes from the city's din,
 From all the hum and stir of life,
 To where she slumbers long and fast.

And doubt thou not that there will be
 Great cause for praise as well as prayer;
 For praise because that cherished child
 Was taken hence all undefiled
 By worldly stain and spot!
 That while the long years weary thee
 With touch of age, and fret of care,
 Eternal childhood is her lot.

Eternal childhood! Heaven's sweet gift
 Unto the blessed pure in heart.
 Look up, pale watcher, all is well,
 The soul, before it reads, must spell,
 Lo! there thy lesson waits:
 God takes thy flower from earth's cold drift,
 To bloom in Paradise apart,
 Till thou, too, pass within its gates.
 All The Year Round.

TREASURE-SEEKERS.

WE have been far away — ah, far away
 Beyond snow-shrouded hills, and we have
 seen
 Strange people and strange things. Our
 steps have been
 Through lands unknown and trackless, with no
 stay,
 No respite sweet; o'er moorlands dim and grey,
 And lonely wastes, led by no kindly star,
 Athirst and weary we have wandered far,
 Yet have we found no treasures till to-day;
 And now, when hope our hearts no more be-
 guiles
 With visions of fair lands beyond the foam,
 We have found treasures which earth's thou-
 sand isles
 Could never give, though we for aye should
 roam:
 Treasures of true hearts and loving smiles,
 Of kind hand-pressings, and warm welcomes
 home.

Good Words.

From The Nineteenth Century.
VILLAGE LIFE IN NORFOLK SIX HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

A VILLAGE LECTURE.

[In the autumn of 1878, while on a visit at Rougham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of Mr. Charles North, my host drew my attention to some boxes of manuscripts, which he told me nobody knew anything about, but which I was at liberty to ransack to my heart's content. I at once dived into one of the boxes, and then spent half the night in examining some of its treasures. The chest is one of many, constituting in their entirety a complete apparatus for the history of the parish of Rougham from the time of Henry the Third to the present day — so complete that it would be difficult to find in England a collection of documents to compare with it.

The whole parish contains no more than two thousand six hundred and twenty-seven acres, of which about thirty acres were not included in the estate slowly piled up by the Yelvertons, and purchased by Roger North in 1690. Yet the charters and evidences of various kinds, which were handed over with this small property dating *before* the sixteenth century, count by thousands. The smaller strips of parchment or vellum — for the most part conveyances of land, and having seals attached — have been roughly bound together in volumes, each containing about one hundred documents, and arranged with some regard to chronology, the undated ones being collected into a volume by themselves. I think it almost certain that the arranging of the early charters in their rude covers was carried out before 1500 A.D., and I have a suspicion that they were grouped together by Sir William Yelverton, "the cursed Norfolk Justice" of the Paston Letters, who inherited the estate from his mother in the first half of the fifteenth century.

When Roger North purchased the property the ancient evidences were handed over to him as a matter of course; and there are many notes in his handwriting showing that he found the collection in its present condition, and that he had bestowed much attention upon it. Blome-

field seems to have been aware of the existence of the Rougham muniments, but I think he never saw them; and for one hundred and fifty years, at least, they had lain forgotten, until they came under my notice. Of this large mass of documents I have copied or abstracted scarcely more than five hundred, and I have not yet got beyond the year 1355. The court rolls, bailiffs' accounts, and early leases I have hardly looked at.

The following lecture — slight as a village lecture must needs be and ought to be — gives some of the results of my examination of the first series of the Rougham charters. The lecture was delivered in the Public Reading-room of the village of Tittleshall, a parish adjoining Rougham, and was listened to with apparent interest and great attention by an audience of farmers, village tradesmen, mechanics, and laborers. I was careful to avoid naming any place which my audience were not likely to know well; and there is hardly a parish mentioned which is five miles from the lecture-room.

When speaking of "six hundred years," I gave myself roughly a limit of thirty years before and after 1280, and I have rarely gone beyond that limit on one side or the other.

They who are acquainted with Mr. Rogers's "History of Prices" will observe that I have ventured to put forward views on more points than one, very different from those which he advocates.

Of the value of Mr. Rogers's compilation, and of the statistics which he has tabulated with so much labor, there can be but one opinion. It is when we come to draw our inferences from such returns as these, and bring to bear upon them the side lights which further evidence affords, that differences of opinion arise among inquirers. I really know nothing about the midlands in the thirteenth century; I am disgracefully ignorant of the social condition of the south and west; but the early history of East Anglia, and especially of Norfolk, has for long possessed a fascination for me; and though I am slow to arrive at conclusions, and have a deep distrust of those historians who for every pair of facts construct a trinity of

theories, I feel sure of my ground on some matters because I have done my best to use all such evidence as has come in my way.]

When I was asked to address you here this evening, I resolved that I would try to give you some notion of the kind of life which your fathers led in this parish a long, long time ago; but on reflection I found that I could not tell you very much that I was sure of about your own parish of Tittleshall, though I could tell you something that is new to you about a parish that joins your own; and because what was going on among your close neighbors at any one time would be in the main pretty much what would be going on among your forefathers, in bringing before you the kind of life which people led in the adjoining parish of Rougham six hundred years ago, I should be describing precisely the life which people were leading here in this parish — people, remember, whose blood is throbbing in the veins of some of you present; for from that dust that lies in your churchyard yonder I make no doubt that some of you have sprung — you who I am speaking to now. Six hundred years ago! Yes, it is a long time. Not a man of you can throw his thoughts back to so great a lapse of time. I do not expect it of you; but nevertheless I am going to try to give you a picture of a Norfolk village, and that a village which you all know better than I do, such as it was six hundred years ago.

In those days an ancestor of our gracious queen, who now wears the crown of England, was king; and the Prince of Wales, whom many of you must have seen in Norfolk, was named *Edward* after this same king. In those days there were the churches standing generally where they stand now. In those days, too, the main roads ran pretty much where they now run; and there was the same sun overhead, and there were clouds, and winds, and floods, and storms, and sunshine; but if you, any of you, could be taken up and dropped down in Tittleshall or Rougham such as they were six hundred years ago, you would feel almost as strange as if you

had been suddenly transported to the other end of the world.

The only object that you would at all recognize would be the parish church. That stands where it did, and where it has stood, perhaps, for a thousand years or more; but, at the time we are now concerned with, it looked somewhat different from what it looks now. It had a tower, but that tower was plainer and lower than the present one. The windows, too, were very different; they were smaller and narrower; I think it probable that in some of them there was stained glass, and it is almost certain that the walls were covered with paintings representing scenes from the Bible, and possibly some stories from the lives of the saints, which everybody in those days was familiar with. There was no pulpit and no reading-desk. When the parson preached, he preached from the steps of the altar. The altar itself was much more ornamented than now it is. Upon the altar there were always some large wax tapers which were lit on great occasions, and over the altar there hung a small lamp which was kept alight night and day. It was the parson's first duty to look to it in the morning, and his last to trim it at night.

The parish church was too small for the population of Rougham, and the consequence was that it had been found necessary to erect what we should now call a chapel of ease — served, I suppose, by an assistant priest, who would be called a chaplain. I cannot tell you where this chapel stood, but it had a burial ground of its own.*

There was, I think, only one road deserving the name which passed through Rougham. It ran almost directly north and south from Coxford Abbey to Castle Acre Priory. The village of Rougham in those days was in its general plan not very unlike the present village — that is to say, the church standing where it does; next to the churchyard was the parsonage with a croft attached; and next to that a row of

* Compare the remarkable regulations of Bishop Woodloke of Winchester (A.D. 1304), illustrative of this. Wilkins' Conc., vol. ii., p. 296. By these constitutions every chapel, two miles from the mother church, was bound to have its own burying-ground.

houses inhabited by the principal people of the place, whose names I could give you and the order of their dwellings, if it were worth while. Each of these houses had some outbuildings — cowsheds, barns, etc., and a small croft fenced round. Opposite these houses was another row facing west, as the others faced east; but these latter houses were apparently occupied by the poorer inhabitants — the smith, the carpenter, and the general shopkeeper, who called himself, and was called by others, the *merchant*. There was one house which appears to have stood apart from the rest and near Wessenham Heath. It probably was encircled by a moat, and approached by a draw-bridge, the bridge being drawn up at sunset. It was called the Lyng House, and had been probably built two or three generations back, and now was occupied by a person of some consideration — viz. Thomas Middleton, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and brother of William Middleton, then Bishop of Norwich. This house too was on the east side of the road, and the road leading up to it had a name, and was called the Hutgong. In front of the house was something like a park of five and a half acres inclosed; and next that again, to the south, four acres of ploughed land; and behind that again — *i.e.*, between it and the village — there was the open heath. Altogether this property consisted of a house and twenty-six acres. Archdeacon Middleton bought it on the 6th of October, 1283, and he bought it in conjunction with his brother Elias, who was soon after made seneschal or steward of Lynn for his other brother, the bishop. The two brothers probably used this as their country house, for both of them had their chief occupation elsewhere; but when the bishop died, in 1288, and they became not quite the important people they had been before, they sold the Lyng House to another important person, of whom we shall hear more by-and-by.

The Lyng House, however, was not the great house of Rougham. I am inclined to think that stood not far from the spot where Rougham Hall now stands. It was in those days called the Manor House or the Manor.

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb, but his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. This was called the rent, but it is a very great mistake indeed to represent this as the same thing which we mean by rent nowadays. It really was almost identical with what we now call, in the case of house property, "ground-rent," and bore no proportion to the value of the produce that might be raised from the soil which the tenant held. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder; his holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own — subject, of course, to the payment of the ground-rent — but if he wanted to sell out of his holding, the lord of the manor exacted a payment for the privilege; if he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor. So much for the free tenants. Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground-rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plough the lord's land for so many days in the year, to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villein or native. Once a villein, always a villein. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it

off. Nay, they might not even go away from the manor in which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be never so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor.* Yes! there *was* one means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order and to the rank of free man.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who I suppose was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained, about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it; and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty marks. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more; but less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham; and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present

* I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the *Abbrev. Placit.*, p. 316 (6^o. E. ii. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to villeinage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded that they were citizens of Norwich — the city being about four miles from Cossey.

Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write (for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago), but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed to it his seal, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was high sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on the 25th of January of that year before one of the judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered, when I began to speak of the free tenants and the villeins. William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and he left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, each of the parceners looking very jealously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights. Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence, yet when the manor was divided, no one of them was anything like so great a person

as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish, and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other was called Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomo de Ferentino, or, if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days the pope had immense power in England, and it looked for a while as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentlemen, whose name was *John de Ferentino*, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich: he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the pope tried to make him bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments. Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew, or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his wife's kindred. Be that as it may, James de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford — though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universities in Europe — sent

his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for in King Henry's days a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the king's court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the pope, and not to the king of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Rougham, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made people open their eyes. And they gave the young fellow the name he is known by in future, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romayn, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric*. We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy — bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and even though Peter Romayn may not have been a priest or a deacon when he came back to Rougham he was certainly in holy orders, and as such he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way: he might never marry. If a young fellow who had once been admitted a member of the clerical body took to himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded where they are not broken legally; and this law of forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the canon law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly — if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the canon law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romayn of Rougham, cleric though he was, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at

Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Norfolk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I dare say Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romayn was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But then Peter *couldn't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of the canon law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal against all the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romayn and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler himself, more than once; and in one of the later charters Peter Romayn, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in Rougham without reserve to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.* Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham—the house in which she lives and all that it contains, lands and ground-rents, and everything else, for money down, and we hear of her no more. It is a curious fact that Peter Romayn was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham six hundred years ago were

* By the constitutions of Bishop Woodioke, any legacies left by a clergyman to his "concubine" were to be handed over to the bishop's official, and distributed to the poor. (Wilkins' Conc., vol. ii., p. 296 b.)

Peter Romayn and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on the 24th of September, 1292, he took a lease of another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired, he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara, and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve. When her eldest daughter Alice came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrsford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death, a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants, in more ways than one. Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory-house and some acres of glebe land—how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed—that would lead me a great deal too far—but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory-house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together and little more. And here let me observe, in passing, that there is no greater delusion than that of people who believe that the monks were the friends of the parsons. Whatever else they may have been, at their best, or

at their worst, the monks were always the great robbers of the country parsons, and never lost an opportunity of pillaging them. But on the subject of the monasteries and their influence I dare not speak now; possibly another opportunity may occur for considering that subject.

John of Thyrsford had not been married more than a year or two when he had had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on the 10th of October, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice—if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by-and-by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband the vicar lived on too—on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romayn and John of Thyrsford I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergymen; but there were hosts of men six hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes; all, *i.e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands. Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England; the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make people savage and bloodthirsty.* It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their

passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrongdoer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community. The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked such as had learnt that the gospel taught such virtues as mercy and longsuffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land six hundred years ago were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised. A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more*; he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a member

* In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London. (Chron. of Edward I. and Edward II., vol. i., p. 102. Ed. Stubbs. Rolls series.)

of that class, and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry; any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to the life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now — clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the look-out for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood — or the rectors and vicars who were the beneficed clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsford, the vicar. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execution of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago. How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration; and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson if he were sick or past work.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone;

these were the friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united in their common dislike of the friars. Six hundred years ago the friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential religionists in the country. It will not be far from the truth, and will give you the best notion of the real state of the case that I can offer, if I say that the friars were the Primitive Methodists of six hundred years ago. The friars gave out that their mission was to bring back primitive Christianity, and to reform the Church by primitive Christian methods; they were not the first people who have proclaimed themselves the reformers of their age, not the first nor by any means the last. The friars, when they began their work in England, were literally beggars; they went from place to place, preaching Christ the sinner's Saviour and the poor man's Friend; but they preached almost exclusively in the large towns — in Yarmouth, in Lynn, in Norwich. In the towns far more than in the country the monks had mercilessly fleeced the clergy; the town clergy, as a rule, were needy, hungry, and dispirited; and because they were so, the poorer inhabitants of the towns were dreadfully neglected by the clergy, and were fast slipping back into mere heathenism. The friars went among the miserable townsmen in their filthy, reeking dens and cellars, visited them, ministered to them, preached to them, but they would take no money from them; they would not even touch it with the tips of their fingers. As to accepting houses and lands by way of endowment, they lifted up their voices against the whole system of endowments, and declared it to be hateful and antichristian. They tried to carry out to the letter our Lord's directions to his disciples when he sent them out two and two without silver, or gold, or brass in their purses, without shoes or staves, and with a single garment; they lived on what people chose to give them, food and shelter from day to day. They were the earnest and enthusiastic apostles of the voluntary system, and for the three hundred years that they were tolerated in England they were much more true to their great principle than has been generally supposed; six hundred years ago they were by far the most influential and

powerful evangelists in England — in fact, they were almost the only evangelists. The friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and travelled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp-meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and discontent; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to, or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.

When the friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the friars and the revival of pulpit oratory was all the more welcome because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and the preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God.

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm-buildings, dovecote, and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were

needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of. As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Sometimes, too, the manor house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes groveling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather-bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gipsy's tent in our byways. The laborer's only light by night was the smouldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? and reading was an accomplishment which as few laboring men were masters of as now are masters of the art of painting a picture. As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborer looked upon wheat-bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe-leather. In the winter-

time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fattened their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people.* Salting down the animals for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in pans near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey; and long after the time I am dealing with, people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm would become the property of another. As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider.† Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and everybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with horehound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practise nowadays for making the beer "heady" and sticky and

* I take this statement from Mr. Rogers's "History of Prices," but I am not sure that he has taken sufficiently into account the reserve of fodder which the bracken and even the gorse would afford. In some parts of Cornwall and Devon to this day, animals are kept throughout the winter wholly upon this food.

† On a court roll of the manor of Whissonsete, of the date 22 July, 1355, I find William Wate fined "iiii botell cideri quia fecit dampnum in bladis domini."

poisonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it; but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer-sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot.* It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offences punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot, he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire-waters of our own time — the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief — were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never tasted. The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the

* The presentments of the beer-sellers seem to point to the existence of something like a licensing system among the lords of manors. I know not how otherwise to explain the frequency of the fines laid upon the whole class. Thus in a court leet of the manor of Hockham, held the 20th of October, 1377, no less than fourteen women were fined in the aggregate 30s. 4d., who being *brassatores vendidere servissiam (sic) contra assisiam*. One of these brewsters was fined as much as four shillings.

The earliest attempt to introduce uniformity in the measures of ale, etc., is the assize of Richard I., bearing date the 20th of November, 1197. It is to be found in Waiter of Coventry, vol. ii., p. 214 (Rolls series). On the importance of this document see Stubbs's *Const. Hist.*, vol. i., pp. 509, 573. On the *lasters* of bread and ale cf. Dep. Keeper's 43rd Report, p. 209.

year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly. As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment—a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk. Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quit-rent, or what I have called the ground-rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham charters of a man buying as much as eleven and a half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley.* Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews; † and when a man was once in their hands

* In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance, inasmuch that it was said to be the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy by the great seer Merlin, who had once foretold in mysterious language, that "there shall be half of the round." In the next century it appears that the want of small change had again made itself felt: for in the 2nd Richard II. we find the Commons setting forth in a petition to the King, that ". . . les ditz cōes n'on petit monoye pur paier pur les petites mesures a grant damage des dites cōes," and they beg "qe plese a dit Sr. le Roi et a son sage conseil de faire ordeiner Mayles et farthinges pur paier pur les petites mesures . . . et en oeuvre de charitte. . ." (Rolls of Parl., vol. iii., p. 65.)

† I am speaking of Norfolk and Suffolk, where the Jews, as far as I have seen, had it all their own way.

he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other blood-suckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes.* On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word—no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school—no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings?—what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. . . . It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man

* The returns of the number of poor people supported by the monasteries, which are to be found in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*, are somewhat startling. Certainly the monasteries did not return less than they expended in alms.

had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Cleure, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber, and *carrying it off*. But there are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year — one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and, having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smouldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hanville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hanville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and, collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory, and utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hanville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would

have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offences — such as simple theft, sheep-stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary; eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offences, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed, being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering crea-

tures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralysed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwellings of the farmer class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes, and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our west-Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you very little of the amusements of the people in those days. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and digging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody

would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even story-books in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance; but then he was a thriving yeoman with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.*

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held three or four times a year, and the free tenants were bound to attend and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the archdeacon, and the rural dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly six hundred and two years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the county, and between the 10th and 15th of January, 1281, he must have ridden through Rougham, with a huge train of attendants, on his way from Docking to Castle Acre. I have no doubt that his coming had very much to do with the separation of Peter Romayn from Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsford.

The year 1280, in which Archbishop Peckham began his visit to Norfolk, was a very disastrous year for the farmers. It was the beginning of a succession of bad seasons and floods even worse than any that we have known. The rain set in on the first of August, and we are told that it continued to fall for twenty-four hours, and then came a mighty wind such as men had never known the like of; the

* Rogers's Hist. of Prices, vol. i., p. 124.

waters were out, and there was a great flood, and houses and windmills and bridges were swept away. Nay, we hear of a sad loss of life, and many poor people were drowned, and many lost their all; flocks and herds, and corn and hay, being whelmed in the deluge. In November there was a frightful tempest, the lightning doing extensive damage; and just at Christmas-time the frost set in with such severity as no man had known before. The river Thames was frozen over above London bridge, so that men crossed it with horses and carts; and when the frost broke up on the second of February there was such an enormous accumulation of ice and snow that five of the arches of London bridge blew up, and all over the country the same destruction of bridges was heard of. Next year and the year after that, things went very badly with your forefathers, and one of the saddest events that we get from a Norfolk chronicler who was alive at the time is one in which he tells us that, owing to the continuous rain during these three years, there was an utter failure in garden produce, as well as of the people's hope of harvest. The bad seasons seem to have gone on for six or seven years; but by far the worst calamity which Norfolk ever knew was the awful flood of 1287, when by an incursion of the sea a large district was laid under water, and hundreds of unfortunate creatures were drowned in the dead of the night, without warning. Here, on the higher level, people were comparatively out of harm's way, but it is impossible to imagine the distress and agony that there must have been in other parts of the county not twenty miles from where we are this evening. After that dreadful year I think there was a change for the better, but it must have been a long time before the county recovered from the "agricultural distress;" and I strongly suspect that the cruel and wicked persecution of the Jews, and the cancelling of all debts due to them by the landlords and the farmers, was in great measure owing to the general bankruptcy which the succession of bad seasons had brought about. Men found themselves hopelessly insolvent, and there was no other way of cancelling their obligations than by getting rid of their creditors. So when the king announced that all the Jews should be transported out of the realm, you may be sure that there were very few Christians who were sorry for them. There had been a time when the children of Israel had spoiled the Egyp-

tians—was it not fitting that another time should have come when the children of Israel should themselves be spoiled?

The year of the great flood was the frequent talk, of course, of all your forefathers who overlived it, and here in this neighborhood it must have acquired an additional interest from the fact that Bishop Middleton died the year after it, and his brothers then parted with their Rougham property. Nor was this all, for Bishop Middleton's successor in the see of Norwich came from this immediate neighborhood also. This was Ralph Walpole, son of the lord of the manor of Houghton, in which parish the bishop himself had inherited a few acres of land. In less than forty years no less than three bishops had been born within five miles of where we are this evening: Roger de Wesenham,* who became Bishop of Lichfield in 1245; William Middleton, who had just died; and Ralph Walpole, who succeeded him. There must have been much stir in these parts when the news was known. The old people would tell how they had seen "young master Ralph" many a time when he was a boy scampering over Massingham Heath, or coming to pay his respects to the archdeacon at the Lyng House, or talking of foreign parts with old James de Ferentino or Peter Romayn. Now he had grown to be a very big man indeed, and there were many eyes watching him on both sides the water. He had a very difficult game to play during the eleven years he was Bishop of Norwich, for the king was dreadfully in need of money, and, being desperate, he resorted to outrageous methods of squeezing it from those whom he could frighten and force, and the time came at last when the bishops and the clergy had to put a bold face on and to resist the tyranny and lawless rapacity of the sovereign.

And this reminds me that though archdeacons, and bishops, and even an archbishop, in those days might be and were very important and very powerful personages, they all were very small and insignificant in comparison with the great King Edward, the king who at this time was looked upon as one of the most mighty and magnificent kings in all the world. He, too, paid many a visit to Norfolk six hundred years ago. He kept his Christmas at Burgh in 1280, and in

* The names of several members of the bishop's family occur in the Rougham Charters as attesting witnesses, and a Roger de Wesenham is found among them more than once.

1284 he came down with the good Queen Eleanor and spent the whole of Lent in the county; and next year, again, they were in your immediate neighborhood, making a pilgrimage to Walsingham. A few years after this the king seems to have spent a week or two within five miles of where we are; he came to Castle Acre, and there he staid at the great priory whose ruins you all know. There a very stirring interview took place between the king and Bishop Walpole, and a number of other bishops and great persons who had come as a deputation to expostulate with the king, and respectfully to protest against the way in which he was robbing his subjects, and especially the clergy, whom he had been for years plundering in the most outrageous manner. The king gave the deputation no smooth words to carry away, but he sent them off with threatening frowns and insults and in hot anger. Some days after this he was at Massingham, and one of his letters has been preserved, dated from Massingham, 30th of January, 1296, so that it is almost certain the great king passed one night there at least. It is a little difficult to understand what the king was doing at Massingham, for there was no great man living there, and no great mansion. Sometimes I have thought that the king rode out from Castle Acre to see what state the Walpoles of those times were keeping up at Houghton. Had not that audacious Bishop Walpole dared to speak plainly to his Grace the week before? But the more probable explanation is that the king went to Massingham to visit a small religious house or monastery which had been recently founded there. I suspect it had already got into debt and was in difficulties, and it is possible that the king's visit was made in the interest of the foundation. At any rate, there the king stayed; but though he was in Norfolk more than once after this, he never was so near you again, and that visit was one which your forefathers were sure to talk about to the end of their lives.

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And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all,

these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs. Now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish, in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are. Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves; but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEAUFORT drove home on that eventful afternoon by himself. He had left his friend in the county jail, in a state in which surprise was still perhaps the predominant feeling. John had said little on the way, except to point out, with something which perhaps bore the character of bravado, the new features of the landscape beyond Dunearn. "It is an opportunity for you to see a little more of the country," he said, with a smile. Something of the same indignant amusement which had been his first apparent sensation on hearing the sheriff's decision was still in his manner now. He held his head high and a little thrown back, his nostrils were dilated, his eyes more widely open and alert than usual, and a smile in which there was a little scorn was upon his face. Those who did not know John or human nature might have thought him unusually triumphant, excited by some occurrence which enhanced instead of humiliating his pride. "I cannot tell you how surprised I am to see you here, Mr. Erskine," said the governor of the jail with consternation. "You cannot be more surprised than I am," said John. He gave his orders about the things he wanted in the same tone, taking no notice of the anxious suggestion that it would only be for a few days. He was too deeply offended with fate to show it. He only smiled and said, "The first step is so extraordinary that I prefer not to anticipate the next." "But they must allow you bail," said Beaufort; "that must be my first care." John laughed. He would not condescend to be anxious. "Or hang me," he said; "the one just as sensible as the other." Beaufort drove away with the strangest feelings, guiding his friend's horse along the road with which he was so little acquainted, but from which presently he saw the great house of Tinto on one side, and on the other the towers of Lindores appearing from among the trees. How hard it was to keep his thoughts to John, with these exciting objects on either side of him! This country road, which all its length kept him in sight of the big castellated front of Tinto, with its flag half-mast high — the house in which she was who had been his love and promised bride — seemed to Beaufort to have become the very thread of his fate. That Carry should be there within his reach, that she should be free and mistress of

herself, that there should be even a certain link of connection which brought him naturally once more within the circle of her immediate surroundings, was so wonderful that everything else seemed of less importance. He could not disengage his thoughts from this. He was not a man in whose mind generosity was the first or even a primary quality, and it is so difficult to think first of another when our own affairs are at an exciting stage. The only step which he could think of for John's advantage confused him still more, for it was the first direct step possible to put him once more in contact with Carry. He turned up the avenue of Lindores with a thrill of sensation which penetrated his whole being. He was relieved indeed to know that the ladies were not there — that he would not at least be exposed to their scrutiny, and to the self-betrayal that could scarcely fail to follow; but the very sight and name of the house was enough to move him almost beyond his errand. The last rays of the sunset had gone out, and the autumn evening began to darken by the time he got there. He went on like a man in a dream, feeling the very air about him tremulous with his fate, although he made an attempt to think of John first. How could he think of anything but of Carry, who was free? or recollect anything except that the mistress of this house had allowed him to call her mother; and that even its lord, before he was its lord, had not refused to permit the suggestion of a filial relationship? There was a carriage already standing before the door when he drove up, but his mind was by this time too much excited to be moved by any outside circumstance. But when he stepped into the hall upon his mission, and, following the servant to the presence of Lord Lindores, suddenly found himself face to face with the two ladies going out, Beaufort's agitation was extreme. They were returning to Tinto, after a day's expedition in search of those "things" which seem always necessary in every domestic crisis. Lady Lindores recognized him with a start and cry of amazement. "Mr. Beaufort! you here!" she cried, unable to contain herself. She added, "at such a time!" in a lower tone, with the self-betrayal to which impulsive persons are always liable, and with so much indignation mingled with her astonishment, that a man in full possession of his faculties might have drawn from it the most favorable auguries. But Beaufort, to do him justice, was not cool enough for this. He said hurriedly, "I

came on Thursday — I knew nothing. I came — because it was impossible to help it." Edith had come close up behind her mother, and grasped her arm, half in support, half in reproof. "You knew Mr. Beaufort was coming, mamma; why should you be surprised?" she said, with a certain disdain in the tone with which she named him. Edith was unreasonable, like all the rest. She would have had him throw away everything rather than come here to interfere with Carry's comfort, notwithstanding that her own father had invited him to come, and though it had been explained to her that all his prospects depended upon the favor of the duke, Lord Millefleurs's gracious papa. Her idea was, that a man should have thrown away all that, rather than put himself in a false position, or expose a woman whom he had once loved to embarrassment and pain. They were all unreasonable together, but each in his or her characteristic way. After these first utterances of agitation, however, they all stopped short and looked at each other in the waning light, and awoke to a recollection of the ordinary conventionalities which in such circumstances are so great a relief to everybody concerned.

"We must not detain you, Mr. Beaufort," Lady Lindores said: "you were going to my husband — or Lord Millefleurs — who is still here."

The last four words were said with a certain significance, as if intended for a hint, — persuade him, they seemed to say, that this is not a time to remain here. "It is getting late, mother," said Edith, with a touch of impatience.

"One moment, Lady Lindores. I must tell you why I have come: not for myself — to ask help for Erskine, whom I have just left in custody, charged with having occasioned somehow — I can't tell you how — the death of — the late accident — your son-in-law," Beaufort stammered out.

The next moment he seemed to be surrounded by them, by their cries of dismay, by their anxious questions. A sharp, keen pang of offence was the first feeling in Beaufort's mind, — that John should be so much more interesting to them than he was! It gave him a shock even in the excitement of the moment.

"This was what he meant" — he could at last hear Edith distinctly after the momentary babel of mutual exclamations — "this was what he meant: that we might hear something, which he might not be able to explain, but that we were to believe in him — you and I, mamma."

"Of course we believe in him," cried Lady Lindores; "but something else must be done, something more. Come this way, Mr. Beaufort; Lord Lindores is here."

She called him Mr. Beaufort without any hesitation now — not pausing, as she had done before, with the more familiar name on her lips. It was John who was in the foreground now — John who, perhaps, for anything they knew, had caused the event which had put them in mourning. With a whimsical mortification and envy, Beaufort exaggerated in his own mind the distress caused by this event. For the moment he looked upon it as a matter of real loss and pain to this unthinking family who showed such interest in the person who perhaps — But the sentiment did not go so far as to be put into words; it resolved itself into a half-indignant wonder at the interest taken in John, and sense of injured superiority on his own account — he, of whom no man could say that he had been instrumental in causing the death even of a dog.

Lady Lindores led the way hastily into the library, where three figures were visible against the dim light in the window as the others came in. Lord Lindores, seated in his chair; little Millefleurs, leaning against the window, half turned towards the landscape; and in front of the light, with his back to it, Rintoul, who was speaking. "With you as bail," he was saying, "he may be set free to-night. Don't let him be a night in that place."

"Are you speaking of John Erskine, Robin, my dear boy? Oh, not a night, not an hour! Don't lose any time. It is too dreadful, too preposterous. Your father will go directly. Take the carriage, which is at the door. If we are a little late what does it matter?" said Lady Lindores, coming forward, another shadow in the dim light. Millefleurs turned half round, but did not come away from the window on which he was leaning. He was somewhat surprised too, very curious, perhaps a trifle indignant, to see all this fuss made about Erskine. He drew up his plump little person, altogether indifferent to the pronounced manifestation of all its curves against the light, and looked beyond Lady Lindores to Edith, — Edith, who hurried after her mother, swift and silent, as if they were one being, moved by the same unnecessary excitement. Millefleurs had not been in a comfortable state of mind during these last days. The delay irritated him; though Lord Lindores assured him that all was well, he could not feel that all was well. Why

should not Edith see him, and give him his answer? She was not so overwhelmed with grief for that brute. What did it mean? And now, though she could not see him on such urgent cause, she was able to interest herself in this eager way on behalf of John Erskine! Millefleurs was very tolerant, and when the circumstances demanded it, could be magnanimous, but he thought he had reason of offence here.

There was a momentary pause—enough to show that Lord Lindores did not share the feeling so warmly expressed. "I am surprised that you should all be so inconsiderate," he said; "you, at least, Rintoul, who generally show more understanding. I have understood that Erskine had laid himself under suspicion. Can you imagine that I, so near a connection of poor Torrance, am the right person to interfere on behalf perhaps of his—murder—that is to say, of the cause—of the instrument—"

"It is impossible," cried Edith, with such decision that her soft voice seemed hard—"impossible! Can any one suppose for a moment—"

"Be silent, Edith," cried her father.

"Why should she be silent?" said Lady Lindores. "Robert, think what you are saying. We have all known John Erskine for years. He is as incapable as I am—as unlikely as any one of us here. Because you are so near a connection, is not that the very reason why you should interfere? For God's sake, think of that poor boy in prison—in prison! and lose no time."

"I will do it, mother," said Rintoul.

"Oh, God bless you, my boy! I knew you were always right at heart."

"Rintoul," said his father, "enthusiasm of this sort is new in you. Let us take a little common sense into the question. In the first place, nothing can be done to-night—that is evident. Then consider a moment: what does 'in prison' mean? In the governor's comfortable rooms, where he will be as well off as at home; and probably—for he is not without sense—will be taking the most reasonable view of the matter. He will know perfectly well that if he deserves it he will find friends; in short, that we are all his friends, and that everybody will be too glad to assist him—as soon as he has cleared himself—"

"As soon as he wants it no longer," cried Lady Lindores.

"My dear, you are always violent; you are always a partisan," said her husband,

drawing back his chair a little, with the air of having ended the discussion; and there was a pause—one of those breathless pauses of helplessness, yet rebellion, which make sick the hearts of women. Lady Lindores clasped her hands together with a despairing movement. "This is the curse of our life," she cried. "I can do nothing; I cannot go against your father, Edith, and yet I am neither a fool nor a child. God help us women! we have to stand by, whatever wrong is done, and submit—submit. That is all that is left for us to do—"

"Submit!" Edith said. She was young and strong, and had not learned her lesson. It galled her beyond endurance. She stood and looked round her, seeing the whiteness of the faces, but little else in the evening gloom. Was it true that there was nothing—nothing in her power? In poetry, a girl can throw herself on her knees, can weep and plead—but only weep and plead; and she, who had not been trained to that, who was conscious of her individuality, her independent mind and judgment in every nerve—heaven above! was she as helpless still? She stood breathless for a moment, with wondering eyes fixed on the darkness, with a gasp of proud resistance to fate. Submit to injustice, to cruel heartlessness of those who could aid, to still more cruel helplessness—impotence, on her own part? She stood for a moment gazing at the blank wall that seemed to rise before her, as the poor, the helpless have to do,—as women have to do in all circumstances. It was her first experience in this kind. She had been proud to know that she was not as Carry, that no tyranny could crush her spirit; but this was different. She had not anticipated such a trial as this. There came from her bosom one sob of supreme pain which she could not keep in. Not for John only, whom she could not help in his moment of need, but for herself also—to feel herself impotent, helpless, powerless as a child.

Millefleurs came forward from the window hurriedly. Perhaps being so much a man of his time it was he who understood that gasp of suffering best. He said, "Lady Edith, if I can help"—quickly, on the impulse of the moment; then, thorough little gentleman as he was, checked himself. "Lady Lindores, though I am a stranger, yet my name is good enough. Tell me what to do and I will do it. Perhaps it is better that Lord Lindores should not commit himself. But I

am free, don't you know," he said, with something of the easy little chirrup of more ordinary times. Why was it that, at such a moment, Edith, of all others, in her personal despair, should burst out into that strange little laugh? She grasped her mother's arm with both hands in her excitement. Here was a tragic irony and ridicule penetrating the misery of the crisis like a sharp arrow which pricked the girl to the very heart.

This sympathizer immediately changed the face of affairs. Lord Lindores, indeed, continued to hold himself apart, pushing back his chair once more; but even to Lord Lindores Millefleurs made a difference. He said no more about enthusiasm or common sense, but listened, not without an occasional word of direction. They clustered together like a band of shadows against the great window, which was full of the paleness of the night. Beaufort, who was the person most acquainted with all the circumstances, recovered his sense of personal importance as he told his story. But after all, it was not as the narrator of John Erskine's story that he cared to gain importance in the eyes of Carry's family, any more than it was as bail for John Erskine that Lord Millefleurs desired to make himself agreeable to the ladies at Lindores. Both of the strangers, thus caught in the net of difficulties and dangers which surrounded their old comrade, resented it more or less; but what could they do? Edith took no further part in the consultation. She retired behind her mother, whose arm she continued to hold firm and fast in both her hands. When she was moved by the talk going on at her side she grasped that arm tightly, which was her only sign of emotion, but for the rest retired into the darkness where no one could see, and into herself, a still more effectual retirement. Lady Lindores felt that her daughter's two hands clasping her were like a sort of anchor which Edith had thrown out in her shipwreck to grasp at some certainty. She bore the pressure with a half-smile and sigh. She too had felt the shipwreck with keen passion, still more serious than that of Edith; but she had no one to anchor to. She felt this, half with a grateful sense of what she herself was still good for; but still more, perhaps, with that other personal sense which comes to most — that with all the relationships of life still round her, mother and wife, she, for all solace and support, was like most of us virtually alone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"YOUR master is just a young fool. Why, in the name of a' that's reasonable," cried Mr. Monypenny, "did he not send for me?"

"Sir," said Rolls, "you're too sensible a man not to know that the last thing a lad is likely to do is what's reasonable, especially when he's in that flurry, and just furious at being blamed."

Mr. Monypenny was walking up and down his business room with much haste and excitement. His house was built on the side of a slope, so that the room, which was level with the road on one side, was elevated on the upper floor at the other, and consequently had the advantage of a view bounded, as was general, by "that eternal Tinto," as he was in the habit of calling it. The good man, greatly disturbed by what he heard, walked to his window and stared out as Rolls spoke. And he shook his fist at the distant object of so many troubles. "Him and his big house and his ill ways — they've been the trouble of the country-side these fifteen years and more," cried the excited "man of business;" "and now we're not done with him, even when he's dead."

"Far from done with him," said Rolls, shaking his head. He was seated on the edge of a chair with his hat in his lap and a countenance of dismay. "If I might make so bold as to ask," he said, "what would ye say, sir, would be done if the worst came to the worst? I'm no' saying to Mr. Erskine indivedually," added Rolls — "for it's my belief he's had nothing ado with it — but granting that it's some person and no mere accident —"

"How can I tell — or any man?" said Mr. Monypenny. "It depends entirely on the nature of the act. It's all supposition, so far as I can see. To pitch Pat Torrance over the Scour, him and his big horse, with murderous intent, is more than John Erskine could have done, or any man I know. And there was no quarrel or motive. Culpable homicide —"

"That'll be what the English gentleman called manslaughter."

"Manslaughter is a wide word. It would all depend on the circumstances. A year; maybe six months only — If it were to turn out so, which I do not for a moment believe" — said Mr. Monypenny, fixing his eyes upon Rolls with a determination which betrayed internal feebleness of belief.

"Nor me, sir — nor me!" cried Rolls, with the same look. They were like two

conspirators regarding each other with a consciousness of the plot, which, even between themselves, each eyeing the other, they were determined to deny.

"But if by any evil chance it were to turn out so — I would advise a plain statement," said Mr. Monypenny — "just a plain statement, concealing nothing. That should have been done at the moment: help should have been sought at the moment; there's the error. A misadventure like that might happen to any man. We might any of us be the means of such an accident; but panic is just the worst policy. Panic looks like guilt. If he's been so far left to himself as to take fright — to see that big man on his big horse thunderin' over the Scaur would be enough to make any man lose his head," the agent added, with a sort of apology in his tone.

"If you could think of the young master as in that poseetion," said Rolls.

"Which is just impossible," Mr. Monypenny said, and then there was a little pause. "The wisest thing," he went on, "would be, just as I say, a plain statement. Such and such a thing happened. I lost my head. I thought there was nothing to be done. I was foolish enough to shrink from the name of it, or from the coolness it would make between me and my friends. Ay, very likely that might be the cause — the coolness it would make between him and the family at Lindores —"

"You're meaning always if there was onything in it at a'?"

"That is what I'm meaning. I will go and see him at once," Mr. Monypenny said, "and that is the advice I will give. A plain story whatever it may be — just the facts; neither extenuate nor set down in malice. And as for you, Rolls, that seem to be mixed up in it yourself —"

"Ay, sir; I'm mixed up in it," said Rolls, turning upon him an inquiring yet half-defiant glance.

"It was you that found the body first. It was you that met your master at the gate. You're the most important witness, so far as I can see. Lord bless us, man!" said Mr. Monypenny, forgetting precaution, "had you not the judgment, when you saw the lad had been in a tui-zie, to get him out of other folk's sight, and keep it to yourself?"

"There was John Tamson as well as me," said Rolls very gravely; and then he added, "but ye canna see yet, Mr. Monypenny, how it may a' turn."

"I see plenty," said the man of busi-

ness impatiently; and then he added, "The best thing you can do is to find out all you can about the ground, and other details. It was always unsafe; and there had been a great deal of rain. Very likely it was worse than ordinary that day. And call to mind any circumstances that might tell on our side. Ye had better come to me and make me acquainted with all your observations. Neglect nothing. The very way the beast was lying, if ye can rightly remember, might be a help. You're not without sense, Rolls. I've always had a high opinion of your sense. Now here's a chance for you to prove it — And come back to me, and we'll judge how the evidence tends. There's no need," he said, standing at the window once more with his back to his pupil, "to bring out any points that might turn — the other way."

"I'm not such a fool as — some folk think," said Rolls; "and yet," he added, in an undertone, "for a' that, you canna see, Mr. Monypenny, how it may all turn —"

"Don't haver, Rolls," said the agent, turning upon him angrily; "or speak out what you mean. There is no man can say how a thing will turn but he that has perfect knowledge of all the circumstances — which is not my case."

"That's what I was saying, sir," said Rolls, with a tranquil assumption which roused Mr. Monypenny's temper; but the old man was so solemn in his air of superior knowledge, so full of sorrowful decision and despondency, that anger seemed out of place. The other grew alarmed as he looked at him.

"For God's sake, man," he cried, "if there's anythin' behind that I don't know, tell it! let me hear the worst. We must know the worst if it's to make the best of it. Hide nothing from me."

"I give ye my word, sir, I'll hide onything — when the time comes," said Rolls, with a sigh; "but I canna just unburden my bozume at this moment. There's mair thought needful and mair planning. And there's one thing I would like to make sure of, Mr. Monypenny. If I'm put to expenses, or otherwise laid open to risk and ootlay — there's no doubt but it would be made up to me? And if, as might happen, anythin' serious was to befall — without doubt the young maister would think himself bound to take good care o' Bauby? She's my sister, maybe you'll mind: an aixcellent housekeeper and a good woman, though maybe I should leave her praises to ither folk."

You see he hasna been brought up in the midst o' his ain folk, so to speak, or I would have little doubt."

"I cannot conceive what you mean, Rolls. Of course I know Bauby and her cookery both; but what risk you should run, or what she can have to do with it! Your expenses, of course," said the agent, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, "you may be sure enough of. But you must have done pretty well in the service of the Dalrulzian family, Rolls. I'm surprised that you should think of this at such a moment —"

"That's just what I expectit, sir," said Rolls; "but maybe I ken my ain affairs best, having no man of business. And about Bauby, she's just what I care for most. I wouldna have her vexed or distress't for siller, or put out of her ordinar. The maister he's but a young man, and no attached to us as he would have been had he been brought up at hame. It's a great drawback to a young lad, Mr. Monypenny" — Rolls broke off his personal argument to say sententiously — "not to be brought up at hame."

"Because he does not get the chance of becoming attached to his servants?" said Mr. Monypenny, with an impatient laugh. "Perhaps it may be so, but this is a curious moment to moralize on the subject."

"No' so curious as you think, sir; but I will not weary you," said Rolls, with some dignity. "When I was saying out-lay, I meant mair than just a sixpence here or there. But Bauby's the grand question. I'm in a strange kind of a po-section, and the one thing I'm clear in is my duty to her. She's been a rael guid sister to me; aye made me comfortable, studiet my ways, took an interest in all my bits o' fykes. I would ill like either scorn or trouble to come to Bauby. She's awfu' soft-hearted," said the old butler, solemnly gazing into vacancy with a reddening of his eyes. Something of that most moving of all sentiments, self-pity, was in his tone. He foresaw Bauby's apron at her eyes for him, and in her grief over her brother, his own heart was profoundly moved. "There will be some things that nobody can save her from: but for all that concerns this world, if I could be sure that no-thing would happen to Bauby —"

"Well, Rolls, you're past my comprehension," said Mr. Monypenny; "but so far as taking care of Bauby in case any-thing happens to you — though what should happen to you I have yet to learn."

"That is just so," said Rolls, getting up slowly. There was about him altogether a great solemnity, like a man at a funeral, Mr. Monypenny said afterwards. "I cannot expect you to know, sir — that's atween me and my Maker. I'm no' going back to Dalrulzian. I cannot have my mind disturbed at this awfu' moment, as ye say, with weemen and their ways. If ye see the English gentleman, ye'll maybe explain. Marget has a very guid notion o' waitin'; she can do all that's necessary; and for me, I've ither work in hand."

"You must not look at everything in so gloomy a spirit, Rolls," said Mr. Monypenny, holding out his hand. He was not in the habit of shaking hands with the butler, but there are occasions when rules are involuntarily broken through.

"No' a gloomy spirit, sir, but awfu' serious," said Rolls. "You'll tell the young maister no' to be downhearted, but at the same time no' to be that prood. Help may come when it's little looked for. I'm no' a man of mony words, but I've been, as you say, sir, attached to the family all my days, and I have just a feeling for them more than common. The present gentleman's mother — her that married the English minister — was no' just what suited the house. Dalrulzian was no-thing to her; and that's what I compleen o', that the young man was never brought up at hame, to have confidence in his ain folk. It would have been greatly for his advantage, sir," continued Rolls, "if he had but had the discernment to see that our bonnie Miss Nora was just the person; but I mustna think now of making conditions," he said hurriedly — "we'll leave that to his good sense. Mony thanks to you, sir, for hearing me out, and shaking my hand as ye've done; though there's maybe things I have said that are a wee hard to understand."

"Ay, Rolls," said Mr. Monypenny, laughing, "you're just like the other prophets; a great deal of what you've said is Greek and Hebrew to me."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Rolls, shaking his head; there was no smile in him, not a line in his countenance that marked even incipient humor. Whatever he meant it was deadly earnest to Rolls: Mr. Monypenny stood and watched him go out, with a laugh gurgling low down in his throat. "He was always a conceited body," he said to himself. But his inclination to laughter subsided as his visitor disappeared. It was no moment for laughing. And when Rolls was gone, the

temptation to speculate on his words and put meaning into them subsided also, and Mr. Monypenny gave himself up with great seriousness to consider the position. He ordered his little country carriage — something of the phaeton order, but not elegant enough for classification — and drove away as quickly as his comfortable cob would consent to go, to where John was. Such a thing had not happened to any person of importance in the county since he could remember. Debt, indeed — debt was common enough, and plenty of trouble always, about money, Mr. Monypenny said to himself, shaking his head, as he went along. There had been borrowings and hypothecations of all sorts enough to make a financier's hair stand on end; but crime never! Not that men were better here than in other quarters; but among the gentry that had never happened. The good man ran on, in a rambling, inaudible soliloquy, or rather colloquy with himself, as he drove on, asking how it was, after all, that incidents of the kind were so rare among the gentry. Was the breed better? He shook his head, remembering himself of various details which interfered with so easy a solution. Or was it that things were more easily hushed up? or that superior education enforced a greater respect for the world's opinion, and made offences of this sort almost impossible? It was a strange thing (he thought) when you came to think of it. A fellow, now, like the late Tinto would have been in every kind of scrape had he been a poor man; but somehow, being a rich one, he had kept out of the hands of the law. Such a thing never happened from year's end to year's end. And to think now that it was not one of our ordinary Scots lairds, but the pink of education and good breeding, from England and abroad! This gave a momentary theoretical satisfaction to his musings by the way. But immediately after, he thought with self-reproach that it was young Erskine of whom he was permitting himself such criticism: young Dalrulzian, poor lad! all the more to be pitied that he had been brought up, as Rolls said, away from home, and with no father to look after him. The cob was used to take his own way along those roads which he knew so well, but at this point Mr. Monypenny touched him with the indignity of a whip, and hurried along. He met Beaufort returning, driving, with a little hesitation at the corner of the road, John's dogcart homeward; and Mr. Monypenny thought he recognized the

dogcart, but he did not stop to say anything to the stranger, who naturally knew nothing of him. Nor was his interview with John at all satisfactory when he came to his journey's end. The young man received his man of business with that air of levity which, mixed with indignation, had been his prevailing mood since his arrest. He laughed when he said, "This is a curious place to receive you in," and for some time he would scarcely give any heed to the anxious questions and suggestions of Mr. Monypenny. At length, however, this veil was thrown off, and John permitted the family friend, of whose faithfulness he could have no doubt, to see the depth of wounded feeling that lay below. "Of course it can be nothing to me," he said, still holding his head high. "They cannot prove a falsehood, however they may wish it; but to think that of all these men with whom I have eaten and drunk, who have professed to welcome me for my father's sake — to think that not one of them would step in to stand by a fellow, or give him the least support —"

"When you reflect that even I knew nothing about it," said Mr. Monypenny — "not a word — till old Rolls came —"

"Did you hear none of the talk?" said John. "I did not hear it, indeed, but I have felt it in the air. I knew there was something. Everybody looked at me suspiciously; the very tone of their voice was changed — my own servants —"

"Your servants are very anxious about you, Mr. Erskine, if I may judge from old Rolls. I have seldom seen a man so overcome; and if you will reflect that your other friends throughout the country can have heard nothing, any more than myself —"

"Then you did not hear the talk?" said John, somewhat eagerly. Mr. Monypenny's countenance fell.

"I paid no attention to it. There's some story forever going on in the country-side. Wise men just shut their ears," he said.

"Wise men are one thing and friends another," said John. "Had I no one who could have told me, at least, on how small a thread my reputation hung? I might have gone away," he said, with some vehemence, "at the height of it. If business, or even pleasure, had called me, no doubt I should, without a notion of any consequences. When I think of that I shiver. Supposing I had gone away?"

"In that case," said Mr. Monypenny, clearing his throat; but he never got any

further. This alarm affected him greatly. He began to believe that his client might be innocent altogether — an idea which, notwithstanding all the disclaimers which he and Rolls had exchanged, had not crossed his mind before; but when he heard John's story, his faith was shaken. He listened to it with the deepest interest, waiting for the moment when the confession would be made. But when it ended, without any end, so to speak, and John finally described Torrance as riding up towards the house, while he himself went down, Mr. Monypenny's countenance fell. He was disappointed. The tale was such as he expected, with this important difference — it wanted a conclusion. The listener gave a gasp of interest when the crisis arrived, but his interest flagged at once when it was over, and nothing had happened. "And then?" he said breathlessly. And then? — but there was no *then*. John gazed at him wondering, not perceiving the failure of the story. "That is all," he said. Mr. Monypenny grew almost angry as he sat gazing at him across the table.

"I have just been telling Rolls," he said, "that the best policy in such a case is just downright honest truth. To get into a panic and keep back anything is the greatest mistake. There is no need for any panic. You will be in the hands of those that take a great interest in you, Mr. John — begging your pardon for using that name."

"You do not seem satisfied with what I have told you," John said.

"Oh, *me!* it's little consequence what I think; there's plenty to be thought upon before me. I would make no bones about it. In most things the real truth is the best, but most especially when you're under an accusation. I'm for no half-measures, if you will let me say so."

"I will let you say whatever you please — so long as you understand what I am saying. I have told you everything. Do I look like a man in a panic?" said John.

"Panic has many meanings. I make no doubt you are a brave man, and ready to face fire and sword if there was any need. But this is different. If you please, we'll not fail to understand each other for want of plain speaking. Mr. Erskine, I make no doubt that's all as true as gospel; but there's more to come. That's just a part of the story, not the whole."

"I don't mean to be offended by anything you say," said John cheerfully. "I feel that it means kindness. There is nothing more to come. It is not a part,

but the whole. It is the truth, and everything I know."

Mr. Monypenny did not look up; he was drumming his foot softly against the table, and hanging his head with a despondent air as he listened. He did not stop the one nor raise the other, but went on working his under lip, which projected slightly. There is no such tacit evidence of dissatisfaction or unbelief. Some little sign invariably breaks the stillness of attention when the teller of a tale comes to its end, if his story has been believed. There is, if no words, some stir, however slight — movement of one kind or another, if only the change of an attitude. But Mr. Monypenny did not pay this usual tribute when John's voice stopped. It was a stronger protest than if he had said, "I don't believe you," in ordinary words.

"I understand," said John, after a pause of a full minute, which seemed to him an hour. He laughed with something between despair and defiance. "Your mode of communication is very unmistakable, Mr. Monypenny. It is Scotch, I suppose. One has always heard of Scotch caution and cannyness." If he had not been very bitter and sore at heart he would not have snatched at this aimless weapon of offence.

"Mr. Erskine," said the agent, "a sneer is always easy. Gibes break no bones, but neither have they any healing in them. You may say what you like to me, but an argument like that will do you terrible little good with them that will have to judge at the end. I am giving no opinion myself. On my own account I will speak frankly. I would rather not have heard this story — unless I was to hear —"

"What?" cried John, in the heat of personal offence.

"More," said Mr. Monypenny regretfully — "more; just another dozen words would have been enough; but if there is no more to say —"

"I am not a man to make protestations of truth. There is no more to say, Mr. Monypenny."

"Well-a-well," said the agent gloomily, shaking his head; "we must take just what is given — we must try to make the best of it. And you think there's nothing can be *proved* against you?" he said, with a slight emphasis. It required all John's self-command to keep his temper. He had to remind himself forcibly of the true and steady and long-tried kindness with which this doubter had stood by him, and cared for his interests all his life — a wise

steward, a just guardian. These thoughts kept unseemly expressions from his lips, but he was not the less sore at heart. Even after the first blow of the criminal examination, and his detention in prison, it had all seemed to him so simple. What could be necessary but to tell his story with sufficient distinctness (in which he thought he had failed before the sheriff)? Surely truth and falsehood were distinguishable at a glance, especially by those who are accustomed to discriminate between them. But the blank of unbelief and disappointment with which Mr. Monypenny heard his story chilled him to the heart. If he did not believe him, who would? He was angry, but anger is but a temporary sentiment when the mind is fairly at bay and finds itself hemmed in by difficulties and danger. He began to realize his position, the place in which he was, the circumstances surrounding him, as he had not yet done. The sheriff himself had been very civil, and deeply concerned to be the means of inflicting such an affront upon a county family; and he had added encouragingly that, on his return to Dunearn, in less than a week, when all the witnesses were got together, there was little doubt that a different light might be thrown on the affair; but Mr. Monypenny's question was not so consolatory. "You think there's nothing can be *proved* against you?" John had been gazing at his agent across the table while all these painful reflections went through his mind.

"I must be careful what I say. I am not speaking as a lawyer," he said, with an uncomfortable smile. "What I meant was, that nothing could be proved which was untrue."

The agent shook his head. "When it's circumstantial evidence, you can never build upon that," he said. "No man saw it, you may say; but if all the facts point that way, it goes far with a jury. There are some other things you will perhaps tell me. Had you any quarrel ever with poor Tinto? Was there ill blood between you? Can any man give evidence, for example, 'I heard the panel say that he would have it out with Pat Torrance'?"

"For heaven's sake, what is the panel? and what connection is there between poor Torrance and —"

"Sir," said Mr. Monypenny sternly, "this is no time for jests; the panel is a Scotch law term, meaning the defender; or what you call the defendant in England. It's a terrible loss to a young man

to be unacquainted even with the phraseology of his own country."

"That is very true," John said, with a laugh; "but at least it is no fault of mine. Well, suppose I am the panel, as you say — that does not make me a vulgar brawler, does it, likely to display hostile intentions in that way? You may be sure no man can say of me that I threatened to have it out with Pat Torrance —"

"It was inadvertent — it was inadvertent," said Mr. Monypenny, waving his hand, with a slight flush of confusion; "I dare say you never said Pat — but what has that to do with it? — you know my meaning. Is there any one that can be produced to say —"

"I have quarrelled with Torrance almost as often as I have met him," said John, with obstinate decision. "I thought him a bully and a cad. If I did not tell him so, it was out of regard for his wife, and he was at liberty to find out my sentiments from my looks if it pleased him. I have never made the least pretence of liking the man."

Mr. Monypenny went on shaking his head. "All this is bad," he said, "bad! — but it does not make a quarrel in the eye of the law," he added, more cheerfully; and he went on putting a variety of questions, of which John grew very weary. Some of these questions seemed to have very little bearing upon the subject; some irritated him as betraying beyond all a persistent doubt of his own story. Altogether, the first dreary afternoon in confinement was not made much more endurable by this visit. The room in which John had been placed was like the parlor of a somewhat shabby lodging-house — not worse than he had inhabited many a time while travelling. But the idea that he could not step outside, but was bound to this enclosure, was first ludicrous, and then intolerable. The window was rather higher than usual, and there were bars across it. When it became dark, a paraffin-lamp, such as is now universal in the country — smelling horribly, as is, alas! too universal also — was brought in, giving abundance of light, but making everything more squalid than before. And as Mr. Monypenny made his notes, John's heart sank, and his impatience rose. He got up and began to pace about like a wild beast in a cage, as he said to himself. The sensation was more extraordinary than can be imagined. Not to be able, whatever might happen, to leave this shabby room. Whosoever might call to you, whatsoever might appeal to you, to

be fixed there, all your impulses checked, impotent, unable for the first time in your life to do what you had done every day of your life, to move out and in, to and fro as you pleased! John felt that if he had been a theatrical felon in a play, manacled and fettered, it would have been easier, more comprehensible. But to know that these four walls were his absolute boundaries, and that he could not go beyond them, was more astounding than any other sensation that had ever happened to him in his life. And when Mr. Monypenny, with his careful brow, weighted with doubts and fears, unable to clear his countenance from the disapprobation that clouded it, got up to take his leave, and stood holding his client's hands, overwhelmed with sympathy, vexation, dissatisfaction, and pity, the impatience and bitter sense of the intolerable in John's mind could scarcely be restrained. "Whatever there may be more to say, whatever may come to your mind, you have but to send me a word, and I'll be at your call night or day," Mr. Monypenny said.

"It is very unlikely that I should have anything more to say," said John; "but must I stay here?" It seemed incredible to him that he should be left even by his own "man of business." He had seen Beaufort go away with a sort of contemptuous certainty of speedy liberation; but Mr. Monypenny had said nothing about liberation. "Surely there is nothing to prevent bail being accepted?" he said, with an eagerness he could not disguise.

"I will see about it," Mr. Monypenny said. But the good agent went away with a dissatisfied countenance; and with a feeling that he must break through the walls or the barred window, must make his escape somehow — could not, would not, endure this extraordinary intolerable new thing — John Erskine heard the key turn in his door, and was left shut up with the paraffin-lamp, flaming and smelling more than ever, a prisoner and alone. Whether it was more ludicrous or more terrible, this annoying, impossible farce-tragedy, it was hard to say.

From The Contemporary Review.
GAMBETTA.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

ALL the political events of the last months of 1882 sink into insignificance in

comparison with the one that has marked its concluding moments: Gambetta is dead. France has lost the only man who, since the death of M. Thiers, has possessed real popularity, has been the leader of a party, and could be regarded as the country's true representative. It is quite impossible to convey any idea of the emotion which the death of Gambetta excited throughout the entire country. After his downfall in January, 1882, judging more especially from the utterances of certain newspapers, it might have seemed as if his popularity had become extinct, whereas it showed itself to be only more deeply rooted than ever. It extended, indeed, far beyond his own immediate party, and the grief his death occasioned was in no sense a manifestation of political feeling. Many of Gambetta's adversaries, even some members of the Right, have shared in the prevailing sorrow. Gambetta is mourned as a patriot; it was as a patriot he was loved. He was felt to be a reserve-force for France against the day of danger; the only man round whom all Frenchmen would then rally with confidence, and under whose orders they would be ready to act. Gambetta might in some sense be looked upon as a hindrance in the political world of the present; because, not himself strong enough to govern, he was sufficiently so for it to be impossible for any one to govern without him. But, regarded from a more elevated and distant point of view, he was an immense power: he had his views on government; he alone had succeeded in forming a party with ideas subordinate to his own; he alone had supporters in every class of society, in the administration, in the magistracy, in the army; he alone represented France abroad, and the very fears his name inspired were an indirect homage to his power. In the state of disorganization, of intellectual and moral anarchy in which France is at present, the passing away of a man like this is a national calamity. Some few fanatics here and there are able to rejoice at the removal of one whom they looked upon as an obstacle to the realization of their illusory dreams; but the mass of the nation has been stirred by a deep and disinterested grief.

Independently of the higher and patriotic causes of Gambetta's popularity, imagination and sentiment have, it must be owned, had something to do with the profound impression which his life and his death have created. They are a drama

and a poem, full of startling incident and action. The son of a small grocer of Cahors, of foreign extraction and no fortune, he became famous in one day by favor of a political lawsuit. His flight from Paris in a balloon was the second startling incident of his life; his lawsuit during the political campaign of the 16th of May, the third. And finally, he dies after an accident, the cause of which remains a mystery; and his funeral is, as it were, an apotheosis of his memory. To a people like the French, so fond of the drama, and so essentially literary and artistic, is not this a destiny calculated to lead every heart captive?

What though Gambetta bore a foreign name, it was sonorous and readily engraven on the memory. His open countenance, his engaging smile, won general sympathy; whilst the glass eye he wore in place of the eye he lost as a child, gave a certain fixedness and fascination to his gaze. A voice at once powerful and charming, capable of every modulation, to which the southern accent lent fervor and incisiveness; an impulsive nature and wonderful spirit; and a rare power of assimilation—all combined to give the young lawyer extraordinary ascendancy over every one who came in contact with him. Already he was surrounded by a whole cluster of friends full of belief in his brilliant future, when, in consequence of the political lawsuit he was called to conduct, his name was suddenly on every one's tongue. The Empire had instituted proceedings against certain newspapers for opening a subscription for the erection of a monument to Baudin, a representative of the people who had been killed on a barricade on the 4th of December, 1851. Gambetta was one of the counsel for the defence, and, without paying any heed to the matter itself, he made a flaming speech against the December crime, which struck the magistrates dumb with admiration and astonishment. The year after, in 1869, Gambetta was elected deputy for both Paris and Marseilles, and took his stand as leader of the opposition against the Empire, which he defined in one word, *irréconciliable*. What constituted his originality and ensured his success was a singular mixture of violence and practical good sense, an absence of anything like narrow-mindedness or fanaticism combined with the zeal of an apostle. When he announced to the electors of Belleville his political creed—more than one article of which he was in later years obliged to cancel—

though adopting the most provoking attitude towards the Empire, he kept up intimate relations with the Orleanists, and supported the candidature of Prévost Paradol, and subsequently that of M. Thiers.

If the experiment of a Liberal Empire, to which the more enlightened *bourgeoisie* had given in its adhesion, had been successful, Gambetta's position would no doubt have lost in weight; but there came successively the *plébiscite* and the war, and then Sedan, to justify his attitude of *irréconciliable*. Once the Empire had fallen, he became the true representative of France. It is difficult to tell how far his colleagues in the government of national defence were glad to get rid of him by sending him into the provinces to organize a resistance that seemed impossible; at all events they ensured his fame. His flight from Paris in a balloon with M. Spuller, the enthusiasm his arrival in the country occasioned, the amazing rapidity with which, with M. de Freycinet's aid, he organized the army of the Loire, the unlooked-for victory at Coulmiers, all created an indelible impression on the popular mind. That Gambetta committed great faults, that he showed a want of experience, and above all, did very wrong, once the armistice was signed, to attack so fiercely his Paris colleagues, and in defiance of all justice, declare all former official deputies, senators, and functionaries of the Empire ineligible to the future Assembly, is very true; but it is no less true that he showed indefatigable courage and activity, and even strategical talent, as the enemy admitted; that he knew how to appeal to every living force in France without party distinction; that during four months he was the very soul of his country; and that, whilst the Paris government showed itself incapable of making any use of the forces existing in the capital, Gambetta was the real saviour of the national honor. To him we owe the only general who showed himself capable of commanding an army, General Chanzy, whose death, by a strange fatality, took place two days previous to Gambetta's funeral.

The war had placed Gambetta in the foremost rank, but he embodied the idea of the war; the country wanted peace, to get which it elected an Assembly with a reactionary majority. Gambetta was obliged to take the second place, yielding the first to M. Thiers, who, with every right to it, proved himself worthy of it. But M. Thiers could have done nothing had he

not found in M. Gambetta an auxiliary all the more powerful for having been treated by him with unjust contempt, and called a *fou furieux*. No period of his life does M. Gambetta greater credit than this; never did he give proof of finer political qualities than during the years extending from 1871 to 1878. The Republican party still numbered in its ranks many of the old school of 1848, absolute theorists, heirs of the Jacobin dogmas of 1793, who preferred that the Republic should perish rather than be differently organized from what they had pictured it to themselves in their dreams. Gambetta was not of that school: he was a realist in politics; he knew that institutions are what the men who make them choose them to be; he held that before all things the Republic must be established, wrested from the hands of its enemies, and its power secured. He was an *opportuniste* — which means that he always subordinated his policy to the possibilities and needs of the moment, instead of confining himself to bare and impracticable statements of principle. This epithet of *opportuniste*, used by his enemies in an injurious sense, will remain his highest eulogium. He never deserved it more than at this period of his political career.

In order to appreciate the services rendered by Gambetta he should be compared with another distinguished member of the Republican party, who by a brief space preceded him to the grave — namely, Louis Blanc. He was unquestionably an able man, an indefatigable worker, a correct, and at times eloquent, though somewhat cold and solemn speaker, a talented writer, and an upright politician, yet he exercised no efficacious or useful influence on his age. His “*Histoire de Dix Ans*,” which is the only one of his books most likely to live, is in many parts nothing but a spiteful pamphlet, which has propagated the most utterly false notions concerning the government of Louis Philippe; his “*History of the Revolution*” is a declamatory apology for Jacobinism; the Socialistic lucubrations he indulged in at the Workmen’s Congress at the Luxembourg in 1848, incited the people to revolt, without bettering in any way the condition of the poorer classes; the one of his works that contains the most wisdom and good sense is his correspondence addressed from London to the *Temps* from 1860 to 1870. He was more accurate in his judgment of foreigners than of his fellow-countrymen; but that did not make him clearer-sighted or more reasonable

when he returned to France. In his book on the “*Constitution de 1875*” (Charpentier), published the very day of his funeral, he again attacks Gambetta for the most meritorious acts of his political career. Whilst Louis Blanc shut himself up in haughty inaction, content with enunciating principles and dogmas, thus leaving a clear field to the reactionary party, Gambetta threw himself into the heat of political action, associated himself with every section of the majority, engaged in a thousand negotiations, a thousand intrigues, scattered disorder amid the ranks of his opponents, and by dint of his cleverness, pliancy, and breadth of mind, contrived, in an Assembly for the most part composed of Monarchists, to get a majority to proclaim the Republic. Louis Blanc’s loyalty to the Republic would have been its ruin; Gambetta saved it by his concessions to men and things. He it was who succeeded in checking the impatience of his party, in allaying its mistrust of M. Thiers, in making it first admit the right of the General Assembly to give a constitution to France, and then accept the Constitution of 1875, though it was far from answering to the ideas the Republicans had hitherto held. And this great point once gained, it was again Gambetta who had the marvellous address to contract that strange alliance with the Right, whereby sixty of the seventy-five life senators were drawn from the ranks of the Left. Finally, he avoided the mistake so many of his colleagues committed, of throwing discredit by his criticisms on the Constitution he had voted for; he tried rather to show how it might be made to serve for the consolidation and development of the Republic. During this time of difficulty and struggle Gambetta exhibited the true qualities of a statesman — a quickness in seizing the main point, and a justness and breadth of mind truly admirable. He was a hard worker, forever intent on instructing himself; and the capacity, zeal, and high-mindedness he displayed in all questions of national interest, especially those relating to military affairs, won men of the most varied political opinions to his side.

When the Parliamentary *coup d’état* of May 16, 1877, took place, and Marshal MacMahon dismissed the Jules Simon Ministry, obliged the Senate to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and tried to bring about a reactionary general election, Gambetta found himself a second time the natural head of the Republican party.

He whom M. Thiers had treated as a *fou furieux* now found himself his closest ally; and had M. Thiers lived Gambetta would have become prime minister under Mr. Thiers, president of the Republic. It was more especially in this campaign of May the 16th, ending in the signal defeat of the coalition formed by the reactionary parties, that Gambetta showed how admirably qualified he was to be the head of a party. His ascendancy was such that the strictest discipline reigned unbroken amongst the Republicans — his counsels were all received as commands. He even supplied the motto of the struggle, in the famous dilemma hurled at Marshal MacMahon as a defiance: *Se soumettre ou se démettre*. He knew the nature of the electoral material so well, that the Republican majority came out strengthened from the ballot-box, and he had so many friends and partisans in every class, that had the marshal ventured on a *coup d'état* the very army would have risen against him. M. MacMahon first submitted, and then resigned — a result due in great measure to M. Gambetta's cleverness, energy, and eloquence.

From 1878, above all from 1879 — from the moment, that is, when, M. Grévy having been made president of the Republic, M. Gambetta succeeded him as president of the Chamber of Deputies — a new period of his political career begins, when he was more criticised and more severely attacked, even by the Republican party; when his popularity began to lessen, and he fell into serious errors. Not to have committed mistakes would have been difficult; everything tended that way — the attacks of his opponents, as the excesses of his followers. The difficulties of the situation had increased when once the Republicans became masters of the field, and having no longer to dispute it with the reactionary party, were split up into sections, each aspiring to the government. Gambetta had foreseen this when he said: *L'ère des dangers est fermée; celle des difficultés commence.*

He did not himself know how to overcome these difficulties. He felt that he could not take the lead himself, because on the one hand M. Grévy showed little inclination to entrust the formation of a new ministry to him; and, on the other hand, in spite of his growing popularity, he was still the representative of a more advanced policy than that of the majority in the country, or of the Parliament taken *en bloc*, both Chambers included. There were other difficulties besides: the opin-

ion of other nations, who looked upon him as the representative of the idea of revenge; the impossibility of adopting any very decided or energetic line of policy when the Republicans were so much divided; and the pressure which the deputies themselves, so entirely subject to the local influences of their electoral divisions, exercised on the government. Not only was Gambetta, therefore, unable to take the lead himself, he did not even wish it; he knew how to be patient, but he was not patient enough; he had too little confidence in his own authority and popularity; he was anxious to pave the way for the day of his power, that he might then possess real authority, and establish a firm and lasting government. Instead of strictly confining himself to the duties of his office as president of the Chamber, and using his influence for the support of the ministry that seemed to him the fittest and the most certain of a solid majority, his object was to prevent any ministry from obtaining a firm Parliamentary and political position; and also, so to exert his influence in the appointment of functionaries of all kinds, administrators, diplomatic and military officials, and judges, as to make sure of a large following against the time of his becoming minister himself. Without a sufficiently strong party in the Chamber to form a majority, he could at least ensure the fall of any ministry that tried to do without him. He successively supported M.M. Waddington, de Freycinet, and Jules Ferry, by imposing his own conditions upon them, and directing their decisions, and compassed their downfall when they tried to act independently of him, or when he found their power tending to become too strong.

This course of action has been described as *gouvernement occulte*; incorrectly so, for Gambetta never concealed his incessant intervention in all that went on. He had friends who represented his views even in the ministry itself; in all the government departments he had devoted partisans, through whom he was informed of everything; he gave written advice to his *protégés*; whilst every one knew that he was constantly consulted by the ministers, both with respect to appointments to be made, and on questions of general politics. But it is none the less true that the authority he exercised, free as it was from all responsibility, was far too great; that he aroused the enmity of the very ministers he ruled; that he gathered round him a whole train of petitioners and *pro-*

tégés, by whom he was frequently compromised; that the appointments he caused to be made, without being responsible for them, were not always the most desirable; that, finally, he lent arms to those who feigned to see in him the future dictator; that, at all events, his first thought was his personal influence. These errors were the cause of his defeat on a question on which he was nevertheless entirely in the right — that of the *scrutin de liste*. He judged rightly that the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, together with universal suffrage, could not but result, in the provinces, in the election of second-rate men, who owed it to local claims or to intrigue that they had a local fame; that in the artisan quarters of the towns it ensured the return of the most Radical candidates; that, moreover, the deputies thus returned, exclusively intent as they must be on pleasing their constituents, devoted themselves to local interests, to the neglect of the general interests of the country; that, finally, as the elections were independent of all general political influence, a government majority was not to be looked for. Most Republican politicians recognized the justness of this view, but they were afraid that, in accepting the *scrutin de liste*, they would be putting too much power in Gambetta's hands, and furnishing him with the means of creating a vast system of electoral coercion and official representation. It cost M. Gambetta untold efforts to get the *scrutin de liste* accepted by the Chamber by a majority of only four; and the Senate, in evident defiance of him, rejected the proposed reform.

It was a mistake, for the Senate thereby prevented the formation of a government majority; and the Chamber of 1881 is the most indifferent, the most incapable, and the most unruly we have ever had. Unfortunately, Gambetta responded to the Senate's mistake by a yet more serious one, in making the revision of the Constitution the platform of the elections. His view, we know, was that the object of the revision was rather to establish the *scrutin de liste* as a constitutional principle than to lessen the power of the Senate; but as the revision of the Constitution was demanded by all those who wanted the abolition of the Senate, Gambetta seemed to be making common cause with them, and thus alienated the Senate and the moderate Republicans; whilst by attaching such importance to the *scrutin de liste* he awakened the strongest mistrust amongst the deputies, who felt that, once

this measure was carried, they would be at his mercy.

Accordingly, in the month of November, 1881, M. Gambetta found himself obliged to assume the leadership under the most unfavorable circumstances, because no other minister had shown himself capable of forming a lasting majority. In the month of July every one was clamoring for a Gambetta ministry; in the month of November all confidence in it was gone. Instead of forming a ministry of men of tried capacity, representing the various sections of the Republican party, he was obliged to form one exclusively of his personal friends, some few of whom were capable men, and a smaller number had only the reputation of being such. Thus the government of Gambetta came to be looked upon as the government of a *coterie*, instead of a national government, as its leader intended it to be, and as it might have been if he had associated better men with himself. Arbitrary motives were seen in all his actions; his very independence and liberality in choosing colleagues from the ranks of the old party of reaction were looked upon as the caprice of a despot; his energy in defending the interests of France in Egypt was set down to a feverish love of adventure; his scheme for establishing the *scrutin de liste* was a desire to restore representation by officials; and thus, two months after taking office, he fell, without having accomplished anything, and having turned the greater number of his friends against him.

He suffered the consequences of his bad surroundings, and of his political mistakes during his presidency of the Chamber; but if he had erred in matters of detail, it soon began to be apparent that he was right in the general line of his policy, in his instincts and his motives. During the Freycinet ministry, in the midst of the shuffling inconsistency of a policy without aim and without principle, of which the only object was to maintain a majority from day to day, Gambetta's popularity and influence were slowly recovering. When the Freycinet ministry fell, in the month of July last, though it was impossible to recall Gambetta, because neither he nor the Chamber would give way on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, yet nothing seemed more natural than to place at the head of affairs men who were in sympathy with him, who followed his counsels, and who constituted, so to speak, a Gambetta ministry without Monsieur Gambetta. His posi-

tion gained in strength every day, because he no longer sought to exercise any influence over the *personnel* of the government, otherwise than by the exercise of his own intelligence, good sense, and experience. Already the time could be foreseen when he would return to power, the wiser for his reverses, and surrounded, not only by personal friends, but by the most eminent members of the Republican party.

It was at this moment that death seized upon him — a death due less to the accident that first confined him to his bed than to the weakness of an unhealthy and exhausted constitution. According to the opinion of all his physicians, even if he had not wounded himself while handling a revolver, he was doomed to pass away at no distant time.

His death showed what a place he occupied in the esteem and affections of the nation, and to what an extent he was in the eyes of all "a great Frenchman." His funeral was a triumph to his memory. The 6th of January was one of those rare occasions on which a whole nation is stirred by one common emotion. The hundred thousand persons who formed the imposing funeral *cortège*, the fifteen hundred thousand who watched it pass, the millions who sent wreaths and addresses from every part of France, in testimony of their grief, were all united by one and the same thought — the thought of the lost provinces for which Gambetta fought, the recollection of which was never absent from his thoughts.

In this national apotheosis, as it were, the politician is so lost in the patriot that Gambetta's career and character already assume the distinctiveness of outline, the perspective, which, as a rule, time and history alone can give, and it becomes possible, especially for us who have been neither his partisans nor his opponents, to form a judgment of his character and public life.

He had faults of nature and education which injured him in his career, and alienated many people from him. Not only did his stunted and corpulent figure give a certain meanness to his appearance, but the familiarity of his manners often amounted to vulgarity. His language was not more refined than his manners; and in moments of good humor and passion alike he was not sparing of the coarsest expressions. His private life, never very correct, is reputed to have been for a considerable time one of great irregularity. For all these reasons he had the

reputation with many people of being a man *peu comme il faut*; and the *laissez aller* which predominated in his general bearing, shocked people in a man in so high a position.

But what compensated for this apparent vulgarity was the genuine goodness and real nobleness of nature which it covered. He was not a man of scrupulous morals, it must be admitted — a defective education and bad surroundings must account for this; but in money matters he showed a delicacy as estimable as it is rare in public men of the present day. His honesty amounted almost to austerity in money matters, and this in spite of a love of luxury and an unbounded generosity. He could have enriched himself without difficulty, but he determined to be above even suspicion in this respect; he refused offers of millions made to him by friends, and the small fortune which he left resulted exclusively from his share in the journals started by him — the *République Française* and the *Petite République Française*. He had not only good nature, but goodness, added to a generosity and warmth of heart which gained the sympathy of every one who came in contact with him. Under his somewhat vulgar outward manners and language there existed considerable delicacy of perception, a very acute literary taste, a sound knowledge of classical literature, and a general culture of great width and variety. His favorite author was Rabelais; and in truth a certain moral relationship seemed to exist between them, for is there not much philosophy beneath the laughter of Rabelais, and much finesse and wisdom under his superficial coarseness?

If we proceed to examine the actions of Gambetta we find the same characteristics. He was frequently carried off at the outset by a thoughtless impetuosity, which, when he yielded to it, carried him into grave errors. Such was the case when, at the end of the war, he published his decree about the *indigibles*; when he turned violently against the Senate after its rejection of the *scrutin de liste*; when he reviled the mob who hooted him at a meeting of electors.

He was often guilty of political imprudence, and spoke more frankly than the occasion required. He lessened his influence by asserting too loudly his hostility against all formal religion, and in making the war with clericalism the first article of his political programme. When, at the moment of taking office, he expressed his sympathy with the interests

of Havre as opposed to those of Rouen, he alienated to no purpose the affections of one of the largest cities of France. But when he allowed the impetuosity and exuberance of the southern to subside, then appeared the acuteness, the tact, and the good sense of the Italian. He had strong practical common sense, a wide comprehension of the true interests of the country, and a supreme skill in choosing the means best adapted for the attainment of the ends he considered desirable. He had an inventive mind, full of unexpected resources, and of admirable adaptability. He might be vanquished, but never beaten. His robust good nature never forsook him, and he never failed to find a means of recovering a lost position. His extreme optimism, which sometimes he carried too far, came chiefly from his prolific invention, and was in the end generally justified by results.

It must not be forgotten that he was a man of action rather than a man of thought: in his general aims and views there was nothing that evinced a high understanding of theories or mastery of details. He was not a politician of the type of Mirabeau, who formulated clear and precise views on almost all theoretical questions of politics. Gambetta was not a great theorist, nor a great reformer; the bills brought forward by his adherents, after the downfall of his ministry, give one rather a poor idea of his political programme in detail. He was not fitted for contending with the small daily difficulties of political life; he struggled with them like the lion with the meshes of his net, entangling himself in them without breaking them. But he had a strong sense of the general wants of the country, and when brought face to face with difficulties, he encountered them bravely, and overcame them with skill. Gifted with great self-confidence, he never let an opportunity slip, and no danger could daunt him.

His errors, and the incompleteness of his political career, were chiefly due to a close contradiction in circumstances. He came to the front as the representative of the democracy, and of the Radical democracy; to retain his popularity he had to remain a democrat and a Radical, whereas by nature he inclined rather to the party of authority, and above all felt that France needed to be governed by a firm and resolute hand. Democracy, and Radicalism driven to excess, were in his eyes the Republic's greatest danger, and he con-

sidered that the part he had to play was essentially a conservative one, and at the next elections it was his intention to adopt this attitude decidedly, and take his stand as the leader of a Tory party. But till now, to retain his influence so long as the moderate party still mistrusted him, he had to make unfortunate concessions to the Radical side — as in the case of the constitutional revision, and more especially in that of the three years' military service, in which he came forward as the advocate of a system he could not approve, but which flattered the mania for equality.

These errors and defects were redeemed by the native generosity of a character free from all pettiness and inspired by a fervent patriotism. He was an absolute stranger to rancor and to the meannesses of party spirit; in the interests of France he forgot every injury and attack made upon himself. He offered a prefecture to M. Lanfrey, who had branded his government with the title of *Dictature de l'incapacité*, and associated himself with M. Thiers, who had designated him a *fou furieux*; after the 16th of May he made M. Miribel, who was accused of being one of the most reactionary of the reactionary party, head of the staff. This generosity of mind won him many friends, because every one felt that it was for the sake of France, not of a party, that he wanted to rule; that with him everything was subordinate to his country's interest.

And it was this warm and patriotic heart of his that inspired his most eloquent utterances. He was not a correct orator. He would often lose himself in clumsy, ill-constructed sentences; then, when some strong feeling took hold of him, his eloquence would burst forth, and carry away both himself and his audience. He was never more eloquent than in his speech in favor of the amnesty. He was speaking in favor of men by whom he knew himself to be hated; from whom, he foresaw, he had nothing to expect but the low abuse and calumny with which they subsequently overwhelmed him. But there were questions of humanity at stake, as well as political interests; the amnesty was a weapon in the hands of the Radicals; it was the bond of unity between the Revolutionists and the party of order though of advanced ideas. Gambetta wanted to get rid of this irritating question, and not to leave the Revolutionists even the semblance of an excuse. He was pathetic, insinuating, imperious; he blended good sense and passion, politics and sentiment, in a fashion that took

the Chamber, the government, the Senate, and the whole country, all by storm.

That grand voice is henceforth silent. There is no one to inherit his eloquence; is there any one on whom his political inheritance will fall? At this moment the most complete anarchy reigns in the political world; the ministry is tottering, no one knows why. A change is wanted, no one knows of what nature. The Gambetta party has died with Gambetta. It was, it is true, far from being exclusively formed of men of his views. Its ranks had, to begin with, been recruited from the Radical party, at a time when Gambetta was credited with more advanced views than he actually held; and these Radical adherents had remained true to him, partly because of his personal influence, partly because their political future was dependent upon him; then some men of much more moderate views than his had joined him because he was the only representative of a policy of authority and government, and also from less worthy motives of political ambition and calculation. The number of true Gambettists — men who shared alike his dictatorial instincts, his democratic tendencies, and his political wisdom, and were bound to him in a perfectly disinterested manner by a community of ideas — was very small. With the names of MM. Spuller, Waldeck-Rousseau, and a few others, the list is exhausted. The Gambettist party will therefore be dissolved. Many of the members of the Republican Union will join either the Radical Left or the Extreme Left; this will be the case with MM. Naquet, Bert, Ranc. Others will join the Moderate Left. A new division of the Parliamentary parties and forces will therefore now take place.

In the midst of all this confusion who will take the lead? It is difficult to say; but it is probable that two currents will form themselves, one under the direction of M. Jules Ferry, the other under that of M. de Freycinet. M. Ferry is, undoubtedly, the most prominent man at present in the political world, the one who, more than all others, has displayed the true qualities of a statesman. His Republicanism and patriotism are well known: his hostility to the clericals has been manifested in his acts; he is a man of progress, but at the same time of a moderate and thoughtful mind. What he wants is an energetic government, able to take the initiative and the responsibility; he is himself courageous and independent, and his courage and talent give him great

weight in Parliament as a speaker. All those who value discipline and authority, who are afraid of seeing France become a prey to anarchy at home and sink into insignificance abroad, will range themselves on M. Ferry's side. Opposed to M. Ferry — who will, it is to be hoped, succeed in securing a majority — the most incongruous elements will group themselves under M. de Freycinet, backed by the more or less openly avowed sympathy of M. Grévy. M. de Freycinet has himself described his policy as one of deference towards the Chamber — that is to say, he has considered himself, not so much a minister whose business it is to direct, as an agent for the transaction of affairs, a clerk in the service of the majority. He will be associated with the friends of the policy of inaction, who have no thought beyond the interests of their own particular constituency; some dreamers who would wish to see American ideas introduced into France, without troubling themselves to adapt them to our traditions and habits; and all the Radicals, who, conscious of still being too weak to govern, build on his weakness their hopes for getting a number of concessions out of him which will insure them a speedy triumph. M. de Freycinet believes himself in all good faith to be the representative of moderate and liberal ideas, and is supported by M. Grévy, who has but one political idea — inaction and the peaceable enjoyment of the income he derives from the Republic. In reality, both leave France the prey of the extreme parties. Nothing can be more dangerous than the watchword of M. de Freycinet's party — the division of the Republicans into Liberals and *autoritaires*. They call upon all who are opposed to centralization and a strong executive power, to join the Liberal party, thus uniting the members of the Left Centre and the Intransigeants, like M. Maret and M. de Lanessau. One may agree with them on some points of their programme; but, by attempting to unite such contradictory elements, and, under the fine name of Liberal, to create a party amongst whom ultra-Radical ideas would predominate, they are preparing the way for the disorganization of France.

What, at present, fortunately paralyzes the influence of the Radicals is, that in their very midst there are advocates of authority like M. Clemenceau side by side with absolute anarchists like M. Clovis Hugues; and that, on the other hand, they are the object of the most lively hatred and of violent attack on the part

of the Socialist working-men. Nothing is more curious than the disorder that has prevailed amongst the more advanced sections since they have been in possession of absolute liberty. Their advanced guard is made up of the little rabble of rogues and madmen who style themselves anarchists. Their system is the simplest in the world, the abolition of every form of government; their end, absolute equality; their means, dynamite, the revolver, and the dagger. It is as stupid as it is criminal; but neither the ticket-of-leave men who form the bulk of the anarchist forces, nor the visionaries, like Elisée Reclus and Prince Krapotkine, who have constituted themselves its apostles, trouble themselves much about good sense or morality. The legal proceedings instituted against the workmen of Montceau les Mines, who pillaged a presbytery and broke in the doors of a church, and those instituted at Lyons against E. Gautier, Prince Krapotkine, Bordat, and several other anarchists, for having re-established the International, have only brought to light their numerical weakness and their intellectual insignificance as a party. After these come the various grades of Socialism; but here the divisions are so numerous, the rivalries so burning, that the Socialists as a party need in no way be dreaded. These divisions broke out at the last workmen's congress of St. Etienne, which split up into two congresses — one, the more violent, held at Roanne, the other at St. Etienne. Then the real working-men of St. Etienne, with their syndical chambers, protested against the revolutionary theories put forward at both one and the other congress. The Socialists, in fact, are subdivided into revolutionary *collectivistes*, who want revolution by brute force, and non-revolutionary *collectivistes*, and, besides, Radical Socialists, amongst whom are to be found most of the old members of the Commune, who, in presence of these rival forms of madness, have thus become a kind of reactionary party.

Never was the want of real strength or depth in the Socialist ideas more apparent than in the great strike of the cabinet-makers that took place in November and December. Whilst the masters could come to no understanding amongst themselves, some being ready to make every concession to the men, others declining to make any, the men showed great moderation and good sense. They withstood all the attempts of the more advanced

tion; they drew up a most sensible programme, to which they unanimously adhered, and which was finally accepted by the masters. Most characteristic was the scene that took place one night at a great gathering of the men, when in the middle of a discussion one cried out, "*Vive la révolution sociale.*" "*A la porte, à la porte,*" was immediately the cry from all sides. "*Non, pas à la porte, à la tribune,*" said the president, and invited the first speaker to explain what he meant by the social revolution. The unfortunate man stammered out some incoherent words, and withdrew amid the jeers of the assembly.

The danger at present does not lie with the advanced parties. The Extreme Left of the Chamber, regarded by the Socialists with suspicion, vainly compromising itself by its advances to them, has no real weight. Its sole power lies in the general incapacity of the Republican majority and their want of unity. Most pitiable have been the debates to which the budget has given rise, particularly the budget of public worship. All the deputies see the impossibility of abolishing it and carrying out the separation of Church and State, but they cannot withstand the desire to annoy the clergy by a reduction of their allowance. They withdraw the grants made to the clergy in the East, who nevertheless represent French influence abroad; they reduce the stipends of the bishops one day, and raise them again the next; they make it a crime on the part of the government to have granted Mgr. Lavigerie, Bishop of Algiers, the funds with which that enlightened prelate labored so efficaciously for the pacification of Tunis. The religious question is always the grand difficulty for the Republican *régime*. Popular prejudice and feeling against the Catholic Church are sufficiently strong to make it necessary to pose as an anti-clerical to secure an electoral majority; while, on the other hand, the hostility of the Republican government to the Church alienates a very important and influential portion of the *bourgeoisie*. Strangely enough, in many instances it even alienates popular sympathy. The same people who will vote for none but an anti-clerical are indignant at the crucifixes being removed from the schools. All sensible Republicans consider that the wisest course is to live on good terms with the Catholics; but every one is afraid that, if he show himself liberally disposed towards them, he will be accused of clericalism.

In this respect M. Duclerc's ministry showed both sense and courage, and was in every way far above what it was expected to be. With the exception of M. Tirard, who made an error of a hundred millions in his projected budget, thereby proving that the duties of a minister of finance were beyond his capacity, the ministry have done their work honestly and steadily. All the deputies speak of a change now; but this is from mere instability of mind, for no just charge can be brought against the ministry. As regards the Egyptian question, already greatly compromised when he received it from M. de Freycinet's hands, M. Duclerc has maintained a most dignified attitude, accepting no illusory compensation for the abolition of the dual control, and leaving England free without being responsible for her policy. In Madagascar and Tongking, and on the Congo, M. Duclerc has defended French interests, which is all the more to his credit since M. Jauréguiberry, the minister of marine, was opposed to M. de Brazza and his colonization projects on the Ogooué, and M. Grévy is systematically opposed to all French enterprise abroad. But M. Duclerc had a very strong current of public opinion in his favor. People in France are not very well up in colonial questions; but lately they have been attracting public attention in a special degree, and if the government is wise enough to take advantage of this circumstance, a new and most important outlet might be opened up for French enterprise and capital. It can only be to the advantage of foreign countries to encourage this movement, even England, who cannot wish to increase her colonial empire; and the population of France being both too small and too stationary to occupy all the colonies which France now possesses in Oceania, Africa, and Asia, they are so many new fields open to European commerce generally. It is to the interest both of England and France to preserve their mutual friendship, and to that end a good understanding on colonial questions is one of the most necessary conditions: it is, moreover, to the general interest of Europe that France should find some foreign outlet to give new activity to her trade, and to raise her self-esteem. This would furnish the best guarantee for peace and harmony. Some idea of the views and wishes of those Frenchmen who are interested in colonial matters may be gained from the excellent work by M. P. Leroy Beaulieu on the "Colonization chez

les Peuples Modernes" (Guillaumin). M. Leroy-Beaulieu is one of those who are most strongly convinced that it is the duty of France to turn her attention and energies in the direction of the colonies, and he analyzes in a most intelligent manner the elements of the colonial strength of the different modern nations.

From Chambers' Journal.
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK had passed since the memorable interview between Frobisher and Mr. Pebworth, without being productive of any event worth recording here. No other will of the late Mr. Askew had yet come to light; and Pebworth, whose imagination had been so unduly inflamed at first, was not merely becoming more anxious at each day's delay, but was evidently not without suspicion that he was being made the victim of some deception, the drift of which he could not fathom.

Frobisher, too, was beginning to tire of the part he was playing, and was considering within himself how most effectively to bring his little comedy to a climax, never dreaming that that very afternoon it would be brought to a climax for him in a mode totally unexpected by himself and every one concerned.

That day a little party from Waylands had decided upon a picnic in Pilberry Wood; and to Pilberry Wood they had accordingly come. Luncheon was now over; and Miss Deene, who had volunteered for the post — all the others having strolled away out of sight — had been left to look after the forks, china, and other et-ceteras, till the servants should arrive, some half-hour later, and relieve her.

It was somewhat singular that Mr. Frank Frobisher, who had pleaded letters to write as an excuse for not coming with the others, should have found his way on foot to the glade within a few minutes of the time Miss Deene was left alone; and it was still more singular that that young lady should have betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. He at once began to assist her in the self-imposed duties of packing forks and knives, and folding tablecloths.

"That won't do at all," said Miss Deene. "Your corners are not even.

Try again. That's better. A little scolding does you good, you see."

"That altogether depends upon who the person is that scolds me," replied her companion.

"How do you like a picnic without the nuisance of servants?"

"That also depends. In the present case it is very jolly; and I wouldn't mind being head waiter and bottle-washer-in-chief at all the picnics of the season, provided I could always have a certain young person for my assistant."

"And I could go on folding tablecloths forever, if I could always have you to help me. Dick, dear, what was it that first attracted you to poor insignificant me?"

"Don't know. Couldn't help myself, I suppose. With me it was a case of spoons at first sight."

"And with me also."

"I had not been five minutes in your company before I felt that my time was come."

"My own feeling exactly."

"All which goes to prove that we are made for each other."

"Any one who dared to say we are not, would be a wicked story-teller."

"This may be your last picnic, Elma. Are you not sorry?"

"Why should I be sorry when I am going to have a home of my own?"

"A home of your own — yes — but what a home!"

"It won't be too small, Dick, for happiness to dwell there."

Miss Deene's delightful *tête-à-tête* with her sweetheart was destined not to be of long duration. She and Frank were stooping over an open hamper with their heads in close proximity, when they were startled by the appearance of Mrs. Pebworth, escorted by Dick Drummond with a shawl over his arm.

"Come along, aunt," said Dick. "Better late than never. But why didn't you come in the drag?"

"It was the jellies this time that kept me. That new cook of yours doesn't seem to know how to manage them. But when I heard there was a return fly going back to the village, I thought I would follow you."

"I'm very glad you have come," said Frank heartily.

"And so am I," responded Elma. "Here's a nice, mossy old bank for you to sit on, aunt. It's the best seat we can offer you."

"It's quite good enough for me, my dear." Dick spread down a shawl and

Mrs. Pebworth seated herself and loosened her bonnet-strings.

"Bless me, what a color the girl has got!" she added a moment or two afterwards, with her eyes bent on Elma. "When I was young, if a girl had a color like that, people used to say that her sweetheart had been kissing her."

Miss Deene's cheeks took a still deeper tint. She turned away, and pretended to be looking for something in the hamper. "The practice you speak of, aunt," she said, "is obsolete nowadays — at least in society. It went out with coal-scuttle bonnets, short skirts, and sandals."

"Go along with you! Kissing is one of them things that never go out of fashion. It comes as natural to young folks as the measles or the whooping-cough, and it's just as catching."

Frobisher came to the rescue. "Mrs. Pebworth," he said, "as head waiter of this establishment, what shall I have the pleasure of offering you? What do you say to a slice of Strasbourg pie and a glass of dry sherry?"

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond, but I had my dinner long ago. You would call it luncheon, but I call it dinner. When Algernon and me were first married, we used to have dinner regular at one o'clock to the minute; and I like my dinner at that hour now."

"But you will take a little refreshment of some kind?"

"Well, if I must, I should like about half a glass of bottled stout. It's both meat and drink, as one may say." Then turning to Dick, she added; "I always like a drop of stout of a morning about eleven, or else I feel sinking and no-how all day."

"Fine institution, stout at eleven. Always go in for it, myself," responded Dick.

"But where's the rest of the party — Algernon and Clunie and the others?"

"Gone in search of the picturesque. Be back before long."

"As if any of them cared twopence about the picturesque!" Then turning to Frank and Elma, she asked: "But why haven't you two gone to look for the picturesque?"

"If you please, aunt, this person is the waiter, and I am his assistant," answered Elma demurely.

Mrs. Pebworth shook her head. "Take care he doesn't press you to become his partner," she said.

"I have already," said Frobisher grave-

ly, "asked Miss Deene to accept of that position —"

"The liabilities being exceedingly limited, and the assets uncommonly small," interposed Dick.

Mrs. Pebworth was startled. "Is that true, Elma, dear?" she asked, with a little quaver in her voice.

"Ye-es. Mr. Drummond has asked me to set up in business with him."

"And you have said —"

"I haven't said no."

"Come and kiss me, child. You have made me very happy."

Elma kissed her — more than once; and Mrs. Pebworth cried a little, as was but natural under the circumstances.

"May I ask you, Mrs. Pebworth, to kindly keep this little affair secret for a few days?" said Frobisher.

"I'll keep it secret as long as you like; but whatever Algernon will say when he comes to hear of it, I for one don't know."

"We are prepared for the worst — we have made up our minds to rough it."

"Yes, aunt — to bid a long farewell to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," put in Elma.

"I like to hear you say that. I like to see two young people who love each other so well that a little poverty doesn't frighten them," said Mrs. Pebworth heartily.

"And now, Nephew Frank," she added turning to Drummond, "suppose you and I go in search of the picturesque?"

"With all my heart, aunt: I am quite at your service," answered Dick.

"They will like to be left to themselves a bit," said Mrs. Pebworth in a stage whisper. "Most young people do at such times."

"Soon tire of that after marriage," responded worldly-wise Richard. With that he offered Mrs. Pebworth his arm, and they strolled off down one of the pathways between the trees.

Miss Deene produced her embroidery and sat down on the same mossy bank formerly occupied by her aunt. Frank flung himself on the turf at her feet.

"I wish all the rest of the world would lose themselves in a wood and not be found for ever and ever so long," remarked Elma.

"So do I, with all my heart."

"Mr. Dempsey is going to propose to me to-day — I know he is."

"The deuce he is! But how do you know?"

"I've a presentiment which tells me that he is. You won't be jealous, will you?"

"I? Not a bit jealous — of Mr. Dempsey."

"He is very rich."

"He is very old and ugly."

"So much the better. Young and handsome husbands are as plentiful as blackberries — but a dear, cross-grained, snuffy old darling! And one need never be jealous of him."

"Mr. Dempsey goes a long way towards fulfilling your requirements."

"Yes; but I shall be obliged to refuse him."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised myself to you. Heigh-ho!"

"Why do you sigh, Miss Deene?"

"Can't one sigh without being called upon for an explanation?"

"I thought that perhaps you were sighing because you had lost the chance of marrying Mr. Dempsey."

"You are a great goose, and you thought nothing of the kind. Besides, Mr. Clever, if I wanted to marry Mr. Dempsey, what is there to hinder me from jilting you?"

"Nothing."

"Then behave yourself properly. I see Mr. Dempsey coming this way. O dear! what shall I say to him?"

"Frank sprang to his feet. "So long as I am here, the old gentlemen will hardly venture on his confession."

"But I don't want you here; I want you to go away."

"You do, do you?" said Frank, opening wide his eyes.

"Of course I do. I shall probably never have another offer of marriage as long as I live."

"And you do not want to miss this one?"

"Of course I don't. What girl would?"

"In that case I will say *au revoir*."

"You will not be long away?"

"Not more than half an hour."

"Not so long as that! I shall put Mr. Dempsey out of his misery very quickly."

Frank laughed and nodded, and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Elma resumed her seat and her embroidery.

Mr. Dempsey, picking his way carefully, and wearing his hat a little more on one side than usual, came slowly forward. His eyesight was defective, and he had not seen Frobisher. He took off his hat with an elaborate flourish. Elma looked up with a heightened color, but with a mischievous smile playing round her lips.

"I am fortunate in finding you alone, Miss Deene," said the elderly beau with a smirk.

"Why fortunate, Mr. Dempsey?"

"Because I have something to say to you that concerns ourselves alone."

"A secret! That will be delightful. Go on, please."

"Miss Deene, I am a plain man."

"Hum — well — you ought to know best, perhaps."

"A plain-spoken man, Miss Deene. I cannot indulge in any of those sentimental rhapsodies, proper enough at twenty, I dare say, but which are slightly ridiculous at — hum — at fifty. I must come to the point at once. I respect you — I admire you — I love you, if you will allow me to say so; and I am here to ask you to become my wife."

"O Mr. Dempsey!"

"I am not a poor man. A liberal allowance would be yours. You would have a handsome settlement, diamonds, your own carriage, every comfort, in fact. Such an offer is not to be had every day. What say you, Miss Deene, what say you?"

"I say with you, Mr. Dempsey, that such an offer is not to be had every day. Were I a leopard, or an owl, or a bear, I would say yes to it; but being only a woman, I must say no."

"I should do my best to make you happy."

"I do not doubt that, as you do your best to make your birds and animals happy; you keep them warm, and you feed them well, but — you shut them up in cages. Now, I don't want to be shut up in a cage, even though it were a gilded one."

"You are frankness itself, Miss Deene; but I hope I am not to take this decision as a final one?"

"I certainly wish you to look upon it as such."

"Well, well. I ought to have been in the field a couple of years ago. Young ladies of twenty nowadays can generally plead the excuse of a prior attachment."

"A prior attachment, Mr. Dempsey! Why, I had been the victim of half-a-dozen prior attachments before I was sixteen."

"Eh?"

"When I was six years old, there was a little boy with curly hair whom I absolutely adored. He wore red shoes, and I think that was the reason why I loved him. He must be grown up by this time. I wonder whether he wears red shoes now. Then, when I was at school, I thought my dancing-master the most delightful of men. He was a Frenchman, and very bald, and oh! so fat; but I loved

him. He spoke the most charming broken English, and I fancy that was the reason why I was so fond of him. These are touching reminiscences, Mr. Dempsey."

"To you, doubtless, Miss Deene," answered the old beau stiffly. "I leave you a sadder, if not a wiser man."

"And I have been doing my best to amuse you! O dear!"

"Is there absolutely no hope?"

"Absolutely none."

Mr. Dempsey lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously. Miss Deene rose and dropped an elaborate courtesy.

Mr. Dempsey turned to go, but had not proceeded half-a-dozen yards before he came to a stand.

"Miss Deene!"

"Yes, Mr. Dempsey."

"I have some good news for you. I had a telegram this morning, and the pelican is better — much better."

"I'm so very glad to hear it."

"He can now take his usual allowance of fish for breakfast."

"How nice! I should like his photograph. I am particularly fond of pelicans."

"No, really? You shall have a photograph next week without fail. *Au revoir, au revoir.*"

"An offer of marriage, even from a Dempsey, is calculated to flutter one's nerves a little," said Elma to herself. "Crewel-work seems very tame after it. I wonder what Clunie would say if she knew. She would say I was a fool for refusing him, and she would believe it too."

Frobisher, when he left Miss Deene, took the first footpath through the trees that presented itself, without caring whither it might lead him, his thoughts being far away. He had gone no great distance, when a sudden turn brought him face to face with Mr. Pebworth, who had discreetly lingered behind Mr. Dempsey, being probably quite aware what object that gentleman had in view in seeking a *lête-à-tête* with Miss Deene.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Richard, a word with you, if you please," he said with a sickly smile, the moment his eyes fell on Frobisher.

"A hundred, if you wish it, Mr. Pebworth."

Mr. Pebworth laid a hand on Frobisher's arm, and then glanced suspiciously round. "Any news of the second will yet?" he whispered.

"Not yet, Mr. Pebworth. But I am busy, very busy, going through Mr.

Askew's papers; and I should not be surprised in the least — not in the least, Mr. Pebworth, I assure you — if I were to come across some such document before the present week is over."

The two men looked meaningly at each other for a moment, and then Mr. Pebworth's eyes fell. He was wondering what he should say next, when Frank spoke.

"I am right in assuming that Miss Deene's fortune is eight thousand pounds?"

"That is the amount to a penny — dependent entirely on my consent to her marriage."

"Precisely so. That is clearly understood."

Another pause, then Pebworth said: "I am going in search of a sherry and seltzer. Will you go back and join me?"

"Thanks — no. They tell me there is a charming view from the high ground over yonder. I am going in search of it."

"Then you will probably meet my daughter and Captain Dyson. They went that way half an hour ago."

"Richard Drummond, I hate you as I never hated a man before," was Mr. Pebworth's unspoken thought as the two men turned their backs on each other and went each his own way. But presently his musings assumed a more roseate hue. "With two thousand a year derivable from landed property, what may I not aspire to?" he muttered to himself. "And the method of obtaining the prize so safe and simple! Before I'm ten years older, the two thousand a year will have more than doubled itself, unless I'm a greater ass than I believe myself to be. And then, why not a seat in the House? I must begin to define my political principles more clearly. At present, I hardly know whether I am a Liberal-Conservative, or a Conservative-Liberal, or both."

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A NEW WINTER RESORT.

HAIFA, PALESTINE,
1st January.

It is only to be expected that, as facilities of locomotion increase, and knowledge extends, the growing requirements of a civilization for new summer and winter resorts should be met by the discovery of localities expressly adapted for the purpose. Thus, within the last few years, we have seen the Engadine created into

a summer sanitarium; and the popularity of Egypt as a winter residence has been steadily growing, and has probably only received a temporary check owing to existing political events. In consequence, no doubt, of the greater numbers in quest of health and rest during the summer, and of the ease with which pleasant spots for the purpose of a *villegiatura* may be discovered, they exist in almost infinite variety, and people may safely be left to themselves to find them. A winter abroad in a warm climate is a more serious matter. It inevitably involves a long journey; and in the degree in which the invalid travels south do the amenities of civilization cease, and the hardships incidental to comparative barbarism increase. I venture to think, therefore, that whoever contributes a new idea in regard to the advantages held out by localities which are not generally known or recognized as winter or health resorts, may find his justification for so doing in the possible benefit he may be the means of conferring upon some of his fellow-creatures.

On the Mediterranean, as a rule, just in proportion as you get quiet and economy do you get bad accommodation. The objection to Egypt is that, whether you stay in Cairo or go up the Nile, you merely exchange one very expensive alternative for another. In the former case you have the choice of two, or at most three, hotels, crowded with tourists or visitors; in the latter, of a *dahabeeyah* or Cook's steamer. Lodgings are out of the question, and so is travelling of any kind except by water. In Algiers, to have comfort, you must keep near the principal centre of civilization. In the towns of southern Europe the winter climate is generally too cold to meet all the requirements of those in search of a radical change. It has long been a wonder to me that, under these circumstances, the merits of the coast of Syria have not been more generally recognized. It is true that at the present moment there are only two places on that coast which offer the requisite accommodation, and this only on a limited scale; but the supply would meet the demand if a beginning were once made.

These two places are Beyrout and Haifa. At Beyrout there are a couple of excellent hotels. There are now nearly three hundred public carriages plying for hire: the neighborhood furnishes most picturesque drives along good roads. Persons deciding upon spending the winter could find other and cheaper ac-

commodation than that of the hotels. The better class of houses are well built — of stone — and generally situated in a garden. There is a street of European shops, besides a well-stocked native bazaar, where all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries, of life can be obtained; while for those who desire to vary their lives with the excitement of travel and exploration, the valleys of the Lebanon offer attractions unsurpassed by mountain scenery in any part of the world. And every facility exists at Beyrout for making it the best point of departure for expeditions to all parts of Asiatic Turkey. Those less dependent upon society and the resources of civilization may, however, find in Haifa the charm which attracted me to that spot in preference to any other upon the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

Four years ago I arrived here from Nazareth, on my way to Beyrout by land; and struck by the beauty of the spot and the comparative civilization which had been introduced by the German colony, of which more presently, I was glad of the opportunity which presented itself this winter of choosing it as a winter residence. During the interval which had elapsed since my former visit, there are evident signs of a progress rare among Turkish towns. The streets have been paved, the number of substantial white limestone buildings has increased; and in spite of the obstacles thrown in the way by the government, the statistics since that time have shown a steadily increasing commerce. Indeed, seen from seaward, or from the low, grassy promontory of Ras el Krum, which forms the southwest point of the shore enclosing the Bay of Acre, the town begins to present quite an imposing appearance. The clean, well-built stone houses at intervals line the sandy beach, fringed here and there with trees for a mile, and extend up the lower slopes of Carmel, along the flanks of which mountain vineyards and olive-groves rise in terraces. At the curve of the bay, on the eastern margin of the town, the brook Kishon struggles to debouch into the sea. At most seasons of the year, prevented from doing so by sandbanks, it is forced back, forming a small lake, which furnishes a supply of water to the gardens of oranges, figs, and pomegranates which surround it; while groves of stately date-palms impart a still more Oriental character to the scenery. The present town of Haifa is comparatively modern, but the promontory is one

to which many historical associations attach; and the traces of the ruins which exist upon it date from a remote antiquity. Ancient Greek and Roman authors mention Sycaminum as a city occupying this position; the name evidently derived from the Hebrew word *succa*, signifying a "hut." The name "Sycaminum" occurs in the Talmud, as well as "Haifa," as being a town in the neighborhood of Accho or Acre. It is conjectured by some to be the Biblical Gibeah; but it does not appear in connection with any marked event in history until the year 1100, when it was besieged and taken by storm by Tancred; but after the battle of Hattin it fell into the hands of Saladin. The existing ruins upon the site of the old town consist of a massive piece of sea-wall; of the foundations of a construction of what was apparently a circular fort; of remains of tombs and wells, with here and there mounds, out of which crop fragments of rude masonry. A hundred and twenty years ago the then existing town of Haifa was destroyed by a certain sheikh Omar el Zahir, who had made himself master of central Palestine, and chosen Acre for his place of residence. For some years the shores of this part of the bay remained abandoned, and the present town only sprang up in the early part of this century, about two miles from the ancient Haifa, at the head of the bay, under rather peculiar circumstances. At this point the hills approach the sea, and here the Crusaders evidently had a stronghold; for there are the remains of a fortress, since turned into a jail, and a fragment of a wall and archway, which may possibly date from a still more remote epoch. To this strip of land, Abdallah, one of the successors of Sheikh Omar el Zahir, transferred the population of a rebellious village, which he punished by razing their houses to the ground; and on the hill above he put a castle, while he interned the people between it and the sea by means of a wall, thus keeping them, as it were, in prison. This confinement, however, appears not to have lasted very long — possibly because it was expensive, probably also because, on the death of Abdallah, the author of the punishment, the political state of the country changed: the walls were allowed to crumble away; the garrison was removed from the castle, which is already a picturesque ruin; and the people began to forget their history, and to adapt themselves to the conditions which surrounded them.

While the seacoast town of Haifa was undergoing these vicissitudes, there lived in its immediate vicinity a group of men whose fortunes had been as varying as those of the native population, and who had clung with a pertinacity which has since rendered them celebrated throughout the world, to that sacred mountain whose venerated lanes they had appropriated at the time of the Crusades, and upon which they had built a monastery more than seven hundred years ago. Like the present town of Haifa, the existing monastery of Carmel only dates from the early part of this century; but it is none the less a picturesque feature in the landscape, and in fact forms the chief attraction to the tourist, who seldom does more than ride through Haifa, to pass the night with the Carmelite fathers.

For seven centuries has this pious foundation represented Christianity in this corner of Palestine; and yet, to judge from the slender influence it has exercised over the fortunes of the inhabitants in the past, we may fairly assume that Haifa would have remained an obscure and insignificant village to the present day, were it not that, fifteen years ago, it was selected as a fitting spot on which to plant a colony, by a body of Germans, chiefly from the kingdom of Würtemberg, who had decided, upon religious grounds, to establish themselves in Palestine.

The founder of the society, Mr. Hoffman, was a clergyman of the Lutheran Church, who had been educated at Tübingen, and was for some years director of the College of Crischna, near Basle. The rationalistic tendency of German thought, which attained its then culminating expression in the writings of Strauss, found in Mr. Hoffman an ardent opponent, and he attributed the force of the movement to the feeble barrier offered by the Church to the progress of scepticism. Mr. Hoffman was of opinion that rationalism was to be met not by doctrine but by practice, and that the inherent weakness of the Church consisted in its professing one code of morality and practising another. The anomaly of this inconsistency pressed upon him so forcibly, that he abandoned his charge at Crischna, and founded a college at Salon, near Ludwigsburg. He was shortly after elected to the Diet at Frankfort, where he presented a petition, signed by twelve thousand persons, in favor of Church reformation.

At this time Mr. Hoffman was publishing a journal in which he elaborated the

views which were now formulating themselves in his mind, and his writings began to exercise a considerable influence in Germany, Russia, Switzerland, and America. The main feature of his teaching was the absolute necessity of endeavoring to embody the moral precepts of Christ in daily life, and by social reorganization to render possible a higher religious ideal than could be attained in society as at present constituted.

The deduction which he drew from the New Testament, and especially from the book of Revelation, in regard to the second coming of Christ, was that the Messiah could only appear again when a body of people had prepared themselves to receive him, by a self-sacrificing adaptation of the morality he had taught to their lives: that, in fact, the second advent depended upon somebody having tried to put into daily practice what had been taught at the first; that the spiritual temple had first to be built, and the kingdom created, before the Lord could come to reign — and that the Church was not attempting to do either the one or the other. This brought him into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities, who took another view of the manner in which the Revelation should be interpreted, and he was expelled from the Church, followed by a large gathering of those who had adopted his views, and who were thenceforth known as the "Temple Society." At a meeting of the leaders in 1867, it was determined that the headquarters of the society should be established in Palestine, as a sort of pivotal centre; about four-fifths of its members, who now numbered over five thousand persons, remaining, however, in the various countries of Europe and in the United States, there, by strenuous moral effort, to bear a witness for the new and higher life which they were struggling to realize. While it was felt that Christ's new kingdom should embrace all countries and all races, a special significance attached to the land which was to form, as it were, the cornerstone upon which the new spiritual temple was to be built; and it was to the moral and material restoration of that land, in the first instance, that the Temple Society especially addressed itself. The members believed that by setting an example of simple, honest industry to the natives; by applying themselves particularly to the cultivation of the land; by being scrupulously just in all their commercial dealings, and practising to their utmost endeavor the simple Christian virtues,—

they could not fail ultimately to make their influence felt. They entirely deprecated any attempt by preaching or dogmatizing to convert any to their views, trusting solely that their example would commend whatever of truth they might hold to those by whom they were surrounded. Animated by these sentiments, the leaders started for Constantinople in 1868, and after vainly endeavoring to procure a firman, proceeded to the coast of Syria, where, attracted by the great advantages of soil, climate, and situation, they decided to establish themselves, in the first instance, at Haifa. Here they at once set to work to purchase land and build themselves houses. Believing in the responsibilities of individual ownership, they did not share in any of the communistic views so common in these days; but as the settlers were for the most part men of humble means, with nothing but their trades to depend upon, a loan fund and savings bank were formed, a village laid out, and the work of a permanent settlement seriously entered upon. Under any circumstances the first experiences of settlers in a new home are proverbially attended with great difficulty and discomfort; but in the case of these German emigrants, the obstacles which they had to overcome were of an especially annoying and perplexing kind. Apart from the fact that they arrived ignorant of the language, methods of agriculture, and habits and customs of the native population, whose primitive and half-savage mode of life it was impossible for the new-comers to adopt, the Turkish government, strongly averse to the establishment of a foreign colony, set all its machinery in motion to frustrate the attempt. It refused to sell government land except at exorbitant prices; and in spite of the treaties existing between Turkey and foreign governments enabling foreigners to purchase land, secure titles, etc., the negotiations for the land they now occupy extended over a period of twelve years, before the titles were satisfactorily and legally completed, even in the case of purchases from private owners. Nor were they allowed during this period to pay their taxes direct to the government, but were compelled to pay them through the former Arab owners, in whose names the titles still were, and who took this opportunity of assessing them at an exorbitant rate, and putting the balance in their pockets. Since they have secured their own titles, they have discovered that for all these years they

have been paying four times as much as they need have done.

Notwithstanding the insecurity of their tenure, the injustice to which they were subjected in the matter of taxation, the permanent hostility of the government, and the local difficulties with regard to labor, supplies, etc., by which they were surrounded, they persevered, while paying dearly for their experience, and finally succeeded in struggling through the first years of their existence, their numbers meanwhile being slowly recruited from Europe and America. They were thus enabled to form three other colonies: one in the immediate vicinity of Jaffa; another called Sharon, about an hour distant from that town; and a fourth in the suburbs of Jerusalem, not far from the Jaffa gate. It is here that the founder of the society, Mr. Hoffman, has now taken up his residence. The united population of the four colonies is about one thousand souls; a few families are also settled at Nazareth and Beyrout. The colony at Haifa, numbering a little over three hundred, consists mostly of Germans, German-Americans, Russians, and a few Swiss. These possess seven hundred acres of land, of which one hundred are laid out in vineyards upon the slopes of Mount Carmel. Besides agriculture, the colonists have gone into trade and manufacture. They make excellent olive-oil soap, the export of which to America is yearly increasing: they have a wind grist-mill, a steam-mill is now in process of erection, and a factory for carving olive-wood. They have opened places of business in Haifa, and deal in merchandise, provisions, and dry goods. They do a good deal of business with Nazareth, now that they have got a road; and all branches of ordinary handicraft are represented in the colony. They have their own skilled physician, an architect, and engineer; while the British, American, and German vice-consulates are all held by members of the colony. Their schools are supported by a two-thirds donation from the German government, and one-third from the colonists.

If these excellent people can look back only upon struggles, privations, and hardships, they have now the satisfaction of looking round and observing the wonderful change which their presence has effected upon the neighborhood. They can point with pride to their clean, trim village, running back in two streets from the sea to the base of Carmel, with its double line of shade-trees, its neat little

gardens, and comfortable houses, looking, by contrast with the native bazaar, like some rare exotic transplanted to a foreign soil. They can look at the substantial houses which have sprung up between the colony and the town; as capital has been attracted during the last few years, they can see not only their own land, which they are constantly improving and draining, giving evidence of the care which has been bestowed upon it, and their terraced vineyards and increasing flocks, but they can see that their example is being imitated by the natives, who are adopting their better methods of agriculture. They can point to the fact that land has risen more than three times in value since their arrival; that the statistics of the port show a constantly increasing trade; and that, so far from having excited a feeling of hostility among the natives, they are universally respected, and often co-operate with them in their agricultural labors on terms of perfect harmony. All this has been the work of scarce fifteen years; and when we compare these sound, practical results with all that the Carmelites have to show, after a seven hundred years' occupation of the mountain, with all the wealth and prestige of their order and their Church behind them, we are enabled to contrast the effects of practice with those of theory, and are driven to the conclusion that a very small amount of ploughing, done from a right spirit, may be worth a good deal of baptism.

But of all the numerous benefits which the German colony has conferred upon the native population, that which has perhaps exercised the most marked influence upon them has been the construction of roads for wheeled vehicles. When they came here, such a thing as a cart of any kind was unknown in the country. Now they are extensively used by the Arabs, and their numbers are constantly increasing. To make the cart before the road seems to be a proceeding somewhat analogous to putting the cart before the horse; and yet there is a wide difference between the performances. Given a horse and cart, and a tolerably level country, your cart becomes your road-maker. You find the line of country offering the least natural obstruction, and you go along it. There is not a vestige of a road from Haifa to Acre—a distance of about ten miles—but there are omnibuses, driven by natives, running almost every hour, who take you between the two places in two hours and a half for a shilling. Sometimes the road is better than any

piece of macadamized road in the world; but sometimes it is worse,—very much worse indeed: that depends upon the tide; for in fine weather and low tide it is a continuous stretch of the smoothest and hardest sand imaginable. This is fortunate, as the omnibuses have the barest apologies for springs, though they trundle smoothly along, their wheels just touching the rippling waves, as easily as if one was driving over a damp billiard-table. When the tide is high, and we have to plough through the fine, deep sand above, it is a very different matter; or when the Kishon and the Belus, the two streams we have to cross on the way, flooded with winter rains, burst all sandy barriers and rush headlong into the sea: then the journey may be in the highest degree exciting, as the question whether they are fordable or not becomes problematical, and sometimes the passengers resort to ferry-boats, towing the swimming horses and floating omnibus after them; but these experiences are confined to certain times of the year, and usually the drive from Haifa to Acre along the edge of the waves, with the cool sea-breeze fanning one all the way, is as agreeable as can be imagined. Then there is a carriage-road to Nazareth—a distance of twenty-two miles. This had to be constructed at a cost of about £200, the whole of which expense was borne by the German colony—a fact which does not prevent the natives who contributed nothing towards it from using it freely. There is, besides, the road which, passing round the projecting promontory upon which the monastery of Carmel is situated, enters the northern end of the plain of Sharon, and extends to Cæsarea; indeed there is no reason, so far as the country is concerned, why it should not extend to Jaffa, a distance of sixty miles. One very important reason for making the cart before the road in Turkey is, that in order to make a road, you must get a concession. But as the government now refuses to grant concessions for any purpose to any one, limiting itself to taking *backsheesh* for promises, no sane individual would endeavor to get a concession to build a road; but you do not require a concession to build a cart, and having built it you can drive it at your own risk. You may possibly have to bribe a *caimakam* to permit you to remove stones or other obstacles; and you would get into serious trouble if you tried to build a bridge. But there are various unostentatious ways of opening up the country, developing its resources,

and helping the inhabitants, by which the vigilance of the government to prevent improvement of any kind may be eluded, and risk of serious penalties avoided. The most effective of all ways really to benefit the country, would be for foreigners to come to it; and the fact that Haifa has just advanced sufficiently in civilization to make it combine comfort with economy as a winter resort, points it out as the locality especially adapted for a beginning to be made in this direction. There is an excellent hotel, kept by a German, in the colony; while those who prefer it can find board and lodging at the monastery, where the fathers have accommodation for a hundred guests. For my own part, I preferred renting a house in the colony; and though it involved furnishing throughout, the undertaking proved more simple and economical than I could have imagined. Nor could any better evidence be required of the resources of the colony than the fact that I was enabled either to purchase or have made everything I required to furnish and install myself simply but comfortably in a two-storeyed house. Most of the colonists now speak Arabic, and among the younger members excellent servants are to be found. Mutton, veal, pork, and chickens are the principal articles of meat diet to be obtained; and the native bazaar affords a plentiful supply of fruit and vegetables.

The population of Haifa has now increased to about six thousand inhabitants, and we ride or drive to it from the colony, a mile distant, between high cactus hedges. During the grain season it presents quite a busy aspect: hundreds of camels with grain from the Hauran, are at this time of the year clustered in picturesque groups under the high cactus hedge at the gate of the town, where the principal warehouses for the reception of their loads are collected. During more than half the year the harbor is seldom without one steamer; sometimes there are as many as four or five loading with barley, wheat, the maize of the country, sesame, carob-beans, and other native products, among which may be mentioned olive-oil, nuts, cheese, colocynth, and, sad to relate, charcoal. There is an express prohibition against the exportation of this article, as it is made at the expense of the remaining woods which still cover Carmel and some of the neighboring hills. It is painful to see this denudation going on when the urgent need of the country is more wood, and when it is so necessary

to prevent its further desiccation; but the most stringent enactments of the government are always to be overcome by *back-sheesh*, and the exportation of charcoal takes place openly under the eyes of the authorities. There can be no doubt, now that it has once fairly made a start, that Haifa is destined to become the most important port in Palestine. Its merits as a harbor, and its capacity for improvement, have already been pointed out in the pages of this magazine. With the vast and fertile plain of Esdraelon as a back country, across which a railroad could be constructed without difficulty to the great grain-producing district of the Hauran, and a sufficient outlay of capital on its harbor, it would be the natural outlet for the chief products of the country.

Its commercial development may be left, however, to the laws which govern trade; it has been rather to the tourist or invalid that I have sought to recommend it, than to the capitalist. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable climate during the winter months than it offers. From October to January the temperature is generally that of the finest summer weather in England. Then it begins to get a little chilly, and a fire in the evenings is a grateful addition to the natural temperature; but this is only occasionally the case during the rainy weather. The rains of Palestine have become a bugbear, because they prevent travelling in tents, and are relatively disagreeable in a country where the days are invariably fine; but the rainiest winter month here would be considered a fine summer month in England. It does not begin to get really hot till May; and the experience of the colonists, who work out in the fields in all weathers, is, that the climate of Carmel is exceptionally bracing and healthy. But its most powerful attraction is the charming excursions which may be made in the neighborhood, and the objects of interest which abound within an easy day's drive or ride, to say nothing of its own beauty of situation, and the lovely view of the Bay of Acre which it commands, the fortifications of that town glistening white in the distance, and the circling hills of Palestine, overtopped by snow-clad Hermon, changing in hue with those tender variations of atmosphere which give such an inexpressible charm to Eastern scenery. From these smooth, sandy beaches we may bathe at all times of the year without the risk of an impossible temperature; and the conchologist would find in the multitudes of shells with which they

are strewn, a never-ending interest and delight. Here are sometimes to be found the *Murex vandarus* and *Murex tremantus*, the prickly shells of the fish which, in old time, yielded the far-famed Tyrian purple. After a storm the beach is strewn with sponges, which are obtained off the coast and form an article of commerce. For those who love sport, the thickets of Carmel contain wild boar; while partridges, snipe, quail, woodcock, and the delicious francolin, are to be found in quantities at the right seasons of the year. The natives despise the freshwater fish which abound in the Kishon, Belus, and other streams; but they none the less afford fair sport to the unambitious angler who likes variety and quantity rather than quality, and condescends to a worm.

As I have already said, we can drive in three different directions,—either along the beach to Acre, or by the road to Nazareth, or round the promontory of Carmel along the plain of Sharon. Let us choose the last road, which, for the first half-hour, traverses the lands of the colony: it is one of the pleasantest, for it is smooth and stoneless till we reach the curious mound at the base of the cliff upon which the monastery is situated. It is a circular, stony tumulus about fifty feet high, washed by the sea, and the rocks bear marks of men's handiwork. Probably excavation would bring to light a ruin; but it is so covered with earth that the Arabs plough over it: it is known by them as Tel-es-Senak. The road passes between it and the base of the steep, rocky side of Carmel, which seems here almost honeycombed with caves. These are worth stopping to examine, though they look mere holes in the rock. Some of the apertures are so filled up with *alabris* that an entrance is impossible; but if we lie down and peer in, we see the marks of cuttings in the rock, showing that they have been inhabited. Others are larger, and have been carved into rude doorways; and in these, again, are stone divisions, as though the occupant had made himself a stone bed. Some are cut into oblong shapes resembling sarcophagi, and suggest that they may have been used for tombs. Everywhere the steep, limestone rock bears marks of having been much inhabited: flights of steps are cut into it; square cuttings exist where solid blocks have been taken out of it. In one place there is a complete corridor behind a series of flying buttresses of rock, where flocks of goats take shelter

now. In the Crusading days Carmel must have been a perfect rabbit-warren of hermits if all these caves were occupied—and those I have so far examined certainly have been. There is, however, also a theory to the effect that they served as sentry-boxes to the Crusaders. At any rate, not a twentieth part of them have been examined, for they abound all through this limestone mountain, and here alone is occupation enough cut out for the winter resident. From the point where these first caves are situated we have a magnificent view of an unbroken line of beach for about twelve miles, and on a projecting point at its furthest extremity discern the outlines of the noble ruin of Athlit. Skirting the base of the range for half an hour more, we reach a narrow gorge, and in order to explore it, have to leave our carriage, and proceed on foot. So far the scenery has been treeless. Carmel, rugged and barren, has been on our left, and a strip of plain with the sea on our right; but here, to our surprise, pent up between the projecting flanks of the mountain, we come upon a garden of figs, olives, and pomegranates. It is not above a hundred yards across, but it wedges itself up into the mountain till it becomes a strip scarce three trees wide, and then we suddenly come upon the cause of all this fertility. Gushing from a cleft in the limestone rock is a rill of purest water, conducted into a tank about twelve feet square, hewn out of the solid rock, perhaps by the old monks, probably by men more or less holy far anterior to them; for since the time of Elijah, Carmel has been celebrated for its sacred character, and has been much affected in consequence by devotees. Among the Jews, it takes rank for sanctity immediately after Sinai, being the second most sacred mountain in the world. There is something about this solitary spot, replete with the traces of a handiwork of the remote past, which cannot fail to impress the beholder. But there are other surprises in store for him. Looking up the valley, we perceive that it seems at one time or other to have been spanned by a work of solid masonry. What remains of it projects nearly half across the chasm, and we eagerly scramble towards it. We now find ourselves traversing a smooth, white limestone surface, into which, where the ascent is steepest, steps have been cut. On one side of us is a wall of limestone, and from it project layers of petrified twigs and branches of trees. The rock at our

feet seems strewn with these stone memorials of a bygone forest, and here people who have a turn rather for fossils than for caves will have their appetite abundantly gratified. Passing beyond the overhanging masonry, we find that it forms a sort of rampart for a little plateau of earth, upon which there is another little garden about a quarter of an acre in extent, the owner of which lives in a hut at the mouth of a cave, and stares at us with astonishment. At the upper end of his little garden is another stone cistern, five or six feet square, fed from a capacious spring in the rock, which has been arched over, the whole embowered by fruit-trees, and forming a cool and most romantic retreat from the world. So, at least, thought the earliest monks, for here they erected their first monastery, one chamber of which, massively built, is still standing. I am inclined to think, however, that the solid masonry construction is of older date than the Crusades, though it may have formed part of a military as well as a monkish stronghold. There is a wild, rocky path, which I have yet to explore, leading further up the glen, by which the ridge may be traversed, and we may drop down upon the plain near Haifa on the opposite side of the mountain. The native name for this spot is Ain Siah; and according to tradition, it was on the coast opposite the gorge that the Crusading king, "Saint" Louis of France, was wrecked when the monks gave him shelter and hospitality, and in return for it he helped them at a later period to collect funds for the construction of a larger building, which was afterwards erected on the site where the present monastery now stands. Not one, probably, in a hundred tourists who visit that monastery have ever heard of, much less explored, the romantic glen, scarcely an hour's ride distant from it, whose rocky recesses gave birth to the now celebrated order of the Carmelite monks.

Emerging once more on to the plain of Sharon, and continuing southward, we presently find ourselves entering extensive olive-groves. The country we have been traversing is somewhat stony, but so fertile as to have tempted the German colony to purchase a considerable tract of land. They were, however, soon compelled to abandon the attempt to cultivate it themselves, owing to the turbulent character of the population of the village of El Tireh, to which the gardens we are now entering belong. In spite of every effort to conciliate them, it was found im-

possible to overcome their unruly and thievish propensities; and rather than risk collisions, the land has been let to Arab tenants, who cultivate it on shares. The people of El Tireh are notorious for their bad character all through the country. They are fanatical Moslems, and sufficiently wealthy, when they commit acts of depredation, to bribe the authorities to condone their offence; so they are a terror to their poorer and less influential neighbors. Their village is worth visiting, however, on account of the ruins of an old Crusading castle, now converted into a mosque, and of the numerous caverns and ancient rock-hewn cisterns with which the hillside and glens that run back into the mountain abound. I had only time to stay long enough to see that the place was worth another visit; and notwithstanding their evil reputation, I was treated with much civility by the villagers. Once more striking across the plain from the base of the range to the sea, we arrive in little more than half an hour at a low limestone ridge which separates the plain from the beach. The formation of the country here is very peculiar. The plain, which had sloped from the mountains gently towards the sea, now almost takes an opposite incline, so that the winter streams from Carmel, not finding a natural slope seaward, are apt to stagnate in marshes at the base of the range, thus rendering the country to the south of Tireh during the early summer months very feverish. As if still further to render the drainage difficult, there extends parallel with the sea, and a few hundred yards from it, a range of limestone rocks about fifty feet high, here and there rent into chasms. Skirting these, we suddenly find ourselves at an opening, apparently artificial. It is just wide enough to admit the carriage; and now we perceive the deep ruts of ancient chariot-wheels in the white rock, and examining more minutely, find holes in the entrance rocks at each side, showing that in old time this passage could be barred. For about fifty yards we traverse the narrow passage. Here and there on the sides we observe steps cut in the face of the rock, the surface of which, in all directions, bears the marks of cuttings. We emerge from this artificial cleft upon a small sandy plain, and find ourselves suddenly in the presence of the ruins of Athlit, the most striking feature of which is a magnificent isolated fragment of wall, some sixty feet high. The carved blocks which formed its external casing have been partially

removed, and it looks like some grand skeleton of departed greatness. We enter the ruins by a gateway, in which there are still massive wooden doors, and perceive immediately on our right the traces of three tiers of vaults, one above another, forming possibly the foundations upon which the temple was built, of which the fragment of wall is all that remains. High up on its inner surface we see the spring of three of the arches which probably formed the support of the roof, and which rest upon corbels formed respectively of the heads of a man and a woman and a bunch of acanthus-leaves. Attracted by a hole in the rubbish at our feet, we scramble into it, and find ourselves in a dark vault, the dimensions of which a lighted lucifer-match fails to reveal; but this is only a visit of reconnaissance, so we do not waste time over it, but proceed on our exploration, enabled only to gather vague ideas as to the former shape and aspect of these massive ruins; for they have been built over by the squalid group of peasantry who have made them their home, and whose huts, nestling into them in every direction, render examination difficult. Then they have for centuries served as a quarry, from which ready-cut blocks of stone could be taken away to build the fortifications of Acre, or construct mosques or public buildings in the towns on the coast. No doubt all that was finest in the shape of columns or stone-carving has long since been removed, but from the fragments that remain we are enabled to form some idea of the past grandeur of the place. Situated on a projecting promontory, washed on three sides by the sea, Athlit was protected by a sea-wall, the massive fragments of which still remain, and which has evidently succumbed to the ravages, not of the ocean, but of man. On the occasion of my visit there was a heavy sea rolling, and the effect was inexpressibly grand. I stood on the edge of the ruin, some fifty feet above the rocks, and watched the breakers swirling over them, and dashing themselves upon the ancient masonry, through the base of which here and there breaches have been made, leaving the upper part of the wall intact, thus forming rude archways through which the breakers swept into the base of the cliff. Following round to the southern side, I again entered a vault, this time sufficiently lighted by apertures to allow me to perceive that it was about one hundred and twenty yards in length, thirty feet in breadth, and about the same in height. The natives

used it for storing their grain. Altogether I know of no more impressive ruin to the west of the Jordan than Athlit, though it is scarcely ever visited by travellers — probably because no Biblical association attaches to it, and because it, of course, does not compare with the ruins to the east of the Jordan, and with those of other parts of Syria outside of Palestine. The earliest mention of Athlit, so far as I have been able to discover, is in the Talmud and Midrash, where it is called by the name of "Better" (it is known among the Arabs to this day as "Bitter"), in connection with the historical record of that remarkable revolt undertaken by the Jews against the Romans in the year A.D. 130, under the leadership of Simon, surnamed Barcochebas, "son of the star," who was recognized by the celebrated Rabbi ben Akiba as the Messiah, and who succeeded in wresting from the Roman rule a large portion of the ancient Jewish kingdom, and in maintaining his independence during three years and a half. Better was one of the principal strongholds of this short-lived struggle, and is celebrated in Jewish literature as the last spot upon which Jewish national independence was maintained. There can be no doubt, therefore, that prior to this period it was a Roman city of some importance.

It was destined once again to play a prominent part in the history of the country. It became celebrated during the Crusades under the name of *Castellum Peregrinorum*, or the *Château des Pèlerins*. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it bore the name of *Petra Incisa*, probably owing to the rock-cut passage to it, which I have already described. In 1218, the Templars restored the castle and constituted it the chief seat of their order, on which occasion it is recorded that they "found a number of strange unknown coins" — possibly a currency used by Barcochebas. At this time the castle was regarded as an outwork of Acre, which was the chief Crusading stronghold. In 1220 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Muazzam, sultan of Egypt, and it was only abandoned by the Crusaders in 1291 because Acre had been taken, and it remained the only spot still held by the Christians in the country. It has thus had the curious privilege of having been the last Jewish and the last Christian possession in Palestine.

If we have started from Haifa early enough, and not lingered too long on the way, we have still time to reach Tantura,

the Biblical Dor, see what there is to be seen, and get home comfortably to dinner. Following the coast-road for five miles more, and passing the obscure ruins of Hadara and Kefr Lam, we observe to the right, standing alone on the seashore about half a mile to the north of the town, another lofty, isolated fragment of wall, that from a distance somewhat resembles a lighthouse, but which now turns out to be all that remains of an ancient castle, whose substructures date from a period anterior to the Middle Ages. The limestone range which we have remarked at Athlit continues to cut off the plain from the sea, and in it are caverns, while near Tantara it is covered with the shapeless ruins of an ancient town. This was probably the part occupied by the Jews, who, we are told in the Bible, were unable to completely drive the Canaanites out of the place, but compelled them to pay tribute while they occupied the upper portion of the town. In former times there must have been a good harbor at Tantara, formed by a chain of rocky islets, upon which are the remains of the old seawall, while their sides are hollowed by caverns. Even now, when the breakers are not too high to prevent the coasting craft from running through, they find here a secure shelter; and there is an attempt at trade on a small scale. But the inhabitants, like those of Tireh, have a doubtful reputation; and though they entertained me hospitably, I met some years ago a party of tourists at Jerusalem who had been robbed by them.

Classical authors mention Dor as having been a Phœnician colony. During the wars of the Diadochi, it was besieged and partly destroyed; but the town and harbor were subsequently restored by Gabinius, a Roman general. It must at one time have been a handsome city; for we read that in the time of St. Jerome its ruins were still a subject of admiration. There is a marsh near, where a friend who accompanied me had last year killed a wild boar; and a little below it, a stream which is carried through the limestone ridge by an artificial cutting, and spanned by an old Roman single-arched bridge in good preservation. Below this it expands into a deep, narrow, very sluggish stream, known as the Crocodile River. My friend assured me that the existence of crocodiles is no myth, for he had himself seen the carcass of one not long since, which had been killed by the natives. The Arab tradition as to the origin of these animals in the river is, that there was

once a quarrel between two brothers whose properties were divided by the stream, and that one was more powerful than the other, and constantly threatening to annex his property, on which the latter applied to an influential friend in Egypt for help. His friend replied that he was unable to come himself, but sent him instead a brace of crocodiles to put into the dividing river; and by this simple means he succeeded in protecting his property ever after. I found a very good English-built boat submerged in this stream, and on inquiry was informed that the irrepressible British tourist had contrived to get it here, expressly for the purpose of hunting crocodiles; but I could hear nothing as to his success. The river falls into a large lagoon, which is separated from the sea by a low beach, over which the waves break in a storm. These lagoons extend more or less to Cæsarea; but this would be beyond the limits of a day's excursion from Haifa. There is, however, a spot in the neighborhood which has recently become interesting, not from its ancient remains — though these exist — so much as from the experiment which is now being attempted by the Central Committee of Roumania, who have chosen it as the site for a Jewish agricultural colony. It is distant about three miles from the sea, and is about four hundred feet above it, on one of the lower spurs of the Carmel range. As the settlers are only just getting into the Arab huts as their first year's lodgings, and as they have not yet begun to cultivate, it is too early to judge of the probable chances of success. Indeed the obstacles thrown in the way by the government threaten to make it almost impossible for them, unless assisted by foreign influence, even to establish themselves permanently on the land of which they are not permitted to become owners, but where, at present, it is proposed to place them as laborers of a foreign proprietor. From the top of the highest hill of this property, which I visited, a magnificent view is obtained southward over the plain of Sharon as far as Cæsarea, and eastward over the high wooded and undulating slopes, characterized by Captain Conder, who has done so much excellent work in the exploration of Palestine, as the most available country for colonization, and known by the natives as "the breezy land;" behind which, still further east and north, rise the higher mountains of Palestine, with the rounded summit of Tabor, backed by snow-clad Hermon in the extreme north-east, while immediately

to the north the Carmel range shuts in the view. The more one explores the hills and valleys of all this neighborhood, the more impressed does one become with the numerous traces which abound of the dense population which must at one time have inhabited all this country. Everywhere among the rocks we come upon steps, or grooves, or cuttings, or other evidences of man's handiwork. Here at this hamlet of Summarin my attention was drawn to the ruts in the limestone formed by chariot-wheels, and I found that they led to the remains of what had once been a town. There were the foundations of the old walls; and at one place the three sides of what had once been a chamber hewn out of the solid rock. Each side contained rows of niches two inches apart — each niche being about a foot high, six inches across, and six inches deep. On the most perfect side there were six rows, each row containing eighteen niches, and they were continued probably below the *débris*, which had partially filled in the flooring. I could only imagine them to have served as receptacles for cinerary urns. The peasantry still occupied the little hamlet, which was now to become partly tenanted by the Roumanian Jews, of whom half a dozen were present at the time of my visit, contrasting strangely in their long *caftans* and curled locks with the swarthy *fellahin*, whose copartners in cultivation they were to be during the early stage of the settlement. The latter showed a considerable repugnance to the prospect of this description of co-operation — not at all upon religious, but upon purely economic grounds. Practically they saw that they were to be the teachers and the Jews the pupils, and they wished this fact to be taken into consideration in the future division of profits. They made high demands in consequence; and as it is not in the Jewish nature to submit to high demands, there was a good deal of warm discussion on the subject. They looked at the weak, *chétif* physiques of these immigrants, fresh from the Ghetto of some Roumanian town, with a not unnatural suspicion of their powers of endurance, and indeed it required an effort of imagination to picture them running their furrows at the tail of a plough. However, it is a good sign for the nation that their hearts should be so set upon developing a capacity for agricultural pursuits, and it is one which all well-wishers to the land and its former people, would do well to encourage and aid to their utmost. One

of the *fellahin*, seeing my interest in ruins and topographical curiosities, led me to the head of a valley, where he said there was a mysterious rock with a hole in it, where the roaring of a mighty river might be heard. The aperture was a crack in the table-rock of limestone, about three inches by two; its sides were worn smooth by listeners who had placed their ears upon it from time immemorial. On following the example of the thousands who had probably preceded me, I was saluted by a strong draught of air, which rushed upwards from unknown depths, and heard to my surprise the mighty, roaring sound that had given the rock its mystical reputation; but I felt at once that no subterranean river large enough to produce the rushing of such a torrent, was likely, for physical reasons, to exist in this locality, for the noise was that of a distant Niagara. I was puzzled till I ascended a neighboring hill, where the roar of the sea was distinctly audible; and I am therefore disposed to think that the fissure must have led to a cave on the seashore, from which the sound is conducted, as by a whispering gallery, to this point, distant from it about three miles. There was a fine plateau of arable land on this property, while some of the hill-sides were fairly wooded, and others covered with a thick under-brush, in which are to be found wild-cats, gluttons, porcupines, and other animals. The natives, however, were highly excited, because they had killed the previous day an animal which they all declared they had never seen before. They had attempted to skin it, but had been unable to do so, on account of its odor. On inspecting the carcass, I found to my surprise that it was a fine specimen of what appeared to be an ordinary American skunk, — an animal with which I have unfortunately had reason to be too well acquainted for it to be easy for me to be mistaken in its identity. But if naturalists, who are wiser than I am, deny the possibility of the existence of these animals in Asia, then they have, at all events, far nearer relations in the Old World than I imagined. Had he been alive, and favored me with a whiff, all doubts would have been at an end. The testimony of the natives was that they had never smelt such a smell before.

From Summarin, we may, if we like, cross the hills, drop into the plain of Esdraclon, and still reach Haifa the same night; but the excursion is rather too long to be made comfortably in one day, as there are many interesting spots to be

visited. I have dwelt upon it at some length, merely as a specimen of what is done in the neighborhood of Carmel. As for the mountain itself, it is a ten-mile ride along the backbone of the range from one end to the other, at an altitude varying from twelve to eighteen hundred feet above the sea, intersected by numerous gorges and ravines, all which require exploring, and in regard to which I hope, at some future time, to have something to say. Besides which, there is a romantic mountainous country away to the north-east, where, in spite of the exhaustive survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund, a good deal of interesting work remains to be done; and for this no better central position could be found than Haifa.

A visit to Palestine hitherto has always been inseparably connected in the mind of the traveller with tent-life; and this involves either a very expensive outlay, with all the paraphernalia of a dragoman and his caravan of mules, and extortionate charges, or it means travelling over a certain route fixed by Cook, at £1 5s. a day, with a miscellaneous herd of tourists. A winter residence at Haifa can be arranged for a much lower sum; and provided the visitor is satisfied with such excursions as I have indicated — not involving more than one night away from home, and therefore rendering a tent equipage unnecessary — he will find plenty of interesting exploration. It is always possible to rough it with native accommodation for one night, so that a dragoman and his caravan may be dispensed with. A servant, who speaks a little of some tongue besides Arabic, to cook and interpret, mounted on another animal, and carrying some bedding, food, and a change of clothes, is all the caravan required. Those, however, who do not like roughing it, or care for exploring at a distance, will have riding, driving, bathing, and shooting to their hearts' content without spending a night away from a house furnished with all the ordinary comforts of civilization, in the midst of an honest, industrious, and simple community of Germans, whose work deserves the countenance and encouragement of all who have the welfare of the country they are laboring to benefit at heart. And it ought surely to be no little satisfaction to those in search of health or amusement, to feel that in choosing Haifa as their winter resort, they are contributing indirectly to the prosperity and development of a country to whose restoration so many sacred promises are attached. Haifa may

be reached by the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, which touch there once a fortnight, either from Beyrout or from Alexandria. Letters, however, arrive by the land post every week; and there can be no doubt that if sufficient inducement offered, the Messagerie and Russian boats, which pass it every week on their way from Beyrout to Jaffa and Egypt, would call here. Besides which, the commercial lines of Moss and Ball occasionally look in, and would do so regularly with a very little more encouragement. It depends upon the public to remedy its present comparative isolation, which, however, to many may prove rather an attraction than a drawback.

From Temple Bar.

MISS AUSTEN.

"HAD Miss Austen felt more deeply, she would have written differently."

These words in a recent number of *Temple Bar* are the reason why this paper is written. They are, in whatever point of view we look at them, very wide of the truth, and are not the only error their author has fallen into, nor is he the only person who thus misjudges her. It is, notwithstanding all the praise bestowed, becoming the fashion to accuse her of being shallow and cold-hearted, and her heroines of being prudish; and undoubtedly there is not to be found in her novels those highly spiced love-scenes with which we are all so familiar, but which, while requiring little genius to write, only deprave the taste and imagination of the reader.

Without exaggeration, it may be said that on few other female writers has such an amount of study, criticism, and praise been bestowed as on Jane Austen. Others, notably Miss Burney, enjoyed far more fame during their lives. They sowed one week and they reaped the next; admiring crowds followed them, and their name was in everybody's mouth. They were the lions of their day and enjoyed their own lionhood. But she never knew that she was a lion, and lived and died scarcely more widely known than Cowper's old woman, who "never was heard of half a mile from home." And now her name and the praise of her works is forever cropping up in the most unlikely places, and her admirers and readers are innumerable, ranging from Cardinal Newman (nay, it would not astonish us to find

the pope himself amongst the number) to the young Hindus in the college at Calcutta. And yet there is no modern writer of equal fame of whom the public knows so little. The blank of her life in some sort impairs the interest of her books, and so far is, and has been, an injury to her fame. That blank is mainly owing to her own nearest relations. They did not perceive that genius must always, *bon gré, mal gré*, lift its possessor out of the class of private individuals, and more or less deprive them of the shelter, as it does of the obscurity, of private life. The more rare and excellent the genius, the more interesting to the public is the character of its possessor and the incidents of his or her life. Fame cannot be separated from publicity, and those who secure it do not often wish that it should be; but now and then it comes to those who have never sought it, and to whose modesty and reserve it is really painful. To Jane Austen it would have been a heavy penalty to pay for the delights of authorship; and her family, though no doubt rejoicing in the growing success of her writings, desired nothing better than to keep her exclusively to themselves. She was their own, "their dear Aunt Jane." "The public," they said, "have her books; with her private life they have no concern," and they could not see any reason why the world should want to know what manner of woman it was who had supplied it with such an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Nor was this feeling of jealousy, for such it was, the principal one which has made the materials so scanty out of which to construct her memoirs. With all the playful frankness of her manner, her sweet, sunny temper and enthusiastic nature, Jane Austen was a woman most reticent as to her own deepest and holiest feelings; and her sister Cassandra would have thought she was sinning against that delicacy and reserve had she left behind her any record of them. To destroy every trace of everything that Jane would never have had revealed, was in her eyes a sacred duty. That, on the contrary, it was her duty to the public to preserve whatever could throw any light on her sister's life and character never occurred to her.

To strengthen her hold on the world and deepen and prolong her fame by leaving some record of her, which might have enabled those who read it to appreciate the charms and sweetness which made her so dear to all who knew her, was apparently the last thing Cassandra would have

desired to do, for it was her fear, not her hope, that some day a life would be written, and her desire was to leave nothing behind her which could help or tempt anybody to undertake it. Was she right or wrong? We feel ourselves aggrieved that we have lost so much, but if Jane Austen had been asked, she would undoubtedly have approved of her sister's conduct. We cannot therefore condemn it. Surely people, even geniuses, have a right to keep their lives hidden if they shrink from fame, and their relations a right to respect such a wish, even though it injures, as it must often do, the permanence of the renown. But the destruction of Miss Austen's letters has we think hurt, not so much her literary fame, as the loveliness of her character as shown to us. This her family could not have foreseen, and would not have desired. It could not have been their wish that she should be esteemed, by any of her readers and critics, hard and shallow-hearted. Let us try to remedy this injustice. We think a careful study of such scraps as have come down to us will show that the manner of her writing certainly did not arise from any such cause. But first we must observe that it is incorrect to say that she had "only her own taste to guide her." From her earliest youth she had the help and guidance of a father and mother much above the average in point of ability, and the companionship of brothers almost all of whom were clever and scholarly. Her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, who gave us the very pleasant recollections and memoir published a few years ago, says that her father was so good a scholar that he could himself prepare his sons for the university, and was able to increase his income by taking pupils; and that in her "mother was to be found the germ of that ability which was concentrated in Jane, but of which almost all of her children had a share." The boys were all brought up at home, until they went out into the world, no small advantage to their sisters, who, if they did not share the teaching, must often have heard it, and have listened to grammatical instructions, which though primarily concerning Latin and Greek, could not but influence their own language.

Bad grammar Jane Austen never heard spoken, and if she ever fell into it in her juvenile writings, she would have been corrected and set right. The home conversation was rich in shrewd remarks, bright with playfulness and humor, and occasional flashes of wit. There was no

slang in those days, and none of that æsthetic cant, which is now such a nuisance that it is enough to make one forswear everything in the shape of art. If instead of studying Ruskin, people who mean to write would only study Bishop Lowth's or some other English grammar, what a blessing it would be to their readers! To speak and write their own language correctly, was a hundred years ago the distinguishing mark of the gentleman and lady. Grammatical lapses would never have been permitted to either the tongues or the pens of Cassandra and Jane Austen. Their "thats" and their "whiches," their "whos" and their "whoms," always stand in their right places. Such a vulgarism "as like I do," and the habitual use of that adjective of comparison as an adverb, now so common, would never have escaped their lips, nor would they have fallen into the last and worst vulgarism of these evil days, and intruded the adverb between the infinitive mood and its sign.

Jane Austen's mother, Cassandra Leigh, was a woman who could express herself equally well either in prose or in rhyme, the rhyme being nothing but the playful expression of good sense, strung together as she sat at her work or lay on her sofa in the midst of the family circle — impromptu for the most part, and making no pretensions to poetry either of thought or feeling, but often containing some sparkle of humor, and often bright with some hearty, homely kindness, such as shines in many of her letters. They were generally called forth by some of the nonsense of the moment, or by some trifling incident, as when Jane, who inherited this gift from her mother, as she did that of being a beautiful needlewoman, standing in one of the windows of Godmersham waiting the arrival there of her brother Frank and his newly married wife, amused the impatience of the little nephews and nieces watching with her, by a poetical account of the bride and bridegroom's journey from Canterbury, the places they passed through, the drive through the park, and the arrival at last at the house.

Cassandra Leigh was a well-educated woman and a thorough lady, though she sat darning the family stockings in a parlor into which the front door opened. She loved all country things, and had a vigorous nature and a contented mind that kept her young and cheerful in spirit until extreme old age. She was an excellent letter-writer, and several of her letters

have been preserved. Here is one written in early youth, just before she was married, which has in it a certain quaint and pretty formality that reminds one of Harriet Byron and Sir Charles Grandison. We feel the care with which it was composed, and are almost sure that more than one copy was written before the writer was satisfied with the turn of her sentences. It was addressed to a gentleman who was a near connection and old neighbor, but not a relation. Had there been any love passages between them, unsuccessful on his side? If so, it would account for the young lady writing and not her mother, on whom the duty would have more naturally devolved.

"Permit me, dear Mr. P——, to appear in the list of your congratulatory friends, for not one of them I am certain can feel more real joy on the occasion than myself. In any instance of your good fortune I should have rejoiced, but I am infinitely happy to know you the Rector of F——, as I well remember to have heard you wish for that appellation, at a time when there was little probability of our living to see the day. May every wish of your heart meet with the same success, may every blessing attend you, for no one more deserves to be blessed; and as the greatest felicity on earth, may you soon be happy in the possession of some fair one, who must be one of the very best of her sex or she will not merit the good fortune that awaits her. If her heart be as full of love and tenderness towards you as mine is of esteem and friendship, you will have no cause to complain, but will find yourself as completely happy in that respect as you are sincerely wished in every other, by your very affectionate and infinitely obliged, Cassandra Leigh."

Fifty years afterwards she wrote in a very different style, with an ease and freshness and kindliness which constitute some of the greatest charms that any letters can have. The following were addressed to one of her granddaughters, the only child by his first wife of the Rev. James Austen. She was engaged to be married to the youngest son of that Mrs. Lefroy mentioned in the "Memoirs" as having been much loved and greatly mourned by Jane Austen.

"For the last three or four weeks I have had a weakness in my eyes, and it is lucky for you it did not come sooner, as I could not now be making dressing-gowns, pockets, and petticoats for any bride expectant." She was a good bit

past seventy when she was doing all this fine work.

"We have the promise of a very good crop of small fruit: even your gooseberry-tree is doing better than heretofore. When the fruit is ripe I shall sit on my bench and eat it and think of you, though I can do that without the assistance of ripe gooseberries. Indeed, my dear Anna, there is nobody I think of oftener, and very few I love better."

These were the days of what Mr. Selby would have called "hugger-mugger weddings, only fit for doubtful happiness," and Anna Austen's was even more quiet, not to say dismal, than most. "A very pitiful business," like Emma Woodhouse's, "with very little white satin, and no white lace."

A month after the marriage, Mrs Austen wrote to her in her new home.

"I am to send to you the kind congratulations of your cousin, Mrs. C—. Your aunt Jane says they ought to have been transmitted to you long ago, but I hope they will be equally acceptable, and the good wishes equally efficacious now, as at some future period. Last week I received from Southampton, with Mr. and Mrs. W. Austen's kind regards, a nice piece of bride-cake just like yours; but their wedding was a much grander affair. Ten couples walked to church (they had not far to walk, you know), entirely composed of near relations — the bride's father, mother, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins, and two of the bridegroom's brothers. . . . If you have seen Westminster Abbey, I hope it has afforded you as much pleasure — pleasure of a particular sort — as it always did me, and I believe I have seen it three times. I have just finished 'Waverley,' which has given me more entertainment than any modern production of the novel kind — Aunt Jane's excepted — that I have read for a long time. Your aunts set off to-morrow for Winchester, and from thence they go to Steventon for a week. I hope to see them again on January the 14th. Aunt Jane desires me to tell you, with her love, that she has heard some bad news lately, namely, that Mr. Crabbe is going to be married. My correspondents must for the future put up with short letters, for my eyes will not permit me to write long ones, but however weak my eyes may be, my affection for you is as strong as ever. God bless you, my dear A."

The "Mr. Crabbe" was the poet whose writings Jane Austen admired so much that she used playfully to declare that

when she married he should be her husband.

But it was not only her excellent English Jane Austen owed to the influence of her father and mother and brothers. To her family she was indebted for that high estimation of her countrymen, which enabled her to feel that her heroes were "very inferior to what she knew English gentlemen often were." Her brothers were men of whom any sister would have been proud, and who shone in their own homes. Kindly affectioned they were one towards the other, and as sons most attentive, and generous to the verge of imprudence. At the father's death, the mother and sisters were left in what must be called straitened circumstances, for he had no private fortune, and his wife but a small one. So narrow were their means that they had for a short time to live in lodgings. "One hundred and forty pounds a year," Mrs. Austen wrote to her wealthy sister-in-law from her comfortable home at Chawton, "is the whole of my own income. My good sons have done all the rest."

We are told that neither in Miss Austen's letters nor her books do we find any traces of a spirit ill at ease and restless, and dissatisfied with its lot, and it is therefore inferred that she had never had any "serious attachment," or met with any disappointment. If by disappointment be meant the having loved without meeting any return, that is undoubtedly true. No such trouble befell her. But does the absence of restlessness and discontent imply that no "serious attachment" has ever been felt? What if the love have ended in the grave? May there not be so perfect an acceptance and submission to the sorrow, such a power of living on the hope of the future, as would maintain the heart in a peace deeper than even happiness can give? Now and then is it not possible that love may survive the death of its object without creating either melancholy or restlessness? Free from all the anxiety of hope, may it not live on in the heart, where there is the steadfastness of will so to resolve, without impairing the cheerfulness of the temper or the playfulness of the mind?

Jane Austen could indeed draw "the pangs of disappointed love," and certainly knew "they were curable." And truly she must have been a fool to suppose otherwise in the vast majority of cases, but when she painted Marianne Dashwood's misery she was not describing any suffering the like of which she had her

self endured, and still less in drawing Harriet Smith was she giving us any picture of her own finer nature.

Of the romance of her life, owing to the care with which her sister destroyed all record of it, and to the silence in which she buried it, we know very little, and a precise date cannot be fixed; but from some memoranda recently come to light it is almost certain that it happened between the years 1797 and 1800. The latter date would make Jane five-and-twenty. Cassandra was two years older, and already engaged to a young clergyman, who had gone out to the West Indies as chaplain to the forces.

The village of Steventon lies about half a mile from the great western road from London to Exeter, and about six from Basingstoke. Just where the lane turned off from the turnpike there stood a small public-house, where the coaches stopped before mounting the next hill to water their horses and to pick up parcels and letters, and, occasionally, passengers. Here it was, no doubt, one summer's morning that Mr. and Mrs. Austen and their daughters set off on their memorable tour into South Devon. They moved from place to place, halting at each a short time; but there is no record of where they went. It was in one of these halts that they made the acquaintance of two brothers, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman. The latter fell in love with Jane Austen, as others had vainly done before. But he was so charming that he won her heart—and not only so, but such were his gifts of person and manner that even Cassandra, highly as she rated her sister, allowed he was worthy of her; and when in after-years she once spoke of him, did so as something quite exceptionally captivating and excellent. How the acquaintance was made we do not know. It might have been that Mrs. Austen, whose health was not good at this time, needed medical advice and called in the doctor, and the acquaintance with one brother led naturally to that of the other. But this is only conjecture. The clergyman was himself only a visitor in the place, as were they. However the introduction was effected, they could not have been long together. A week, or a fortnight at most, had seen the beginning and the end of the acquaintance. But brevity as to time does not always prove that the regard is only slight and fleeting. Two people staying in the same house for three or four days may have as much intercourse

and come to know each other as well, or better, than they would have done in as many years if living half a dozen miles apart. And thus a few long summer days spent together in sight-seeing or in admiring the same lovely views, and the daily meetings, which a very little exertion on the gentleman's side must have been able to secure, might have given time not only for love to arise, but to have struck its roots deeply into the heart. Jane Austen so delighted in beautiful scenery that she thought it would form one of the joys of heaven. Was it because it was in her mind associated with this sweetest summer of her life?

When the day came for their moving on, the gentleman asked for permission to join them again at some farther point of their travels, and the permission was given. What time elapsed we do not know, but when they reached the place at which they were to meet, they received a letter from his brother announcing his death. No tidings of previous illness could have reached them to soften the shock. The hard, pitiless fact is all we know. Of her suffering no word has reached us, but we do know that her sister so cherished his memory that many years afterwards, when an elderly woman, she took a good deal of trouble only to see again the brother of the man who had been so dear to Jane—surely proof enough of how dear he had been to her, and how mourned! Two facts also point to the same conclusion. Jane Austen never married, though she was solicited to do so, and from 1798 until 1810 there fell on her a strange, long silence. She wrote nothing for twelve years. Somewhere in 1804 she began "The Watsons," but her father died early in 1805, and it was never finished. Nearly at the same time as this grievous blow fell on her, a similar sorrow fell also on her sister. The young clergyman to whom she was engaged died of yellow fever in the West Indies. He had been one of her father's pupils, and she must therefore have known him from childhood and the attachment have been the growth of many years; but scarcely more is known of this story than the other.

United in the closest and tenderest affection, Cassandra's sorrow could have been scarcely less to Jane than her own, or Jane's to Cassandra. To each other their griefs were confided, and to each other alone.

Is it not much more probable that this double affliction was the cause of Jane

Austen's long silence, than that she who had been writing ever since she was sixteen, or indeed ever since she could hold a pen, should have lost both power and inclination because a single publisher had rejected "Pride and Prejudice"? She had written, as all true genius does, as the bird sings, because she must, neither for fame nor for money; and it is not *one* disappointment which would have stopped her. To write was a necessity of her nature, and nature is only suddenly changed by some sudden shock. The blow must have paralyzed her imagination. The sweet temper, and the cheerfulness and even playfulness of manner might have hidden the change from all save her sister, but the inclination to write was gone. She who at three-and-twenty had produced "Lady Susan," "Northanger Abbey," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Pride and Prejudice," during what should have been the finest and most productive years of her life wrote nothing! excepting the fragment which, as it seems to us, her father's death made her lay aside. Had her feelings only been skin-deep, how much more might she not have given to the world! What a loss the tenacity of her affections has been! But if a happier end had been granted to her love, perhaps in the wife and the mother the genius would have disappeared altogether. It is impossible not to grieve over the destruction of the letters which would have given us a better insight into so true and lovely a spirit as hers. We *are* the richer for her genius, but we might have been enriched also by the posthumous companionship with a heart of such rare sweetness and strength that it would have exalted our standard, not only of the capacity of feeling in feminine nature, but in all humanity.

As far as the letters to her sister are concerned, we may say that not one has been preserved in which there is the smallest allusion to this part of their lives, nay, not one, as far as we know, that could give us any insight into her religious feelings and graver thoughts. What are left are so few that it would almost seem as if the family had agreed together to destroy them. The best we have are those written during the last years of her life to her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, and his sisters. In them we catch some glimpses of her true nature, and can see her warm heart shining through the humor and the playfulness. We find some traces of her patient, submissive spirit in a few words she wrote

concerning a great family trouble, "But this is too nearly bordering on complaint. It is God's ordering, however second causes may have worked;" something of her humility when she described herself as "unworthy of the love shown her;" and we have one precious vision of her grateful and tender heart in her last mention of her sister and family, "As to what I owe her, and the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it and pray God to bless them more and more."

In her novels, although she makes us feel both in Fanny Price and in Anne Elliot that their goodness is not merely natural sweetness, she never says a word about religion. She seems to have kept her own graver thoughts entirely apart from her writing, and never to have mixed up her personal feelings with her stories. Many writers might have found consolation in confiding their sorrows to the public, and describing their own sufferings under the disguise of those of their heroines, and perhaps have healed their broken hearts by thus working out in words their private griefs. But Jane Austen's reticence made any such relief to her impossible. Once only her true heart slipped into her pen when she wrote that most touching conversation between Anne Elliot and Captain Harville.

"Oh!" cried Anne eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by women. No; I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance so long as, if I may be allowed the expression, so long as you have an object — I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (and it is not a very enviable one — you need not covet it), is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone." She could not have immediately uttered another sentence; her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

The ring of deep and true feeling makes these words beautiful, even in the ears of those who know nothing of the private history of the writer; but read by the light of her own romantic story, how pathetic they grow! How impossible it seems that they should have been anything less than the very truth from her own heart!

Is it true that, had she felt more deeply, she would have written differently? Is

such deathless love as she claims for womankind to be described as shallow? Passionate indeed it need not be, but deep it must, or the accumulating dust of daily life would speedily dry it up. Why should she be accused of a cold heart because she had no delight in dwelling on suffering and on the dark and evil side of human nature? To her, vice was a "hateful subject." That her genius was not tragic *is* true, and perhaps it is true that to have a tragic genius you must have the capacity of passionate feeling, but passion is not necessarily deep, and much less is it long-lived. It can sometimes clothe itself in words so eloquent as to stir the hearts of others, though eloquence is more often an intellectual gift of so speaking as to simulate it, and genuine passion more commonly finds its vent in broken sentences and disjointed words. Even at seventeen, Jane Austen had discovered that deep feeling did not usually express itself in rounded periods and well-chosen phrases. The power of being tragic, of moving people to tears, is not a very uncommon one, but the books that break our hearts are the books we scarcely care to read a second time. It is Shakespeare's humor and wit that have made his sayings household words. If his tragedies were swept away, as long as his fools remained he would still be immortal; and we look to Jane Austen's fools, whether men or women, to give her, if anything can, a permanent place in English literature.

The accusation of shallowness both in her own character and in her writings, is not the only one brought against her and them. She and they are called prudish and hard, and no doubt the suppression of her personal history has left a certain hardness in the outline of her character as represented in her writings; but sufficient allowance is not made for the difference between the fashions and manners of her day and of ours. Think of the change in dress and paraphernalia. We cannot take up a novel, even one of those written by men, without page upon page of descriptions, not only of the faces and figures of their heroes and heroines, but of the country in which they lived, the roads they trod, their parks and gardens, their houses, rooms, and furniture, their dresses to the minutest particulars, their dogs, their horses, and their very meals. In this they are not untrue to the times. The externals of life never occupied so large a share of care and thought as they do now. There was nothing in the rooms in which our grandfathers and

grandmothers lived to tempt them to describe them. We should call them bare and homely, and, like the dress of the period, wanting in taste. And in that matter of dress, what a change there is! Nowadays, to deck herself out to the best of her ability, is considered every young lady's duty, and the love of fine clothes meritorious; they are all quite ready to answer Dr. Watts's question by affirming that whatever garments were first made for, they are now become a vehicle for the display of art and refinement of mind, and are promoted to be one of the serious occupations of life. Some of our authoresses even seem to take as great a delight in dressing their heroines as in their own adornment, and think they add to the charms of the former by painting the care with which they array themselves; and if it be true as Countess Harberton asserts, that it affords a man as keen a delight to see his wife and daughters decked out in costly and fashionable garments as it ever afforded any woman to wear them, no doubt they are right. But what a change has come over the world since Jane Austen wrote! She declared that "man only could be aware of the insensibility of man to a new gown, and that woman was fine for her own satisfaction alone."

In her heroines there is no trace of any love of dress, or taste for millinery. In this they resembled herself and her sister, who, if not entirely without it, kept it under strict control.

In her eyes such a love was a vulgarity, only to be found in vain, pretentious, second-rate women, like Mrs. Elton and Isabella Thorpe, or in a very foolish one, like Mrs. Allen. Of the dresses of her heroines, with the exception of the glossy spots on Fanny Price's gown, we hear nothing, nor does she strive by elaborate description to set them personally before us, and apparently they had no tricks. They do not hunch up their shoulders, or arch their eyebrows, or pout their lips, she never strives to give them reality by such trivialities. In manner, also, the change between those days and these is as great as in the matter of clothes, and here the change does no doubt give an appearance of coldness. It is not feeling, but the expression of feeling which has altered. If we do not wear our hearts on our sleeves, we seem to keep them on our lips, much more than formerly. Family affection was as strong then as now, but there was much more reticence in the expression of it, whether between parents and children or brothers and sisters. It

is not only that nicknames were not in fashion, but "loves, dears, and darlings" were much less plentifully used. People were called by their Christian names, which are now sometimes so entirely laid aside that when a young lady is married it is necessary to attach the better known sobriquet to the announcement, lest her friends should not recognize it as hers. When Jane Austen's heroines are described as prudish because they abstain from throwing themselves into their lovers' arms, or rather because the love-making is left to the imagination of the reader, it should be remembered that as sisters they are equally self-restrained. Dear as Jane is to Lizzie in "Pride and Prejudice" she is to her Jane and Jane only — and Elinor and Marianne in "Sense and Sensibility," who would in these days have certainly been Nellie and Minnie, are contented with their own unabbreviated names, without any prefix of affection. The only person she paints as addicted to the use of exaggerated terms of endearment is Isabella Thorpe, who talks of her "dearest sweetest Catherine," without having any real regard for her, or for any one else save herself.

Miss Austen and her sister had no pet names for each other, unless her occasional shortening of Cassandra into "Cass" could be so termed, but to Cassandra she was never anything but "Jane," and no doubt had given the word "such reality of sweetness" that no other could have described her.

The loss of Jane Austen's letters is all the greater, because only a very imperfect understanding of her character can be gathered from her books, for she is the least egotistical of writers. Would any one suppose from them that her delight in natural scenery was as intense as we know it was, or would any one imagine from them her love for children, her pleasure in playing with them, and the trouble she would take for their amusement? We should almost conclude that she did not like them: but her nephews and nieces knew better. No one but her sister could have done her full justice. In addition to the natural affections which in their case were very strong, they were wedded to each other by the resemblance of their circumstances, and in truth there was an exclusiveness in their love such as usually only exists between husband and wife. Their full opinions and feelings were known only to each. They alone knew the sorrows of their own hearts, and to

each other only was known the road by which their cheerful submission and contentment was attained. Each had their own especial friends, whose secrets and confidences each respected, but as far as their own thoughts were concerned, there was the most perfect confidence.

Jane looked up to her elder sister as one far better and wiser than herself, and in Cassandra's eyes no one was equal to Jane in beauty, in sweetness, or in genius. No truer, closer bond of love ever existed between any two spirits. Death had no power over it, and though they were separated by nearly thirty years, those who heard Cassandra Austen speak of her sister knew that she loved her to the last with undiminished tenderness.

There were changes and incidents enough in Jane Austen's life to have made an interesting biography, if her letters had been spared us, to fill up the bare outline. She moved about the world as much or more than most clergymen's daughters of her time, for those were days when the necessity of an annual change had not arisen, and people lived, with no other variety than a certain amount of visiting, year after year in their own houses. The Austens seem to have been more locomotive than most of their neighbors.

In 1798 or 1799 they made their tour in South Devon; in 1802 they went to Teignmouth, where they resided some weeks in a house called Belle Vista, which is still standing. Two years afterwards they were at Lyme Regis, which Jane Austen has immortalized.

In 1806 she went with her mother to stay at Stoneleigh Abbey, which on the death of Mrs. Mary Leigh, under the will of her brother Edward, the last baron of the old creation, reverted to the elder branch of the family. Here she met her cousin, the Lady Saye and Sele of whom Miss Burney has given us so amusing a picture, and who afforded Jane many a hearty laugh. What ecstasies her ladyship would have gone into, if she could only have foreseen the future fame of her relative!

These, with visits to her brothers in Kent and London, and to her other friends, formed the varieties and pleasures of her life. Not its happiness; *that* she found in her home and in her own warm family affections. From these also arose all her cares and most of her sorrows. In 1798 she lost her cousin, Lady Williams, who had been almost brought up with her and Cassandra, and who was

married from Steventon some six years before. She was thrown from her carriage, and killed on the spot. In 1801 her father and mother left Steventon and settled in Bath, to her great grief. No young person can leave what has been the happy home of her childhood unconcerned, and to her Steventon was much more. It was not only the fun and frolic of early life, its pretty dreams and fancies, which endeared to her the house and the garden, the lanes, meadows, and coppices, where she and her sister had lived and wandered together, they were all consecrated by the deep sorrow which had so recently befallen both. The move was made on account of Mrs. Austen's health, which had for some time been very indifferent and to which it was hoped Bath would be beneficial; but there, she had a long and very severe illness, from which, she said, she owed her recovery to the prayers of her husband and the great care of her daughters. Here the father died in 1805, and the three ladies were obliged to give up the house and move into lodgings. Jane disliked Bath and thought it disagreed with her, and she must therefore have rejoiced when they were able to remove to Southampton, where they shared a house with one of her brothers. In 1809 they settled in the cottage at Chawton, which was the last home of all three; and the year after, what may be called her all too short literary life began. Perhaps it would have been longer, and she might have been spared to have given us more, but for the anxiety and fatigue she underwent in 1815 in nursing a brother through an illness, which brought him down to the very edge of the grave. She was staying with him alone when it came on, and upon her fell the greatest part of the strain. In a letter written soon afterwards, we find the first indication of failing health. It was followed by the bankruptcy of the firm of which this brother was head, the dread of which had caused his breakdown. No blame attached to him, the misfortune was produced in part by the failure of some other bank. Most of his brothers lost more or less, but they all behaved most kindly and nobly. Nevertheless it was a great blow, and Jane's health gave way beneath it. "I am the only one," she wrote, "so foolish as to have been made ill by it, but feeble nerves make a feeble body." She rallied, but she never recovered, and died, to the inexpressible sorrow of all who loved her, in 1817.

"I am certainly in great affliction," her mother wrote in the simple, unexaggerated language of deep feelings. "I trust God will support me. I was not prepared for the blow, for though it in a manner hung over us, I had reason to think it at a distance, and was not quite without hope that she might in part recover. I had a letter from Cassandra this morning; she bears her sorrow as a Christian should."

From The Spectator.

DISLIKE.

CONSIDERING how large a part the impulses which divide human beings take in this imperfect world, it is somewhat surprising to reflect how small a space has been accorded to them, in those pages from which many persons derive their chief knowledge of character. Fiction, painting so largely the sympathies by which human beings are bound together, has taken but little account of those antipathies, equally real, which not only divide them, but also, it must be confessed, do to some extent tend by external pressure to unite more closely for a time those who are united already. However, we somewhat exaggerate the feeling we mean in calling it *antipathy*, and it is by no means easy to name it without exaggeration. Almost all synonyms for it are stamped with blame, so that it seems impossible to mention an incapacity for satisfactory intercourse with another person as a mere fact about one's relation to him, and not as some contribution to an estimate of his own character. The word which has least of such a suggestion is "distaste," and it is a significant fact that the sense from which we borrow the expression is the most idiosyncratic of all means of communication with the outer world. Speaking broadly, we may say that a disagreeable sound or color is disagreeable to every one, while we have to inquire after our neighbors' tastes, before we know what flavors they would consider agreeable or disagreeable; everybody dislikes the screech of a slate-pencil, and nobody is surprised at another person's not sharing his own preference for a particular flavor. The contrast between the peculiar separateness of taste, and the common element in the other senses, so that many may gaze at once on the same picture, and crowds may listen to the same low note, while no two persons

can taste the same morsel, has thus become a symbol of that individuality, that subjectivity in the region of personal feeling, which allows us to describe attraction or repulsion without implying judgment.

Miss Cobbe, in the useful expression introduced into one of her essays, "Heteropathy" — the opposite, that is, not the contrary, of sympathy — has bestowed on us the means of bringing forward and realizing this moral neutrality of distaste. We are not necessarily influenced *against* the person who is distasteful to us, we are conscious merely of a heterogeneity of affection, a different response to the same excitement, which makes us mutually unintelligible. Where distaste becomes disapproval, indeed, it is a mixed feeling, and the only important instance which we can call to mind of an attempt to paint this "heteropathy," which in the world of experience is so common, Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," seems to us somewhat impaired by the amount of justification with which the impartial poet has provided the man of the world who finds himself out of sympathy with the man of genius. Tasso, we presume, is meant to be an exhibition of the weakness of the poetic temperament *abandoned to itself*, and there is no character the unreasonableness of which more jars on the taste of a sensible man, practised in affairs, and ready to adapt himself to almost any other character. And there is no feeling more jarring to an imaginative man, when he perceives it, than the tolerance which Antonio expresses when he tries to be just. "Yet often with respect he speaks of thee," says Leonora Sanvitale, when she is trying to soothe Tasso's irritation; and most of us can sympathize with his answer, —

'Tis even that disturbs me, for his art
Is so to measure out his careful words
That seeming praise from him is actual blame.

The words convey an admirable suggestion of the withering effect of distaste drying up all that aims at being appreciative, and leaving nothing so distinct as the effort it costs the speaker to find any excellence in the object of his praise. The relation, perhaps, was the model of Miss Yonge, in her pretty creation, "The Heir of Redclyffe;" but she seems to us to have inverted the mistake of Goethe (if we may be so profane as to find mistake in Goethe), and to have spoilt the situation by painting the person who inspires dislike as too faultless. Dislike,

under such circumstances, becomes envy, — a feeling quite different from heteropathy. There is, in an unfinished romance by Hawthorne (not the one just published), a delicate little touch, exactly realizing this feeling, in the description of the two persons intended in the first sketch of the story for lovers, bringing out, with all the author's subtle power, that sense of sudden recoil which sometimes strangely interrupts even a mutual affection not founded on a true harmony of character, and which is felt most distinctly just after the moments of closest union, just as the most intolerable discord is nearest to unison. The relation was found unmanageable, and drops out of the story, much to the disappointment of at least one reader, to whom it appeared a promise of a most characteristic display of Hawthorne's peculiar genius. But it is almost unfair to bring the half-obliterated sketch for an unfinished romance into the same page with one of the best-known works of Goethe, even under the exigencies of a search for specimens of the rarest kind of dramatic delineation.

The relation which Hawthorne found too delicate to paint may well, indeed, have been avoided by the artist. Perhaps it is not one very well suited to dramatic elaboration, — at least, the feelings with which it is often associated are much more dramatic than itself, and tend to throw it into the shade. Envy, jealousy, and resentment are broad, simple emotions, easily described; distaste, no doubt, opens the way for them, but is perfectly distinct from them, and does not, in a liberal and cultivated mind, imply even any sense of condemnation. "'Tis I am barbarous here, my tongue unknown," was the complaint of a polished Roman, made to realize the true meaning of the word "barbarian;" and perhaps Ovid may have learnt in his exile to appreciate the arrogant spirit with which the Roman applied it to all the world but his countrymen. Any one can feel, when he is himself the barbarian, that unintelligibility supplies no material for judgment; but it takes qualities of a high order to perceive this, when the case is reversed. Yet it is a familiar experience that distaste may appear unreasonable, even to him who feels it. The very associations which cluster round the epithet "well-meaning," testify to the familiarity of the struggle between distaste and an acknowledgment of qualities that should ensure respect; and probably many selfish and indolent

persons arouse far less sense of heteropathy than a large proportion of the enthusiastic and the benevolent. Most people have felt at some time or other what was expressed by the dying man who, when told that he was going where the wicked would cease from troubling, responded earnestly, "And the good, too, I hope!" For our own part, we have sometimes thought that if the good would cease from troubling, we would gladly take our chance of the wicked. Even the hero may inspire the feeling, as well as the saint. The faults of a large, impressive character are often peculiarly galling to those who stand very close to it; and when the biographer has said all he has to say, we sometimes discover, if we learn more about his subject, that the relation assumed as one of grateful subordination was, in reality, that of a continuous protest. We are very apt to be unjust to those who find a large character distasteful, in assuming their blindness to its nobility. If we suppose that distaste never enters a relation till love quits it, we shall fail to appreciate many of the most faithful and dutiful relations by which human beings are bound together. Distaste is no mere growth of the acquaintance world, where we have nothing to do but to yield to it; it shows itself in many a faithful friendship, it springs up on the fertile soil of family affection, it is by no means a stranger even to the sacred enclosure of marriage. No other atmosphere, indeed, is so propitious to it as that cooling affection which often both joins and separates many a pair who never cease to love each other. Gratitude for life-long services does not exclude it, nor do the services which have earned that gratitude; it may mingle with self-sacrificing devotion, even with strong admiration. There is almost no feeling by which man is bound to man which it may not dilute; and he who should refuse to continue any friendship or affection which involved a struggle with it would find himself, at some time or other, almost alone.

No one will deny that the experience of feeling or inspiring distaste is common, but many will consider that we do not want it made more definite by description. To put it into words gives it a permanence which it might lack, if left in the vague region of feeling; and whoever gives as much expression to it as to the opposite feeling, not only exaggerates it in appearance, but greatly increases it in fact. Moreover, the expression certainly tends,

to some extent, to justify the feeling. The discovery that in proportion as any one gives utterance to those feelings and opinions which are most characteristic he hurts some sense of fitness in his company, strangely bars the entrance on common ground, even when this is close at hand. And then, too, dislike, with all that it implies, is not pathetic, or striking, or tragic, it is only disagreeable; and why, it may be asked, should art mirror the part of life that is only disagreeable? We should misrepresent some of those we loved best, if we were to recall even with the most careful accuracy how little they loved each other, and a late famous example surely forms the strongest argument for the rule that no biographer should attempt to leave a record of the distastes of his hero. It is indeed impossible to give the feeling the same proportion in the record that it had in life. The gamut of expression has not that compass which such an utterance demands. The faintest and gentlest hint at any lack of sympathy has a force and distinctness that eulogium is wholly without. It always suggests a good deal behind.

We heartily agree to the rule that any record of actual life should give as small a place as possible to distaste. But it is precisely the fact that biography cannot give distaste its due proportion, and should not therefore make any attempt at embodying it, while yet it is an important part of actual experience, which makes us desire to see it represented in the only kind of literature where all that is meant can be expressed. A good picture of a difficult situation gathers up a large part of whatever advice might be given for dealing with it, and it is often the only form in which such advice is possible. It makes an era in the hidden autobiography which we peruse in silent hours, when some voice from a larger nature has recalled and retouched—thereby wonderfully diminishing them—our own perplexities; and a large part of the charm of fiction consists in the fact that this is often the only possible channel of such a confidence. The rare glimpses which we attain of the attitude of a large, richly endowed nature, conscious of distaste returned where friendship was sought, is such a lesson of tolerance and magnanimity as no sermon could convey. Once or twice in a lifetime we may come upon a glimpse of such a state of mind, perhaps as we decipher the faded characters from a hand that has long been still, for often-

est all that makes the relation intelligible is only visible afar off. Or a few words at some crisis of life and death, reveal that what looked like blindness to dislike was a self-suppressing oblivion of it. But for the most part, the more completely vanity or sensitiveness is conquered in meeting such a feeling, the more the victory is hidden, and we rarely learn from any experience of actual life what would afford the greatest help in some of its difficulties, — how a noble mind meets distaste.

The best substitute for such aid, though it be a poor one, is to remind ourselves that the region of distaste is, after all, confined to a narrow part of our whole being. The world of our animal nature is one of resemblance; and so is that of our spiritual nature, if we can but reach it. We are similarly affected, on the whole, by all things outward. We all dread pain, hunger, weariness, while food, rest, warmth, and the like, in different proportions, are desirable to all. And there is a region of the inward life which is as characteristic of humanity as is the outward life, though it is far less accessible, and much more liable to be confused with heterogeneous elements. But between the region of the *physical* life and that of the *spiritual* life lies that borderland of idiosyncrasy — that which we specially mean when we speak of a person's nature — which is the region of heteropathy. On this domain we are often as hopelessly at a loss for any practical expression of good-will as we should be, if suddenly transported to a planet where fatigue was cured by active exercise, and hunger by fasting, so that to offer a tired person an easy-chair, or provide food for one who declared himself faint with hunger should be a malignant action. If a humorous view of the situation is to you a potent auxiliary in enduring its difficulties, while to me it adds insult to injury, your benevolent attempt to lighten some common vexation by putting it in a ludicrous point of view will only make me feel it more bitterly. If, in a common loss, you are striving to forget our friend, and I to remember him, the very fact that we both loved him will make us bad company to each other. How many such miscalculations we see, feel, or make, in our endeavors to console each other! "Time softens every grief," we say, to one who feels it the supreme agony that the beloved image must fade. Or we try to soothe some proud heart,

racked with the thought of compassion, by the assurance that others feel for its pangs! Under such "heteropathy," all affection, all active good-will, becomes an engine of torment. The victim flies to indifference, as a welcome exchange for such benevolence, and feels the atmosphere of slight acquaintance a delightful variety, after that intimacy which has given his friend a right to inflict an amount of suffering that would have satisfied the heart of an enemy. The golden rule, in such circumstances, becomes useless. To do unto others as we would they should do unto us, is to sharpen their discomfort in our neighborhood, unless, indeed, all we desire from them is their absence; and distaste, when it is sufficiently important to attract attention, is rarely capable of so simple a solution. For it is sometimes woven in with the web of life's duties, and even of its cherished possessions. Surely, in such circumstances, it should be a great help towards justice, both to those we dislike, and towards those who dislike us, to realize that this kind of antagonism is confined to a certain limited portion of our being; and that if we could carry on our intercourse within either that simpler world of the senses where men want all the same thing, or that deeper world of moral conviction where they all reverence the same thing, we should find distaste suddenly vanish; and though, practically, this is impossible, the fact that it is not inconceivable is by no means an unimportant one.

This sense of some possible fugitiveness or error in the feeling of distaste should be materially reinforced by the discovery that it is by no means invariably mutual, and by what is another side of the same truth, that it sometimes lies very near to perfect sympathy. It may be excited by those who, just because they are unlike us, are best able to help us. Leonora says of Tasso and Antonio, —

Two foes are there who should be closest friends,

For nature formed in each but half a man,
And in their union were the perfect whole.

And though in such cases the need be mutual, the perception of that need is often not so. We often understand the language that we cannot speak, and so mysterious is the chemistry of human relation, that the same difference which on one side tells as a repulsive strangeness, is on the other welcomed as a delightful

variety. It is but the change of a couple of letters which converts the *hostis* to the *hospes*, and it is a change almost as trifling — a mere shifting of spiritual attitude — which shows us the spiritual foreigner as friend or foe. We sometimes see this change curiously brought out in the feelings of the same person towards different members of the same family. You meet the son of your old friend, you recognize in almost every word some trace of the companion whose presence made life delightful to you. Perhaps in your sober judgment you would acknowledge that the son is, on the whole, worthy of his father. But you discover that some slight change of proportion, or some almost imperceptible introduction of a new element, is enough to destroy all spiritual affinity. There is nothing more disagreeable than to dislike one who reminds us of those we have loved; but the experience is full of instruction. Or again, we may realize the marvellous effect of this change of proportion in the nearness of heteropathy itself to sympathy. The first experience of an entire mutual understanding is the best thing in life, and many a one has felt that it was also the first experience of self-knowledge. For we completely understand ourselves only when we find an interpreter in another soul; and there can be no revelation of the self, except by one who resembles the being he reveals. It is as true of the things of earth as of heaven, that we must be like any one, if "we shall see him as he is." But how slight a change here brings us from the closest union to something that almost resembles hatred! The society of one who mirrored all the weaknesses and difficulties of our own character, would be quite as intolerable as the society of one who understood neither our weakness nor our strength. "There are but three fingers' space," says the Talmud, "between Heaven and Hell." It is a profound sentence, and its truth is nowhere more evident than in the varied and mysterious world of human relation.

From The British Medical Journal.
 MEDICINE AS PRACTISED BY ANIMALS.

M. G. DELAUNAY, in a recent communication to the Biological Society, observed that medicine, as practised by animals, is thoroughly empirical, but that the same may be said of that practised

by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. M. Delaunay maintains that the human race also shows this instinct, and blames medical men for not paying sufficient respect to the likes and dislikes of the patients, which he believes to be a guide that may be depended on. Women are more often hungry than men, and they do not like the same kinds of food; nevertheless, in asylums for aged poor, men and women are put on precisely the same regimen. Infants scarcely weaned are given a diet suitable to adults, meat and wine which they dislike and which disagree with them. M. Delaunay investigated this question in the different asylums of Paris, and ascertained that children do not like meat before they are about five years of age. People who like salt, vinegar, etc., ought to be allowed to satisfy their tastes. Lorrain always taught that with regard to food, people's likings are the best guide. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. M. Delaunay lays down as a general rule, that there is not any species of animal which voluntarily runs the risk of inhaling emanations arising from their own excrement. Some animals defæcate far from their habitations; others bury their excrement; others carry to a distance the excrement of their young. In this respect they show more foresight than man, who retains for years excrement in stationary cesspools, thus originating epidemics. If we turn our attention to the question of reproduction, we shall see that all mammals suckle their young, keep them clean, wean them at the proper time, and educate them; but these maternal instincts are frequently rudimentary in women of civilized nations. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass (*chiendent*), which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal

suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it: the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye; it remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually he kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper sur-

face of the paw, to which he applied the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practised by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could go even further, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instinct, which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.

THE LIFE OF ICEBERGS.—The extraordinary number of icebergs which have been met with in the Atlantic, whereby several ships have been placed in imminent danger of complete destruction, has again drawn attention to this serious peril of Atlantic navigation. To the ordinary danger of collision with an iceberg at night, to which may be attributed the loss of several Atlantic steamers which have left port in a perfectly well-equipped state never to be heard of again, there is added the danger—a comparatively rare one until the present season—of ships being caught in a large ice-floe and crushed to pieces as if they were engaged in Arctic exploration. Such a catastrophe in mid-Atlantic would afford little hope of the rescue of a single soul on board the ill-fated ship. The report of the steamer "Mark Lane," which arrived lately at Halifax, N. S., from Dundee, gives a vivid idea of the dangers which a vessel so entrapped must run. For three weeks the vessel was encompassed by the ice, and so closely did the huge icebergs at times come that it was feared the ship and crew would be crushed between them. The coal being exhausted, the whole of the wood available was obtained and burnt, and at last the shipping boards and even the topsail were broken up for this purpose. Other vessels have reported meeting with vast ice-floes extending over an area of many hundred square

miles, besides innumerable isolated icebergs, whose slow progress southward is a serious obstacle to the safe progress of shipping. An important question to determine is the extreme point to the south to which it is possible for an iceberg to be carried—in other words, what is the probable "life" of an iceberg as soon as it passes the shores of Newfoundland on its southerly progress towards gradual destruction. An American contemporary suggests that two or three men-of-war might be usefully engaged in this work, carefully observing the course of an iceberg from a point in the far north to the moment of its total disappearance beneath the rays of a tropical sun, and taking daily notes of its gradual reduction in size. It ought not, also, to be difficult to organize a system by which icebergs could be supplied with two or three lamps, constructed to burn for the necessary length of time, so that they might be easily observed at night; and, finally, we would repeat the suggestion made in these columns a year or two ago, that if men-of-war are employed on "iceberg police duty," they might gain practical experience in the use of torpedoes by destroying the larger specimens by means of those deadly submarine engines, for practical experiments with which they have so few opportunities.

Colonies and India.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XLI. }

No. 2022. — March 24, 1883.

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Vol. CLVI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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ONE FEBRUARY DAY.

WELL I remember walking in our garden
 One February day ;
 The snows and blasts of winter had departed,
 The murky veil of grey

Had risen to show a palely smiling heaven,
 And now and then there fell —
 To relieve the rapt emotion of the silence —
 A bird's song-syllable.

A patient calm of expectation brooded
 Above each vacant bed,
 Like that which, when the first grief-burst is
 over,
 We keep above our dead.

I thought, " If one, a stranger to the spring-
 tide,
 Walked by my side to-day,
 How could his fancy hope to know the beauty
 In germ beneath that clay ?

" Or how anticipate the varied glories
 Which cloudless days will bring ?
 How could he, being but a child of Winter,
 Foretaste the joys of Spring ? "

Brethren, who seek and wait a resurrection
 For a world bound by death,
 Wherefore these sighs — this heaviness of
 spirit ?
 Listen — " Where is your faith ? "

Why that grey shadow on a brow that faces
 The rising dawn of spring ?
 When the glad calm of faith and hope united
 A sweet, strong peace should bring !

Sure, the meridian of death's reign is over !
 Where the black frosts to-day ?
 Sure, the world's ante-springtide expectation
 Waits for Christ's hastening sway !

He sees the germination in the darkness ;
 Flowers, yet unseen, by name
 He calleth and delighteth in, and bids you,
 Through him, to do the same.

Then courage, brothers ! day by day it neareth,
 It glideth to the tryst.
 The time when sun and song shall flood for-
 ever
 A world renewed by Christ !
 Sunday Magazine. MARY M. HAYWARD.

INCOMPLETE.

Is't well when Spring's delicious, sweet dis-
 sembling
 'Mid joy on joy fills Nature with delight,
 That every thought which on our lips is trem-
 bling
 Should be unspoken, though we read aright
 The promises of May, and love's shy sembling ?

Is't well in crimson of the roses' glory,
 Amid the breathings of the flowery June,
 That all our summer should be one sad story,
 And all our music should be out of tune,
 As though we sang of spring when woods were
 hoary ?

Is't well when meadow-lands are limned with
 heather,
 Or yellow with the wealth of autumn gold,
 That we should wander not again together,
 To reap the harvest of a hope once told
 When life had bluer skies and fairer weather ?

Is't well when closer knit by fireside pleasures,
 And joys of home as winter comes again,
 That we should miss, in counting o'er our
 treasures,
 One tender link — the brightest in the chain ?
 Enough ! it is the hand of God that measures.
 Chambers' Journal. HARRIET KENDALL.

A RAINY EVENING.

THE twilight shadows darkling fall :
 O memories dear ! against thy thrall
 My heart strives all in vain.
 Yet wherefore strive against my mood ?
 I cannot silence, if I would,
 The softly falling rain.

At such an hour, on such an eve,
 Bright hopes, that yet I inly grieve,
 Sprang up, to fade and wane.
 Ah, never more, hand clasped in hand,
 Shall we within the doorway stand,
 And watch the falling rain.

Yet still the sweetness of that hour
 Returns, with all its wonted power
 Of mingled joy and pain,
 When, dropping down from window-caves,
 Or gently falling on the leaves,
 I hear the summer rain.

O cruel Memory ! thus to bring
 That glad brief hour, with bitter sting,
 Back to my heart again ;
 Those parting words of fond regret ;
 With glad pretext, love lingering yet,
 Unmindful of the rain.

Ah ! brief, indeed, poor aching heart,
 The joy those fickle hopes impart ;
 Grief follows in their train.
 Nay, nay, my heart ; take upward wing.
 O cruel Memory ! thy sting
 Shall vanish with the rain.

Though sadder seem the songs I trill,
 Yet sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,
 Adds sweetness to the strain ;
 As fragrant perfumes softly flow
 From hawthorn blossoms bending low,
 Beat down by wind and rain.

Chambers' Journal. E. W.

From The Quarterly Review.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT AND THE PRIMACY.*

THE year which has just passed will be memorable as marking an epoch in the history of the Church of England. It has witnessed the close of an unusual number of eminent careers; and, above all, two great characters have passed away from amongst us, the loss of whom makes us sensible that the Church is entering the new year under new and anxious circumstances. Before referring to those great names, we must pay a passing tribute to two others in this sad list of losses. The recent death of Bishop Ollivant, of Llandaff, reminds us how few now can remain of the generation among whom the influence of the great Evangelical school was predominant. He represented the best traditions of the learning and the sober piety of that school. He was a scholar of the first rank; he was distinguished for his mild and genial wisdom; and his influence, though gentle, was deep and beneficent, alike in his own diocese and in the counsels of the Church. An equally venerable character, of an opposite school of Churchmanship, was removed from us by the death of Dr. Hawkins. As Bishop Ollivant preserved among us the memory of the old Evangelical party, so Dr. Hawkins was the most conspicuous representative of the old High Churchmen. He was a leader among them before the Tractarian school had been heard of, or dreamed of; and he maintained to the last the principles and the tone of mind which the new school strove to supplant. The whole world changed around him; but without in any way secluding himself from it, or losing his sympathies with the younger generation, he remained to the last the provost of Oriel of fifty years ago; and bore witness amidst an age of extremes to the moderation and steadiness which were formerly the characteristic qualities of the English clergy. If the deaths of such men remind us of a world that has passed

away, they recall at the same time characteristics and capacities which are deeply rooted in the Church of England. No really great influence in our past history can safely be neglected. The statesman-like Churchmen of the Reformation, the Caroline divines, and the philosophic school of the last century, are all indispensable portions of our great heritage; and as time passes on, and the Church enters into new phases of thought and life, the old Evangelical school and the old High Church school must similarly take an honorable place in our traditions, and in the permanent elements of which the Church of England as a whole is composed.

But the other two great names to which we have referred belong to the generation in which those schools of thought had ceased to be predominant, and their consecration by death marks the approach of another period in our ecclesiastical history. Dr. Pusey on the one hand, and Archbishop Tait on the other, were the best representatives of the two great influences which have mainly divided the thought and the allegiance of English Churchmen since the commencement of the Tractarian movement. There was indeed one conspicuous difference in the manner in which they represented their respective tendencies, due partly to their different positions, but still more to the temper of their minds. Archbishop Tait's temperament was eminently judicial, and this characteristic was deepened by the duties of the high public positions which he held. Dr. Pusey, on the contrary, was not less characteristically a party leader; and the seclusion in which he lived, the predominance among his associates of men of one school of thought, developed in his mind more and more the qualities of an advocate. Whereas, in fact, Dr. Pusey was so closely identified with a single party in the Church that the popular instinct, which is rarely wrong in such matters, stamped it with his name, it was one of Archbishop Tait's chief claims to honor, that he never either acted or felt as a member, still less as the leader, of a party. As became his position, he stood above them all, and endeavored to

* 1. *Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Bishop of London, 1858, 1862, and 1866.* London.

2. *Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1872, 1876, and 1880.* London.

moderate between them. But still, as must be in some degree the case with every one, he was the man of his own generation, and his character was mainly determined by one of its chief influences. He has himself told us, again and again, what that influence was. In the last words he wrote—or rather, as we believe, which he dictated from his death-bed—he avowed himself the pupil of Arnold, and claimed for the principles which Arnold had inculcated an increasing predominance over those of the Tractarian school. The passing away, therefore, of these two great representatives of English Churchmen cannot but mark the approaching close of the great controversy of the last fifty years. It may be difficult at present to determine exactly what this result will prove; but it is none the less clear that the days when that controversy predominated are over, and that we are entering upon the discussion of new problems, with new difficulties. None appreciated this better than the late archbishop himself. His last charge, delivered in 1880, was entitled "The Church of the Future," and was an attempt to confront, with characteristic boldness, the problems of the new generation. In the last words of the paper just referred to, he recorded his conviction, that "the Church and the world seem entering on totally new phases." He added that, though the good or evil of the future is far beyond our ken, "many lessons may be learned from the past, both for imitation and avoidance." Not the least valuable of such lessons may, we think, be learned from his own great career; and while endeavoring in the following pages to pay some slight tribute to his admirable life and work, some considerations can hardly fail to arise, which may afford some guidance to the Church which mourns his loss, and to his successor.

The appointment of that successor has been welcomed by a general unanimity, which affords a strong assurance of the wisdom of the choice which has been made. Considering the immense influence upon the destinies of the Church which an Archbishop of Canterbury may

exert, it is inevitable that some expressions of anxiety should have been heard. But on the whole, there has been on all sides a cordial recognition of Bishop Benson's great claims, and of the promise afforded by his past career. It is understood that the late archbishop looked forward with hope to being some day followed by him in the primacy, and this fact alone would conciliate confidence towards him. He may be comparatively young for so great a position, though the late archbishop on his appointment was but three or four years older. But if he possesses the faculties for guiding the Church, they ought to be now in their prime of vigor; and if, as has been said, the Church is entering on a new period, it is well that her guidance should be in the hands of a man who is not too old to open his mind to new circumstances and new emergencies. Brief as Bishop Benson's administration of the diocese of Truro has been, it has afforded a display of some of the chief qualities needed in a primate—the capacity for being energetic without being overbearing, and conciliatory without the surrender of principle, and the power of commanding the confidence of the laity as well as of the clergy. There is one circumstance in his appointment which recalls that of his predecessor, and which is eminently creditable to the minister who is chiefly responsible for it. Mr. Disraeli, in nominating Bishop Tait, who had been a decided Liberal in politics, set an honorable example of subordinating political to religious considerations in ecclesiastical appointments. Mr. Gladstone has, in this instance, shown a similar appreciation of the relative importance of the considerations by which a minister should be guided in Church patronage. Bishop Benson is not only a Conservative, but he had shown the strength of his convictions, only a week or two before the late archbishop's death, by placing his name on the committee for the election of Mr. Raikes as member for the University of Cambridge. His proclaiming his political convictions at such a moment, and his appointment notwithstanding them, reflect equal honor upon himself and the premier.

Such an incident is a good omen alike for the independence of Dr. Benson's own career, and for the future administration of Church patronage.

We cannot thus refer to the appointment of Bishop Benson and of his predecessor, without taking occasion to express an indignant reprobation of the manner in which some confidential observations, by the late Dean of Windsor, on the occasion of Archbishop Tait's nomination have been reported in the third volume of Bishop Wilberforce's life. The dean is represented as having given the bishop an account of the confidential interchange of opinions and suggestions between the queen and her first minister on this delicate and important subject. Bearing in mind at once the habitual reserve of the late dean, and the evident inaccuracy of many of Bishop Wilberforce's reminiscences, we are not at all disposed to rely upon this report. But what we are concerned to protest against, in the strongest manner, is the flagrant impropriety, to use no stronger term, of thus publishing reports of private conversations in which living persons took part, during their lives, and without their consent. In reference to this particular conversation, the offence is aggravated by a further consideration. The queen, whose confidential observations to her prime minister are thus, as the author of the life (however erroneously) supposes, retailed to the world, is precluded by her position from any notice of such misrepresentations. If, by any indiscretion, a person in high place happens to become cognizant of what her Majesty may have said in confidence to a minister, it is the plain duty of any man of honor to respect the private nature of such information. If he indulges himself in the dangerous habit of keeping a diary, and ventures to write down what he believes himself to have heard, it can be only in reliance on a similar sense of delicacy in his family, which would restrain them from publishing such communications after his death. It cannot, however, be surprising that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce has shown no sense of the respectful reserve due to the queen, when we find him regardless of the most ordi-

nary rules of social propriety in his treatment of other persons. He prints, for instance, a statement of a very offensive character, alleged to have been made by Lord Amphill, then Mr. Odo Russell, respecting the conduct of Cardinal Manning to the late pope. It was inconceivable that a person of Lord Amphill's character and experience should ever have made himself responsible for such a statement, even in the freest conversation; and he has within the last few days explained that, as might have been expected, what the bishop has recorded is simply the gossip which he had reported as current in Rome, while the reprobation of it which Lord Amphill expressed at the time has been omitted. But, in any case, nothing could excuse the publication of such a statement during Lord Amphill's life without his consent. It involves him in what amounts to a practical libel on the character of one of the most eminent persons in England. Even if, by an impossible supposition, in some confidential moment a person holding the post Mr. Odo Russell then occupied had made an observation of this kind, it is inconsistent with the cardinal principles of the mutual association of gentlemen that he should be made, as he is by this publication, publicly responsible for it. There are unhappily numerous other instances in which opinions of living persons are expressed by Bishop Wilberforce, which must needs give great pain to themselves and their friends. We must own that it does not seem to us creditable to the judgment or better feeling of the bishop himself, that he should have preserved in writing these uncharitable judgments, and we are astonished that for the sake of his father's own name Mr. Reginald Wilberforce did not suppress them. But what chiefly concerns the public and the literary world is to denounce this publication of offensive remarks respecting living persons, which the author would never have expressed towards them if he had been alive. If Bishop Wilberforce, during his lifetime, in some moment of provocation, had made such observations respecting living prelates as are here republished from his diary, he would certainly have

apologized, or would have been severely and justly rebuked. But it aggravates the offence, because it increases the pain which is inflicted, that such observations should be published after his death, when he can no longer repair the injury. That injury, indeed, is not confined to the living; and there is one imputation made upon the dead, of which we are in a position to expose the injustice, and from which the accuracy of these recollections may be in some measure estimated. A conversation is recorded in which the late Dr. Todd discussed very unkindly the character of the Irish bishops of his day; and the then Bishop of Derry is branded as selling his livings. The occupant of the see of Derry at that time, Bishop Higgin, was a good man who commanded general respect. The scandal to which reference is made concerned one of his predecessors. Common Christian charity ought to have led Mr. Wilberforce, before he published a statement so painful to the late bishop's relations, at least to enquire whether it was not a mistake. But he cannot have done so; and a good bishop's character is thus libelled in his grave by Bishop Wilberforce's inaccuracy and his son's recklessness.*

We are sorry to have been obliged to interrupt the tenor of our article by a reference to this painful subject. Bishop Benson's appointment seems to have been attended with none of the hesitation which is alleged in this gossip to have preceded the nomination of Archbishop Tait. But, notwithstanding all the advantages with which he enters upon his duties, he will find it tax all his powers to follow at all adequately in his predecessor's steps. The death of the late primate has called forth an expression of admiration, affection, and profound regret, on the part of the Church and nation at large, such as has followed to the grave no other ecclesiastic of our time. Other men, such for instance as Dr. Pusey, may have been more enthusiastically honored, and almost worshipped, by their special followers; but, although respected by other parties, they have not commanded, in a similar degree, the confidence and the homage by which Archbishop Tait was surrounded. His personal characteristics were peculiarly fitted to turn all his acquired powers to the best account, and had much influence in con-

* We think it right to add, in justice to the publisher, that we have reasons for knowing that the most objectionable passages in the volume were inserted in spite of his earnest remonstrances.

ciliating towards him the universal regard he enjoyed. A gentleman of good Scottish family, he brought to the service of his high office the gracious manners, combined with the prudent reserve, by which his countrymen are often marked. He possessed also another quality in which the Scotch, notwithstanding certain prejudices to the contrary, are eminently privileged, that of dry and genial humor. He always had an eye for the humorous aspect of any situation, and was not only preserved by this capacity from blunders into which, from a lack of it, ecclesiastics are not wont to fall, but was often enabled to relax the tension of difficult situations with an effect which would have been sought in vain by argument or rebuke. It is a rare quality in any public man of the first rank, and rarest of all in a great ecclesiastic. Few persons in great place, and least of all great prelates, can venture on the humorous aspect of affairs without a dangerous sacrifice of dignity. Their hand is heavy from the very character of their position, and success requires a finer touch than they can command. But Archbishop Tait possessed the art in perfection. Except in the pulpit, he rarely failed to bring it into play; and in Convocation or the House of Lords, no less than in genial speeches at a City entertainment, he would win the good feeling of his audience by some happy turn of humor which would at once establish a human sympathy between himself and ordinary mortals. There is no greater danger, in the management of affairs, than for people to be suffered to become too terribly in earnest when there is no adequate occasion for it; and for an archbishop to be able to avert this danger, at any moment, without the slightest sacrifice of the dignity of his position, is an incalculable advantage. We believe the secret of this rare combination lay in the fact that, strong as was his sense of humor, it was, like all his other faculties, in profound and permanent subordination to the great convictions by which his heart and mind were possessed. His mental and moral constitution was admirably balanced, and all parts of it could be allowed free play without risk of disproportion. With most men the sense of humor is a dangerous power, because it is perpetually breaking loose from control. But with Archbishop Tait there was never any such lapse of self-government, or disturbance of the due proportion of the realities of life. His happi-

ness in this respect was not due to mere natural qualities, but to the rare discipline to which he subjected himself.

He had indeed learned that discipline in a severe school. The affecting introduction which he prefixed to the memoir of his wife and eldest son would alone prove how deeply his character had been moulded by the stern sorrows with which he was visited. If there is often presumption in saying for what purpose such sorrows are sent, there is none in tracing the gracious results which have been produced by due submission to them. The sermons which Dr. Tait preached at Rugby School, and his work as Dean of Carlisle, are, indeed, a striking testimony to the depth of his apprehension of spiritual realities, even in his most successful years, and before he had fully experienced the sobering influences of sorrow. But if there ever had been any danger of his remarkable rise tending to mar the simplicity and depth of his early character, it was effectually averted by the heavy blow which desolated his household at Carlisle. He bore his sorrow with manly resignation; and it cast over his whole future life the solemnizing light of another world. Perhaps, especially when thus borne, it conciliated towards him a degree of sympathy which is often denied to those who rise rapidly to great place in the Church or the State. He was felt to be united with those over whom he presided in the experiences which most closely touch their hearts; and the intense interest aroused by the memoir of his wife and son bore striking witness to the depth of this sympathetic feeling. His wife, indeed, exerted a singularly gracious influence throughout his whole career; and her memory will be forever gratefully associated with the history of his episcopate. But as he ever thus spoke to us as one of ourselves, men gave him the confidence which is only accorded in fulness where there is real fellowship of feeling. There was that in the very mode of his address and the tones of his voice, which created and maintained this confidence. There was a straightforwardness about the one, and a depth and truth about the other, which, again, are rarely found to the same degree in men who have had difficult positions to maintain. Every accent bespoke "gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned," and won its way straight to the heart even of those whose minds were not convinced. These qualities were at the service, as its natural instrument, of a singular clear-

ness and directness of intellect. He did not exhibit, though he may have possessed, the high logical and speculative power characteristic of the Scottish race; but he enjoyed a capacity which, for the purposes of his work, was of far greater value. He discerned at once the central point of any subject; he distinguished, by a kind of instinct, the essential from the secondary circumstances with which he had to deal; and he directed his whole energy to the main object in view. There was a lofty disregard of details and trivialities, in his thought as well as in his action, and there was a certain massiveness in all his utterances, which rendered them far more effective in any thoughtful assembly than the utmost brilliancy of argument or rhetoric. This was partly the secret of his singular influence in the House of Lords — an influence which, for a prelate of modern times, was unequalled. It was felt that whatever he said was sure to go to the heart of the subject, and to be a weighty expression of the main bearings at issue. The same characteristic marks all his writings, and especially his charges. In his two last charges he entered upon the new controversies of the Church of the present and the future, and discussed some of the main issues raised by science and philosophy in our day. Of course, as he said, it was impossible for him to do justice in such addresses to the arguments thus raised; nor did he display, or attempt to display, the dialectical capacity which Bishop Thirlwall could develop, even within such limits. But he succeeded eminently in selecting, with the eye of a great master, the main points of attack and defence; he laid down in broad and solid outline the great principles involved in the Christian faith, and the cardinal realities on which they rest. The same characteristic in dealing with this subject marked his earlier work on "The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology," and gave weight to his brief and practical addresses in the chapel of Rugby School. We trust that his charges, which we have enumerated at the head of this article, will be edited with a few notes to explain their allusions. They are full of practical wisdom and deep Christian experience; and the two last, in which he treated of the special dangers of our time, might well serve as a manual for the clergy, and especially for the younger clergy, as to the spirit and the general method in which they should deal with the characteristic difficulties of our day.

But all these capacities, great and rare as they are, do not of themselves account for the extraordinary homage which he commanded during the latter years of his life, and which was so signally exhibited at his death. They are qualities which would have given strength and graciousness to his career in any position; but it was to the unique character which, by means of them, he threw over the primacy, that the great place is due which he filled, and which his memory must always fill, among the prelates of the English Church. By common consent, not excluding that of the narrow clique who alone expressed any hostile feelings towards him, he asserted the influence and the dignity of the great office with which he was entrusted, with a success which few of his predecessors, and none of his immediate predecessors, had attained. They had, indeed, all been men of beautiful personal character, of mild wisdom, and of laborious devotion to their duties. But Archbishop Tait added to all these excellences, by a touch like that of genius, something which at once raised the office to a higher point of influence. He was felt not merely to be the official head of the Church, but to be the true representative of the Church to the nation at large. He was a leader as well as a ruler; and the Church in his person exerted an influence which awakened a friendly response from every class of his countrymen, whether members of its communion or not. He was not merely a living power himself; he made his office a living power, and animated it with a new spirit. What was the secret of this remarkable achievement? It must be a matter of the deepest interest at the moment when the office is passing into new hands, and when, moreover, as we have said, a new era seems commencing in the history of our Church, to appreciate, so far as may be possible, the secret of so striking and influential a career. That which has been once may be again, and that which has been so well begun may be continued. That there were one or two weak points even in Archbishop's Tait's great primacy, few even of his warmest admirers will deny. But they were insignificant in comparison with his great excellences, and they cannot be duly estimated except in subordination to the main principles and achievements of his career.

He commenced his primacy with one advantage which his successor does not enjoy, and which must needs be a rare privilege. He had been almost a primate

in the post from which he was translated, and had thus, in some sense, had twelve years' apprenticeship to the higher office. During the last six years of Archbishop Sumner's life and the six of Archbishop Longley's primacy, Bishop Tait, in the see of London, could not but command a leading position in the southern episcopate. But, besides this, with the conscious strength of a strong man, and with the eye for great opportunities which characterized him, he from the first recognized that a Bishop of London was at the head of the greatest see in the world, and he endeavored at once to rise to the height of this great and representative position. At the opening of his first charge in 1853, after a few personal references, he at once struck the keynote of his whole episcopal career. He called upon his clergy to reflect "how much the cause of our National Church, and, with the Church, of true Christianity in this great empire," depended upon the due use of their opportunities. To this thought he constantly recurred. Thus his second charge, delivered in 1862, opens with a description of the Church of England, which deserves quotation as a summary of the aspects in which he loved to regard it. He said:—

Our Church — an established Church in close connection with the State — a true portion of the Catholic Church of Christ, holding fast by His unchanging, everlasting Gospel, connecting itself through the hallowed associations of 1800 years with Christ's saints of all ages and countries, up to the Apostles; clinging to the oldest forms of worship and of government, and yet protesting against errors with which, for centuries before the Reformation, the Church was clouded — has, committed to it by God, in the middle of this nineteenth century, in an inquisitive and restless age, the difficult task of gathering together, fostering, developing, restraining, and guiding, the Christian feelings and thoughts, and energetic life of many millions of intelligent Englishmen, impatient both of political and still more of ecclesiastical control; and that not in these densely peopled islands only, but in colonies spread over the habitable globe. (Page 5.)

A still more striking passage in the opening of his third and final charge as Bishop of London, shows how his appreciation of this position had grown upon his thoughts. "Our scrutiny," he says (p. 2), "reaches to this:"—

How far is the National Church of England, and especially the Church of this Diocese, fulfilling the work which Christ has committed to it, and how are we each of us fulfilling our own part? The National Church and the

Church of this Diocese — for, indeed, it is as difficult to separate the two as it is to separate the diocese from its particular parishes, and the parishes from those who minister in them. London, above all other dioceses, must be indissolubly connected with the whole National Church. We do not ignore those powerful elements of the softening influences of country life, not found among ourselves; nor the effect of the position, so different from ours, in which the country Clergy stand to their flocks; nor the vast power of University life, moulding the thoughts of our rising youth. But still London is the centre: to London flows yearly, in a steady tide, a large body of persons of all classes from every county: from London the stream of influence, however unobserved, sets in irresistibly, through newspapers, books, letters, the converse of friends, to hall, parsonage, farmhouse, and cottage, in the remotest country districts. If we in London are faithless, all England suffers. If London could but become the really Christian centre of the nation, how would our national Christianity grow!

These are the animating exhortations of a man who is already sensible that he holds a position of command at the very heart of the National Church, with immense powers of influencing, by means of that Church, the whole life of the nation. This was the noble conception which he set himself to develop while Bishop of London; and consequently, when he passed on to Canterbury, he had but to apply, with the greater resources of his new position, the principles and the method he had already mastered. In his administration of the diocese of London he had, indeed, been brought into contact with the chief difficulties by which he was afterwards confronted, and the range of the subjects which he treats in his three London charges is very remarkable. The first was delivered ten years before the Church-rate controversy was settled by Mr. Gladstone's compulsory bill of 1868, and two years before "Essays and Reviews" was published. Yet the germ of the struggles of the subsequent twenty-five years is plainly recognized. Ritualism, indeed, was still in its infancy in 1858. The bishop introduces his observations upon it by gently "pointing out that some amongst us do harm by carrying their love of the externals of worship to an extreme," and he "verily believes that in this diocese the number of persons who for such matters of ceremonial would disobey the regularly expressed injunction of a regularly constituted authority is very small."⁵ But the revival of confession, as exemplified by Mr. Poole's practices at St. Barnabas', had occasioned

grievous offence, and the bishop bestowed a considerable part of his charge in reprehending the practice. On the other side, he recognized the danger that "students in our Universities, wearied of the dogmatism which ruled unchecked there some years ago, are very apt now to regard every maxim of theology or philosophy as an open question." Those were the two dangers between which, ever since that time, the rulers of the Church have had to steer, and they have, beyond question, increased in intensity up to the present hour. One other subject of Bishop Tait's first charge must be mentioned, as pointing to an eminent characteristic of his whole career. He recommends with especial urgency the Diocesan Home Mission, which had been established for the purpose, as it were, of breaking ground among the ignorant and degraded masses of some of the overgrown parishes of his diocese. His episcopate is synchronous with more than one movement for appealing, in a manner the Church had never before done, to the people at large. He himself set an example which was then very rare indeed, if not unheard of among bishops, by preaching in omnibus-yards and similar places. Mission services were established in Exeter Hall; and when they were prohibited by the exercise, on the part of the incumbent of the parish, of an obsolete power of forbidding religious services of which he disapproved, a bill was brought into the House of Lords, and actually passed that assembly, to give bishops the power of sanctioning the introduction of missionary services into parishes where they were needed. It was unfortunately lost in the Commons; but it was for lack of some similar power that Wesleyanism could not find a place within the Church of England, and sooner or later it must in some way be afforded. About the same time the evening sermons in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were instituted, and those two great churches began to exert over the people of London their legitimate influence. Where he did not originate these movements, Bishop Tait gave them the whole impulse of his energetic and authoritative support; and great as had been the work accomplished by his predecessor, Bishop Blomfield, a new life and a larger range were bestowed upon it by his own generous views and his indefatigable exertions.

We cannot refer, even in this cursory manner, to his London episcopate, without specially recalling the remarkable enterprise he set on foot in the Bishop of

London's Fund. In June, 1863, he addressed to the laity of the diocese of London a letter on the spiritual wants of the metropolis and its suburbs. He had previously called in his own house a private meeting of owners of property and employers of labor in London, with other persons interested in the welfare of the metropolis, and had laid before them the grievous deficiency of the means of spiritual instruction and care under which this vast city suffered. It was granted, he said, on all hands, that the population increased at the rate of forty thousand a year, and that, great as were the exertions which had of late been made, both by societies and individuals, their utmost efforts had not hitherto been able to do more than supply the additional means of grace required to meet this increase; so that the original evil, of a vast population inadequately cared for, remained much as it was when Bishop Blomfield began his labors. He therefore proposed that a fund should be raised to meet the spiritual wants of the diocese; that a very large body of persons, clergy and laity, should be formed into a board to co-operate with him as bishop, and that out of this board an executive committee should be elected to represent the different interests with which they would have to deal, the business of the fund being as much as possible managed by laymen. What he ventured to claim at once was, that he should be put in a position to send a hundred new clergy into overcrowded parishes; that these should be aided by a hundred Scripture-readers; and that new churches should be built and endowed at once in such of our largest parishes as, being quite overgrown, called for immediate subdivision. In making this bold appeal he had been, we believe, stimulated even beyond his original intention by the earnest response with which his suggestion was met in the meeting he had summoned; and he asked for no less than a million to be raised within ten years. That he could put forward such an appeal with so much good reason to expect support, and that this support should have been given him in such ample measure, is the best proof of the unbounded confidence which his seven years' administration of the diocese had secured. People would have hesitated to give money on this scale, to form what was really a new institution, unless they had been thoroughly satisfied that a wise as well as charitable use would be made of their contributions.

Party feeling in the Church was running high at the time; the judgment in the case of "Essays and Reviews" having been delivered in the preceding year, and the rise of Ritualism attracting increased hostility. But there was thorough confidence in Bishop Tait's impartiality in practical administration, and the current disputes exerted no injurious influence whatever upon the liberality of the diocese at large. In his charge of 1866, which was the last he delivered as Bishop of London, he was able to state the work directly accomplished by the Bishop of London's Fund during the first three years of its operation, in round numbers, as follows: "273,000*l.* promised, of which 183,790*l.* has been paid; one hundred and six additional clergymen added to the staff of the diocese, with seventy paid lay assistants; twenty-nine mission stations secured; besides sixteen rooms rented. Votes have been passed to assist the building of forty-six permanent churches, twenty-three schools, nine parsonages, and for twenty sites of churches, twenty-one sites of schools, and thirteen of parsonages." But in this, as in all such instances, it is to be remembered that the indirect efforts evoked are even more valuable than the direct. The latter indeed, large as they were, constituted but a secondary part of the energy and liberality which Bishop Tait called forth. At that time he had returns to show that during the four years since his previous visitation in 1862, independently of what had been done by the Bishop of London's Fund, no less a sum than 853,000*l.* had been contributed in the diocese by benevolent individuals and societies for building churches and schools, and paying curates and Scripture-readers, while 530,000*l.* of capital had been expended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in endowments and in otherwise satisfying local claims.

It is true, as the bishop admitted in this charge, that the real progress of the work of Christ in the diocese was not to be estimated by money; but that within four years a sum of more than a million and a half should thus have been raised for Church purposes under the bishop's guidance and encouragement is conclusive testimony to the immense influence he exerted and the invaluable work he accomplished. Even then he estimated that, before the spiritual needs of London were adequately met, there was need of three hundred and twenty-five new clergy, with a proportionate staff of Scripture-

readers, and one hundred and ninety-four new churches; and we fear the fund has somewhat languished since that time. But it will remain among the most honorable and enduring monuments of Bishop Tait's administration of the see that he appreciated the need, that he was able to arouse the consciences of both laity and clergy to recognize it, and that he succeeded in accomplishing a very great alleviation of it. He made himself felt, in short, during his episcopate, as the vigorous and successful leader of the forces of the Church, alike in the endeavor to bring the masses of the people under the influence of the gospel, and in strengthening the hold of the Christian faith on those who were more formally under its sway. Bishops may often render extremely valuable service to the Church in the more quiet duties of controlling and moderating the various influences within their diocese; and sufficient honor is rarely paid to the ruler who is content to govern with wisdom and in silence. But a bishop who, to this indispensable function, can add the work of actively inspiring and leading the energies of the clergy and laity under his care, discharges a still higher office. It was the singular combination of the two capacities, of wisdom in governing and energy in leading, which rendered Bishop Tait's administration of the diocese of London so memorable.

When he was transferred to the primacy, his opportunities for active leadership were more restricted, and the greater demand was made upon his qualities as a governor and moderator. But even here he combined both capacities in a remarkable degree; and the spirit in which he discharged the duties of the higher office was the same which had animated him as Bishop of London. He brought to the work of the primacy the same sense of the immense opportunities of the Church of England, with their correspondent responsibilities, the same appreciation of the paramount necessity of the energetic exercise of all its powers and capacities, if it was to justify its existence and to meet the needs of the day, and the same appreciation of the two errors through which it had to steer. All his charges, whether as primate or as Bishop of London, turn upon these three considerations — the active work required of the Church in upholding in the nation at large the great central truths of the gospel, the danger of allowing these truths to be obscured, and the confidence of the nation forfeited, by the undue prevalence

of rationalism on the one hand, or of Ritualism on the other. A just view of his primacy will take into account the course he pursued in respect to each of these considerations, and the proportion which they held in his mind. The course of recent controversy has given undue prominence to his action in promoting the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874; but this was only an episode in his great and consistent career, and cannot be duly understood without reference to its whole tenor. There are, in particular, two points, conspicuous in his episcopal career throughout, in connection with which that episode must be judged. The first is that the subject which, from first to last, occasioned his main anxiety was not the excess of Ritualism, but the more insidious growth of rationalism. Nothing could be more unjust to him, or could misrepresent the main principles of his conduct more completely, than to regard him as in any special manner opposed to the Ritualists. A perusal of his charges will show that he never regarded Ritualism, and the superstitious tendency it represents, as the chief danger of the Church. He expressed more than once his view, that it was the natural reaction called forth, in a certain class of minds, by the menacing prevalence of sceptical and rationalistic tendencies. The great central realities of the gospel seemed for the time to have become obscured; the true position of the Church, lying in the mean between credulity and scepticism, had been discredited, strange to say, by the very school which began by making the *via media* its glory; and the consequence was that numerous minds were repelled, in opposite directions, to two antagonistic extremes. But Archbishop Tait was never afraid lest tendencies towards superstition and Roman Catholicism should become permanently dangerous within the Church of England. He expressed his conviction, in his charge as primate in 1876, that

The people of this country have no love for popery. They have no love for anything that approaches to popery. With many of them this may be an unsuspected sentiment, but it is the echo of great truths which have been proclaimed in the history of the country. They know that the greatness of England is indissolubly united with its love of the Reformation. They know that those were dark times in our history when there was a fear of our swerving from the principles of the Reformation. They may, I say, be uninstructed in their zeal in this matter, but their zeal and their determination is unchanged, and not

likely to be changed. I do not think there is the slightest danger of this country ever becoming Roman Catholic. I do not think there is the slightest danger of this country ever adopting a semi-Romanism. (Page 56.)

His view of the real relation of the dangers by which the Church is menaced was expressed succinctly at the commencement of his charge as Bishop of London in 1866 (p. 4). "There has been," he said, "a great and no doubt reasonable fear of rationalism; and certain persons, whose errors are of a totally different cast, have availed themselves of this widespread alarm to work with a vigor unknown for many years in the revival of an imitation of the imperfect Churchmanship of the Middle Ages." It was thus, according to his judgment, in rationalism that Ritualism found its opportunity. The hopes which the early Tractarians had built upon the effect of an appeal to the primitive Church, in checking the inroads of the negative criticism of Germany, had been in great measure disappointed; and their later followers, headed by Dr. Pusey, extended their conceptions of the Church to which their appeal was to be made, until it became indistinguishable from the mediæval Church of Rome. The true remedy, in Bishop Tait's view, was to be found in attacking rationalism and scepticism directly, by enforcing in all their depth and strength the great spiritual realities of the gospel message. Accordingly, in his successive charges he addressed himself with increasing earnestness to combat the rationalistic tendencies at work among the clergy as well as among the laity, until in his final charge, delivered in 1880, this subject seemed almost to engross his thoughts. In those last words already referred to, published last October, he reiterated this conviction. "A question," he said, "remains, before which all minor matters shrivel into insignificance—the age has become sceptical." His charge of 1880 considered the Church of the Future in its conflict with the Atheist, its conflict with the Deist, and its conflict with the Rationalist; and the view he took of the gravity of these several conflicts deserves particular attention. He indicated the general character of the arguments with which each of these foes must be encountered; but he formed a very different estimate of the relative dangers to be apprehended from them. He set forth the grounds for his expectation that his countrymen would not, in the coming age, give themselves up either to an atheistical or to a simply

deistical philosophy. But he asked (p. 91) whether we are "equally secured against a meagre, sublimated Christianity, such as St. Paul certainly would not have recognized as the Gospel which saved his soul, and to which he devoted his life?" His anxieties on this point are clearly expressed in the following passage from the same charge (p. 89):—

There is, I hold, real ground to fear lest the tendencies of this age result in the prevalence of a lax view of Christian doctrine and teaching, in many respects unlike anything with which our country has in former times been familiar. Presenting itself under the guise of an improved and more rational Christianity, speaking with the greatest respect of the Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles, professing to regard them as great benefactors of the human race, and even admitting that the historical Christ is in some sense a wonderful manifestation of God brought near to man, it virtually substitutes a new in the place of the old genuine Gospel. The old Unitarianism had something in it akin to this system, and some modern Unitarians seem to have adopted it. We do not deny that its promoters have high aims, a zeal for the pure morality of the Gospel, and many lofty aspirations after holiness and intercourse with God. But, convinced as I am that there is something very hollow in it, I cannot look on without great alarm, if it be true that attempts are made to present our children and young people with this substitute for the real Gospel. Should it prevail, I fear we must bid farewell to a true conception of human nature and the hatefulness of sin, and lose the most powerful motives which can guide human life, and be content to sink to views of Christian duty and the elevation of the Christian character, very different from those which animated the Apostles.

In short, in one striking passage in his charge of 1866, he expresses a simultaneous and equally severe condemnation of the schools represented by Dr. Pusey on the one side, and by Professor Jowett on the other. It was, in his judgment, the plain tendency of the teaching of the one school to represent Christianity as a human philosophy; of the other, as a superstition. He would not say that the leaders of the two schools meant this, or were conscious of it; but he trembled for the consequences of either system fairly developed. In view of such perverseness on either side, he reasserted the indignant repudiation of non-natural interpretations of the Articles by which he first became publicly known, when he remonstrated, as one of the four tutors, against Tract XC. He objected equally to Dr. Pusey's republication of that Tract, and to Mr. Wilson's theory in justification of his

peculiar interpretation of the Articles. "Give up," he exclaimed, "the Articles altogether, if you will, but do not insult our understandings by professing to accept, and yet altogether subverting them" (p. 50).

Such was the point of view from which the late archbishop consistently regarded, throughout his episcopal career, the Ritualistic movement on the one side, and the rationalistic on the other. Of the two he had far more apprehension of danger from the latter than from the former, and against it he directed his most earnest and most continuous efforts. It must further be borne in mind, in order to understand the course he felt driven to adopt, that nothing was at any time more contrary to his disposition than a resort to measures of legal compulsion for the purpose of upholding orthodox principles. Again and again in his charges he expresses his conviction that such measures are rarely, in the present day, of any avail. Thus in his charge of 1862 he used the following characteristic language on the subject (p. 20): —

And here I will remark that I do not look much to legal prosecutions and the courts of the Church's judicature for the preservation of orthodoxy in our clergy. The Church of England is wisely jealous of such prosecutions. The precedents for their management and effects are found sparingly in our annals; and this, not I suppose because we have been more free than other nations from dangerous opinions — for each generation has had its own peculiar bias of error — but rather because the authorities of our Church, under the leading of its best divines, have ever deemed it wise not to spread the influence of unsound teaching amongst a generous people, by any the remotest semblance of persecution; and have rather sought ever to overcome the danger of heresy by the manifestation of superior learning and acuteness and a truer Christian spirit, than to prop up truth by the terrors of the law. It is not to courts of justice that we are indebted for our having been brought safe through the Arianism of the last or the Romanizing teaching of the present century. A wise son of the Church of England will be very jealous of every sort of prosecution for opinion, unless demanded by some overwhelming and inevitable necessity.

These sentiments were expressed in reference to the anxiety caused by "Essays and Reviews;" but in his next charge, delivered in 1866, Bishop Tait expressed a similar view of the course it was desirable to adopt, as long as it was possible, with the Ritualists. "It is," he said, "with inventors of such ceremonies

as with teachers of unsound doctrine; certainly the best arguments to use with them are not to threaten penalties and endeavor to overwhelm by force (for in this sense, all Church of England men are Protestants, being jealous, and rightly, of preserving their individual liberty), but to reason, to remonstrate, to appeal to their consciences, and to the love they bear their Church" (p. 20). He intimated, indeed, that the bishops "would certainly not fail in their further duty where the law is clear, if all kindly remedies are in vain." But such was the generous spirit by which he was actuated in reference to both the current controversies of his time. In fact, one of the leading elements in his conception of the Church of England was to render it as comprehensive as possible. He recognized that there must be limits to this comprehensiveness; but of the two risks — that of making them too wide or too narrow, he unhesitatingly preferred the former. The assertion of this principle as characteristic of the Church of England is of constant recurrence in his charges. We have already referred to his decided denunciation of the schools of thought represented by Professor Jowett on one side, and the late Professor Pusey on the other. But in the same passage in which this denunciation is expressed, he declares at the same time his conviction, that it is better for the Church that both of those distinguished men should continue to find shelter within her pale. Probably, he thought, "no other Church on earth could have retained them both;" but he did not hesitate to say that, on the whole, it was well we had retained them, trusting that "the great power they possess to spread among us what I feel to be erroneous doctrines may be counteracted by other influences, and even by the practical lessons of their own lives" (p. 49).

The largeness of his views on this subject were, however, best expounded in his charge as primate in 1872. He there discussed what he described (p. 46) as "the general rule which those who administer the law of the Church of England in such matters seem to have laid down for themselves during the last twenty or twenty-five years, to guide them in their decisions." He started from the consideration, which was ever predominant in his mind on this question, as on all others connected with the Church, that the Church of England is intended to be a National Church. "It is a Catholic Church, embracing in its teaching all the great Cath-

olic truths which have been witnessed to since the days of the Apostles. It is also a National Church, including persons of very various minds, according to their various circumstances, and the various education and training which they have received" (p. 47). He pointed out that, at the time of the Reformation, the problem which devolved upon our great prelates and statesmen was to construct a system which should embrace, as far as possible, the whole English nation. If a similar problem presents great difficulty now, it must have been still more difficult then, when the traditions of so many centuries were at variance with the truths which had just been proclaimed afresh to the world. "Those, therefore, who had to conduct that most difficult experiment, were bound to make the limits of their Church as wide as might be, in order, if possible, to embrace the whole English people." They were therefore justly anxious not to magnify into a matter of primary importance anything on which it was reasonable that freedom of opinion should be allowed. In his view this was no mark of failure or insincerity in the leaders of the Church, but was in full accordance with principles which had come down to them from the time of the Apostles. But if this was the large and tolerant principle on which the Church of England had based its national claims at the Reformation, a liberal administration of the law must certainly be in harmony with its traditional character. Accordingly he proceeded to show how each of the three parties in the Church had in turn, of late years, received the benefit of this rule of interpretation. First, by the decision in the Gorham case, the place of the Evangelical party within the Church was assured. Then in the case of "Essays and Reviews," a similar liberty was accorded to the Broad Church party. By the precedent of these two examples, the archbishop then proceeded to vindicate a more recent decision, the importance of which has been forgotten, or purposely kept out of sight, amidst recent discussions. We refer to the decision in the Bennett case. By that decision a precisely similar liberty was accorded to the high sacramental party to that which had been already granted to the Low Church and the Broad Church parties. The doctrines of Mr. Bennett were not, indeed, declared to be the doctrines of the Church of England, any more than the doctrines of "Essays and Reviews" or of Mr. Gorham could be regarded as receiving

any such sanction. But it was decided that a man might use the language to which Mr. Bennett finally adhered, just as he might use the language of Mr. Gorham or Mr. Wilson, without forfeiting his place in the Church of England, and his right to teach with authority.

Now it is of the first importance that these facts, especially as thus urged by Archbishop Tait in 1872, should be borne in mind in judging of his subsequent conduct, and of the present state of the Ritualistic question. They show that there is not, and has not been for the last ten years, any doubt of the fair toleration of Ritualistic doctrine on the subject of the sacraments within the Church of England; and moreover, that the late archbishop was the last man who would have restricted this liberty. The Ritualists are wont to represent themselves as having been treated with less toleration than the other two parties in the Church. But it is indisputable, in view of the facts now stated, that in respect to the cardinal point in the position of each of the three parties — that of their distinctive views of certain doctrines — which is the only one in respect to which they have all come before the courts of law, they have been treated with perfect equality. In each case, perhaps, some strain had to be put upon the formularies, and the most favorable interpretation possible had to be placed upon the language inculcated. But the principle of toleration in this respect has been carried out to the full, and as teachers of high sacramental doctrine, the Ritualists have as secure a place in the Church as the Evangelicals. But such being the position of the Ritualists, and such the generous and comprehensive spirit of Archbishop Tait, what was it which provoked the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, and led him to adopt a course so contrary to his natural disposition? He has himself given the answer in his charge of 1876. He described (p. 45) how, in the year 1874, the alarm which had prevailed for some time throughout the country on the subject of the Romanizing practices of the Ritualists seemed to have reached a climax. It was apprehended, as he says, that a gradual change was being wrought in our whole theory and practice, and that we were quietly drifting back to the state of things which had existed in the unreformed Church. Whether justified or not, the alarm was felt, and was creating a deep and widespread distrust in the Established Church, as no longer true to the principles of the

Reformation. Under the pressure of this distrust, suits which challenged the characteristic ceremonial practices of the Ritualists were at great cost, and after long delay, pushed to a final decision; and it was hoped there would be an end of unauthorized changes. But at this point there arose an entirely new element in the case, and a new phenomenon in the Church of England. The law thus authoritatively declared was defied, the admonitions of the bishops and the decisions of the courts of law were equally set at naught, and it appeared as though no power existed to restrain innovations, however extravagant. "You cannot be surprised," said the archbishop (p. 62), "that this state of things was felt to be unendurable, and that the authorities of the Church, after long forbearance, and with an earnest desire to treat every one with the utmost amount of tenderness, at last resolved that some process must be found by which, when the law was once decided, the decision should be obeyed. Hence the introduction of the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874."

If these facts are borne in mind, it must, we think, be acknowledged that, whatever other faults may be found with the Public Worship Regulation Act, it was in no sense animated by the purpose, at least so far as the archbishop was concerned, of diminishing the comprehensiveness of the Church of England. So far as the essential point of doctrine was concerned, the Ritualists, we repeat, were already secure within any reasonable limits. All that was required of them was that they should obey the authoritative interpretation of the law, in points of ceremony confessedly not essential to the validity of the sacrament, nor necessary to the inculcation of their doctrines. The question raised, in short, for the first time in the history of the Church of England, was between obedience to law in non-essential points, or complete anarchy. The Public Worship Act was not an attempt to alter the existing standards of doctrine or practice, or to narrow existing liberty in any single respect, but simply to render it more practicable to enforce the law as it existed. The sole object was to render it no longer necessary for every suit to go through the tedious process required under the Church Discipline Act; and to provide a summary procedure in cases where the law had been decided, and the facts were plain. The Ritualists, alone among English Churchmen, claimed to hold their position in the Church while

repudiating all constituted authority within it; and the authorities did but accept the challenge with which they were thus defied. The decisive majorities in both Houses of Parliament, by which the measure was supported, at least afford a decisive proof that the archbishop was not mistaken in his estimate of the alarm and indignation which prevailed, and of the necessity for taking some steps to allay the increasing distrust. The Church was certainly passing through a dangerous crisis, and it was natural that the remedy should be sought, not in altering the law, but in reinforcing its authority.

The motives, therefore, of the archbishop in promoting this memorable measure are unimpeachable, and are as far as possible removed from the narrow prejudices with which the Ritualists reproached him. Nevertheless, it must, we fear, be admitted that, as a matter of policy, the bill was an error. In the first place, there can be no question that it has proved practically ineffectual for the main object on which the archbishop dwelt in his charge of 1876. As he himself admitted in 1880, the hope has been disappointed, that a ready and inexpensive method of applying the law of the Church, when once determined, had been secured. "Experience," he said (p. 22), "has proved that no precautions can prevent an undue expenditure both of time and money, when excited partisans are determined to call to their aid the first lawyers of the day, and contest every inch of ground." He expressed, indeed, the opinion that the act had practically had the effect of discouraging incessant and unauthorized innovations; but, even if this be the case, we have evidence every day that it has not repressed the very disobedience against which it was directed. This comparative failure is, no doubt, due in great measure to the perverse and gratuitous disregard of ancient ecclesiastical forms which was shown in putting it into operation, and in some measure, we venture to think, from the hesitation with which it has been applied. But apart from all secondary errors, the act had one essential fault as a measure of policy. It raised a new issue; and thus gave the Ritualists a new opportunity, and a more plausible ground, for maintaining their disobedience. However they might be technically refuted, they were enabled to plead, with sufficient force for popular purposes, that a new court had been created with the intention of crushing them, and that they were required to obey a new authority to

which they had not engaged their allegiance. While, moreover, the act thus gave them a new basis for resistance, it in no way met the inherent difficulty of the case, which was their repudiation, not of one law or one court, but of the ultimate jurisdiction on which the whole established law of the Church rests. As they were driven from point to point, they at length avowedly repudiated the authority of the Court of Appeal itself. This was the claim which it was ultimately necessary to meet, as it remains the one claim which it is necessary to encounter now. A wiser course, it may now be admitted, would have been to find some other means of allaying the anxiety and indignation prevalent in 1874, to have made, perhaps, a personal appeal to the Church at large for confidence and patience, and then to have relied on the steady, if slow, pressure of the existing law to enforce obedience within reasonable limits.

The course which the archbishop adopted on his deathbed, with respect to Mr. Mackonochie, has been not unreasonably understood as indicating that he was himself inclined to view the matter in this light, and that with his characteristic straightforwardness, he was ready to acknowledge and repair his mistake. The interpretation, indeed, which has been placed upon his action by the advocates of the Ritualists is a bad return for his generosity, and if it were generally accepted would be more likely than anything else to defeat its object. It has been interpreted as a complete surrender to the Ritualists of all for which they have been contending. "No such construction can, with any reasonableness, be placed upon it. As the archbishop himself expressly stated, it was dictated by an anxiety "that the result of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts should, by the blessing of Almighty God, be such as to allay disquiet, and, by meeting any reasonable objections to existing procedure, to set men's minds free for the pressing duties which devolve upon the Church in the face of prevailing sin and unbelief." In other words, as he has been more justly interpreted by others, he desired a truce until the whole question of ecclesiastical procedure could be reconsidered, and perhaps the questions of law reargued which had been decided by the old courts. But it must not be forgotten, and we earnestly trust the new primate will not fail to bear in mind, that there are other persons and parties to be considered in this matter besides the Ritualists. Neither the Evan-

gelical party, nor the strong Protestant feeling which exists among a large proportion of the laity of all parties, can either with justice or safety be disregarded; and a compromise is the utmost that can reasonably be expected of them on this subject. There are, as it seems to us, points on which such a compromise might be possible. If, for instance, the rubrics of the Church were now for the first time being drawn up, the practice of mixing water with the sacramental wine could not reasonably be prohibited. From the earliest account preserved to us of the administration of the sacraments in the early Church — that of St. Justin Martyr — we know that this custom prevailed at the middle of the second century. No one contends that either the use or the omission of the water is essential to the validity of the sacrament; and in matters in themselves indifferent, customs ought, as far as possible, to be allowed, which are sanctioned by such early authority. It is more doubtful whether, as has been often suggested, some distinction could be drawn between town and country parishes, on the ground that a degree of liberty might, without injustice to the parishioners, be allowed in the former which would be unreasonable in the latter. It is, indeed, true that in London scarcely any parishioner is under the necessity of attending his parish Church from a lack of other accessible places of worship. He can find, without much difficulty, ministrations congenial to him, whatever may be his predilections. In the country, on the other hand, it is a great hardship that a congregation, with strong predilections in either direction, should be liable at any moment to have a service forced on them which directly affronts their feelings. To meet the ordinary necessities of the Church, it would be desirable that a moderate degree of ritual should be established which should be practically uniform, and it is difficult to see how exceptions from such a ritual could be legally provided for.

There will remain, moreover, when all is said and done, the difficulty on which the Ritualists have so passionately insisted, as to the authority of the so-called State Courts. The unfortunate legislation of the Public Worship Act may be modified; but nothing can alter the fact, that in the last resort a State Court of some kind or other, whether the Queen in Council or the Queen in Chancery, must be supreme. If the Church of England were disestablished, this difficulty would

still remain; and no device can evade it. All that can be hoped is that by some modification of the forms of procedure, such as the archbishop seems to have had in view, and by due guarantees for the authorities of the Church being consulted, the Ritualists, or most of them, may be induced to recognize that they suffer no practical injustice in this respect. But it would be a grievous mistake, far more serious than any yet committed, if it were to be understood that by some means or other the pretensions of the Ritualists were to be unreservedly admitted. The new archbishop will perhaps be able to appeal to them, on one ground, with more force than the late primate succeeded in exerting. Some members of the High Church school had a feeling about Archbishop Tait which recalls Addison's humorous account of the Tory foxhunter's appreciation of the sound Churchmanship of the neighboring shire. "For," said he, "there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole county, except the bishop." The orthodoxy of Bishop Benson's Churchmanship is unquestioned; and perhaps he may succeed in asking the Ritualists to consider whether they can reasonably force on the Church of England, at the risk of schism, ceremonies and vestments which no Churchman since the Reformation, however high his doctrines, has ever used or attempted to use. One would think that the ceremonies which satisfied Laud, Andrews, and Cosin, might be sufficient, even for Mr. Mackonochie; and it is possible that this view of the case may have especial weight, when urged by a primate of Bishop Benson's antecedents. For our part, it is in the name of the old High Church party that we have ever opposed the Ritualists. It is for the sake of the distinctive principles for which that party was, and is, jealous, that we protested recently against the course taken by Dr. Pusey in the latter part of his life; and for the same reason, while willing, for the sake of peace, to see some compromise effected, we feel bound to repel the ungenerous advantage which has been taken of the late archbishop's touching anxiety to leave behind him a truce in the present contentions. The matter will need the utmost care and consideration for all parties, if it is to be satisfactorily adjusted; and an attempt on the part of the Ritualists to boast of a triumph over those who, in the exercise of their full rights, have conscientiously resisted them, would be the most likely of all means to exasperate the quarrel afresh.

But these controversies and contests, loud and distracting as they were, occupied, after all, but a very subordinate place in the large sphere of Archbishop Tait's primacy. It was not his fault, but that of the perversity and self-will of the Ritualists, that his attention was in any degree diverted from worthier objects; and the manner in which they have wasted the energies of men like Archbishop Tait during the last twenty years, for the sake of asserting their private fancies in points of wholly secondary importance, will leave on them a stamp of lasting discredit in the history of the Church of England. There is no more striking evidence of the largeness and elevation of his mind, than the way in which he always rose above these passing controversies, and kept his eye fixed on the essential work of the Church, and on its supreme mission. It was the grandeur and comprehensiveness of the view he took of this mission, which constituted his characteristic greatness as a primate, and commanded the trust and homage alike of the Church at large and of the nation. The idea which was ever prominent in his mind was the national character of the Church and its national duties. In employing this language, he indulged none of the vague dreams by which some Broad Churchmen are misled, of a practical identification of the State and the Church; and the charge of Erastian tendencies which some High Churchmen have not been ashamed to bring against him, even since his death, is totally unfounded. In his charges he expressed in the clearest manner his conception of the Church as an independent institution, deriving its vitality from its Divine Head, and in no way dependent on the nation either in respect of its essential functions or of its permanent existence. That it is established is but an accident of its position — a most beneficent accident, but still an accident and in no way essential to its life. Thus in his charge of 1862 he said (p. 33): "Our commission as a Church comes direct from Christ's delegation, and we trust to his promise for a never-ending stability. As an established Church, on the other hand, we may be overthrown, and our security must greatly depend on our being thus rooted in the heart of the nation in which God's providence has established us, and bound up with what the nation acknowledges to be its best interests." There was always, even in the days when it was propounded, something artificial and unreal in Hooker's theory of the

Church and the nation being the same community in different aspects; and it is in the present day flagrantly inconsistent with facts. It was Archbishop Tait's merit to look facts in the face; and he fully realized that the Church of England was an institution within the nation, distinct from it, though most intimately bound up with it, and charged with a great mission to it. The plain question, therefore, on which its existence as an establishment depended, was whether the privileges and opportunities which it enjoys in that capacity are for the good of the nation as a whole. As an established Church, he recognized that it stood in precisely the same position as every other institution, and could only be maintained so long as the people at large were sensible of the value of a Church invested with such duties and opportunities. This view of the position of the Church is most clearly stated in that part of his charge of 1862, from which we have already quoted. He there says (p. 32):—

No doubt it is a peculiar difficulty of this century, not perhaps in our country alone, that an established Church has never before been maintained in the midst of an unbounded toleration of all communities that differ from it, with most perfect religious as well as civil liberty. I should feel alarmed as to the stability of our established system, if I did not believe that we are, and are likely to continue, a truly National Church, commanding the affections of the nation, and representing on the whole the nation's Faith. The days when a dominant Church amongst us could look for the support of any extraneous helps derived from some lingering remnants of the spirit of persecution, are happily forever gone. We stand on the merits of the system we administer—on its being interwoven with the noblest associations of our national history—on its giving strength to the constitution of our Christian land—on its being felt to be promotive of sound learning, good education, well-regulated piety, pure morality, and thus advancing the best interests of the people whom, for Christ's sake, we serve in the maintenance of His truth.

“We stand on the merits of the system we administer.” Those words might well be taken as a pregnant summary of the spirit of Archbishop Tait's whole episcopacy, and especially of his primacy. He was deeply convinced of the greatness of those merits, and he ever insisted on them with a generous pride. In his first charge as archbishop, in 1872, he reviewed the present position of the Church of England, and vindicated in various aspects its capacity for meeting the needs and

difficulties of the day. He discussed the opportunities it afforded for the co-operation of the laity in its work; the value of its great cathedrals, and of the institutions connected with them; its capacity for missionary work to the masses of our own people, and its power of forming a link of union with the rest of Christendom. He exposed the fallacy of the notion that it is held in any servitude by the character of its judicature, and he showed with striking force the evidence it had afforded of its capacity to alter its system to meet the new wants of the time. Within his own episcopate, the use of the so-called State services had been discontinued; a very material relaxation had been made in the terms of clerical subscription, giving to the clergy in this respect a reasonable liberty, with which, as he said, it may be doubted whether other communities have been so formally invested; the table of lessons for use in public worship had been entirely remodelled; and a very important amendment had been applied to the Act of Uniformity in respect of the public services in our churches. A shortened form of daily service had been authorized; permission had been given to divide the services on Sundays; special services had been sanctioned for special occasions, and sermons were allowed to be preached in churches without the accompaniment of the ordinary prayers. He urged that the Church had thus been proved to possess the power of adapting itself to any necessities of our day and generation; that it allowed a greater liberty of opinion, within the limits of essential truth, than any other rival communion; and that, with all these advantages, it was entrusted with unbounded opportunities for carrying its message into every corner of the nation, and thus, by promoting the cause of Christ, rendering the most essential services to the country at large. In a brief introduction to an interesting work recently published on “Lambeth Palace and its Associations,” by the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, the archbishop gave a picturesque illustration from Lambeth Palace itself of this view of the capacities of the Church and of the office he held:—

Even if we confine our thoughts to the time—now nearly seven centuries—during which the Archbishops have lived in Lambeth, we find ourselves connected by the associations which cluster round these walls, with each step in the onward progress of our Church and people towards fuller light and higher liberty. We can find memorials here of the successful

efforts made to secure freedom from the thralldom of Rome, which marked the reigns of the later Plantagenets, and of the Lancastrian and Yorkist Sovereigns. We can trace the mode in which Christian influence was maintained throughout the land in spite of marauding barons and rapacious kings. We can see how the professed followers of Christ bore themselves amid the struggles preceding that great upheaval of society in which the hitherto non-privileged classes asserted their rights as Englishmen. We learn how the Church of England, notwithstanding the grave faults of many of its rulers, adapted itself — under the good hand of God — in all these troublous times, and in the changing days which followed them, to the real wants of the English people. The admonitions of places are, to the student of history, as powerful as the admonitions of books. Men's hearts may well be stirred, and their loyalty to the National Church confirmed, as they trace the many memorials in the architecture, pictures, and ornaments of Lambeth, which bring them face to face with the past, and so arouse their high hopes for the future.

This power of adaptation to the ever-varying circumstances of the nation's life, which has secured the Church's influence through so many centuries, is not likely to forsake us now. We may see a frequent example of it in the use to which these buildings are put to-day. Juxon's Great Hall and the adjoining "Guard-room," built for a very different purpose, afford abundant space and opportunity for those larger gatherings of clergy and laity, by which men seek to further the work of Christ in these somewhat democratic times. Two great Conferences of Bishops from every quarter of the world have met at Lambeth, as a national centre, within the last few years. Missionary and charitable agencies of every kind now find here their annual meeting-place; and it may well be doubted whether, in their long history, these old halls have ever been filled with men more zealous to uphold the Church of their fathers, or more active to promote the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth. May God, who has helped us hitherto, give wisdom to their counsels and vigor to their work! *Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.* (Page xxvii.)

Such was his conception of a National Church — a Church with national duties, national opportunities, and therefore national privileges. "A National Church?" he exclaimed in his charge of 1876 (p. 102), "what does the phrase mean? Wherever the State, feeling its Christian responsibilities, provides that in any way the ministrations of religion shall be secured to all its people, there is a National Church." The Church, therefore, in his view, would hold its ground so long as the

clergy realized and fulfilled the wide commission thus entrusted to them, and made themselves felt as the servants, for Christ's sake, of every class, every interest, and, at least in point of willingness, of members of every communion in the country. He indulged the hope, that as these characteristics of the Church were better appreciated, the Nonconformists would some day be able to reconsider their relations to it; and while anxious to cultivate communion with foreign Episcopal Churches, he more than once expressed a strong feeling that our more urgent and more practical duty was to endeavor to promote union among Christians at home. His conviction of the position of the Church in these respects found a brief and earnest expression at the conclusion of his first charge as primate in 1872. "My friends," he said:

I do believe that with the clearest and most unhesitating maintenance of the great Gospel truths, with the clearest protest against errors which are dangerous to the soul, on one side and on the other, the Church of England still stretches wide its arms and desires to bring souls to God, and is antagonistic to no Church or individual, so far as that Church or individual is faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ.

This is a noble and generous conception alike of the work and of the claims of the Church, and it appealed to the heart and the best instincts of the nation. The sense that the primate was thus exerting the influence of his great office, not to maintain the exclusive privileges of the establishment and his order for their own sake, but to make them the most valuable and beneficent of national institutions, at once raised the whole controversy respecting the relations of the Church and the State to a higher level, and tended to make men ashamed of mere sectarian polemics. Connected with this largeness of view was the spirit of generous confidence in which the archbishop ever strove, on all important questions, to do justice to the feelings and opinions of the laity. One of the High Church journals, in reviewing his career, described him, with some disparagement, as the archbishop of the laity. Such a phrase was a confession, all the more melancholy, because unconscious, that it was possible for the clergy to entertain interests which could be separated from those of the laity, and that there are persons who would have preferred an archbishop of the clergy. It was the late primate's honorable characteristic to be archbishop of the Church at large, of laity and clergy alike;

and by virtue of this character he commanded a confidence which he could have won in no other capacity. The paramount necessity of co-operation and friendly understanding between clergy and laity is another point on which he takes especial pains to insist in his charges. Happily we are able to point to a signal guarantee that in this important respect he is likely to be heartily followed by his successor. Bishop Benson contributed a most learned and instructive article on St. Cyprian to the "Dictionary of Christian Biography During the First Eight Centuries," of which we are glad to see that the third volume is just issued. In the course of this article, which shows how deeply he has studied the example of that great bishop, he makes some stirring remarks on an important part of St. Cyprian's career. It will be remembered that St. Cyprian, notwithstanding the general excellence of his administration, led his Church into error on the subject of the validity of baptism by schismatics or excommunicated heretics. "The visible Church," says Bishop Benson, "according to him, included the worst moral sinner in expectation of his penitence; it excluded the most virtuous and orthodox baptized Christian who had not been baptized by a Catholic minister." In this strange error St. Cyprian had the entire support of the episcopal synods of his province; and Bishop Benson makes the following striking remarks on the cause of this error and its remedy:—

The unanimity of such early councils and their erroneusness are a remarkable monition. Not packed, not pressed; the question broad; no attack on an individual; only a principle sought; the assembly representative; each bishop the elect of his flock; and all "men of the world," often Christianized, generally ordained, late in life; converted against their interests by conviction formed in an age of freest discussion; their chief one in whom were rarely blended intellectual and political ability, with holiness, sweetness, and self-discipline. The conclusion reached by such an assembly uncharitable, unscriptural, uncatholic, and unanimous.

The consolation as strange as the disappointment. The mischief silently and perfectly healed by the simple working of the Christian Society. Life corrected the error of thought. . . . The disappearance of the Cyprianic decisions has its hope for us when we look on bonds seemingly inextricable, and steps as yet irretrievable.

It may be noted, as affording some clue to the one-sided decisions, that the laity were silent, though Cyprian seemed pledged to some consultation with them. It must have been

among them that there were in existence and at work those very principles which so soon not only rose to the surface, but overpowered the voices of her bishops for the general good. (Vol. i., p. 573.)

We forbear to make any comment on this striking passage. Observations more pregnant with instruction in reference to the present controversies in the Church, and more full of hope for the spirit in which the new primate is likely to deal with them, could not well have been made: and we rejoice to observe that, in his farewell address to the diocese of Truro, he has already given a pledge that he will continue to be animated by the same spirit. After thanking the clergy in words which prove by their warmth and vividness the earnestness of the work in which he has been united with them, he addresses the laity "in terms of deepest respect and gratitude," expressing the belief that by their co-operation in the various works of Christian charity, "the laity of our day have opened a fresh era in the Church." Not less reassuring is the generosity he displays in acknowledging "with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that openhandedness, that kindness towards all good works, that favor at beholding growing activities in the Church, which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others, who nevertheless have and use energetically organizations of their own." An address more fitted to bespeak the confidence of all classes in the nation—clergy, laity, and Nonconformists alike, could hardly have been penned.

But our sketch, incomplete as it must be, of the spirit which rendered Archbishop Tait's episcopacy and primacy so memorable and beneficent would be essentially imperfect, if we did not conclude by referring to the deep, spiritual convictions which animated his ministry, and which were the spring of all his other energies. If he gloried in the privileges and opportunities of the Church of England, if he vindicated on all occasions her capacity for acting as the great civilizing agency of the nation, it was because of his profound sense of the vivifying power of the great realities proclaimed by the gospel, and his intense personal appreciation of the central truths of our faith. No man was more penetrated with the conviction that the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," spiritual and moral, individual and social. He was never wearied of insisting on the supreme efficacy and importance of elementary

gospel truths, and of the utter insignificance, in comparison with them, of the controversies by which the Church was distracted. It is not a little striking and touching to notice how this principle permeated his whole life, and was, as it were, the bond which united all parts of it in complete unity. Thus the spirit of his work as dean, as bishop, and as primate, was clearly embodied in the following passage at the conclusion of one of his farewell sermons at Rugby School (p. 319; edition of 1850):—

The last twenty years have been for our Church a time of many controversies. Men have been contending very earnestly, each for his own peculiar view of scriptural truth: matters of very little importance have, not unnaturally, on all sides, been magnified into articles of Christian faith: and the Church has been divided into very keenly contending parties. I do not say that this has been simply an evil; it has been a necessary consequence of that outpouring of religious earnestness, for which we have to bless God's Spirit. But no one, I suppose, will doubt that it has been attended with great evils. Such controversies have even at times invaded our places of education; sometimes the noisy disputes, which ought forever to be excluded from the hearing of the young, have been injudiciously pressed in schools; more frequently schools have become narrow seminaries for one or other of the Church's contending parties. Here, now, for twenty years, it has been endeavored to bring up the young as Christians, without binding them to party; to make them love the Church of England, because in its forms and discipline is to be found the best mixture of pure scriptural truth, with comprehensive charity. And this work has not been without its fruit; men are becoming convinced in the world that there is a Christianity far wider and, as more loving, so more holy, than any which the spirit of party knows. They are becoming convinced that the Church of England best fulfils its mission in this great country, by that temperate upholding of the great Gospel doctrines in their simplicity, which draws a marked line between them and all human systems, however ancient or however valuable. It is only in this its wise comprehensiveness, that, in the days which are coming, the Church of England can hope to maintain its influence as the Church of a great and enlightened nation, and be very extensively blessed of God. I would have each young man who hears me to ponder well on this truth, which it has been the constant object of the instruction of this place, for many years practically to impress upon him. In the university—in the world—whether as a directly commissioned minister of Christ's Gospel, or ministering in some worldly calling—let him labor not to approve himself as of this or that theological school, but as a Christian; let him

not waste his religious power and energies on matters which have to do at the best only with the outward shell, or case of Christianity: but let him cling to himself, and press on others, the pure and simple word of Christ, which is the essence of the Gospel. Parties in religion will all have disappeared when Christ comes: and those are His best disciples now who are occupied most with the great simple truths which shall last through eternity. The theoretical religious teaching of this school will have fulfilled its work, if it shall have trained a band to minister in the various ecclesiastical or secular offices of Christ's Church, as many, thank God, have been trained already and are now ministering, who are at once earnest in their belief and maintenance of Christ's real truth, and yet full of forbearing charity.

To these convictions, and to this sense that he was worthily carrying into effect the spirit of Arnold's life, he recurred, as will be remembered, in his last words in *Macmillan's Magazine*. There may always be some who will doubt whether he duly appreciated the importance of the Apostolic organization which the Church of England inherits, or the extent to which her just claims on the nation are founded upon it; and, like most men, he probably appreciated one side of truth more clearly than another. But there can be no question that in his description of what he deemed his leader's system he depicted a view of the work and teaching of the Church which appealed with unusual force to the convictions of his countrymen at large. To quote from that paper:—

Men rejoiced to welcome a manly, straightforward, expansive, Christian system, which, holding as for dear life to the Divinity of Christ, and deeply imbued with the spirit of St. John's Gospel, had a marvellously attractive power. It troubled them not with the dry bones of departed controversies, but ever asked them with the voice of a trumpet, What are your own personal relations to the Father, and the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit? It pointed out to them how the Christian religion was no matter of forms and compromises, how it breathed the Saviour's love into the soul, and ever inculcated the following of His example; how it looked far beyond the individual, and the section of the Church to which the individual belonged, to the Commonwealth as part of God's workmanship, into whatever political form it might be moulded. He could not conceive of a State, doing perfectly its duty as a State, without the moving principle of religion. He spurned all theories of separating education from religion, or statecraft from that refining leaven which alone can enable a statesman to seek for his countrymen the highest objects of their existence.

We believe the homage Archbishop Tait commanded was mainly due to the conviction he produced on his countrymen that these were the great objects on which his heart was set. They saw in him a man who was sensible, above all things, of the momentous mission with which he and his Church were entrusted to their hearts and consciences, and who subordinated all personal, sectarian, and controversial considerations to these great ends. In this assurance they gave him hearty confidence and support in his work, and rendered him unstinted gratitude. We are passing, as he said, into a new period of the Church's life, and its rulers will have to adapt themselves to its peculiar emergencies. It may be given to the new primate to bring into prominence some other aspect or element in the old truths; and our compensation for the loss of great men consists in the manner in which new minds bring out fresh sides of truth, and fresh possibilities in old institutions. But we cannot wish anything better for the Church of England than that her primates may always appreciate the great principles which animated the life of Archbishop Tait, and that, in substance, they may make those principles their paramount rule in the discharge of the momentous duties of their office.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.
CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day after John's incarceration was the funeral day at Tinto. The whole country was moved by this great ceremonial. The funeral was to be more magnificent than ever funeral had been before for hundreds of miles around; and the number of the procession which followed the remains was greater than that of any assembly known in the country since the '45, when the whole district on one side or the other was "out." That everybody concerned should have found it impossible to think of John in the county jail, in face of the necessity of "showing respect" on this great occasion to the memory of Torrance, was natural. It was, indeed, out of the question to make any comparison between the two necessities. After all, what did it matter for one day? Those who were out of prison, and had never been in prison, and whose imagination was not affected like John's by that atmosphere of restraint, did not see any

great harm that could happen. And the ceremony was one which could not be neglected. A Scotch funeral is somewhat terrible to those who have been accustomed to the pathetic and solemn ritual of the English Church; but there was something too, impressive to the imagination, in that silent putting away of the old garment of humanity, — a stern submission, an acceptance of absolute doom, which, if it suggested little consolation, at least shed a wonderful awe on that conclusion no longer to be disturbed by mortal prayers or hopes. But Dr. Stirling, the parish minister, was of the new school of the Scotch Church, and poor Torrance's body became, as it were, the flag of a religious party as it was laid in the grave. The great dining-room at Tinto, the largest room in the county, was crowded with a silent assembly gathered round the coffin while the first portion of the ceremony was carried out. It was such a scene as would have filled the heart of the dead man with exultation. Not one of the potentates of the county was absent; and behind them, in close ranks, with scarcely standing-room, came the smaller notabilities — bonnet lairds, village doctors, clergymen, schoolmasters, lost in the sea of the tenantry behind. At the upper end of the room, a very unusual group, stood the ladies. Lady Caroline in her widow's weeds, covered with crape from head to foot, her tall, willowy figure drooping under the weight of those long, clinging funeral robes, her face perfectly pale and more abstract and high-bred than ever, encircled by the whiteness of the cap — with her two little children standing by, and her mother and sister behind to support her — thrilled many an honest heart in the assembly. Women so seldom take part in funeral ceremonies in Scotland, that the farmers and country-folk were touched beyond measure by this apparition. It was described in scores of sympathetic houses for long after: "A snow-drift could not be whiter than the face of her; and the twa little bairns, puir things, glowering frae them, the image of poor Tinto himsel." If there was any sceptic ready to suggest "that my leddy was never so happy a wife to be sic a mourner-in' widow," the spectators had a ready answer: "Eh, but she would be thinking to hersel', if I had maybe been a wee better to him —" Thus the popular verdict summed up the troubled story. Lady Caroline was pale enough for the rôle of the most impassioned mourner. She might have been chilled to stone by

grief and pain for anything that was apparent. She did not speak or take notice of any one, as was natural. Even for her father she had not a word; and when her little boy was led away to follow his father to the grave, she sank into a chair, having, no doubt, the sympathetic bystanders thought, done all that her strength was capable of. This roused a very warm sympathetic feeling for Lady Car throughout all the country-side. If it she had done her duty by Tinto, poor fellow! She had kept him in the right way as far as a woman could; and what was scarcely to be expected, but pleased the lookers-on most of all, she had presented an aspect of utter desolation at his funeral. All that a widow could feel was in her face, — or so at least the bystanders thought.

The solemn procession filed out of the room: little Tom Torrance clinging to his grandfather's hand, looking out with big projecting eyes like his father's upon all the wonderful scene, stumping along at the head of the black procession. Poor little Tommy! he had a feeling of his own importance more than anything else. His little brain was confused and buzzing. He had no real association in his mind between the black thing in front of him and papa; but he knew that he had a right to walk first, to hold fast hold of grandpapa's finger, and keep with his little fat legs in advance of everybody. It is difficult to say how soon this sense of importance makes up for other wants and troubles. Tommy was only four, but he felt it; and his grandfather, who was nearly fifteen times as old, felt it too. He felt that to have this child in his hands and the management of a great estate for so long a minority, was worth something in the list of his ambitions; and thus they all went forth, trooping into the long line of carriages that shone in the veiled autumnal sunlight, up and down the avenue among the trees in endless succession. Even to get them under way was no small matter; and at the lodge gates and down the road there was almost as great a crowd of women and poor people waiting to see them go by. John Tamson's wife, by whose very cottage the mournful line passed, was full of tragic consciousness. "Eh!" she said, with bated breath, "to think that yon day when our John brought ben young Dalrulzian a' torn and disjacket to hae the dirt brushed off o' him — that yon day was the beginning of a' —" "Hold your tongue, woman," said John

Tamson; "what has the ane to do with the ither? Ye're pitting things thegither that hae nae natural sequence; but ye ken naething of logic." "No' me," said the woman; "and I wuss that poor young lad just kent as little. If he hadna been so book-learned he would have been mair friendly-like with them that were of his ain kind and degree." And as the black line went past, which after a while became tedious, she recounted to her gossips once more the story which by this time everybody knew, but all were willing to hear over again under the excitement of this practical commentary. "Losh! would he leave him lying there and never cry for help?" some of the spectators said. "It was never our master that did that," said Peggy Blair from the Dalrulzian lodge, who had declared boldly from the beginning that she "took nae interest" even in this grand funeral. "And if it wasna your maister, wha was it that came ben to me with the red mou on his claes and his coat a' torn?" said Janet Tamson. "I wasna here and I canna tell," Peggy said, hot and furious. "I would never say what might happen in a moment if a gentleman was angry — and Pat Torrance had an awfu' tongue, as the hail county kens — but leave a man groanin' at the fit o' a rock, that's what our maister never did, if I were to die for't," the woman cried. This made a little sensation among the beholders; but when it was remarked that Dalrulzian was the only gentleman of the county who was absent from the funeral, and half-a-dozen voices together proclaimed the reason, "He couldna be twa places at once; he's in the jyel for murder," Peggy was quenched altogether. Grief and shame were too much for her. She continued to sob, "No' our master!" till her voice ceased to be articulate in the midst of her tears.

Dr. Stirling was seated in full canonicals — black silk gown and cambric bands — in one of the first carriages. It was he that his wife looked for when the procession passed the manse; and she put on her black bonnet, and covered herself with a veil, and went out very solemnly to the churchyard to see the burial. But it was not the burial she thought of, nor poor Tinto, nor even Lady Car, for whom all day she had been uttering notes of compassion: it was the innovation of the funeral service which occupied the mind of the minister's wife. With mingled pride and trembling she heard her husband in the silence begin his prayer by

the side of the vault. It was a beautiful prayer — partly, no doubt, taken from the English liturgy, for which, she said, “the doctor always had a high admiration;” but partly — “and that was far the best” — his own. It was the first time anything of the kind had been done in the county; and if ever there could be a funeral important enough for the introduction of a new ceremonial to mark it, it was this one: but what if the Presbytery were to take notice of the innovation? Perhaps the thrill of excitement in her enhanced the sense of the greatness of the step which the doctor was taking, and his nobility in doing it. And in her eyes no ritual could have been more imposing. There were a great many of the attendants who thought it was “just Poppery,” and a most dangerous beginning; but they were all hushed and reverential while the minister’s voice went on.

When every one had left, and the house was perfectly silent after the hum and sound of so many feet, Lady Car herself went forward to the window and drew up the blind which covered it. The gloom disappeared, and the noonday sunshine streamed in in a moment. It was premature, and Lady Lindores was grieved that she had not been quick enough to forestall her daughter; for it would have been better, she thought, if her hand had been the first to let in the light, and not that of the new-made widow. Carry went further, and opened the window. She stepped out upon the heavy stone balcony outside, and received the light full upon her, raising her head to it, and basking in the sunshine. She opened her pale lips to draw in great draughts of the sweet autumn air, and threw up her arms to the sunshine and to the sky. Lady Lindores stepped out after her, laying her hand upon her arm, with some alarm. “Carry — my darling, wait a little —” Carry did not make any reply. She said, “How long is it, mother?” still looking up into the clear depths of the sky. “How long is what, my love?” They were a strange group. A spectator might have thought that the pale creature in the midst, so ethereal, so wan, wrapped in mourning so profound, had gone distraught with care; while her child at her feet sat on the carpet in front of the window, the emblem of childish indifference, playing with her new shoes, which glittered and pleased her: and the two attendant figures, the anxious mother and sister, kept watch behind. In Carry the mystery all centred; and even those two who were near-

est to her were bewildered, and could not make her out. Was she an Ophelia, moved out of her sweet wits by an anguish beyond bearing? Was she a woman repentant, appealing to heaven for forgiveness? Carry was none of these things. She who had been so dutiful all her life, resisting nobody, fulfilling all requirements to the letter, bearing the burden of all her responsibilities without rebellion or murmur, had ceased in a moment to consider outside necessities, even the decorum of her sorrowful condition. She gave a long sigh, dismissing, as it were, a weight from her breast. “It is five years and a half,” she said. “I ought to remember, I that have counted every day, — and now is it possible, is it possible?”

“What, my dearest? Carry, come in; you are excited —”

“Not yet, mother. How soft the air is! and the sunshine flooding everything. I have been shut up so long. I think the colors never were so lovely before.”

“Yes, my darling; you have been shut up for a whole week. I don’t wonder you are glad of the fresh air.”

“A week!” Carry said. “Five years: I have got no good of the sunshine, and never tasted the sweetness of the air, for five years. Let me feel it now. Oh, how have I lived all this time! What a beautiful country it is! what a glorious sky! and I have been in prison, and have never seen them! Is it true? is it all over? — all, all?” She turned round and gazed into the room where the coffin had been with a gaze full of meaning which no one could mistake. *It* was gone — all was gone. “You must not be horrified, mother,” she said. “Why should I be false now? I think if it had lasted any longer I must have died or run away.”

“Dear Carry, you would have done neither; you would have done your duty to the end,” her mother said, drawing Carry into her arms. “It is excitement that makes you speak so.”

“Not excitement, but deliverance,” said Lady Car with solemnity. “Yes, mother, you are right; I should have stood to the end; but do you think that would have been a credit to me? Oh, you don’t know how hard falsehood is! Falsehood and slavery — they are the same thing; they make your heart like iron: you have no feeling even when you ought perhaps to have feeling. I am cruel now; I know you think I am cruel: but how can one help it? slaves are cruel. I can afford to have a heart now.”

"Come to your room, Carry. It is too dismal for you here."

"No, I don't think it is dismal. It is a fine, handsome room—better than a bedroom to sit in. It is not so much like a prison, and the view is lovely. There is poor Edith looking at me with her pitiful face. Do you think I ought to cry? Oh, I could cry well enough, if that were all—it would be quite easy; but there is so much to smile about," said poor Lady Car; then suddenly, leaning upon her mother's shoulder, she burst into a flood of tears.

It was at this moment that the housekeeper came in, solemn in her new mourning, which was almost as "deep" as Carry's, with a housemaid in attendance, to draw up the blinds and see that the great room was restored to order. The gentlemen were to return for the reading of the will, and it was meet that all should be prepared and made ready. And nothing could so much have touched the hearts of the women as to see their mistress thus weeping, encircled in her mother's arms. "Poor thing! he was not over good a man to her; but there's nae rule for judging marriet folk. It's ill to hae and waur to want with them. There's naeboddy," said the housekeeper, "but must respect my lady for her feeling heart." Lady Caroline, however, would not take the credit of this when she had retired to a more private room. She would not allow her mother and sister to suppose that her tears were tears of sorrow, such as a widow ought to shed. "You were right, mother, it is the excitement," she avowed; "every nerve is tingling. I could cry and I could laugh. If it had not been for your good training, mamma, I should have had hysterics; but that would be impossible to your daughter. When shall I be able to go away? I know: I will not go sooner than is right. I will do nothing I ought not to do; but you could say my nerves are shattered, and that I want rest."

"And very truly, Carry," said Lady Lindores; "but we must know first what the will is. To be sure, your fortune is secured. You will be well off—better than any of us; but there may be regulations about the children—there may be conditions."

"Could the children be taken from me?" Carry said, but not with any active feeling; her powers of emotion were all concentrated on one thought. Lady Lindores, who was watching her with all a mother's anxious criticism, fearing to see

any failure of right sentiment in her child, listened with a sensation of alarm. She had never been contented with herself in this particular. Carry's children had been too much the children of Pat Torrance to awaken the grandmother's worship, which she thought befitting, in her own heart. She felt a certain repulsion when she looked at these black-browed, light-eyed creatures, who were their father's in every feature—not Carry's at all. Was it possible that Carry, too, felt the same? But by-and-by Carry took up that little stolid girl on whom Lady Lindores could not place her tenderest affections, do what she would, and pressed her pale cheek against that undisturbed and solid little countenance. The child's face looked bigger than her mother's, Lady Lindores thought—the one all mind and feeling, the other all clay. She went and gave little Edith a kiss in her compunction and penitence for this involuntary dislike; but fortunately Carry herself was unconscious of it, and caressed her babies as if they were the most delicate and beautiful in the world.

Carry was not present at the reading of the will. She shrank from it, and no one insisted. There were father and brother to look after her interests. Rintoul was greatly shaken by the events of the day. He was ghastly pale, and very much excited and agitated. Whatever his sister might do, Rintoul certainly exhibited the truest sentiment. Nobody had given him credit for half so much feeling. He carried back his little nephew asleep after the long drive home, and thrust him into Carry's arms. "I am not much of a fellow," he said, stooping over her, with a voice full of emotion, "but I'll do a father's part to him, if I'm good enough for it, Carry." Carry by this time was quite calm, and wondered at this exhibition of feeling, at which Lady Lindores shed tears, though in her heart she wondered too, rejoicing that her inward rebellion against Torrance's children was not shared by her son. "Robin's heart was always in the right place," she said, with a warmth of motherly approval, which was not diminished by the fact that Rintoul's emotion made her still more conscious of the absence of "right feeling" in herself. There was not much conversation between the ladies in the small morning-room to which they had withdrawn—a room which had never been used and had no associations. Carry, indeed, was very willing to talk; but her mother and sister did their best, with a natural prejudice

and almost horror of the manner in which she regarded her own circumstances, to keep her silent. Even Edith, who would have dissolved the marriage arbitrarily, did not like to hear her sister's cry of satisfaction over the freedom which death had brought her. There was something impious and cruel in getting free that way. If it had been by a divorce or separation, Edith would have been as glad as any; but she was a girl full of prejudices and superstitions, and this candor of Carry's was a thing she shrank from as an offence to human nature. She kept behind-backs, often with her little niece on her knee, but sometimes by herself, keeping very quiet, revolving many thoughts in her heart; while Lady Lindores kept close to Carry, like a sick-nurse, keeping watch over all her movements. It was dusk when the reading of the will was over, and the sound in the house of footsteps going and coming began to cease. Then Lord Lindores came in with much subdued dignity of demeanor, like an ambassador approaching a crowned head. He went up to Carry, who lay back in a great easy-chair beside the fire with her hands clasped, pursuing the thoughts which she was not permitted to express, and gave her a formal kiss on the forehead: not that he was cold or unsympathetic as a father, but he had been a little afraid of her since her marriage, and she had not welcomed the condolences he had addressed to her when he saw her first after Tinto's death.

"My dear," he said, "this is not a moment for congratulations: and yet there is something to a woman in having earned the entire confidence of her husband, which must be a subject of satisfaction —"

Carry scarcely moved in her stillness. She looked at him without understanding what he meant. "It would be better, perhaps," she said, "father, not to speak of the circumstances."

"I hope I am not likely to speak in a way that could wound your feelings, Carry. Poor Patrick — has done you noble justice in his will."

A hysterical desire to laugh seized poor Lady Car. Lord Lindores himself was a little confused by the name he had coined on the spot for his dead son-in-law. He had felt that to call him Torrance would be cold, as his wish was to express the highest approval; and Pat was too familiar. But his "Poor Patrick" was not successful. And Carry knew that, even in the midst of her family she must not

laugh that day, whatever might happen. She stopped herself convulsively, but cried, "Papa, for heaven's sake, don't talk to me any more!"

"Do you not see, Robert, that she is exhausted?" said Lady Lindores. "She thinks nothing of the will. She is worn out with — all she has had to go through. Let her alone till she has had time to recover a little."

His wife's interposition always irritated Lord Lindores. "I may surely be permitted to speak to Carry without an interpreter," he said testily. "It is no doubt a very — painful moment for her. But if anything could make up — Torrance has behaved nobly, poor fellow! It must be gratifying to us all to see the confidence he had in her. You have the control of everything during your boy's minority, Carry. Everything is in your hands. Of course it was understood that you would have the support of your family. But you are hampered by no conditions: he has behaved in the most princely manner; nothing could be more gratifying," Lord Lindores said.

Carry sat motionless in her chair, and took no notice — her white hands clasped on her lap; her white face, passive and still, showed as little emotion as the black folds of her dress, which were like a tragic framework round her. Lady Lindores, with her hand upon the back of her daughter's chair, came anxiously between, and replied for her. She had to do her best to say the right thing in these strange circumstances — to be warmly gratified, yet subdued by the conventional gloom necessary to the occasion. "I am very glad," she said, "that is, it is very satisfactory. I do not see what else he could have done. Carry must have had the charge of her own children — who else had any right? — but, as you say, it is very gratifying to find that he had so much confidence —"

Lord Lindores turned angrily away. "Nerves and vapors are out of place here," he said. "Carry ought to understand — but, fortunately, so long as I know what I am about — the only one among you —"

At this Carry raised herself hastily in her chair. She said "Papa" quickly, with a half gasp of alarm. Then she added, without stopping, almost running her words into each other in her eagerness, "They are my children; no one else has anything to do with them; I must do everything — everything! for them myself; nobody must interfere."

"Who do you expect to interfere?" said her father sternly. He found himself confronting his entire family as he turned upon Carry, who was so strangely roused and excited, sitting up erect in her seat, clasping her pale hands. Rintoul had gone round behind her chair, beside his mother; and Edith, rising up behind, stood there also, looking at him with a pale face and wide-open eyes. It was as if he had made an attack upon her — he who had come here to inform her of her freedom and her rights. This sudden siding together of all against one is bitter, even when the solitary person may know himself to be wrong. But Lord Lindores felt himself in the right at this moment. Supposing that perhaps he had made a mistake in this marriage of Carry's, fate had stepped in and made everything right. She was nobly provided for, with the command of a splendid fortune — and she was free. Now at least his wisdom ought to be acknowledged, and that he had done well for his daughter. But notwithstanding his resentment, he was a little cowed "in the circumstances" by this gathering of pale faces against him. Nothing could be said that was not peaceful and friendly on the day that the dead had gone out of the house.

"Do you think I am likely to wish to dictate to her," he said, with a short laugh, "that you stand round to defend her from me? Carry, you are very much mistaken if you think I will interfere. Children are out of my way. Your mother will be your best adviser. I yield to her better information now. You are tired, you are unhappy — you are — left desolate —"

"Oh, how do you dare to say such words to me?" cried Carry, rising, coming forward to him with feverish energy, laying her hands upon his shoulders, as if to compel him to face her, and hear what she had to say. "Don't you know — don't you know? I was left desolate when you brought me here, five years — five dreadful years ago. Whose fault is that? I am glad he is dead — glad he is dead! Could a woman be more injured than that? But now I have neither father nor mother," she cried. "I am in my own right; my life is my own, and my children; I will be directed no more."

All this time she stood with her hands on his shoulders, grasping him unconsciously to give emphasis to her words. Lord Lindores was startled beyond measure by this personal contact — by the way in which poor Carry, always so submis-

sive, flung herself upon him. "Do you mean to use violence to me? do you mean to turn me out of your house?" he said.

"Oh, father! — oh, father! how can I forgive you?" Carry cried in her excitement and passion; and then she dropped her hands suddenly and wept, and begged his pardon like a child. Lord Lindores was very glad to take advantage of this sudden softening which he had so little expected. He kissed her and put her back in her chair. "I would recommend you to put her to bed," he said to his wife; "she has been overdone." And he thought he had got the victory, and that poor Carry, after her little explosion, was safe in his hands once more. He meant no harm to Carry. It was solely of her good and that of her children that he thought. It could do no harm either to the one or the other if they served his aims too. He drove home with his son soon after, leaving his wife behind him: it was proper that Carry should have her mother and sister with her at so sad a time. And the house of Tinto, which had been so dark all these nights, shone demurely out again this evening, at a window here and there, — death, which is always an oppression, being gone from it, and life resuming its usual sway. The flag still hung half-mast high, drooping against the flagstaff, for there was no wind. "But I'm thinking, my lord, we'll put it back to-morrow," said the butler as he stood solemnly at the carriage-door. He stood watching it roll down the avenue in that mood of genial exhaustion which makes men communicative. "It's a satisfaction to think all's gane well and everybody satisfied," he said to his subordinate; "for a death in a family is worse to manage than any other event. You're no' just found fault with at the moment, but it's minded against you if things go wrong, and your 'want o' feelin'.' My lady will maybe think it want o' feelin' if I put up the flag. But why should I no'? For if big Tinto's gane, there's wee Tinto, still mair important, with all the world before him. And if I let it be, they'll say it's neglect."

"My lady will never fash her head about it," said the second in command.

"How do you ken? Ah, my lad, you'll find a change. The master might give you a damn at a moment, but he wasna hard to manage. We'll have all the other family, *her* family, to give us our orders now."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MEMORIES OF LEON GAMBETTA.

Now that the emotion caused by M. Gambetta's sudden death has partly subsided, people have begun to ask calmly what position this remarkable man will fill in the gallery of departed French rulers. Historical judgments may be accurately predicted in the case of a man whose whole public life has lain open before the world for years. It will not be with Léon Gambetta as it was with Mirabeau, whose fame was posthumously slurred by the papers found in Louis XVI.'s iron cupboard. If there had been anything discreditable in Gambetta's short but most eventful official career at Tours and Bordeaux, it would have come out during the terribly minute inquisition held by the Commission appointed to examine the acts of the Government of the National Defence; but that Commission, composed of Royalists and Bonapartists, declared, with ill-grace enough, that not one of the charges brought against the ex-dictator had been substantiated. He had been accused of pocketing a large commission on the Morgan Loan, of passing disadvantageous contracts for army stores and ammunition to his private gain, of employing disreputable adventurers and conniving at their peculations. The written denunciations against him (many of them anonymous) filled "three large furniture vans;" a dozen sworn clerks were occupied during ten months in sorting them, and three examining magistrates, forming a secret tribunal, sifted the mass of accusation as if they had been evidence against a suspected criminal. Yet, from the cartloads of calumnies nothing was evolved; and the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the president of the Commission, said to M. Edouard Hervé, who was then editor of the Orleanist *Journal de Paris*: "*C'est un honnête homme*: he did France a great deal of harm, but he erred from over-confidence in himself and in our weakened country." No fuller homage could have been paid to a public man by an opponent, even though one may admit that over-confidence in himself or in the resources of his country is a serious fault in a ruler.

With respect to his doings as an agitator and parliamentary strategist, Gambetta's memory will be found equally free from blighting taints, as, happily for him, he had no taste for intrigue. In this he differed from M. Thiers. The greatest admirers of Thiers are dismayed when

they study his political life to find at every turn too well-authenticated stories of back-stairs plots which seem to indicate an utter want of sincerity in the man. He was not insincere, but he was a believer in statecraft; he put too much faith in finessing; he thought great ends were best reached by tortuous paths, and his policy always consisted in playing off one faction against another, feigning to rely upon each turn by turn. Everything that Thiers did could be explained away so as to leave no reproach upon him; but his conduct was always requiring these explanations. Gambetta's record, on the contrary, stands out written in large plain sentences which demand no foot-notes. Though he was of Genoese extraction, and was always being accused by his enemies of Italian astuteness, Gambetta used his acumen to penetrate the tactics of his opponents but not to outwit them; he was like a general who keeps himself informed of the movements of the enemy, but allows them to win advantages in petty skirmishes, relying on his power to crush them in pitched battles. Thiers delighted in secret negotiations, and in cunningly worded orders of the day which obscured the issues of a parliamentary conflict; Gambetta hated ambiguities and truces, and was always on his guard against emissaries who came to propose "arrangements." His alliance with the Legitimists at the first election for life-senators in 1875 was a dashing flank movement by which he defeated the Orleanists; but there was nothing underhand in it. The treaty with the Marquis de Franclieu was concluded openly in the smoking-room of the Assembly at Versailles, where Gambetta said to the Royalist nobleman: "Your strength in the Assembly does not entitle you to claim more than ten life-senatorships, and you will find that the Right Centre will hardly allow you so many as that; but if you vote with us and give us fifty-five of the seats, you shall have twenty." The marquis touched his hat coldly as if Gambetta's huckstering tone displeased him; but the bargain was struck, and if the Legitimists had not grown frightened when two-thirds of the elections had taken place, they would have got all the seats promised them. As it was, they secured twelve, the Republicans forty-eight, and the Orleanists, owing to the legitimate defection, managed in the scrambles of the final polls to win fifteen. In their plans for the election the Orleanists had coolly allotted sixty seats to their own

party and had decided that the other fifteen should go at haphazard.

On this, as on some other occasions, Gambetta seems to have been served by luck. It may be asked what would have become of the Republic if the Marquis de Franciieu had declined Gambetta's offer, and if the new Upper House, which was to play so great a part in the events of the next two years, had been packed at the outset with constitutional Royalists? But it may also be asked what would have happened in 1870 if Napoleon III.'s government had not played so recklessly into the hands of the Republicans by declaring war against Germany? After the *plébiscite* the emperor's position was very strong, and Gambetta's, from a statesman's point of view, weak and unpromising. Thiers had advised him so to act that he might in time become Liberal premier to Napoleon III. or to the latter's son; but Gambetta, by declaring himself again and again, with needless vehemence, the irreconcilable foe to Imperial institutions, had condemned himself to remain a revolutionist or else to become a turncoat. A man whose ambition was merely self-seeking would not have compromised his prospects in this way—all the less so as Gambetta was warned by prudent Liberals that he was doing their cause no good by his desperate tactics.

But it was his whole-hearted faith in Republicanism that carried him along; and it is from his stubborn self-denying combativeness for the cause he loved that will be drawn his claims to a great fame. Without discussing the question as to whether Republicanism is a good thing for France or not, it may be affirmed that a man who battles for any cause as Gambetta did for that of the republic, foreseeing its destinies when as yet few other men did, staking all his hopes and his very life on them, stands apart from and above the common rank of statesmen who always look to see which way the popular wind blows before they set their sails. It must not be forgotten that Gambetta's constancy to the Republic was preserved under circumstances that would have sickened most men, and in the face of inducements to trim, which, although they were overcome, must have tried every fibre in his moral nature. In 1871, during the last days of the Commune, his best friend, Clément Laurier, became a sudden convert to Royalism. "These wretches (the Communists) have destroyed all my illusions," he wrote to Gambetta, who was at

St. Sebastian; "but perhaps I could have forgiven them everything except their ingratitude to you. See how their newspapers have reviled you! A time may come when the Republic will be possible in France, but that day is not with us yet. Let us acknowledge that we have both made a mistake. As for you, with your unrivalled genius, you have now a patriotic career open to you if you will cast in your lot with the men who are going to try and quell anarchy."

One must recall the confusion of the dreadful times when these lines were written, to understand how they moved Gambetta. The extreme Republicans loathed him, and many moderate Republicans eyed him askance. Thiers had called him "a madman;" M. Grévy had said that he would die in the skin of a rebel; on the other hand, Royalists and Bonapartists were clamoring furiously for his impeachment, accusing him of the loss of two French provinces, which would never have been confiscated by the Germans if peace had been concluded after Sedan. The Royalists, however, were in want of a leader, and if Gambetta had stood up, like Laurier, to make his *mea culpa*, and to say that the divisions in the Republican party had convinced him that the restoration of a monarchy was the best thing for France, the effect of this apostasy must have been immense—so immense as to compensate him for any passing obloquy from old friends, had he been a mere doxomaniac as his enemies asserted. Laurier never concealed that he had endeavored to work upon Gambetta by every argument in his power; appealing not only to his nobler instincts, but to those smaller passions which burn in every human breast. He urged him to be revenged on the Radicals who had flouted him, and to "dish" M. Thiers who had held him cheap. He pointed out that the possibilities of Republicanism were far remote, whereas the post of Royalist parliamentary leader was a thing that could be grasped at once and would bring with it power, dignities, and the chances of doing great good to France. Gambetta had a weakness for the titles and symbols of power, and he loved good company; so Laurier flashed before his eyes the prospect of becoming a duke, a *grand cordon*, and a high chancellor. But Gambetta only laughed at all this. Laurier had gone to see him at St. Sebastian, where, as Bonapartist journals affirmed, the ex-dictator, enriched with millions, was luxuriating in marble halls and orange-

groves. The truth is, he found Gambetta lodging in two small rooms over the shop of a dealer in earthenware, and much pestered by mosquitoes. "His face," wrote Laurier to a friend, "was all bumps and hollows, like a map of Switzerland, and he was jaded by want of sleep and concern as to his money affairs." Gambetta's whole fortune at that time consisted of 600*l.*, balance of the last quarter's salary he had drawn at Bordeaux; and when he returned to Paris in the autumn of 1871 with the intention of founding his newspaper *La République Française*, he experienced some difficulty in finding a capitalist who would advance him money for starting the journal. At that period he went to lodge in a third-floor apartment of the Rue Montaigne, and his aunt, Mlle. Massabie, cooked for him.

This is the man, who, up to the very day of his death, was being vilified by certain Republicans as a traitor to their party, as a democratic Helioabalus, bloated, sensuous, and fussing, with a vulgar ambition! It makes one laugh to think of it. Gambetta — with all his faults, and he had many — was one of the most honest men who ever dignified the name of politician, and all who knew him can bear witness to the modest demeanor of his integrity. He was not one of those Frenchmen who thump their breasts and exclaim, "Moi qui suis honnête homme." M. Albert Wolff has written of him that, when he was a struggling barrister in the Latin Quarter, he used often to be appealed to as an arbiter on points of honor by brother advocates of his standing and by students; and the opinions sought of him were always delivered with a jovial kindness exempt from dogmatism. So it was with him, when, in his days of influence, he was worried by people wanting him to do things contrary to his duty — for he had to resist other solicitations besides those of his friend Laurier. Grandly vituperative as he could be in his public speeches when interruptions, ironical cheering, or insulting epigrams seemed sometimes to madden him like a bull amid the fireworks of a Spanish arena, he somehow never got angry when, in private life, people made him proposals which implied a total disbelief in his principles. Hearing of some grossly impertinent request that had been made to him, his secretary, M. Reinach, once exclaimed: "Why didn't you kick the fellow down-stairs?" "Kick him down-stairs!" laughed Gambetta, "why, fat as

I am, I should have lost my balance and rolled after him: where would my dignity have been then?" On another occasion, the wife of an ex-Bonapartist minister — a lady of great fascination — took it upon herself to call on Gambetta and point out to him how much he would advance his fortunes if he cast in his lot with the Prince Imperial. He listened good-naturedly, "feeling like a mastiff who was being talked to by a tomcat," as he afterwards put it, till at length the lady, taking a bunch of violets (the Bonapartist emblem) from her dress, asked him to wear it in his button-hole that day. "With pleasure," answered Gambetta, glad to bring the interview to an end; but as soon as he had said this he remembered that the date was the 16th of March, the Prince Imperial's birthday, and that, if he appeared at the Chamber of Deputies with violets in his button-hole, some very silly rumors might get into circulation. He reminded his visitor of this, but she was inexorable. "You've promised!" she said. "Ah, well!" replied Gambetta, and he wore the violets all that afternoon, causing thereby just the sort of gossip he had anticipated. One may add that such gossip was not indifferent to him. Highly sensitive as he was, he often winced inwardly at ill-natured sayings which he bore with outward composure.

Gambetta's chief fault was an irrepresible restlessness, which he carried into everything. He could prepare a large, fine plan of political action, and wait patiently for its accomplishment as a whole; but, meanwhile, he would meddle and muddle with the details. Instances of this can be furnished from his doings as conductor of the *République Française*. He wrote often for that paper, and sometimes sent in to the printer articles remarkable for their statesman-like views, but in the very same issue to which he had contributed some leader that was intended to conciliate a particular politician or faction, he would suddenly shoot in a paragraph tending to quite a contrary effect. M. Challemeil Lacour and M. Isambert, who were successively editors of the journal, had a dread of him when he strolled into the editorial room with a bundle of the morning's papers under his arm, and proceeded to read, as he called it. He would do this on idle days, when the Chambers were not sitting, and when he could treat himself to the relaxation of performing as much work as would have fatigued a sub-editor. His reading would be interrupted by violent snorts,

and, catching up a sheet of paper, he would scrawl off twenty lines which seemed to splutter fire like crackers. No topic was beneath his notice, and no enemy was too small for his shot. By his paragraphs he frequently did mischief which it took his cold, cautious fellow-workers days to repair.

Gambetta was not a good writer. The best of his articles read like written speeches, and were turgid; many of them, too, were of inordinate length. He used to come in powerfully excited after a great debate and say, "I shall want about half a column to-night," and, sitting down, he would begin to cover page after page with his close, cramped handwriting. For so impetuous a man he wrote a curiously stiff hand, and, though his fingers moved fast, their motion was feverish and spasmodical. It could never be said of him that he "dashed off" any of his effusions; he rather jerked them off, swaying the upper part of his body ponderously to and fro as he wrote, and now and then collecting his thoughts by passing his large left hand rapidly through his hair. Black coffee would be brought him, and he would go on writing; then he would call for a bottle of Burgundy and gulp down two or three glasses, munching sweet biscuits afterwards, or else sticks of chocolate in lieu of dinner. The editor, who had been making allowances for half a column, would see Gambetta's article overflow one column after another, washing away all other articles and notes, till it spread like an inundation over the entire front page of the paper. Then with a hearty "*Ouf*," the French exclamation of relief, he would throw down his pen and say, "There, I think those few lines will state our case plainly; what! do they really run to five columns? *Sacre bleu!* it seemed to me as if I had only been writing ten minutes!" and upon this he would break into a laugh that resounded all over the office, and partly dispelled the gloom of his contributors, who had been pulling wry faces at seeing their evening's work lost.

It would not do for the editor to touch a line of Gambetta's writing. He was the first to laugh at the exaggerated developments of his articles once they had appeared in print; but when they were going to press he showed a nervous impatience of correction, and a sort of peurile vanity in repeating that "every hyphen and comma" had its importance. The same obstinacy was observable in his parliamentary tactics. It was easy to argue

him away from a particular course before he had made up his mind about it; but once he had begun to move he was no more to be stopped than an elephant on the charge. Having a few devoted friends who understood him and knew in what emergencies he required guidance, he was often withheld from hasty action; but sometimes his headlong impetuosity took his most intimate confidants unawares. About this time last year, during his brief premiership, he spread consternation amongst his friends and his Cabinet colleagues by insisting that his pet Electoral Reform Bill (for *scrutin de liste*) should be introduced. It was pointed out to him that if he waited for a year or two, and gradually accustomed the Republican party to the measure, it would be passed, whereas there was no chance of getting it carried by a Chamber only a few months old, which would be voting its own dissolution by letting the bill become law. "They shall swallow the bill now, and as I have prepared it," ejaculated Gambetta; and this word "swallow," being reported in the lobbies, was the chief cause of his downfall. When the numbers of the division were announced and Gambetta found himself in a minority of fifty votes, he turned pale, and, laying a hand upon M. Spuller's shoulder, said huskily, "The fact is, I have not felt well of late, and I dare say I blundered; but all the same I am glad to get out of that;" pointing to the seat he had occupied as president of the Council.

It has been said that Gambetta took his fall from office much to heart, and that he was never quite the same man afterwards. This is a confusion between cause and effect. The *post-mortem* examination of Gambetta's body has revealed that he had been suffering for years from a disease which must have carried him off very soon, even if an accidental wound from a revolver had not accelerated his end. All through the past year he was in low spirits from pain and the effect of hypnotics; and the splenetic policy which he pursued in office was undoubtedly a symptom of his disordered condition. But he experienced no more than a temporary mortification at his overthrow; because it was his ambition to become president of the Republic, not to remain premier. He had accepted office because it had been in a manner forced upon him, and he would have continued to hold it, had he been able to do so on his own terms—that is, with an electoral system which would have se-

cured to him a large and pliant majority. He must have used up his popularity, however, had he tried to rule with an unmanageable Chamber; and so he courted a fall in order that he might come up fresh for the presidential struggle of 1884-5. That is the only explanation of his conduct; but the signs of his failing powers were visible—first in the fact that he played his part clumsily so that he got an undignified fall, and second in the want of recuperative energy which he displayed afterwards. All through the last session his speeches and articles, especially those on the Egyptian question, showed him to be floundering in search of a popular policy; and they betrayed his secret alarm at the discovery that his eloquence had begun to lose its magic.

Yet he remained to the very last a superb orator. He was really the modern incarnation of Ogmios, that god of words whom the Gauls worshipped, and out of whose mouth flowed chains to hold listeners captive. Even when read, his speeches communicate a glow; but when heard, they stirred one as everything artistically perfect—whether a fine piece of music, a noble painting, or a well-written book—must do. The parts of speech, it has often been observed, are three—words, look, and tone: to the parts of oratory gesture must be added; and in Gambetta gesture was an art carried to its highest finish. Actors of the Théâtre Français went to hear and see him. Mounet-Sully, who was going to play the part of Augustus in "Cinna," studied him during one of his most impassioned harangues, and rather weakly observed: "Comme il seyait majestueux s'il portait la toge!" Gambetta was majestic enough without the toga. Some of his movements in the tribune had an incomparable dignity, others a most persuasive grace; there were times when you could think you saw a sword flash in his grasp, and others when, as he made an appeal to concord, you wondered that his enemies did not rush forward to seize his outstretched hand. The late Bishop of Orleans once shed tears on hearing him—not ostentatious tears intended to show that he was in sympathy with the speaker's lamentations over the horrors of the war, but furtive tears which he sought to hide. "I have been thinking," he said to Duke Decazes, "that if that man had become a priest, he would have been another Peter the Hermit."

It must be noted, nevertheless, that Gambetta only succeeded in the highest

kind of oratory. Napoleon I., who won great battles so easily, was always beaten at chess; and similarly Gambetta, who had such power to sway masses, was strangely inapt to convince individuals. Las Cases remarks, in his "Mémorial de Ste. Hélène," that the emperor was worsted at chess because he would insist upon fighting with his pawns; and so Gambetta, who put forth the most lofty arguments in public debates, would not scruple to use the meanest reasons in discussions *tête-à-tête*. He seemed to have a shamefaced fear that his hearer should think he was canting, or *qu'il faisait de la pose*, to use the French term. This was not always the case, for at dinner-parties, with friends round his table, he was often as happy in his sallies as when he was declaiming from a balcony or a platform; but he was very liable to fits of awkwardness when conversing alone with men of great rank and nicely polished manners whom he knew to be unfriendly to him. With these he was frequently churlish and downright aggressive. Once, during the Marshalate, he met Count Wimpffen, the late Austrian ambassador, who, not catching the meaning of some French expression which he had used, put up his hand to his ear and said, "I beg pardon?" Unfortunately the count was noted for his antipathy towards Republicanism, so Gambetta chose to construe this harmless little gesture into a mockery: "Look here, M. l'Ambassadeur," he said to the astonished diplomatist, "it's quite true I speak the tongue of the people, but if you like I will have my remark translated into *heraldic jargon* for you."

The post of minister for foreign affairs was the one least suited to a man so sensitive and self-conscious as Gambetta was. He wore his heart upon his sleeve, and the peck of a diplomatist's tongue, especially if that *diplomate* happened to be a lady, made it bleed sorely. He wanted to be prime minister without portfolio, and should have insisted on having his way in this matter despite M. Grévy's rather jealous objections, for the details of departmental business overtax the energies of a man who throws heart and soul into everything he undertakes; besides which Gambetta always lost his head when he had to argue with persons singly in corners, or when he had to resist appeals made to his good-nature, his generosity, or his vanity, by designing subordinates or strangers who perceived the vulnerable side of his character. To be seen at his best, Gambetta wanted an

audience at once large and responsive — it was not necessary that he should get applause; loud, boisterous opposition suited his purpose equally well by rousing the leonine spirit in him. Coldness in others chilled his heart, so that it may be imagined how he fared amidst ambassadors and placemen who are essentially gelid. If it were not dipping too deep into his private life, one might relate how at one time he was kept miserable for days by a manservant, an old soldier of crabbed temper, who used to treat him to prolonged fits of sulks. A friendly minister of the interior at last took pity upon him by presenting the cantankerous domestic with a *bureau de tabac*.

It was because he craved for responsiveness that Gambetta could never have made a great figure at the bar, although it was a forensic speech that first brought him to renown. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, Gambetta's best speeches as an *avocat* were delivered during the first seven years of his professional life, when he lived upon briefs handed over to him by M. Crémieux, and by his friend Laurier, and when he labored to make his way by patiently mastering tedious subjects. Once he had felt his wings grow, as it were, he rose in air too high above the beaten road where good "practices" are to be obtained. His famous philippic in the Delescluze affair cost his client six months' imprisonment and a heavy fine. He might by one or two more of such efforts have added to his reputation as a rhetorician, but solicitors would soon have shunned a man who made himself a name at the expense of his clients. If, on the other hand, Gambetta had reverted to the sober methods of his early days at the bar, he must have failed, for he would have pleaded without heart. Once a man has tasted the tumult of popular applause he hungers for it again; and feels ill at ease talking in small, silent courts, before solemn judges: "Ris donc, imbécile!" was an apostrophe which an *avoué* once heard fly *sotto voce* from Gambetta's lips, while President Vivien sat listening with a wooden face to a comical speech by Clément Laurier, who was the funny dog of the Parisian bar.

It was, again, owing to Gambetta's yearning after sympathy and demonstrativeness that he never visited England, which had been represented to him as a country where men have freezing manners. His friend, Sir Charles Dilke, several times invited him to come over; and he received flattering invitations from

some political associations which promised him as enthusiastic a reception as that which greeted Garibaldi in 1865, but his friend and comrade, the actor Coquelin, had given him a dispiriting account of how the performances of the Théâtre Français company went off in London. "We have good, polite audiences," said Coquelin, "but not one-third of the people in the house understand what we say; they applaud with their finger-tips at the wrong places, and our most subtle pleasantries fall flat." "Oh, yes, I see," responded Gambetta, "I should stand up to be stared at like a fat man in a fair, and I should see people wringing their mouths to extract smiles at the moments when I was struggling to move them." Gambetta very nearly crossed the Channel in 1871, immediately after the war and before the Communal outbreak, when he hoped that his presence on our shores might rouse a vast popular demonstration of sympathy for France. Unquestionably it would have done so; but it was pointed out to him that his coming might seriously embarrass the British government, and he abandoned his projected visit "out of deference for Mr. Gladstone," as he said. He always spoke kindly of the great English orator, and regretted that, being unable to understand our language, he could never hope to enjoy an evening in the House of Commons. "Mr. Gladstone and I may not think alike on most points," he once said, at a time when the *République Française* was siding with Lord Beaconsfield on the Eastern question, "but we are both Liberals, and though our paths sometimes diverge, we are walking towards the same goal, and must often meet. Besides, I have heard even his enemies say that he is a good man, and that is a kind of praise public men do not often get from their foes."

In more recent times the Prince of Wales invited Gambetta to visit Eng'and, and the French statesman's reasons for declining H.R.H.'s proposal — or at least for adjourning his acceptance of it — are of an amusing kind. Those who have seen Sardou's comedy of "Rabagas" will remember the lively discussion that arises when Rabagas is summoned to Prince Florestan's palace and hesitates as to whether he can with due regard to his dignity as a Republican put on knee-breeches. Gambetta had no objection to court costume; but he had to consider what the growing number of his Radical enemies would say if they saw him staring about in royal palaces. André Gill,

the spiteful caricaturist, published in the *Lune* a cartoon which depicted Gambetta as a lion having his claws cut and his mane curled by the Princess of Wales (*Punch* by-the-by once published a similar one, in which Mr. Chamberlain, then Mayor of Birmingham, was the lion). Gambetta laughed at the cartoon, but it nettled him; and he decided — perhaps wisely, considering his difficult position — that he would not accept royal hospitalities, though he would receive kings and princes with all proper respect if they came to him.

It is well known that he favored the Athenian, not the Spartan model of a republic. He knew his countrymen too well to think that they could be converted into Puritans. He wanted Paris to remain the city of cities, the centre of art, letters, fashion — and perhaps the Grand Hotel of the world; and he took up all of Napoleon III.'s policy in the matter of public works, knowing well how stately monuments mark the grandeur of a *régime*, and leave imperishable memorials of it. "Je veux ma République belle, bien parée," he said in a speech to his townsmen at Cahors, and because he said "*ma République*" the wanton malice of his enemies accused him of aiming at dictatorship, that he might confiscate all the public liberties and reduce the French once more to the diet of *placentas et circenses*. This was the outcry raised against him with unmeasured virulence during the last two years of his life, and most loudly by the Communists whom his intercession had caused to be liberated from New Caledonia. It was said, of course, that he had advocated the amnesty in order to curry favor with the populace, but it would be misjudging Gambetta's shrewdness to suppose that he ever reckoned upon the gratitude of those whom he set free. He fully foresaw that Humbert, Louise Michel, and the others would all band themselves together against him; but when urged to leave these people at the antipodes, he said, with his usual generous impulsiveness: "Bah, the poor wretches have suffered enough. I might have been transported too if matters had turned out differently in 1870, and I have a fellow-feeling with them all. In any case a republic with State prisons full is an absurdity."

These traits, and the others that have been set down in this paper by one who knew Gambetta well, may have served to sketch the outlines of his truly noble and lovable character. It may be asked now

whether he died too soon, or whether by dying before he came to power again he saved himself from errors and France from calamities that might have destroyed his fame. This question must be answered, on a review of his whole public career, by saying most emphatically that Gambetta's death is an immense loss for France. He was the greatest man in the Republic, and it would have been natural, according to the Republican theory, that he should succeed in time to the highest office in the State; nor is it to be doubted that, loving the Republic as he did, and having served it with so much devotion and honesty, he would have found in his love a power of self-restraint to keep him from courses that might have been hurtful to his own work. For the establishment of the Republic was his own work, principally. He proclaimed its birth in 1870, he gave it a baptism of some glory in the fiery though useless resistance which he opposed to the German invasion, and he kept it standing at a time when it required the support of a sturdy, vigilant champion. To the end it must be believed that, so far as in him lay, he would have preserved it from harm. A few days before his end, during a lull of pain when he began to feel hopeful of recovery, he said to Dr. Lannelongue, who was attending him: "I have certainly made many mistakes, but people must not imagine that I am unaware of it. I often think over my faults, and if things go well, I dare say I shall try the patience of my friends less often. *On se corrige.*"

Perhaps these almost dying words are grander in their humility than the Roman emperor's, "*Si bene egi, plaudite.*"

From Chambers' Journal.
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLUNIE and Captain Dyson were quite content to find themselves out of sight and hearing of the rest of the party. Never before had the captain had a listener at once so attentive and so appreciative. Really Miss Pebworth was a most superior young woman, with intelligence and tastes far beyond the ordinary run of her sex.

They had been scrambling up-hill, and conversation had been an impossibility

for the last few minutes ; but now, having reached the summit, they sat down to rest on some large boulders, and the captain resumed the thread of his broken narrative.

"When I again came to my senses," he said, "I found that the natives had bound me fast to the trunk of a large tree about a dozen yards from their encampment. I knew but too well the fate in store for me. On the morrow, I should be tortured ; at sunset, I should be killed outright ; and after that, I should be roasted and served up hot for supper."

"O Captain Dyson, how dreadful — how very dreadful !"

"Shall I defer the rest of my narrative till another day ?"

"Please, no. I am dying to know how you escaped ; for you did escape of course, or else you could not be here to tell me."

"I did escape, Miss Peabworth ; but you would never guess by what means."

"Do not keep me in suspense, Captain Dyson."

"The sun set, the camp-fires were lighted, and still I remained fast bound to the tree. I thought of many things — men do think of many things at such times. I thought with a pang that I should never again see my native land, my dear old England. And as I thought thus, my patriotic feelings awoke within me, and would not be controlled, and I began to sing 'Rule Britannia' at the top of my voice. In those days I was considered to have rather a fine tenor voice. I lost it subsequently, when laid up with ague among the African swamps."

"I should dearly love to have heard you singing on that memorable night."

"Before I had reached the end of the first verse, there was a general movement among the savages. They sprang to their feet, and with loud guttural cries they came trooping towards me — men, women, and children. They surrounded me ; and as I went on singing, there was the deepest silence among them. Even the babes in arms hushed their prattle. They had never heard anything like my singing before."

"Ah, no ; I can quite believe that."

"By the time I had reached the end of the second verse, they were all in tears."

"Your sweet tenor voice. Happy canibals !"

"I was in the middle of the third verse, when the old chief came up to me. He was sobbing. He seized me by the shoulders, and rubbed his nose violently against mine, which is their way of making friends.

Then his two head-men came and rubbed noses with me. I was released, and carried in triumph to the chief's hut. I sang to him all that night and all next day ; then he said that he had had enough for a little while, and offered me his daughter in marriage."

"O Captain Dyson ! But you did not marry her ?"

"Could you believe in the possibility of an English gentleman marrying the daughter of an African king ?"

Suddenly Clunie started to her feet. "I declare if there isn't that odious Mr. Drummond coming this way !" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "It looks as if he had followed us on purpose."

To return to Miss Deene. Mr. Dempsey had not been gone more than a couple of minutes, when she was startled by seeing a stranger coming towards her through the trees. As he drew nearer, she saw that he was a burly, middle-aged man with homely features, that were set in a tangled maze of grizzled beard and moustache. He was dressed in a suit of gray tweed that had evidently seen better days ; he wore a soft slouched hat ; his thick-soled shoes were white with the dust of country roads ; and he carried a stout walking-stick in his hand. He came up to Elma, lifted his hat for a moment, and said : "Pardon me, but am I right in assuming that there is a picnic here to-day, and that my friends Mr. Drummond and Mr. Frobisher form part of the company ?"

His voice was a very pleasant one, and so was his smile, as Elma had an opportunity of proving a little later on. Despite the stranger's homely looks and somewhat shabby attire, something whispered to Miss Deene that she was in the presence of no ordinary man.

"There has certainly been a picnic here to-day," she replied, "at which both Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Drummond were present. They will neither of them be very long before they are back. Perhaps if you wish to see them, you will not mind waiting." She spoke with a somewhat heightened color, and the stranger's dark eyes rested on her face with a look of undisguised admiration.

"Thank you very much," he said. "If you will allow me, I will await their return. I am staying to-night at an inn in the village ; and it was my intention to walk over to Waylands — as I think Mr. Frobisher's house is called — in the course of to-morrow. Hearing, however, that

my friends were so near me to-day, I could not resist the opportunity of coming in search of them."

"I have no doubt that they will be pleased to see you," answered Elma, not knowing what else to say.

"By-the-by, I ought to apologize for not introducing myself before. My name is Bence Leyland."

"Mr. Leyland!" ejaculated Elma with a start of surprise. "I have heard both Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Drummond speak of you many times."

"Ah! Then they have not forgotten me. I am glad of that."

"Did you think, Mr. Leyland, that either of them was likely to forget you?"

"Well, no — they are hardly the sort of men to do that," he answered with a little laugh. "But may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"My name is Elma Deene. Mr. Frobisher and I are cousins."

Mr. Leyland bowed.

At this moment a light cart with two servants from Waylands drove up. They had come to fetch away the hampers and other et-ceteras pertaining to the picnic.

"Would you not like some refreshment, Mr. Leyland?" asked Elma.

"Thank you. I should like a bottle of lemonade, if it is not too much trouble," answered the painter.

He sat down on a fallen tree, and fanned himself with his hat while one of the servants opened the lemonade.

"With what lovely bits of genuine English scenery this neighborhood abounds," said Leyland a few moments later. "They are at once a joy and a despair to a man like myself. We painters go on daubing canvas after canvas from youth till age; and the older we grow, the more we feel how futile are our efforts, and how few of her secrets nature has deigned to reveal to us."

"There was one landscape in the Academy this year," answered Elma, fixing her eyes gravely on him, "that to my mind seemed instinct with some of nature's sweetest secrets. The breeze that stirred the tops of the larches on the hill seemed to fan my cheek as I looked. Those cloud-shadows that chased each other across the corn-fields in the valley were the very shadows that I have watched a hundred times as a child. Those scarlet poppies in the foreground were the same that I gathered long years ago. And yet, Mr. Leyland, you know none of nature's secrets!"

Bence Leyland rose abruptly. "Let

us walk a little way, Miss Deene," he said, "and find something else to talk about."

Elma picked up her sunshade, and the two strolled slowly away side by side down one of the pleasant woodland ways.

"Can you guess, Miss Deene," asked Leyland presently, "why I am more glad to-day than I have been for a long time?"

Elma shook her head. "It is impossible for me to guess, Mr. Leyland."

"I am glad because I am the bearer of good news for my dear friend, Dick Drummond."

"Oh!"

Not a word more could she say. Her heart fluttered; her color rose; the painter regarded her with curious eyes.

"Dear old Dick!" he went on presently, almost as if speaking to himself. "How pleased I shall be to see him again! — and Frobisher too. Noble-hearted fellows both. What smokes we have had together; what talks we have had together; how we have argued and disputed, and in the end agreed to differ! 'Oh! golden hours that never can return.' No. *Jamais, jamais.*" He spoke the last words almost in a whisper. The two walked on in silence.

Like a certain noble poet, Bence Leyland awoke one morning and found himself famous. He had been a struggling man for twenty years, trying his hardest to win fame and fortune, but not succeeding in his pursuit of either. Now and then he sold a picture; but in order to make ends meet, he was compelled to pawn more than he could sell. Now and then, a note of praise would be sounded by some critic more discerning than the rest of his tribe; but such notes were too few and far between to materially affect the fortunes of the artist. One day, however, a trumpet-note rang through England. A certain landscape painted by Leyland, into which he had thrown his whole heart and soul, came, by a happy concatenation of circumstances, under the eye of Mr. Buskin, the world-renowned critic. Then rang forth the clarion note. "Those towering heights of gray lightning-riven rock, bones of a world of ead," wrote the great critic; "that curving sweep of black, melancholy, wind-smitten heath, the home of solitude for ten thousand years; that far-away fringe of low-lying horizon, where the moorland sweeps down to the sea, lurid with strange lights, pregnant with the menace of coming storm; those battlemented, rain-washed masses of cloud, hurrying up the sky as if

bound for some great meeting-place of the winds: all these, I say, could only have been depicted for us with so much reverence and fidelity, with such power and vividness of conception, by the hand of undoubted genius. The man who wrought out this picture will one day stand in the foremost rank of England's great landscape-painters."

When Bence Leyland read these words, he cried, and he had not cried since he was a boy at his mother's knee. From that day fame and fortune were at his feet. More commissions poured in upon him than he could execute; for he was a slow, painstaking, almost plodding worker, and would not be hurried by any man. Although his pictures now commanded more pounds than they had been deemed worth shillings a little time previously, this change in his circumstances in no wise altered Leyland's mode of life. He was a bachelor, and he still went on living in the same rooms in which he had now lived for so many years that they had come to be the only home he knew. He still frequented the same Bohemian club; he was still as indifferent to the ministrations of his tailor as of yore. Some of his old cronies asked each other why he did not migrate to St. John's Wood, or to the still more fashionable art district of Kensington, as they would have done, had his good fortune been theirs; and there were even one or two who whispered that Leyland was growing miserly in his old age, and that he thought more of a shilling now than he used to do when he was not always sure where his next day's dinner was to come from.

Many a struggling dauber, to whom a saving hand had been held out just as the waters of oblivion seemed about to sweep over his head, could have told a tale that would have confounded such croakers, although the chief reason which induced Bence Leyland to look so carefully after the "bawbees" was known to a few only of his most intimate friends. His only sister had died, leaving behind her four orphan children to whom he was the nearest living relative. Those children had soon become as dear to him as if they were his own, and it was for the sake of them and their future career in life that Leyland hoarded his money in a way that he would never have thought of doing for himself alone.

After Frobisher had left him, Mr. Pebworth wandered on, busy with his own thoughts; and of a very complex nature

they were. Looking up at the point where two footpaths intersected each other, he saw coming towards him his daughter, Mrs. Pebworth, Drummond, and Captain Dyson. As soon as Clunie perceived her father, she hurried forward to meet him. Taking him by the arm, and keeping him well out of earshot of the others, she said: "I've a surprise in store for you, papa."

"Youth, my dear, abounds with surprises; but at my time of life —"

"Now, don't begin to moralize, papa. Captain Dyson has proposed to me."

"My darling Clunie! my sweet daughter! Come to my heart."

"Bother!"

"This is indeed a rapturous moment — a moment that compensates for —"

"Papa, you are getting old and tiresome."

"Fie, fie, my Clunie!"

"Listen. Captain Dyson has proposed; but he wishes to have a runaway marriage, without your knowledge or sanction."

"A runaway marriage! Hum. Why runaway?"

"Oh, some silly notion he has got into his head about its being so romantic, and all that. And then he is afraid, or pretends to be afraid, that you will not give your consent."

Mr. Pebworth laughed softly, and patted the hand that rested on his arm. "Let him cherish the delusion, my dear Clunie. The more difficult he finds it to win you, the greater the value he will set upon you afterwards."

"We must give him no time to change his mind."

"Not a day — not an hour. Let the match be a runaway match, by all means. He wants his little romance; let him have it — and pay for it."

"I would much rather have had half-a-dozen bridesmaids, and have been married by a dean."

"Tut, tut! Don't be foolish. Who can have all they wish for in this world? In any case, you may depend upon my secrecy in the matter. You will leave a little note for me on my dressing-table — a slightly incoherent note — praying for my forgiveness, et-cetera. I shall be thunderstruck, grieved, indignant — a distracted father, in fact. I shall tear my hair — metaphorically — and call Captain Dyson the destroyer of my child. But by the time the honeymoon is over, I shall be prepared to forgive you both and to receive you with open arms."

"Yes, papa."

"Before you go, you may as well look up for me that passage in 'King Lear' about an ungrateful daughter and a serpent's tooth. The quotation will sound effective in the first strong burst of my grief and indignation."

"Yes, papa. But will it be safe to marry without settlements?"

"First catch your husband. After that, my Clunie, it will be very strange if you and I cannot manipulate a simpleton like Captain Dyson in a way that will be eminently advantageous to both of us. Only, put a curb on your temper for a little while. You must on no account allow him to think you anything lower than a sublunary angel till all pecuniary matters are satisfactorily arranged. Humor his every whim; allow him still to believe himself the most fascinating of tiger-slayers; keep on listening to his stories with the same breathless interest that you listen to them now."

"O papa, to what a fate you are dooming me! Those horrid stories, how I hate them!"

"After a time, you can have your revenge by refusing to listen to another as long as you live. You will take Boucher with you, of course. She is propriety itself, and will look after your comforts."

"Yes, papa."

"Have as many witnesses to the ceremony as possible — pew-openers, sextons, anybody, not forgetting Boucher the invaluable."

"Yes, papa."

"My blessing will go with you, Clunie. It is indeed a comfort to a parent's heart to see the excellent lessons he so carefully inculcated in the days of youth — the moral principles he so sedulously instilled — blossom forth into such golden fruit. Would that all parents were equally blessed!"

"Of course, all the arrangements have still to be made; but I shall be in a position to tell you more to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

SCARCELY had Miss Pebworth finished giving her father an account of Captain Dyson's proposal, and of the intended runaway marriage, when they reached the glade in which the picnic had been held. Here, a few moments later, they were joined by Mrs. Pebworth, Dick, Mr. Dempsey, Frobisher, and Captain Dyson.

Mr. Leyland and Elma, who had, as already narrated, set out for a short stroll in the wood, did not go far before they turned. Elma was afraid that the others would be waiting for her; besides which, she had a woman's curiosity to learn the nature of the good news which Leyland had brought his friend. They saw the others before they themselves were seen.

"There are Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Drummond," said Elma.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the painter, in genuine surprise, "what swells they have blossomed into! I should hardly have known them again. O Richard, Richard! whither have thy leonine locks vanished?"

Miss Deene began to think her companion something of an oddity.

Leyland emerged from the trees, and stepping quietly up to Drummond, who was only a few yards away, he slapped him on the shoulder. Dick turned quickly, and stood like a man dumfounded at the sight of his friend.

"Why, Dick, dear old Dick, how are you after all this long time?" cried Leyland heartily, as he grasped the other by the hand. "It seems an age since I saw you last. Hark ye, my boy; a word in your ear," he added in a lower tone. "Your picture in the Dudley has found a purchaser. A Manchester rag-merchant has taken a fancy to it, and he talks about commissioning you to paint another."

Dick's freckled face changed first to white and then to red. He gasped forth a few incoherent words, but he could never remember afterwards what they were.

At the sound of Leyland's voice, Frobisher, who was standing a little apart talking to Dyson, turned. His face, too, changed for a moment. "The crisis has come sooner than I expected," he muttered to himself. "*N'importe*. Better now than later on, perhaps." He went forward with a pleasant smile, and held out his hand. "Don't forget that there are two old friends here," he said to Leyland.

"Forget! Not likely. But I had some good news for Dick which I was in a hurry to tell him. And now, my dear Frank, how are you? Better — better. I can see that before you answer me. Not like the same man. I suppose I must congratulate you on your good fortune." He paused for a moment, holding the other's hand in his and gazing a little sadly into his face. "Ah, Frobisher, I don't know whether to feel glad or sorry that you have come into all this money."

he said. "Many a fine spirit has been spoiled by coming into a fortune."

Every one present heard Leyland's words. They all stared, as well they might. Was this stranger in the shabby tweed suit drunk or crazy? Of a surety he must be either one or the other.

Mr. Pebworth's pendulous cheeks turned the color of saffron. Striding forward a step or two, he touched Frobisher lightly on the arm. "May I ask who this person is, Mr. Drummond?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "He seems to be confounding your identity with that of my nephew most strangely."

"This gentleman is Mr. Bence Leyland, a very dear friend of mine; and I am not aware that he is confounding anything."

"But he called you Frank Frobisher."

"He called me by my proper name."

"But — but you are not —"

"Indeed, but I am, Mr. Pebworth. I am Frank Frobisher, and your unworthy nephew."

An exclamation of surprise or dismay burst from the lips of all present except Leyland and Dick.

For a moment or two, Pebworth stared blankly into the stern young face before him. Then, as with a lightning flash, the truth burst upon him. "Great Heaven! Tricked! ruined, irretrievably ruined!" he exclaimed, gasping out the syllables as if they would choke him. With one hand pressed to his forehead, he staggered rather than walked to a fallen tree, and there sat down. His wife and daughter were by his side in a moment; but he waved them impatiently, even fiercely away, and sat staring with blank eyes at vacancy. Presently he took a bundle of papers from his pocket, untied with trembling fingers the red tape that bound them, and began to turn them over in an aimless, incurious sort of way. Now and then he repeated under his breath the words: "Tricked! ruined!" It was a pitiable sight.

"Mr. Frobisher changed into Mr. Drummond!" exclaimed Dempsey.

"Mr. Drummond changed into Mr. Frobisher!" echoed Dyson.

"My Dick changed into my cousin Frank!" murmured Elma, who was as much bewildered as any one.

"Gracious goodness! who could have believed such a thing?" said Dyson and Dempsey in a helpless sort of way. The situation was so novel, so totally unlooked for, that they were evidently at a loss what to say or do next. Clunie said nothing,

but looked with all her eyes at the little captain. Might not this new and surprising turn of affairs jeopardize to some extent her newly fledged matrimonial projects?

Drummond drew Leyland aside, and explained to him the state of affairs.

"So *you* are really my nephew Frank after all!" said Mrs. Pebworth through her tears to Frobisher. "I felt sure from the first that none of our family had any right to have red hair."

"Yes; I am your nephew Frank. There's no mistake on that point this time, aunt."

"Well, I always did like you, as I've said many a time, when others were maybe running you down."

"Yes; we always did like you," said Clunie, tapping him playfully with the point of her sunshade.

"Always," echoed Dempsey and Dyson, who had moved closer up.

"I don't know that I can like you a bit better than I did before," continued Mrs. Pebworth. "And as for your friend — what a nice young man he is! — I'm sure that I shan't like him a bit less than I did half an hour since, because he happens to be poor and no connection of the family."

"Mamma, dear!" said Clunie imploringly, with a tug at her mother's sleeve.

"Aunt, you have one of the kindest hearts in the world," said Frank, and with that he stooped and kissed her.

Dempsey and Dyson looked straight over each other's shoulder, and seemed to be gazing into futurity.

Clunie turned to Frank with what she would have called one of her "arch" glances. "You naughty, naughty man to play us all such a trick! But I was never really deceived."

"No; we were never really deceived," chimed in the chorus.

"Any one could see that the real Mr. Drummond was no gentleman." This from Clunie.

"Always had the air of a parvenu." This from Dempsey, whose father had been a successful bacon-contractor.

"Something extremely plebeian about him," piped Dyson.

"We congratulate you most sincerely," continued Clunie.

"Yes, we congratulate you most sincerely," echoed the chorus.

"My dear, kind friends, how heartily I thank you, none but myself can ever tell!" responded Frobisher, with a ring of unmistakable scorn in his voice.

Clunie turned to her mother with a pout. Mr. Dempsey's purple face became still more purple; he coughed behind his hand and stalked away. Captain Dyson let his eyeglass drop; then he pulled up his collar and pulled down his cuffs and tried to look fierce. He was about to follow Dempsey; but Clunie detained him. "After all that has happened, do you still love your little Clunie as much as before?" she whispered. (Little Clunie indeed! She was a head taller than the captain.)

"As much as ever, my sweetest pet. And that reminds me that when I was at Burrumpore —"

She put her hand within his arm, giving it a little squeeze as she did so. "Let us stroll down this alley," she said, "where we shall be quite alone."

Frobisher was crossing towards Miss Deene, when Mr. Pebworth intercepted him. That gentleman had to some extent recovered his assurance by this time. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, things might not turn out quite so desperate as he had at first believed they would. In any case, his best plan was to put a bold front on the affair.

"You must permit me to congratulate you, my dear Frank," he said with a sickly smile, "on the really admirable style in which you played your character of the poor amanuensis. It was a marvellous piece of acting, and you must allow that I did my best to second your efforts. Of course I saw through the little deception from the first — ha, ha! — from the very first. Admirably acted! So true to life!"

Frobisher made no effort to hide the scorn and loathing which these words excited in him. "Mr. Pebworth," he said, "if there is one man in the world whom I hold in more utter contempt than I do another, you are that man."

"For heaven's sake, not so loud! My wife and daughter are close by."

"I changed places with my friend in order to try you. You know the result. I believe you to be an ingrained hypocrite from top to toe. I know you to be a knave — selfish, cunning, and utterly unscrupulous."

"Not so loud, I implore you!"

"You have spoken of your wife. Were it not for her, I would expose you to the world in your true colors. My aunt is a good woman, whom I respect and love — you, I loathe. For her sake I choose to remember the relationship between us, and to keep silence with regard to the past. You know my opinion of you; it is one

which nothing can alter; and the less you and I see of each other in time to come, the better it will be for both of us."

"If my gratitude —"

"Your gratitude, Mr. Pebworth! The word is profaned when it proceeds from the lips of such as you!" With these words, Frobisher turned on his heel and crossed to where the three ladies were standing, wondering and bewildered spectators of all that had happened during the last few minutes.

Never in his life had Mr. Pebworth felt so crestfallen and humiliated. Yet even in this hour of his extremity the brazen hardihood of the man did not quite desert him. Taking out his pocket-book and pencil, he said in a voice which was purposely loud enough for all present to hear: "I quite agree with you, my dear Frank — quite. I will make a memorandum of the matter at once, and consult you with reference to it another day." With that he went back to his seat on the fallen tree, and made a pretence of being busy with his pocket-book and pencil.

Till now, Miss Deene had not spoken a word — she had, in fact, moved a little apart from the others. Frobisher now went up to her and took her hand. "Elma!" he said, and there was a world of tenderness in the way he spoke that one little word.

"Well, sir?" and withdrawing her hand, she looked up into his eyes with a sort of cold surprise.

"You will, I trust, forgive my little deception for the sake of the valuable lesson it has taught me?"

"And pray, Mr. Dick, Tom, Harry, or whatever your name may be, what is the particularly valuable lesson it has taught you?"

"It has taught me that your love has been given me for myself alone. It has taught me that there is one true heart in the world who, believing me poor, would have given up everything for my sake; but who, now that she knows I am rich, will not love me one whit the less for the test to which I have put her."

"You make yourself far too sure on that point. You have treated me shamefully, sir — yes, shamefully!"

"In what way have I treated you shamefully, Elma?" asked Frank, with wide-eyed wonder.

"You led me to expect that I was going to marry a dear, delightful, poor young man, with whom I should lead a happy, struggling, Bohemian sort of existence, in two or three rooms, on a pound or two a

week, doing my own marketing and mending my own clothes. Instead of this, I find myself tied to a commonplace, vulgarly rich individual—just the kind of person that every girl is expected to marry. I call it shameful—shameful!”

Frobisher looked at her as if he scarcely knew whether to be amused or annoyed. At this moment Mrs. Pebworth came up. “What’s the matter now?” she asked, seeing that something was amiss.

“Elma has been making use of bad language because she finds that I’m no longer a poor man.”

“More fool she,” answered Mrs. Pebworth with a touch of asperity. “If she hasn’t sense enough to keep a sweetheart when she’s got one, whether he’s rich or poor, she’ll soon find somebody else in her place. Why, half the girls in the county will be setting their caps at the owner of Waylands before three months are over.”

Miss Deene pricked up her ears. “Fie! aunt. What a character you give your sex!” she said.

“It’s no more than our sex deserve, my dear. There will be quite a competition for Mr. Frobisher, I can tell you.”

“In that case,” said Elma whimsically, “I may as well keep him for myself. Not, you know, because I really care very much for him—but just to spite the other girls.”

“There’s an artful minx!” ejaculated Mrs. Pebworth.

“Then your Serene Highness will condescend to accept me—but not *pro tem.*, I hope?” said Frobisher.

“No; not *pro tem.*—but forever and ever,” answered Elma, placing both her hands in his, while the love-light of happiness sprang to her eyes.

What little remains to be told may be told after a very brief fashion.

Clunie got the great desire of her life—a rich husband, who never thwarts her in anything. Captain Dyson achieved one of the desires of his life—a runaway wedding. Mr. Pebworth was distracted at first, but extended a magnanimous forgiveness to the newly married couple on their return from their honeymoon. Captain Dyson came down handsomely in the way of settlements; but to this day he cannot understand why his wife, who had hitherto been one of the most complaisant of listeners, changed so suddenly and unaccountably, and refused point-blank to listen to any more of his narratives, even going so far on one occa-

sion as to impugn the accuracy of his memory and to make use of the words “Stuff and rubbish.” The little man spends much of his time at his club, but melancholy has marked him for her own. He has the look of a man habitually careworn and depressed. Now and then, a gleam of happiness revisits him—when he can button-hole a stranger good-natured enough to listen to him while he narrates some of the surprising adventures of his early life. Young Tom M’Murdo, whose state of chronic impecuniosity is no secret, eats many a good dinner at the captain’s expense, and borrows many a sovereign as well—which he takes particular care never to repay—and all because he is the best of listeners, and never even hints the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of what is being told him. It has never dawned on the consciousness of Captain Dyson, and probably never will, that in him nature created a bore of the first magnitude.

One morning very soon after the picnic Mr. Pebworth intimated that business of importance would take him to Liverpool. He had not been many hours in Liverpool before he telegraphed that the business which had taken him to that city would take him still farther—as far even as to America. Mrs. Pebworth was delighted; the voyage would be quite a holiday for Algernon, and the sea-breezes could not fail to benefit his health. But Mr. Pebworth’s business, whatever the nature of it might be, evidently required a long time to bring it to a conclusion. Month after month passed away, and Mr. Pebworth wrote home that he still found it impossible to return. At length, at the end of a year and a half, as if disgusted with the whole affair, he died, so that in all probability the business which took him so far will remain unsettled till doomsday. His widow mourned for him in all sincerity. To her he had ever seemed the best of husbands and the best of men; and nobody has been cruel enough to try to undeceive her.

Within a week of the picnic, Dick Drummond was back in his old rooms in Soho, which had found no tenant during his absence. At first he felt wretchedly dull and lonely without Frobisher; it seemed as if he had lost a part of himself, which nothing could replace; but Leyland looked in every other evening or so, to cheer him up, on which occasions they smoked innumerable pipes together and discoursed on every subject under the sun. A few other Bohemians would

drop in occasionally, for Dick could now afford to keep open house, and many a song was sung and many a merry story told at such times in the dingy old rooms. But neither to Dick nor Frobisher would the wheels of life have seemed to run pleasantly unless they had been able to see each other often.

It was but an hour's journey from Waylands, and Frobisher was frequently in town. His old easy-chair, his old meerschau, and a hearty grip of the hand, always awaited him in Soho. Occasionally, Elma would call with him, at which times Dick would put down his brush and palette for the day, comb out his golden locks, don another coat, and go in generally for high-jinks.

But Waylands did not fail to see Dick a frequent visitor. It was understood that he should spend from Saturday till Monday there—or longer, for the matter of that—as often as he should feel so inclined, and, summer or winter, few week-ends passed without seeing Dick exchange the smoke of London for the pleasant breezes of the Surrey hills. He seemed nearly as much a part of Waylands as Frobisher himself.

As a painter, success came to him in such measure as he deserved. He had a happy faculty of seeing, and of being able to reproduce for others to see, some little trait or incident of every-day life with its touch of humor or pathos, or both combined—some commonplace episode of the great *comédie humaine*—which most people would pass by with unobservant eyes. One such picture of humble life it was that brought him to the front. A certain well-known art-patron saw it, bought it, and caused it to be engraved. The engraving became popular, and had a large sale among that humble class of art-lovers who cannot afford to buy pictures, but who like to see their walls hung with a few good prints or engravings which tend, in one form or other, to illustrate that one touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin.

Dick had found his groove at last. There was a demand for his pictures for engraving purposes. No one could have been more surprised than the artist himself was.

"You have hit the right nail on the head, and no mistake," said Bence Leyland to him one day. "Now listen to the advice of an old un. Paint slowly; try to make every picture an advance on your last one; and above all, don't flood the

market with your works. It is far better to paint one good picture a year, than half-a-dozen indifferent ones."

Dick has not failed to profit by his advice, and the world prospers with him; but to this day he believes in his secret heart that nature intended him for a delineator of mythological subjects on a grand scale; and he never gazes on his "Andromeda" and other kindred crudities which still adorn the walls of his studio, without a half-regretful shake of the head.

Of Frobisher and Elma, what remains to be said? To no man is it given to withstand the shafts of fate; but with youth, health, and a love that knew no waning or change, their chances of happiness were greater than are granted to most mortals. More than that could not be expected for them.

Frobisher's pen is by no means idle; and, as in the olden days, he still suffers from the alternate pleasures and pangs, disappointments and delights, incident to a literary career. There is some prospect of his pet comedy, "Summer Lightning," written five years ago, and rejected by several London managers, being at length produced at the Royal Frivolity Theatre. What was an impossibility in the case of an obscure literary hack, may have become a possibility in the case of the well-to-do owner of Waylands; for in matters theatrical, as in so many other affairs of life, there are generally wheels within wheels.

From The Fortnightly Review.
SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

IN July, 1873, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, met his death by a fall from a stumbling horse on that "cruel sloping meadow," or, as Lord Granville, the bishop's companion, called it, "on a smooth stretch of turf," near Abinger, in Surrey. That fall called forth an echo of wailing all over England. It was felt that one who, take him for all in all, was the foremost prelate in the English Church, had been called away in the twinkling of an eye, in the midst of a career which might have been as useful for the diocese of Winchester as the earlier portion of it had been for that of Oxford, to say nothing of what he might have accomplished in that primacy for which many of his admirers deemed him specially fitted. It was natural, therefore, that with rare ex-

ceptions the death of Samuel Wilberforce should be regarded as a national loss. Writers of all opinions and speakers of every degree of merit vied with one another in extolling the great qualities of the man; and, first and foremost in this latter class, the present prime minister of England offered what has been well called "a magnificent tribute to his memory," in an oration worthy, in its justice and felicity, of Pericles himself. We are now in 1883. Ten years have not passed since Samuel Wilberforce was laid with such honor in the grave amid the lamentations of England. The cruel spectre, however, which dogs the mighty dead has appeared in the shape of three bulky biographical volumes which, however truthful in the main, contain such indiscretions and awkward revelations that a battle is raging over the bones of the bishop: whose memory has been handed over afresh to the great assize of public opinion, which differs from that final judgment which all Christians expect, in that its sentences — pronounced as they are by fallible creatures — are seldom tempered with either charity or mercy. In this state of things the fame of the late bishop is in danger of being stained by vulgar obloquy, and the beauty of his character obscured by a cloud of apocryphal anecdotes which have sprung up in the heat of controversy like midges after a summer shower. It will be well then to survey the life of Samuel Wilberforce, and without extenuating his faults to sketch the character and career of one who, beyond all doubt, filled for so long a time so prominent a position in the world and the Church.

And first and foremost, let us discard all consideration of what Samuel Wilberforce might have been, and look steadfastly on what he was. Of him, as of Cardinal Newman, Bishop Philpotts, and so many other great men, it has been said that he had mistaken his calling, and ought to have been prime minister or lord chancellor. Something of this belief, if he ever had one, may have passed through the mind of Lord Westbury when he told the bishop that he was the only clergyman he had ever met "who had a mind;" nay, it may have presented itself to Samuel Wilberforce himself when he wrote early in 1846 to his dearest woman friend, Miss Noel, "I took my seat, as I think I told you, in the House of Lords on the first day of the session. You know how all such real business interests me, but I feel as if I should never take

any part in debate, though some day I shall. The impediment of the lawn sleeves must be very great and entangling." In saying this Samuel Wilberforce only showed that he was many-sided, and could have turned his hand or his tongue to other cares and duties than those which concern the Church; but our business is with what he was, at first a parish priest, and at last a great prelate of the Church; as for his premiership or chancellorship, they must remain in the limbo of unconditional possibilities.

Brought up carefully and tenderly by his famous father, Samuel Wilberforce soon showed a resolution and determination of character and, let us add, a common sense, which were wanting in his brothers. For an instance of his determination, when only twelve years old, the world is indebted, not to Canon Ashwell or Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, but to Mr. Mozley — no great admirer, as far as we can judge, of Samuel Wilberforce. At that early age he quarrelled with his tutor, and demanded to be sent home at once. When the tutor demurred, the boy threw himself in the road, in the very track of a score or two of London coaches, and "announced his intention of staying there till he was sent back. After he had remained there several hours the tutor struck his colors and Samuel was sent home." Such an obstinate, wicked boy in a story-book would infallibly have been eaten up by a lion, like Don't-Care, but in real life, as we shall see, he became Bishop Wilberforce, no doubt owing his advancement to that determined spirit which in after years kept him straight in the Established Church, while his weaker relatives rushed one after the other down the steep place to Rome like a flock — of sheep.

For other particulars of the bishop's early life we must also turn to Mr. Mozley. Even as a young man Samuel was distinguished from his brothers, and especially from Henry, by his self-confidence — some may call it conceit; but that is only the same thing called by a bad name by those who try to find a stick to beat a dog. How was it that Henry Wilberforce, when he went to a meeting, was sometimes late, and always a listener; while Samuel, though he was often as late as his brother, was always asked up on the platform and always a speaker? This question was answered, we are told, by Samuel himself. "He was perfectly aware that he had something to say, that the people would be glad to hear it, and that

it would do them good." Full of this conviction, while his brother shrunk back, Samuel gradually worked his way through the crowd and caught the eye of some friend on the platform. Presently there would be a voice heard, "Please make way for Mr. Wilberforce!" Once at the elevation which some people who cannot speak have found so dangerous, we have no doubt that Samuel Wilberforce poured out to the delighted meeting the first fruits of that persuasive eloquence which so enchanted his hearers on many platforms where he could speak with greater authority. In a word, he had that wonderful power of speech which, in our benighted days, so largely supplies the want of the miraculous gift of tongues of the Apostolic age. To the very end he felt sure that he had something to say, that it was good for his hearers, and that they would be ready to listen.

These great gifts, added to a first-class in mathematics and a second in classics, might have condemned Samuel Wilberforce to an Oxford fellowship, where, like Isaac Williams, Oakeley, and even his censor Mozley himself, he might have become one of the satellites revolving round the eccentric orb of Newman, attracted by its as yet uncertain light. But this was not to be; human nature asserted her sway, and shortly after taking his degree in 1828 Samuel Wilberforce was married to Miss Sargent, to whom, indeed, he had been for years virtually engaged; and having interest in the Church, was in 1830 presented to the pleasant living of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight. We say that he had interest in the Church, for the two Bishops Sumner, who were related to him, contended which should secure him for his diocese. J. B. Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, offered him Rilchester, near Stonylhurst, in the north-west, while Charles Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, carried him away to Brighstone. Thus, while still under five-and-twenty, Samuel Wilberforce was already married, and entering on his career as a beneficed clergyman. Under these circumstances, and with such friends on the bench of bishops, many a man would have rested idly on his oars and waited for preferment. At the end of his career he might have aspired to be an archdeacon, and his wildest dreams of clerical ambition would have been realized if he had attracted the attention of a prime minister and been named a dean. Samuel Wilberforce was not the man to rest on his oars; to use a vulgar ex-

pression, he knew how to paddle his own canoe; and having made himself known and appreciated, not only by his diocesan but by the rest of the world, he had not long to wait for preferment. We say not long, though he stayed nearly ten years at Brighstone; but what are ten years in the life of an average clergyman, vegetating, as most of them are doomed to do for thirty or forty years, in the most uncongenial surroundings! During these ten years his worst enemy could not have accused the rector of Brighstone of vegetating. On the contrary, as Canon Ashwell says, it would be difficult to imagine a mind or a temperament of more ceaseless activity. He was neither a great reader nor a mere student nor a profound thinker, but he was a man of action, and public questions were his delight. If he had any relaxations he found them in botany, and especially in ornithology. Then, as all his life through, his love of birds as well as his knowledge of their notes and habits were most remarkable. Once indeed he was known to have forgiven a little boy for the heinous offence of breaking through a hedge because he did it to show the bishop a rare bird. As to his religious opinions, he was a Churchman, and what is called a High Churchman, from the first; but he soon learned to mistrust the Tractarian movement in Oxford, and like many other men who maintain an independent line of their own, he fell as it were between the two theological schools. The Low Churchmen, or old Evangelicals, led by Golightly, regarded him on the verge of Romanism, while the adherents of Newman, Pusey and Keble looked on him at best as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Thus, in 1836, he writes to his friend Anderson as to the Oxford movement: "I fear they are pushing things too far; it is the view of baptism which seems to me to be pushed too far: I mean the deadly state to which they picture sin after baptism to reduce men." In the same spirit he did all in his power to persuade Newman and his party to add their names to the committee for erecting the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford; but his efforts were fruitless, and the breach between him and the movement party was widened by Newman's refusal to accept his articles for the *British Critic*. Meantime his worldly affairs prospered; his works, such as "Agathos," and his sermons, and, though last not least, his father's "Life," were profitable. By the death of both his wife's brothers he became possessed of

the estate of Lavington, and continued for the rest of his life to pride himself on being a Sussex squire.

During his incumbency of Brighstone various attempts were made to lure him away from that peaceful rectory where his existence, surrounded by his wife and children, was purely idyllic. Now it was dingy St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; now Tonbridge Wells Chapel, dedicated, as we believe it is, to that doubtful saint King Charles I.; now, most perplexing of all, Leeds, with its wide sphere of usefulness and in his own Yorkshire too, but also with its load of heavy work and its suffocating coal-smoke. All these were, for one reason or another, declined with thanks. Samuel Wilberforce was happy in his rectory and in his favor with his bishop, though even then he wished his diocesan had more advanced Church views. His was indeed a proud position; he was everywhere a favorite, fast rising to be the most popular preacher and speaker of the day, with full liberty to go where he chose and to speak as he chose — a liberty indeed of which on one occasion at least he availed himself to the full when, at the meeting of a Diocesan Church Building Society, he measured swords with the veteran Lord Palmerston; attacking him with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away his hearers, but with so much vehemence that the Duke of Wellington, who was in the chair, would have called him to order had he not feared to divert the stream of indignant eloquence on himself. "I assure you," he said, "I would have faced a battery sooner." This was the beginning of the bishop's rooted antipathy for Lord Palmerston, whom he considered as untrustworthy in Church matters as he believed him to be time-serving in his general policy. In the one opinion he was probably as right from a High Churchman's point of view as he was wrong in the other as a politician. On his own part he met with some trouble from the hostile criticisms with which his father's "Life," the most laborious literary work on which he was ever engaged, was received by some of the old slave emancipationists. One of his letters to his brother Robert on this subject ends thus: "*Quare*, have I hardness enough not to be ground to powder between the Evangelical and Newman mills?"

He was now drawing near, unconsciously to himself, to the period at which he was destined to leave Brighstone. He was made for a wider and more troublous

sphere than that peaceful parsonage. "No man," says one of his biographers, "was ever more devoted to his calling, first as a simple clergyman, and afterwards as a bishop of the Church of God, than Samuel Wilberforce; but no man ever realized more thoroughly the fact that social institutions are a portion of the providential order of things, and that the spiritual and the so-called secular ought to be reciprocally strengthened and benefited by mutual connection and alliance." To do this, like St. Paul Samuel Wilberforce made himself all things to all men, and this will account for the fact that this consistent High Churchman spent a great part of his life in the company of men such for instance as the mystical Bunsen, whose religious notions varied very widely from his own. For the same reason, probably, he joined about the same time the "Sterling" Club, which, by leave of Canon Ashwell, if in the Elysian Fields he can give any leave, was called after John Sterling, the founder, and not from any pun on the intrinsic worth of its members. "Birds of a feather," the proverb says, "flock most together," but a list of the original members of the club will show how widely different those birds were in their plumage and opinions. But neither the cheery diocese of Winchester nor the social life of London were sufficient for his spirit. The end of his Brighstone incumbency was signalized by an adventurous autumn flight, in 1839, into the diocese of Exeter on a roving mission on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. At first Henry of Exeter "screamed" at the idea that he was to attend the "deputation," as it was called, and listen to the same speaker for weeks together. He seemed to think that it was possible to have too much even of a Wilberforce. But though he screamed he yielded, and when it was all over declared that, whereas he expected to be dreadfully bored, he had on the contrary been greatly instructed. For ourselves, we are not bishops, and we humbly think that if it be part of a prelate's privilege to accompany the same man over fifteen hundred miles for ten weeks of incessant speaking and preaching, we would much rather that any one than ourselves should be elevated to the bench. Be that as it may, this progress of the bishop and the deputation through the diocese was most cheering, the pecuniary results were large, and the moral worth enormous. It was while Samuel Wilberforce was on this tour that

the archdeaconry of Surrey fell vacant, and the Bishop of Winchester, after ample consideration, as was the manner of prelates in the good old time, bestowed it, with universal approbation, except from the *Record*, on Samuel Wilberforce. Shortly afterwards he made his first great appearance in London on moving a resolution on behalf of the Propagation Society in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House. By this time, perhaps by the practice acquired during that autumn tour, his voice and manner had reached their full perfection, "and the effect of his profound fervor was heightened rather than diminished by his youthful appearance." "From that day," says Canon Ashwell, "his reputation as a public speaker was established." And now preferments and honors fell fast upon him. He attracted the notice of Prince Albert, who made him one of his chaplains; the canonry of Winchester, with which the archdeaconry was to be endowed, fell vacant, and he was installed. The Heads of Houses in Oxford appointed him to preach the Bampton Lectures for 1841; and though last, not least, the bishop offered him the important living of Alverstoke, which he accepted, thus severing that happy connection with Brighthelm which had lasted ten years and three months.

Hardly had he removed to Alverstoke, when, in the midst of all this happiness and prosperity, a blow fell upon him which taught him how inscrutable are the ways of Providence in dealing with man. On the 15th of February, 1841, his fourth son, Basil, was born. On Monday, the 7th of March, the archdeacon entered in his diary, "Finished Bampton Lecture No. 2" — the second of a series destined never to be delivered. Next comes "serious alarms" for his wife — Locock summoned from London on the 8th — and on the morning of the 10th she had passed away. To any man of ordinary feeling such a blow must be crushing for the time, but to Samuel Wilberforce the effect was, we are told — and we believe it — deep and permanent. The idle and the cynical, those who only saw him in the heyday of society in after life, will say that his loss was soon forgotten. They little know — no one knew till those diaries and letters were published, which throw such light into that Holy of Holies in which Samuel Wilberforce treasured up his most sacred things — how constant his affection for his lost wife continued to the end. That sad anniversary never passed by

without due commemoration; and his children well remember how, in after years, amidst all the tide of business, the day was strictly kept; the great sorrow remaining as fresh as if it had only just befallen the family. So that, on his very last visit to Lavington, scarce a month before he died in 1873, he wrote thus to his daughter-in-law: "My dead seemed so near me in my solitude; each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when He will."

In one respect the year 1841 was a turning-point in the career of Samuel Wilberforce, in that it called him from the joys of domestic to more stirring scenes of public and religious life, while the sorrow which had seared his heart steeled and hardened it for the conflicts and contradictions which it was his lot thenceforth to undergo. His first troubles came from Oxford, where, as we have seen some years before, he thought the movement party were pushing things too far. 1841 was the year of Tract No. 90, of the Protest of the Four Tutors, and of the hurried resolution of the Heads of Houses. The *odium theologicum* was let loose, and, to make matters still worse, there was a contest for the professorship of poetry, in which Isaac Williams was put forward by Newman's party, and Garbett by the Heads of Houses. We need hardly say that Archdeacon Wilberforce sided with Garbett and maintained his position, though it led to a difference of opinion with Mr. Gladstone, who proposed that both the candidates should withdraw from the contest. In the end the Heads prevailed, and Mr. Garbett, who, as Mr. Mozley asserts, had never written a line of poetry in his life, was elected in preference to Mr. Williams, who had. Besides this triumph, the Archdeacon's sorrow was relieved by the necessity of a visit to Windsor to preach before the queen and Prince Albert. There he gave the greatest satisfaction, and beyond doubt was, up to his appointment as Bishop of Oxford, the most popular ecclesiastic about the court. Nothing could be kinder than the way in which he was received by the royal family. It was even hinted, and perhaps expected, that he would undertake the onerous duty of becoming the Prince of Wales's tutor. Meantime there was more trouble at Oxford, arising out of the outrageous "Ideal of a Christian Church," published by Mr. Ward. The strength of parties was again tried on the condemnation of the book and the degradation of its author, both of which were carried in Convocation, when

the archdeacon voted against his old friends supported by Mr. Gladstone.

In 1845 more promotion was put upon him. In March he was appointed Dean of Westminster, and in October Bishop of Oxford, both under the premiership of Sir Robert Peel, on which occasion Prince Albert wrote him a very remarkable letter, imparting his views on the position of a bishop in the House of Lords. After this elevation it cannot be said that he was ever so popular at court as he had been as archdeacon and dean. Though he had been hard enough to escape crushing by the Newman or upper millstone, it remained to be seen whether he would be as fortunate with the Low Church, or nether millstone.

As Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce entered into possession of what would now be called a very neglected diocese. In those days it was very much in the condition of Israel when every man — and certainly every clergyman — did what was right in his own eyes. Perhaps it was not so bad as when Bishop Bagot had refused to take over the county of Bucks, because his brother of Lincoln described the condition of the clergy in that county as "Top-boots or Exeter Hall," but still it had no real episcopal supervision. This lax rule especially favored the views of the Romanizing party, but it was too pleasant to last, and though Dr. Pusey, who after Newman's secession, in A.D. 1845, became the head of the party, in a coaxing letter which he wrote to the bishop-elect after his election by the Chapter of Christ Church, reminded him that God's providence had been wonderfully shown in the character of the bishop "whom he has given us for the last sixteen years, and now again in our not having one such as some with whom we had been threatened," "and trusting that your coming here is an act of the same graciousness," Samuel Wilberforce was too wary to fall in with that view of things. On the contrary, his opinion of the late bishop's rule was pretty plainly expressed to one from whom he had no secrets. Writing to Miss Noel, even before he was enthroned, he says: "I have read the Bishop of Oxford's (Bishop Bagot's) parting charge; I should have liked it in ordinary times; but feeling that his conduct had, more than any secondary thing, helped on our fearful troubles and divisions, I could not but regret its tone." To Pusey himself he replied shortly, while acknowledging the kindness of his tone, that "the language held in his published writings was not to

be reconciled with the doctrinal formularies of the Church of England." That was his deliberate view, and to that he adhered to the end. But he had other work to do in his diocese than to correspond on doctrinal differences, however important. To his organizing mind the see of Oxford was as a cornfield run to waste, and he set about reclaiming and tilling it to the best of his power. Even in those comparatively modern days, a working bishop was an ecclesiastical phenomenon, a *lusus Providentiæ*, which to some minds seemed to portend the downfall of the whole episcopal bench. Even at the present day there are members — or at least there was one member of the University of Oxford, a year or two ago, who could recollect "when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself to-day." All this was quite shocking to the ideas of propriety of an elder but more dignified generation, who were not at all shocked at hearing that the Bishop of Llandaff could reside permanently in the Lake district; that confirmations were few and far between; that on those rare occasions the candidates were brought into country towns by thousands, like cattle driven to a fair, and with as much disorder and indecency as prevails at any fair. A candidate for orders only had to write a bit of Latin prose and was passed by the bishop, if the family were so fortunate as to be acquainted with such an excellent personage, with an inquiry as to the welfare of his father and mother. All these things were possible — nay, they were probable — in almost every diocese in England before Samuel Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford; but it was not his ideal of a bishop that he should live idle on an ecclesiastical Olympus, like the gods of Epicurus. His ideal of a bishop's life was work; up to this ideal he lived, and in this ideal he died. According to him, as Canon Ashwell well says, "the bishop was to be as much the mainspring of all spiritual and religious energy in his diocese as a parochial clergyman is bound to be in his parish. Incessant in his visitations and accessible to all, he insisted on his clergy following the same rule." "*Esse quam videri* is a maxim," he said to Mr. Ashwell, "which has its application; but for a clergyman the *videri* is essential to his having even the chance of realizing the *esse* in his actual work. How

are people to come to you for what you are ready to *be* and to *do*, if you do not take care that what you are and what you do be seen and known?" Do we not here see, in this young bishop raised to be the terror of his indolent elders, the resolute and determined boy who threw himself flat on the road, the pushing, ready young man who always made his way to the front and on to the platform, the zealous parish priest, the indefatigable archdeacon, the eloquent and unwearied speaker who could melt the stony heart and satisfy the critical taste of Henry of Exeter, — at last promoted to his proper place when he became a working bishop of the Church of England? Even his own relatives feared that he would become what they called a hack bishop; but he held on his course, ready to hack and be hacked for the sake of the Church, as he conceived it ought to be. He imagined it as that lofty city set on a hill with its foundations rather deep than broad, the light of the world, to be seen of men, not put under a bushel. Like other men, bishops must be judged by their works. During the quarter of a century before the episcopate of Bishop Wilberforce, official records show that only twenty-two new churches had been built in Oxfordshire, Berks, and Bucks, four rebuilt, and eight restored and enlarged. For the four-and-twenty years of his episcopate the corresponding totals are: new churches, one hundred and six; churches rebuilt, fifteen; churches restored, two hundred and fifty. As for the patronage of the see, that most powerful means for providing for a deserving working clergy, the bishop found himself at first with only fourteen livings to give away, but owing to his exertions and intercessions he left it with one hundred and three, of which no less than ninety-five were in his diocese.

Compared with these labors and successes, his trials and tribulations as a bishop were as dust in the balance. They were, no doubt, mortifying to him as a man, but as a model bishop it mattered little to him whether he were faced by the passive resistance of Dr. Pusey or by the sullen obstinacy of Dr. Hampden, aided by the Broad Church views of Lord John Russell and the Ecclesiastical Courts. From whatever cause, it is certain that he never was such a *grata persona* at Windsor after his "insincere," as some called them, proceedings in the Hampden controversy. This naturally was a great grief to one of his sympathetic and self-

asserting nature. He had carried forbearance to weakness in his dealings with Pusey, and he had prepared not one but several bridges for that sullen elephantine heretic Hampden to pass over, but he would not. What could it all mean? Did men think him insincere? Why did not the sun shine so brightly on him at Windsor as before? At the close of the Hampden difficulty he sought counsel of Sir Robert Peel, who gave him the same advice as a particular, which Prince Albert laid down as a general, rule: "In a doubtful case do nothing." Peel himself had been called "insincere," but the bishop knew he was honest, and that was a consolation. He was not worse off than a prime minister. But the cold shade at Windsor continued and chilled his blood, not, as his son explains, because he expected any "personal advantage" from court favor, but because it deprived him of "unrivalled opportunities of usefulness." He felt this so keenly that, in 1855, when his friend Lord Aberdeen went out of office, he begged him to disabuse the minds of the queen and the prince of any distrust which they might entertain of his dishonesty. "If that honest heart of our queen could once believe that I rather would die than breathe a dishonest thought, I should be a happier man." The interview which the earl sought on this occasion with the queen and the prince, ended by the prince saying, "He, the bishop, does everything for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct." To which Lord Aberdeen rejoined, "Yes, sir, but when a bad motive?" This was not very satisfactory, but worse remained behind. In October, 1855, at Balmoral, the earl renewed the conversation, when it became evident that the cause of Prince Albert's change of opinion towards the bishop arose from a suspicion on the prince's part as to the bishop's "sincerity or disinterestedness." One instance was, that in earlier life he had sought the preceptorship to the Prince of Wales. Another, that after preaching on a well-known text, he had somewhat unduly modified his own views to suit those advanced by the prince in an after discussion. We need hardly say that when these points were stated to the bishop he had a satisfactory explanation. As for the preceptorship, the thought of it had been his "special horror." He did not "think himself fit for it," and that it would draw him from things for which he was fit. As for the sermon, it was on the herd of swine, preached long ago

when the prince was "most friendly." The prince had raised all possible objections to spirits of evil, which Bishop Wilberforce contested, saying at last that it was far better to "believe in a devil who suggested evil to us," for that otherwise we were driven to "make every one his own devil." That was the story how the dark cloud arose, but there must have been something more. No one, much less a prince, is bound to give all his reasons when driven into a corner. It is satisfactory to think that in later days that cloud passed away, and that if Bishop Wilberforce never quite resumed his old place in the royal favor, he was still so graciously treated by the queen and the rest of the royal family that he might well have been an object of envy to many of his brethren, and even have been satisfied himself.

But these were mere vexations and mortifications — thorns in his flesh sent to humble and chasten him. He had greater griefs, besides that abiding sorrow for his wife. Death came again to his house, and carried off Herbert, his sailor son. One of his daughters-in-law, of whom he was very fond, was carried off at an early age; and, though last not least, one after another his brothers died, as it were, to the English Church and went over to the Church of Rome, which, in the agony of his heart when the last blow fell on him in the secession of his daughter and her husband, he might, with his conviction of her dangerous doctrines, be forgiven for calling "that *cloaca* of abominations." We very much doubt whether the death of Robert Wilberforce, in 1857, affected him nearly so much as his secession, for he considered the slavery and death of the mind as much worse than mere bodily decease. Even these great griefs, however, he wrestled with and put under his feet. No doubt it was a great trial to miss at least one archbishopric, and to see one of Palmerston's bishops, whom in 1861 he enters in his diary as "very disagreeable," promoted over his head to the northern province. Again on Archbishop's Longley's death, that "ignorant" and "utterly unprincipled" Disraeli, so far from offering him the primacy, would not even mention his name to the queen for the see of London vacated by Tait. Had he gained that he might have waited for the "crowning mercy" of Canterbury, of course not for any other reason than that it would have offered him "unrivalled opportunities for

usefulness." But even for those disappointments he had some compensation, when in September, 1869, his constant friend Mr. Gladstone, in a "most kind letter," told him that "the time was come for him to seal the general verdict," and asked if he might name him to the queen for Winchester. The work was harder, there was a diocese to organize afresh, added to all the cares and troubles of South London. It was a hard trial to leave that Oxford which he had builded out of the most discordant materials, and to set to work to raise a fresh fabric in Winchester; but he never shrunk from work. He accepted the new see with all its toil, and even in the few years of his episcopate did wonders in reorganizing the diocese. In one thing he was strong beyond measure — in the number of his clergy who were devoted to him. "There is one thing," said Mr. Disraeli in 1868, "in the Bishop of Oxford which strikes me even more than his eloquence; it is the wonderful faculty he possesses of gathering round him so many like-minded with himself for work."

But even before his elevation to Winchester he had ample compensation. At Cuddesdon, in his humble palace, close by the religious seminary which he so loved, he could console himself as he looked at his diocese with the sight of new churches rising and old ones restored, while under his very eye such men as Liddon were training students who would fill them with worthy worship. For five-and-twenty years that ecclesiastical fabric grew day by day, till it was almost perfect, when he handed it over to his successor. If he went to town he found himself a power wherever he might be; in the House of Lords a statesman prelate, a trusty ally, and a dangerous opponent. All who remember his passages of arms with his great antagonist, Lord Westbury, will know that he administered many a castigation to that able and unscrupulous peer, who with all his dexterity was utterly wanting in that moral force which, wedded to persuasive eloquence, so often convinced his hearers that the bishop must be in the right. It was often the bishop's fate to be worsted in debates on Church matters, even in his own creation Convocation; but it was generally felt that while the divisions might be against him the force of argument was on his side. Two pet aversions he had, and this feeling is warmly exhibited in his diaries and letters. These

were Palmerston and Disraeli. We have seen how early in life he attacked the former with a vehemence which later on was turned into bitterness at what he termed his profligate episcopal appointments. With Disraeli in Church matters he had no patience, thinking him utterly ignorant of the very meaning of a Church, and only caring how he might fill up vacant sees so as to best serve electioneering purposes. Had he lived a little longer he might have seen this same Disraeli placing some of the fittest clergymen in the country on the episcopal bench. But by that time both the bishop and Lord Beaconsfield might have become more wise. Sir Robert Peel he respected; Lord Aberdeen he looked on as his firmest friend; but the great object of his love and admiration was, beyond all doubt, Mr. Gladstone, whose future greatness he predicted, like a true prophet, long before the idea of its fulfilment had even risen on the coming premier's mind. It is a test of such true friendship that differences of opinion on what each considered very vital matters never veiled this lasting friendship with more than a passing cloud. They were friends in youth and friends in death. Nor let it be forgotten that it was given to the bishop to elicit from Mr. Gladstone, when Oxford and the Church rejected the worthiest of their sons, one of the noblest letters that could be written on that sad separation, in which he says: "There have been two great deaths or transmigrations of spirit in my political existence—one very slow, the breaking of ties with my original party; the other, very short and sharp, the breaking of the tie with Oxford. There will probably be a third, and no more." When the bishop, with the importunate eagerness of affection, asked what those mysterious last words meant, all the answer he got was, "The oracular sentence has little bearing on present affairs or prospects, and may stand in its proper darkness." Well might the bishop and all who heard these dark words feel as though they were facing the sphinx, and say, "We cannot tell what he means;" but then we remember that the sphinx had an awkward habit of swallowing up those who could not guess her riddles. Mr. Gladstone is more merciful to his admirers; he sets them riddles, and swallows up his opponents or tears them to pieces, which was another habit of the sphinx.

We have said of Samuel Wilberforce

that he was many-sided. Narrow-minded people who only knew one side of him were as amazed when he turned round and they found that he had another side, as astronomers would be if the moon were to turn and show us her back. Those who only knew him as a hard-working bishop devoted to his diocese could scarcely believe the stories which were told of his brilliancy in society by those worldlings whose conception of a bishop and his duties were of the haziest kind. But it has been well said that it is a poor musical instrument that has but one tune. There are barrel-organs no doubt that have but one tune, just as there are bores who are incessantly harping on the same theme, but with Bishop Wilberforce in social life the difficulty was to find any subject on which he could not discourse with fascinating eloquence. He seemed too as he sat by your side to know you better than you knew yourself, and to worm himself into your confidence almost against your will. It was this magnetic power which made him so powerful as a preacher, so that his sermons were as it were addressed to each individual in the church and not to the congregation at large. "Did I not know," said the Prince of Canino after hearing a sermon preached before a meeting of *savants* at Oxford—"did I not know that auricular confession was forbidden in the Church of England, I should have thought the bishop had been the father confessor of every one of us wise men, he did know so well all our little faults and sins." Lady Lyttelton, too, no mean observer, wrote in 1842, during that golden time at Windsor when no one had yet called Samuel Wilberforce "insincere:" "The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man, and if such a Hindoo were to be found I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut. . . . He never parades his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian." For another instance of his versatility and self-confidence we must again turn to Mr. Mozley. The scene is laid at Grindelwald, and Mr. Mozley was an eyewitness. It was Sunday, and the bishop had preached in English in the morning on the duty of English people showing themselves Christians in a strange country. A very necessary injunction, we may remark, not only then but now; for

as foreigners very respectable at home have suddenly developed murderous propensities when birds of passage in England, so Englishmen often when abroad seem to have left every sign of their being, not to say Christians, but even gentlemen behind them. But to return to the bishop. In the afternoon Mr. Mozley stayed away, but the bishop went to the German service. When it was over Mr. Mozley saw from his window, which commanded the road, the congregation streaming out of the church headed by two figures, the bishop and the pastor, deep in discussion of "a deep, sonorous utterance." "One could not but be struck with the courage of an Englishman," says Mr. Mozley, "entering into a controversy with a German in German, for such I suppose was the language, in the midst of his own people. The bishop gave us an account of the conversation as if it had been all in English." Very remarkable no doubt, but the man who had faced so many opponents on platforms and in debate could not have found a simple-minded German pastor such a very formidable antagonist even in his own parish. Once only in our own recollection do we remember the Bishop of Oxford silenced by a rejoinder. In general, after he appeared to have spent all his shafts he had still one bitter arrow left to pierce his foe. It was at a meeting for the restoration of the Chapter House at Westminster, now, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Gladstone when chancellor of the exchequer, most beautifully restored, but then in a deplorable state of ruin. All present were agreed that the building must be restored, but where was the money to come from? "Certainly not from us," cried the dean and chapter. "Our Chapter House was taken away from us by King Edward I. It is no child of ours. We look upon it altogether as a *damnosa hereditas*." "That being so," said a very insignificant person at the meeting, "why should not the Ecclesiastical Commission restore it?" "Ah!" said the bishop with a sneer, "that is a cow which everybody wishes to milk." "Yes, my lord," retorted that very insignificant person; "but you cannot deny that it is a cow which eats an enormous quantity of grass,"—and the bishop was speechless.

We have now nearly fulfilled our purpose. Our view is that Samuel Wilberforce, after his adversaries have said their worst of him, was a very great man, an

honor to the Church, and, what is better still, an ornament and even a glory to England in his generation. Of course he had faults, but what man has not? He was called "insincere," but that only means that neither extreme in what used to be called the Church of England were content with his persisting in that *via media* which used to be the boast of our Protestant Church. He suffered much the same treatment at the hands of those two contending factions as moderate partakers of wine have to bear from the advocates of total abstinence. With them moderation is the downward path, and so it was with Samuel Wilberforce between the two millstones worked on the one hand by Dr. Pusey, and on the other by Mr. Golightly. Each party tried to crush him in its peculiar way, but he proved the sincerity of his convictions by the courage with which he maintained them to the end, after having exhausted, both in the case of Dr. Pusey and of Dr. Hampden, every means to get them to reconcile their teaching with what he conceived to be the doctrines of the Church of England. He failed in each case, but that was rather on the principle that you may bring a horse to the water, but no power on earth except himself can make him drink. His consolation must have been that day by day in the Church of England more of the moderate party came over to his views. "How is it," said a layman of high position and undoubted sincerity a year or two ago—"how is it that I, who half a century ago was called a High Churchman, am now looked upon by some young men who shall be nameless as little better than a Dissenter?" The reason, we think, is not far to seek. There are "developments" in the Church of England as well as out of it. The thing that has been is not the thing that shall be, either in politics or religion; but until the outposts shall have been engaged in many a struggle with varying success, the great bulk of the army which represents the common sense of the nation is content to stand at ease until the day comes when it too shall feel called on to strike; though it will remain to be seen whether it will use its weapons for or against those who have been so long skirmishing at the front.

A word or two about the "indiscretions" which have been complained of in these volumes. No doubt the revelations and personal remarks with which the bishop's diaries are full might have been

avoided by more careful editing. The conversations of the bishop with the late Dean of Windsor, with Lord Amphill, and with Mr. Nisbet Hamilton on the Scotch Church in general and on the Rev. Norman Macleod in particular ought not to have been published, the two first as being strictly private and confidential, and the last because Mr. Nisbet Hamilton was in no way a representative of the Church across the border. But having admitted this, we must add that those of the public which have raised this outcry are very hard to please. They expect their curiosity to be tickled by such revelations, and having devoured them with glee, they say, "Out upon such a fellow and revealer of secrets; he has added a new terror to death." Now we for good reasons have very great sympathy with an unfortunate literary executor placed in the position of Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind" to him, and we quite share his feeling of disappointment when, having used the pruning-knife so freely, and thrown a much greater mass of "indiscreet" matter under the table, this tumult should have arisen over a few stray leaves that may have escaped his notice during the process of excision. If the reading public are so eager to see how great men have lived, and to be in a position to behold them working like bees in a glass hive in the broad light of day, they must not blame editors who consult their tastes by publishing some indiscreet scraps of gossip for their edification. Perhaps they would like to return to the days when nothing was to be printed till fifty or a hundred years after the writer's death; that is until it has lost most of its interest. As we none of us expect to attain to the years of Methuselah, or even to those of the venerable Dr. Routh, we think it is better to let things stand as they are, that great men's lives should be published within a reasonable period after their death, due regard being had to the difficulty of the undertaking in each case; that editors should endeavor to discharge their duty with proper discretion, but that public opinion should not be too severe on them if they are occasionally caught tripping. A little more of such indignation as has been expressed against Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, and all future biographies, letters, and diaries, will be published in the United States, where, if readers are as curious as ours, they are not so hard on those who provide them both with instruction and amusement.

G. W. DASENT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

POETS AND NIGHTINGALES.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD in his recent elegy on "Poor Matthias," the pet canary, laments the unhappy lot of birds, who never find,

do all they can,
Passage from their souls to man.

If this be so, it is certainly owing to no lack of interpreters, for almost every poet has made devoted attempts to translate their various melodies. Perhaps the original strains are still the most expressive to those who have music in themselves; but in many cases the poet seems to out-sing the bird, and to give a deeper meaning to her utterance.

This is especially true in the case of the nightingale, who enjoys the happy distinction of being the poets' favorite. Her chief rival in their good graces is, perhaps, the eagle, with whose royal aloofness, however, only the kings of men can fully sympathize. The stock-dove's "homely tale" was dear to Wordsworth; but, as Shelley said of the skylark's rapturous song, it is all too bright and good for this workaday world, and we miss the undertone of earthly passion. It is in the lingering evenings of early summer, when the soft, brown air woos us with its quiet melancholy to forget the strain of life, and lulls without satisfying the heart, that the voice of the nightingale, breaking on the ear, "from some grove nigh," never fails, by the contrast of its deep emotion with the general tranquillity, to wake an echo in every poetic nature. On such an evening Keats translated the bird's music into that "strangest, saddest, sweetest song" the world has ever heard — perhaps the most perfect expression in all literature of the sickness of hope deferred and unsatisfied aspirations, of

Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

One need hardly apologize for quoting the dear familiar lines, which take a deeper pathos when we remember that the writer was then actually on the eve of death: —

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with careful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad
In such an ecstasy!

Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in
vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

This is the nightingale's crown of song
— the truest and most tuneful note she
has ever drawn from the heart of man.
But from the days of Homer down to our
own times her passionate strain has been
echoed by almost every poet, in different
keys of feeling.

The Greeks accounted for the "fiery
heart" in that little body by legends
which gave a human object to her lamen-
tations. She was once a woman, *Ædon*,
the wife of *Zethus*, king of *Thebes*, to
whom she bore but one child, a son named
Itylus. Now, *Niobe*, the wife of *Am-
phion*, her husband's twin-brother, had
six sons and six daughters, and boasted
of the number and beauty of her children,
insomuch that *Ædon* was seized with jeal-
ousy, and resolved to kill the firstborn of
Niobe's sons. But by mistake she slew
in his stead her own son, *Itylus*. Then
Zeus, taking pity, changed her into a
nightingale, and in that form she con-
tinues to bewail her loss:—

Even as when, in the new vernal hours,
Couched in the covert of some leafy dale
Green all around her with ambrosial showers,
Pandarus' child, the sylvan nightingale,
With lovely variations her sweet tale
Trills beautifully well, and the woods ring
With sorrow, while her boy she still doth
wail,
Itys, dear *Itys*, child of *Zethus* king,
Whom blindly she cut off, and now doth sadly
sing.*

According to another story, the night-
ingale was once a princess named *Procne*,
daughter to *Pandion*, king of *Attica*, and
sister of *Philomela*. Her father gave
Procne in marriage to *Tereus*, king of the
Thracians in *Daulis*; but after she had
borne him a son, *Itys*, *Tereus* kept her in
concealment, and, feigning that she was
dead, took *Philomela* to wife. The fraud

* *Homer, Odyssey, book xix. 518 sqq., Mr. Worsley's translation.*

was in some way discovered by the two
sisters, and *Procne*, in a frenzy of revenge,
slew her son *Itys*, and served up his flesh
in a dish before *Tereus*. She then fled
with her sister, and upon *Tereus* pursuing
them, prayed the gods to change them all
into birds, whereupon *Tereus* became a
hoopoo, *Philomela* a swallow, and *Procne*
a nightingale. The names in these leg-
ends were, however, continually trans-
posed, and the nightingale was more
commonly called *Philomela*, while the
name of the child is indifferently *Itys* or
Itylus.

In the "Birds" of *Aristophanes*, *Tereus*
is introduced as a hoopoo, and says that
Sophocles had reduced him to that condi-
tion in his tragedies, alluding to a lost
play of that poet which turned upon the
transformation. He is the king of the
birds, and sings to his queen, the nightin-
gale, a song which by the purity of its
language defies translation. It is only
equalled among the nightingale's poetical
addresses by the ode of *Keats*. From an
artistic point of view the Greek poem is
superior to the English, but only as one
sea-shell is more beautiful than another.
The transparent and pearly grace of the
former is indeed inimitable; but through
the "twisted convolutions" of the latter
one may catch a deeper murmur of imag-
ination, a far-off moan of "perilous seas
in faery lands forlorn," which will make it
even dearer to the heart than the perfect
Greek.

One of the most charming of *Mr. Swin-
burne's* earlier poems is based upon this
legend of *Itylus*. The nightingale, whose
constant heart is ever brooding over the
old woe, rebukes — half in pity and half
in scorn — the light heart of her sister,
the swallow:—

O sweet, stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of *Itylus*,
The feast of *Daulis*, the *Thracian* sea.
.....
O sister, sister, thy first-begotten I
The hands that cling, and the feet that fol-
low,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet
"Who hath remembered me? Who hath for-
gotten?"
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.*

This is the disdain of *Antigone* towards

* *Poems and Ballads, "Itylus," p. 62. Fifth Edition.*

Ismene — of Romola towards Tito — the universal lament of the earnest and clear-sighted for the purblind creatures of the hour, the slaves of convention or of self. In the same spirit the terrible cries of Cassandra, in her prophetic agony before the murder of herself and Agamemnon, are compared by Æschylus to the nightingale's deep and persistent anguish: —

Chorus. Distaught thou art, divinely stirred,
And wailst for thyself a tuneless lay,
As piteous as the ceaseless tale
Wherewith the brown melodious bird
Doth ever Itys! Itys! wail,
Deep-bowered in sorrow, all its little life-time's day!

Cassandra. Alas! O happy nightingale!
Some solace for thy woes did Heaven afford,
Clothed thee with soft brown plumes, and life
apart from hale;
But for my death is edged the double-biting sword!*

Never, surely, was the leafy seclusion of the sorrowful bird more sweetly described than in that spiritual phrase "deep-bowered in sorrow" (*ἀμφιθαλή κακίης*). It is paralleled only by Shelley's description of the poet "hidden in the light of thought."

The nightingale appears again as an emblem of deep and constant devotion in Catullus's poem to Hortalus after the death of his brother, admirably translated by Sir Theodore Martin: —

Oh, is thy voice forever hushed and still?
Oh, brother, dearer far than life, shall I
Behold thee never? But in sooth I will
Forever love thee, as in days gone by;
And ever through my songs shall ring a cry
Sad with thy death, sad as in thickest shade
Of intertangled boughs the melody
Which by the woeful Daulian bird is made
Sobbing for Itys dead her wail through all the glade.†

Sophocles, "singer of sweet Colonos, and its child," tells how the "feathered flocks of nightingales" (*πικνιόπτεροι ἀηθόνες*) loved his native home, especially in that passage which he is said to have recited to his judges when accused of dotage: —

Welcome, stranger! Thou art come
To the best and brightest home
In all this land of goodly horses seen;
To Colonos glistening white,
Where the tuneful nightingale,
Under dells of living green,
Mourneth sweetly all the night
With plaintive wail,
Amid the ivy-berries dark as wine.

* Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, v. 116 *sqq.* Mr. Morshead's translation.

† *The Poems of Catullus*. Translated by Theodore Martin, p. 101.

Dwelling in the leafy grove
Where no mortal step may rove,
Where the sunshine falls not ever
Through the fruitage of the trees,
And the wintry tempest never
Stirs the charmed leaf with breeze —
There wild Bacchus roams for aye,
In joyous revelry,

Among the nymphs who nursed his youth
divine.*

This constancy of the bird to one favored spot, and to one favorite tree or bush, has been often noted. Shakespeare, who seldom alludes to the nightingale, and who makes Portia say that more than half the charm of her song is lent by the silence of the surrounding night,† had evidently observed this habit, for Juliet tells her lover when he is called from her by the lark's morning song, —

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.‡

The poets have often attributed the sorrows of the nightingale to the loss of her young. Virgil compares with her song that of Orpheus after the loss of Eurydice: —

So Philomena, 'mid the poplar shade,
Bemoans her captive brood — the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed, and took them — but all night
Grieves she, and sitting on a bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.§

There is a story told by the Rev. J. Lambert, sometime fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which shows how true to nature was the poet's description in this passage. He says that he once found the keeper of a toll-gate near Cambridge, and his wife, both plunged in a state of deep dejection, and, upon his inquiring the cause, he was told that a nightingale was in the habit of singing every night near their cottage; but some boys had stolen her young from the nest, and since her loss the mother-bird had mourned all night in a strain of such irresistible pathos that

* Sophocles, *Œdipus Coloneus*, 668-680.

† I think

‡ The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren

Merchant of Venice, v., l.

§ Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. Contrast with this passage the following, from a poem attributed to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim": —

While Philomena sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark,
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty.

§ Virgil, *Georgic iv.* 511-515. Translated by W. S. Landon, in *Dry Sticks*.

she had infected the gate-keeper and his wife with her own melancholy.

A reason more commonly assigned for the grief of "the gentle bird who sings of pity best," is that she is suffering from the pangs of love. We know how —

The fancy sweet of Persia feign'd the love
Of the voluptuous rose and nightingale ;

and in English poetry she is "the love-lorn nightingale" —

the wakeful nightingale,
Who all night long her amorous descant pours ;
who

Tunes her voice to soft complaints of love,
Making her life one great harmonious woe ;

though the poet of "The Seasons" thought she ought to be happy enough if she only knew her own blessedness : —

O nightingale, best poet of the grove !
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,

Blest in the full possession of thy love :
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me !

Chaucer relates a tradition that it is a good omen for lovers to hear the nightingale before "the sorry bird, the leud cuckoo," and Milton has founded upon this superstition the most musical of his sonnets. Both poets complain of their bad luck, but they would seem to have been exceptionally unfortunate ; and lovers may comfort themselves that the chances are in favor of their hearing the nightingale some time before "the cuckoo's shallow bill." Indeed, Cowper had the extraordinary fortune to hear her "liquid notes" so early as "the foremost day of all the year," and welcomed them, in his dejection, as containing a presage of happier days : —

Thrice welcome, then I for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth my song
Beneath a wintry sky.

She is the sweetest of all summer's harbingers. Ben Jonson, translating with a touch of modern fancy one of Sappho's sweet stray verses,* calls her "the dear, glad angel of the spring." No superstition is needed to secure her a welcome.

In modern times a question has been raised whether the poets were right in calling her song so sad and mournful. She was frequently represented as the one exception to the general joy of summer : —

* ἦρος λιμρόφωνος ἄγγελος ἀρδών.

Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,*
And then sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry —
Tereu, tereu ! by and by ;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her grief so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
— Ah ! thought I, thou mournst in vain,
None take pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead :
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.†

Chaucer, indeed, speaks of the "merry nightingale," but he also has "the merry organ of the mass," meaning the solemn church organ ; and, in fact, the epithet did not then convey its present meaning, but was applied to any hearty and strenuous effort. The first attempt to refute the popular opinion that the nightingale is, as it appeared to Milton's pensive man, a "most musical, most melancholy bird," is to be found in Coleridge : —

A melancholy bird ! Oh idle thought !
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart
was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love, —
(And so, poor wretch, filled all things with
himself,

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain ;
And many a poet echoes the conceit.‡

And again in the same poem he says : —

'Tis the merry nightingale,
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music !

* Compare Mrs. Browning, *The Lost Bower* : —

Never nightingale so singeth :
Oh ! she leans on thorny tree !

† Richard Barnfield, "As it fell upon a day" — an ode falsely attributed to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

‡ Coleridge, *Sibylline Leaves*, "The Nightingale : a Conversation Poem," April, 1798. Hartley Coleridge has a poem on this "discovery" of his father (*The Nightingale*, vol. ii., p. 86). He speaks of him as "a mighty bard" who on this occasion found out "that mighty poets may mistaken be" — an irresistible suggestion of the old logical puzzle of Epimenides the Cretan !

The belief that "in nature there is nothing melancholy" followed naturally from Coleridge's subjective view of the outer world — that

we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth Nature live :
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth —
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element !*

But to those who lean to the nature-worship of Wordsworth, loving every form of life, and sympathizing with the joys and sorrows which all lower creatures share with man in the general struggle for existence and development, these lines of Coleridge will seem to savor of heresy, and to have no excuse save the ever-valid plea of beauty. They would rather suggest that the nightingale's song is infinitely various, and that it is compounded of many emotions, some pleasing and some sad, so that

in the mid-most heart of grief
Her passion clasps a secret joy.

And they would quote the verses in which Hartley Coleridge gives expression to this view : —

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow ;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
'To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh nightingale ! what does she ail ?
And is she sad or jolly ?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him ;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud as gay,
The nightingale is trilling ;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth ;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.

* Coleridge, *Sibylline Leaves*, "Dejection : an Ode," iv.

By night and day she tunes her lay
To drive away all sorrow ;
For bliss, alas ! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow !*

Her song, however, generally expresses a passion so intense that it cannot be analyzed into any cheaper emotions. It burns into the heart of Bianca, in Mrs. Browning's poem, the remembrance of her own fierce southern love : —

We scarce knew if our nature meant
Most passionate earth or intense heaven.
The nightingales, the nightingales !
We paled with love, we shook with love ;
We kissed so close we could not vow ;
Till Giulio whispered, "Sweet, above
God's Ever guarantees this Now."
And through his words the nightingales
Drove straight and full their long clear call,
Like arrows through heroic mails,
And love was awful in it all.
The nightingales, the nightingales ! †

At the end of the poem, Bianca is almost maddened by the bird's persistent repetition of an anguish so like her own, and cries out : —

Oh owl-like birds ! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom !
They'll sing thro' death who sing thro' night,
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb !
The nightingales, the nightingales !

With all this fiery passion there seems, moreover, to be some artistic feeling in the bird. It has been remarked that she usually selects for her song a place where there is a good echo. She also seems to share the proverbial jealousy of artists. "Nightingales," says Pliny, "emulate one another, and the contention is plainly an animated one. The conquered often ends its life, its spirit failing sooner than its song." Nay, they will not brook a human rival. The story of Strada's nightingale, as told in Latin by Vincent Bourne, and by Cowper in English is well known : —

The shepherd touched his reed : sweet Philo-
mel
Essayed and oft essayed to catch the strain ;
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echoed note for note again.

The contention which ensues leads to a fatal end : —

* Hartley Coleridge, vol. i., p. 57. Moxon, and edition.
† Mrs. Browning, *Bianca among the Nightingales*.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
 With all the force that passion gives in-
 spired,
 Returned the sounds awhile; but in the close,
 Exhausted fell and at his feet expired.

Tennyson represents her, however, as secretly owning to herself the superiority of the poet's song:—

The nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay;
 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away.

And one of Mrs. Browning's allegories shows how the bird is indebted to the poet for the glory of her song:—

Said a people to a poet: "Go out from among us straightway.

While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine.

There's a little fair brown nightingale who, sitting in the gateway,
 Makes fitter music to our ear than any song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased chanting:

"Now wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?"

"I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,

Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun."*

Finally, when both man and bird are dead, the music left in the place

Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.

The fable may be construed literally. A halo of poetry has been thrown round this earthly minstrel by the love and tuneful worship of the heavenly poets. She has found a passage from her soul to man, and many an answering note is mingled with her native strain, giving it a richness and variety of suggestion that is not surpassed in any natural sound. Her song is thus, for the cultivated, in harmony with the noblest emotions—hope and remorse, devotion to the dead, and passionate love of the living. It trembles with the pathos of Catullus, and swells with the rapture of Keats. Like a voice from higher levels of life, it rings out the fateful warnings of an unheeded Cassandra against the littleness and tyranny of men, and then thrills us with such an exquisite tenderness of hope and love that "the nightingales awake" in our own hearts, and fill us with joy.

C. J. BILLSON.

* Mrs. Browning, *The Poet and the Bird*.

From *The Spectator*.

THE SECRET MOTIVE OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE motives which impel ordinary men, and especially ordinary men without personal wrongs to avenge, to enter secret societies embodied with an intention to kill are doubtless many and diverse: but, we take it, the dominant one in all is the desire for power. There are probably in all such societies, especially at first, a few men with wrongs to avenge, or a few victims of true fanaticism,—that is, men dominated by an idea which, like a monomania, masters alike conscience and brain; but the majority are of a much more frequent and, so to speak, vulgar type. In a time and place of secret societies, a strong-willed man, full of desire to be somebody, to be efficient, to exercise real and direct power, knows that if he enters such a society and rises high, his ambition will speedily be gratified to the fullest extent. With little money, no birth, and no ascendancy abroad, he may within and through the society exercise a power which, to him who wields it, must seem tremendous, far transcending the power of any minister or any general. The power, it must be remembered, is necessarily far greater in his eyes than in those of any outsider. The world knows only his acts, but he knows also his own designs, and in their easy prospect of realization they appear to him like acts. He feels, in not killing, as if he had spared. The world sees that a man, possibly a great man, has fallen; but the man who made him fall feels as if anybody might fall at his signal, as if he were distributing death and life, were an arbiter of destiny, a potentate secretly wielding the lightning at his will. He feels almost like a deity. "There is the great official, full of rank, and honor, and wealth, whose word is so weighty, and his person so revered; and I, whom nobody knows, who am but one of the humble, a man always in shadow, can with a word reduce him to mere clay. There is that other, still greater, and I pass him by, and he does not know that he has been enveloped in lightning made powerless by my hand." That was, it is known, the feeling of Thomassen, the "monster" of Bremerhaven, who delighted in dining with passengers about to sail in ships which he had doomed by his clock-work apparatus to sink in mid-ocean; and that is the attraction which, as all their confessions attest, has always carried away successful poisoners. They feel the sense of power in its most concentrated and ecstatic form,

power over the issues of life and death, the power which, to whomsoever it belongs, be he Cæsar, or sultan, or criminal, separates him utterly from his kind. The leading spirit of a secret society enjoys that, and in a higher degree than the poisoner, for he can act by others, and even at a distance, and his volition does not therefore seem to himself impeded and weakened in its thunderbolt character by the small trickeries and precautions and petty efforts essential to the poisoner's success. He will like a despot; and the victim falls. That is the luxury of the position, and we can easily conceive that to men with a strong thirst for power — and that thirst is in some men the most intense of all cravings — with steady nerves, and indurated hearts, that fascination may be nearly irresistible, more especially as there is added to it another, the fascination so sovereign with a large section of mankind — with one-half, for example, of all English gentlemen — the fascination of hunting game which may turn and rend them. No elephant, no tiger, can rend the huntsman, as the great official can rend assassins, if they spring and miss their mark. All the evidence given at Kilmainham suggests that when the assassins were hunting Mr. Forster or Mr. Burke, the dominant sense among them was that of being engaged in a battue of very large and very dangerous game. Carey in particular, throughout his narrative, tells of his arranging signals and giving signals, and marking distances, and retiring to safe points of observation, exactly as he would have told of some grand tiger-hunt, in which he was so interested that no detail escaped him, yet in which it was expedient that the actual conflict should be left to stronger hands. The Indian Thugs all showed this feeling in the strongest form, all avowed that they were huntsmen, all declared that there was no *shikar* like theirs, at once so dangerous and so exciting, and once their tongues were loosened, all described their sport with the minuteness and accuracy with which a man who has been after tigers recalls the details of the chase. Twenty years after, a Thug would remember every detail, down to the minutest personal marks upon his victim, just as twenty years after "the Old Shekarry" could describe with unflinching accuracy every detail of a dangerous hunt after bear, or tiger, or anaconda, every stumble his elephant made, every shot that was fired, every mark in the slaughtered game. To distribute life and death, and to dis-

tribute it so, was a gratification which attracted into such societies men who were neither fanatics, nor conscious of an undying grievance, nor, as we believe, in many cases, full of political hate. With such men, we suspect fidelity to associates is never very strong. They do not think of them in their hearts as associates, but as instruments, punish them remorselessly when they fail to act, or betray them; but break them, when they are useless, as readily as any other weapons. What are they? Rifles in the grand shikar. Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his new "Life of Lord Lawrence," tells how a petty prince ordered an enemy to be killed, and sent with the murderer a runner, to give aid or to report. The man, utterly faithful to the prince, saw the deed done, and ran ninety miles continuously to his master to report success, was received with delight, and dismissed, and then, — and then stooped down to raise the carpet *portière* of his master's chamber, certain that he should hear the order for his own assassination. It came, as he expected, and he fled on faster than the prince's horsemen, to his own home in the mountains, to relate the story to John Lawrence. That prince was but Carey in another clime, and his order as to his runner would create in his principality as little surprise as it did in the runner himself, who yet flew on to the betrayal he knew to be so nearly certain. Why, under such circumstances, confidence exists at all, why the runner serves the prince, why, in an Irish secret society, any one trusts any one else, is only to be explained by the belief each man entertains that the catastrophe will not happen to him, that he will be successful, and that, being successful, faith will be kept.

But the conscience? The conscience of the despot who is often inflicting unjust penalties does not seem to wake while he is inflicting them, nor does that of brigands. If there is one thing certain in the history of crime, it is that habitual murder acts like some powerful drug as a stupifier to the conscience. The great poisoners have seldom betrayed a trace of it, or the great pirates, or the great brigands. That it can wake, even in such men, we firmly believe; but it is slow to waken. The Thugs, who seem, while their career lasts, absolutely without it, do, we believe, after years of their quiet, industrious seclusion — they all make tents for the army — show most distinct traces of it, traces so deep that their experienced watchers will not allow visitors to allude to their crimes; but it wakes more slowly

than in any class of criminals. It impels them to confession, to an abstinence from small crimes—a striking peculiarity of the Thugs, as of many of the worst French Terrorists—but not, till the stupefaction has passed away, to personal remorse. We can offer no explanation of the phenomenon, except the very obvious one that no man in whom conscience was vigorous would join such a society, or the possible hypothesis that to such a man a human being does actually become, as it were, game; but of the fact there can be no question, and its existence is one more justification of the horror with which mankind regards such associations. We all know the tremendous effect of opinion upon conscience, frequently almost stupefying it permanently; and such associations, it would seem certain, generate within themselves an opinion under which the sense of criminality in murder disappears,—an opinion, doubtless, helped by the internal law dooming every recalcitrant to death, and so producing the feeling that crime is not crime, but only obedience to irresistible necessity. Carey, as yet, is only anxious to defend himself from the charge of being “an informer.” Years hence, the pressure on his conscience will be other than that; but till then, there is in all who take up assassination as a work a blood-drunkenness.

From Chambers' Journal.

WHIMSICAL NOTICES AND INSCRIPTIONS.

EVERY one has heard the story of the Paisley thread-spinner who, having received a scratch upon his nose, made use of one of his bobbin-labels in lieu of skin-plaster, and went about his business quite unconscious of the fact that he was claiming the possession of a much longer proboscis than ever Jumbo can hope to own. The improvised skin-plaster made the startling announcement, “Warranted three hundred yards.” Although this tale may be a fiction, genuine public notices of a like humorous or ridiculous nature are by no means rare. Adam Clarke relates that he saw exhibited outside an inn in Sweden this tantalizing notice to the weary traveller: “You will find excellent bread, meat, and wine within, provided you bring them yourself.”

Turning over a file of the *Caledonian Mercury* for 1789, we came upon the following curious inscription, which it was stated was to be seen over a cobbler's

stall at Barnet: “John Nust, Operator in Ordinary and Extraordinary, Mender of Soles, Uniter of the Disunited, Restorer of Union and Harmony though of ever so long and wide a separation. N.B.— Gives advice gratis in the most desperate cases, and never pockets his fee till he has performed a Cure.” This figurative cobbler was perhaps educated at the Yorkshire village school which in 1774 exhibited on a sign the following specimen of the learning to be had within: “Wrighten and Readden and Trew Spellen and allso Marchantts Ackounts with double Entery. Post Skript Girlls and Bouys Boarded and good Yozitch for Childeren.” If the “Yozitch” the children received at this Dotheboys Hall was on a level with the spelling, we pity them.

Dean Alford relates that the following perspicuous notice to engine-drivers was exhibited—for a short time only, let us hope—at one of our railway stations: “Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.” Equally lucid was the placard announcing a pleasure-trip to Warkworth one day during the summer of 1881, in which was the following passage, which implies that the crew adopted the light and airy costume of our primitive ancestors: “The ‘Gleaner’ is one of the finest and fastest boats on the Tyne; her accommodation is in every respect good and comfortable, her crew skilful, steady, and obliging, *being newly painted and decorated* for pleasure-trips.”

We can easily imagine that a notice like the next one we give was quite as likely to have the effect desired, as one couched in the usual stern tone, and concluding with the inevitable threat of prosecution. It is said to have been posted up at North Shields: “Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr —, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person that may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one.”

Every one knows how quickly a “rest-and-be-thankful” seat becomes disfigured by initials. Rather a good attempt to put

a stop to the objectionable practice was made by the late Mr. Stirling, so well known as the chairman of the North British Railway Company. His grounds, extending from Dunblane to Bridge of Allan, were open to the public on several days of the week; and on some of the seats placed for the benefit of the visitors there was fastened a cast-iron plate with this legend thereon: "*Never cut a friend.*" Could any one disobey such a touching appeal—at once a pun and an aphorism?

Writing names on window-panes is still more objectionable; but we are inclined to excuse the writer when he scribbles such lines as the following, which an eighteenth-century magazine assures us were scratched on the window of an inn at Abingdon:—

Whence comes it that in Clara's face
The lily only has a place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to adorn her husband's nose?

Of the various forms of scribbling mania which attack the budding and sometimes also the full-blown poet, resulting in these engravings on wood and glass we have referred to, perhaps the most curious type of the disease is developed when the poet adorns the back of a bank-note with verse. Wordsworth, Swift, Burns, and many others, have scribbled verses on stones, window-panes, and other odd places; but the last-mentioned poet is, we believe, the only one of the three who ever indulged in the luxury of sending forth a poem on the back of a bank-note. But the following effusion, we fear, was not the work of any poet known to fame. The lines appeared, if we remember right, on the back of a Union Bank of Scotland note, which passed through our hands many years ago; and note and poem have no doubt long since been included in the banker's Index Expurgatorius, and committed to the flames. The lines were entitled "Ode on an Owed Note," and were as follows:

I marked the 'cutest teller in the land;
A note he flourished in his hand—
A note whose rare effulgence shed
A halo round about his head.
He threw't—I caught it in my hand,
And was the happiest mortal in the land.
But now, alas! a claim has come,
And I throughout the world must run
Without my long-loved One Pound Note.
A tailor claimant has appeared,
With face unwashed and beard unshorn,
Who says: "That note must pay your coat."

With many sighs, with many tears,
It goes now to the man of shears.
"Farewell, farewell, thou gem of notes!
Give pleasure to the man of coats;
And may he learn before too late to mend;
'The quality of mercy is not strained,
But bloweth like the roaring gale,'
As Shakespeare says." I now conclude.
'To all, my peace, good-will, and gratitude,
And to all notes I cry, "All hail!"

From the many quaint rhymes that have been written beneath portraits, we select one which was to be seen under that of an old hostler at the Rose and Crown in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, a hundred and fifty years ago:—

This is that honest hostler of great note,
Who never robbed a corn-bin of a groat.
Could horses speak, they'd spread his fame;
But since they can't—John Knight's his name.

Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, and others have exercised their wits in framing humorous titles for false or dummy book-backs, to be placed so as to hide a door or blank space in a library. Such the reader will remember was the character of the Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which excited the curiosity of the "bashful man," whose misadventures at a friend's house Henry Mackenzie has so graphically described. Laying his hand on the first volume, and pulling it forcibly, relates the bashful man, he was horrified to find that instead of books, "a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it." He certainly did not make the calamity less ludicrous when he attempted to stop the current of ink that trickled to the floor by means of his cambric handkerchief.

Hood's list of dummy books included the following: "On the Affinity of the Death Watch and the Sheep Tick," "Malthus's Attack of Infantry," "John Knox on Death's Door," "Debrett on Chain Piers," "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "Hoyle on the Game Laws," and "Percy Vere," in forty volumes.

Among others, Dickens had the following dummy books in his study at Tavistock House: "Jonah's Account of the Whale," "The Gunpowder Magazine" (four volumes), "On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets," "The Books of Moses and Sons" (two volumes), "Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful," and "Lady Godiva on the Horse."

A public library is not the place where

one would expect to meet with sham book titles; but a book met the gaze of the late Professor de Morgan of Cambridge, on his first visit to the reading-room of the Museum, which might have been mistaken for a "dummy." He began his inspection, he says, at the ladies' end, where the Bibles and theological works are placed; and the very first book he looked at the back of had in flaming gold letters the startling and profane title, "Blast The Antinomians." Thus did the binder apostrophize the sect whose history had been written by Dr. Blast, by omitting the separating line between the two first words.

We are assured of the genuineness of the following curious notice, addressed, quite recently, to the members of a Friendly Society, which need not fear a "run" upon it, if the procedure therein described be rigidly adhered to: "In the event of your death, you are requested to bring your book policy and certificate at once to the agent, Mr. —, when your claims will have immediate attention."

Those who write public notices, however, sometimes have the tables turned upon them by some waggish reader, who appends or deletes a few words or letters, which has the effect of making the intimation set forth a different meaning from the one intended by the original notifier. We will conclude with two such anecdotes, and in the last it will be seen that the biter was bit. Recently, a shop-keeper of Stambridge had his feelings outraged by an addition made by a passing mischief-maker to a notice he had affixed to his shop-door. The aggrieved man thus tells his melancholy tale to the editor of the *Essex Weekly News*: "I had to attend at Rochford last Thursday as prosecutor in a Fifth of November case; therefore I wrote over my shop-door: 'Closed for a few hours;' and when I returned, I found some one had written: 'Drunk in bed; can't get up.' As this may injure me in my business, I beg to state that I am and have been an abstainer for more than two years."

A few days previous to the beginning of a session, this brief and serious-enough-looking notice was affixed to the notice-board at the entrance of one of the classrooms of Edinburgh University: "Professor — will meet his classes on the 4th inst." On the opening day, a student, who had probably attended the class during the previous session, and had imbibed some of the well-known humor of his witty preceptor, erased the letter *c* of the

word "classes." A group of youths remained in the vicinity of the entrance to observe how the professor would receive the intimation, which now set forth that he would "meet his lasses on the 4th inst." As the professor approached, he observed the change that had been made, and quietly taking out his pencil, made some further modification and passed on, a quiet smile overspreading his features. The notice now finally stood: "Professor — will meet his asses on the 4th inst."

From The Spectator.

THE PAINS OF EXILE.

Is not the world beginning to underestimate the suffering caused by compulsory exile, particularly to Continentals, who, for reasons we state below, suffer much more in banishment than Englishmen usually do? We think we detect traces of such a feeling, of a belief that banishment is, after all, a very endurable penalty, throughout the recent discussions on the French Proscription Bills; and it is quite natural, more especially in this country, that it should be so. The world, with its new facilities of communication, is rapidly growing smaller; countries are becoming more alike, the cultivated travel about everywhere, and so many people settle in foreign lands for years at a time, or for their lives, that banishment strikes the upper class as, after all, nothing very serious. If you may not live in France, you may in England; and where is the substantial difference? This feeling was repeatedly expressed in the French Chamber, one deputy in particular laying it down as his opinion that exile involved suffering only for those who had to earn their living. They might suffer, of course; but the Orleans princes, he said, had been enriched by the restoration of their fortunes, they would be wealthy nobles in England, and what could they want more? That idea is also current in this country, in spite of the horror with which laws of proscription are regarded, and is greatly increased by the accidental circumstance that for Englishmen, and for the lower classes especially, banishment has lost much of its terror. The Englishman, unless very well placed indeed, is habituated to think of life in America as an alternative and not unpleasing destiny; and banishment means to him little more than an emigration to another land

tenanted by a kindly branch of his own race,— which is not without attractions for his mind. To the Englishman, banishment means residence in the United States, and he would as soon reside there as not. The conception that banishment is quite a tolerable penalty is growing, and as it is a dangerous one to take root in Europe just at the present time, when political passion is very keen, and when a notion of the convenience of ostracism as a political device is making way among classes which are rising rapidly to power, it may be worth while to inquire for a moment into its perfect accuracy.

We believe the idea to be substantially false, and this in spite of the fact that banishment inflicts much less direct suffering than of old. Formerly, the rich man who was exiled suffered from a sudden and enforced change of society, diet, and method of life, to such an extent as often permanently to affect his health, and produce a nostalgia indistinguishable from positive disease. He could not endure the foreign food, the foreign houses, the foreign people, and would risk anything or suffer anything to be back again "at home." Now, however, that the cosmopolitan class live so much alike, eating the same things, inhabiting the same houses, and taking the same precautions for health, direct suffering is reduced to a mere change of climate, not necessarily injurious. The Orleans princes can be as comfortable in London as in Paris, in York House, Twickenham, as in the château at Chantilly. The professionals, again, who formerly always starved in banishment, living miserably in garrets at the Hague, or other free places, now find it easier to get a living; the world is before them, and they frequently prosper, till they have, considered merely as cultivated animals, nothing in their country to regret. They are well fed, warmly clothed, and, barring the climate, sufficiently well housed. It is not given to every one to prosper as the financial secretary of the Confederate States did in England; but other exiles can be named, both in England and America, who, pecuniarily, have nothing to regret. The poor, again, who formerly died in banishment of want, now go to America, English or Spanish, or to the great cities of Europe, and find employment in their own trades at rates quite as remunerative as at home. Indeed, a majority of them would probably benefit physically by exile, and find, like the Germans who fled in 1848, or who retreat even now before the rigid laws of con-

scription, that America offers them, if not a pleasanter home, at least a richer one than the fatherland. The physical evils of exile have, in fact, been modified till they scarcely exist; but that is not the case with the mental evils. To the men likely to be exiled for political reasons, banishment means the loss of all things which make life sweet, except bodily comfort. Their mental interests are either snapped short, or have the savor taken out of them. They are like politicians condemned by ill-health to inaction, forced to change the rôle of actors who are forwarding the play, and are, therefore, not only interested in its success, but occupied by it, for that of mere spectators, weary with desire to be once more on the stage, and seeing in those who supersede them only imbeciles. Occupations may not cease, but the occupations which were chosen as by instinct, which made life delightful, and filled it with the pleasant sense of efficiency and use, are all closed; and the others taken up to diminish *ennui* are like gardening to a city man, or novel-reading to a man who has shared in "the triumph and the vanity, the rapture of the strife," of political debate. The Princes of Orleans, for example, may still in London be interested in French politics; but they cannot advance them, cannot even see them as quickly as of old, are like citizens driven into remote villages against their own consent, always conscious of being behind the time. They can have society at will, but it is not the society of those who are making history in the only country they care about, not, as it were, the society of the living; they can have conversation, but either they or their interlocutors must use a foreign tongue, and so lose half their spontaneity; they can engage in affairs, but the affairs are not their own. The mere fact that they cannot enter their own land is of itself a pain, aggravated by the truth, always patent to intelligent exiles, that every year of absence makes them more strangers; and that when they return, some powers, some kinds of knowledge, some habitudes of mind essential to their careers, will have been sadly, it may be fatally, diminished. They lose, while in exile, the use of their heaped-up treasure of experience, and feel while they stay away that they make no additions to it. Their careers are, in fact, ended before old age has set in. The loss of friends, too, is heartbreaking. Men cannot keep up friendships by correspondence, still less continue that founding of new friend-

ships without which life is certain to become in its end so solitary. No man, however cosmopolitan, quite finds that foreigners replace to him his own countrymen, least of all Frenchmen, whose country has for them a charm like that of Rome for a patrician. The Roman noble under sentence of death had usually the alternative of exile, and often accepted the quick penalty, rather than the slow one. Life under such circumstances loses flavor, and in its insipidity is a penalty which often produces true *taedium vite* — that most exhausting of all forms of melancholy — and always something of that *ennui* which is the great burden of a long imprisonment. Exiles, it is noticed; hunger for occupations, as prisoners do, and not unfrequently prefer, like prisoners, those occupations which prevent thought, rather than compel the mind to apply thought to the full. The sentence of banishment, where it is felt at all, does not take away life; but it takes away most of its happiness, and that is a severe penalty, and is the heavier in proportion as the sufferer has in his own country made his life full, and active, and beneficial to all around him. Men can dream anywhere, but for those who do not dream, some reality in the objects of life, and fittingness of relation between them and their surroundings, are essential not only to happiness, but even to the maintenance of their powers. A large proportion of men who retire from busi-

ness grow rapidly and perceptibly weaker, and banished men are business men condemned to perpetual inaction. The suffering differs in every individual case, but the best proof of its reality is the inability of the exile ever to do anything serious or great, unless it be to intrigue for his own return. Prisoners of war are not accounted happy men, nor are they; and exiles by compulsion are but prisoners of war, with a few material comforts and liberties, but also, to counterbalance them, with a bitter sense of oppression and disappointment. Every exiled man has had hopes, dreams, affections, often the solace of entire lives, all inextricably bound up with the native land, which, as Danton said, one does not carry away on the sole of one's shoe. You cannot carry away, for instance, that which to most men is part of their own identity, namely, your own precise place in the world, your own title to recognition or regard, or it may be deference. That place has been given to men by their history, and is as inextricably welded into the social system of their own country as any stone into a building. Without the building, its look, its use, its very meaning, are all entirely changed. Even princes feel such a fate most painfully, and European princes are of necessity, by connections, by pursuits, and by habits of mind, the most cosmopolitan of men, and should, therefore, feel exile the least.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES DICKENS. — Mr. Herman C. Merivale writes to the *Times*: "Biographers are parlous persons, but sometimes require looking after before they crystallize into historians. I have just taken up for the first time the memoir of Charles Dickens in Mr. Morley's 'Men of Letters.' The writer, I suppose following Mr. Forster, describes Dickens as doing nothing but suffer in his last visit to town (1870) — not able to go into society except to meet some very especial persons, and then not above the dining-room floor; and, finally, as leaving London for Gadshill on May 30, to be seen in town no more. On June 9 he died. Mr. Forster, I think, puts this last appearance in London a day or two earlier, as the date of his own last dinner with Dickens, who then, according to him, left London not to return, in a state of profound depression, after dining with Mr. Forster. But Mr. Forster is thought to have taken a rather subjective view of his famous friend; and no doubt thought that after him-

self nobody else can possibly have seen Dickens in London. There is no need to surround a national loss and all its infinite sadness with a fictitious gloom. Will you allow me (with the consent of Mr. Dickens's children and from my first and last personal knowledge of him) to say that during the last weeks of May, 1870, I was at his house in Hyde Park Place almost every day for some hours, for the rehearsals of a play in which the characters were taken by his two daughters, Mr. Hastings Hughes (brother of Mr. Thomas Hughes, and once the very schoolboy who wrote to Dickens to tell him what ought to be done with some of the characters in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and got back the delightful answer beginning 'Respected Sir'), Mr. F. C. Grove and myself. Charles Dickens undertook the entire stage management; and, though he was suffering from his lameness, directed all the rehearsals with a boy's spirit, and a boy's interest in his favorite art; 'coaching' us all with untiring kindness, marking his 'prompt book' as he

marked his readings, and acting all the parts *con amore* one after another, passing from the 'old man' to the 'young lover' with all his famous versatility and power. The performance came off at Cromwell House (Mr. Freake's) on June 2. The later rehearsals took place there; and, like the performance, on the drawing-room floor, under Dickens's active personal direction. On the night (a stifling one) he was behind the scenes as prompter and stage-manager, ringing all the bells and working all the lights, and went through the whole thing with infectious enjoyment. I was gloomy about my part, and do not forget asking him in the morning as a last hope (as he seemed uncertain about its bearings himself), whether he thought it was comic or serious, and the twinkle in his eye when he answered, 'My dear boy, God alone knows. Play it whichever way you feel at night.' And I remember his enjoyment at the dilemma of one of our company, who lost his personal clothes behind the scenes, and had to slip away as best he might, without joining the company in front, in the white regimentals of an Austrian officer from the costumier's point of view. This story, I may add, is quite confirmed by the second volume of his letters as edited by his daughter and sister-in-law. The last printed letter addressed to Mr. Bancroft refers to his last visit to town, and the narrative which connects the letter says, 'On the 2d of June he attended a private play at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Freake.' These letters were published in 1880, but appear to have been disregarded by the biographer of 1882. In a case of such general interest history should be set right in time. When Charles Dickens's love of the stage is remembered this story of his last days is surely as much happier and more touching as it is assuredly more true than that which the biographers want to inflict on us. Biographies are a fact of the day, and if this is their exactness about great men recently lost, what are we to believe about those of some centuries ago?"

AN AUSTRALIAN NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE. — It may be doubted whether any zoological discovery ever exceeded in interest the discovery in Australia of those two animals, the duck-billed platypus (or ornithorhynchus) and the echidna, or spiny Australian ant-eater. Long as these creatures have now been known, and carefully as they have been studied by Meckel, Owen, and other distinguished anat-

mists, they still continue and will long continue to offer fresh fields of research to the zealous biologist. Many other beasts are divergent enough; between the bat and the sloth, or between the whale and the antelope, not a few differences may be found; but all these added together are simply nothing to the differences which exist between the platypus and echidna on the one hand, and all other beasts taken together upon the other. By their bony breasts, their brains, small ear bones, and many other characters these two forms, which are together spoken of as monotremes, stand alone in their class; but to the interest which such peculiarities naturally excite is now added the interest to be derived from their contemplation in the light of the theory of evolution. The question now arises, How has it been that these two isolated forms have come to exist in a remote part of the world, not only quite without any existing ally (for we count the New Guinea species as an echidna), but without a trace having been found of any fossil relative? Are these monotremes to be regarded as the last survivors of a once very numerous and generally diffused kind of animal life, or as specimens of a small and comparatively modern local offshoot — a sport? Their peculiarities differ from the structure of all ordinary beasts in such a way as to approximate towards that found among different birds and reptiles; but to which of these do they approach the nearer? Investigations recently made by Professor Lankester seem decidedly to indicate their greater affinity to birds in at least one point of their structure. In a very interesting paper read before the Zoological Society the professor points out, as the result of a number of careful dissections, that the structure of the heart, and especially that of the valve of its right side, is (as Professor Owen sagaciously divined) bird-like, rather than (as Professors Huxley and Gegenbaur suspected) formed like that of crocodiles. The anatomical details on which this judgment rests are too technical for reproduction here, but it may interest some of our readers to know that while the structure of the heart of the platypus is very bird-like, that of the echidna is less so, so that if in the latter a few perforations in a piece of membrane were to appear so as to reduce the fibrous membrane into fibrous cords, it would thereby clearly approximate to the form of the heart found in all other beasts. Thus the platypus, by its innermost structure, only makes more and more plain that bird-like nature which its duck's bill caused its first observers to suspect.

Times.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLII.

No. 2023.—March 31, 1883.

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—•—
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.
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THE SEA CALLS.

(THOUGHTS OF VENICE IN THE HIGH ALPS.)

I.

BROAD shadowy mountains and the boundless plain

And silver streak of ocean part us, friend,
Since that last night in Venice and the end
Of our soul's conflict in a throb of pain.

The stillness of these hills, these woods, again
Folds me disquieted; while you ascend
Heights hitherto unsought, which lightnings
rend,

Where strife and tumult and ambition reign.
Come back, come back! The smooth sea
calleth you.

The waves that break on Lido cry to me.
England and Alps divide us; but the blue
Breadth of those slumberous waters, calm yet
free,

The azure of those deep wild eyes we knew,
Will bring both home to Venice, to the sea.

II.

Away, away! The ruffling breezes call;
The slack waves rippling at the smooth flat
keel

The swanlike swerving of the queenly steel;
The sails that flap against their masts and
fall;

The dip of oars in time; the musical
Cry of the statue-poised lithe gondolier;
The scent of seaweeds from the sea-girt
mere;

The surge that frets on Malamocco's wall;
The solitary gun San Giorgio peals;
The murmurous pigeons, pensioners of St.
Mark;

The deep tongues of the slender campaniles;
The song that fitful floats across the dark;
All sounds, all sights, all scents born of the
sea,
Venezia, call, and call me back to thee!

III.

To-night with noise of multitudinous rills,
Snow-swollen in full midsummer by the
breeze

That blows from Italy, our silent hills
Plain to the stars; dry granite-grappling
trees,

From whose hard boughs the unwilling gum
distils,

Yield, as in grief, Arabian fragrances,
Waving their plumes, which the wild south
wind fills

With moaning music, plangent litanies.
I through this clamor of hoarse streams, this
wail

Of woods despoiled that weep beneath the
storm,
Too soft, too sweet for our stern upland
vale,

Hear only one deep message borne to me,
From dark lagoon, from glimmering isle,
from warm
Venetian midnight — hear the calling sea.

IV.

Lightning; and o'er those hills the rattling
shock

Of Alpine thunder, short, a dropping fire;
Unformidable here, but on yon spire,
Where snow lies ridged, splintering the solid
rock.

Slow heat; the stout hinds swink in sweating
smock;

The milking maidens pant by ben and byre;
No sooner cut than carried, high and high-
er

The scented hay is stored by swathe and
shock. —

Such is our summer. Village greybeards swear
They nor their fathers felt so sultry air.

But I sit mute: how metal-molten glows

Thy burnished sea; one flame; flamboyant
dyes

Of sulphur deepening into gold and rose!
How o'er thy bell-towers boom those thun-
derous skies!

V.

Thou art not clamorous. Nay, thy silvery
tongue

And rhetoric that holds me night and noon
Attentive to one tender monotone,
Are clear as fairy chimes by lilies rung.

They speak of twilight and grave ditties sung
By seamen brown beneath a low broad
moon;

And breezes with the sea-scent in them
blown

At sundown, when the few faint stars are
hung

Dim overhead in fields of hyacinth blue;
When, lifted between sea and sky, those isles
North-gazing change from rose and blos-
soming rue

To privet paleness; and dark harbor piles
Bar the wide fire-irradiate west; where-
through

Declining day, like a dead hero, smiles.

VI.

Hours, weeks, and days bring round the golden
moon;

While I still wait. I 'mid these solemn firs,
Late flowering meadows and grey mountain
spurs,

Watch summer fade and russet hues im-
brune

The stern sad hills. All while thy smooth
lagoon

Invites me; like a murmured spell recurs,
When south winds breathe and the cloud-
landscape stirs,

One sombre sweet Venetian slumberous tune.
Arise! ere autumn's penury be spent;

Ere winter in a snow-shroud wrap the year;
Ere the last oleanders droop and die;

Take we the rugged ways that southward
lie;

Seek by the sea those wide eyes sapphire-
clear,

Those softened stars, that larger firmament.
Cornhill Magazine. J. A. SYMONDS.

From The Quarterly Review.
COREA.*

OF the three conterminous states, China, Corea, and Japan — for the narrow waterway that separates the latter two is hardly more than a frontier — Corea was the earliest to adopt and has been the latest to maintain a policy of isolation. The remote peninsular kingdom of furthest Asia now stands uncertain and irresolute upon the threshold of entrance into the community of nations, and the moment is not inopportune for taking a brief survey of the history and civilization, resources and prospects, of the last considerable people that has shrouded itself from the gaze of the restless West.

The situation of Corea in the extreme east, towards the rising sun, is denoted by the name Chaosien, "freshness of the morning" (like the German *Morgenland*), which appears to be a poetical rendering in Chinese characters of some ancient name of its earlier inhabitants. The peninsula displays on the map an outline resembling that of the Italian boot shorn of heel and toes, and, jutting southwards from the north-eastern coast line of the Asiatic continent, within distance of the Japanese island of Tsushima, it separates the muddy waters of the shallow Yellow Sea from the deep and clear flood of that portion of the Pacific Ocean which is known as the Sea of Japan. The northern frontier runs obliquely in an irregularly sinuous line and in a south-westerly direction, from the embouchure of the Tuman, (which flows into the Japanese Sea close upon the forty-second parallel of north latitude, not far south of the Russian port of Vladivostock), to the

* 1. *Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée Précédée d'une Introduction sur l'histoire, les institutions, la langue, les mœurs et coutumes coréennes.* Par Ch. Dallet, Missionnaire Apostolique. 2 vols. Paris, 1874.

2. *Hái-kuoh tsú-chí.* (Description of Over-sea Countries.)

3. *Chôsen Sei-batsu-ki.* (History of the Conquest of Corea.) 20 vols.

4. *San-koku tsû-ran to-setsu.* (Descriptive View of the three countries — Corea, Liukiu, and Yezo.)

5. *Wa-kan san-sai dzu-ye.* (Illustrated Japanese and Chinese Encyclopædia.) 80 vols.

6. *Corea: the Hermit Nation.* By William Elliot Griffis. London, 1882. (This work has reached us as these pages are passing through the press, so that we can only direct attention to it.)

mouth of the Yalu (Cor. Amno), which flows into the Yellow Sea a little south of the fortieth parallel, almost at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili, and within a day or two's sail of the treaty port of Newchwang. The Yalu marks off the Corean circuit of Piang-an from the Chinese province of Liao-tung; and the Tuman, which the Chinese call the Mi and the Japanese the Horo or Poro, separates the northernmost circuit of Ham-kiang from the territory ceded by China to Russia in 1860. Between the sources of the two rivers, in the Shan-yan-alin range, is a wild tract of mountain and forest, constituting a sort of march or debatable land, where the rascaldom of Corea, Manchuria, and China, maintains an endless struggle with the authorities of the three countries.

It was from the boundless expanse of lake-dotted prairies, thick woods, rugged hills, and dismal swamps, as the Archimandrite Palladius * describes it, of which this district is the south-easternmost portion, that the K'itan (Kidan, whose name is preserved in "Cathay," the Persian appellation of China), the Tatars, Hiungnu (Huns), and other Mongolian tribes, issued some six centuries ago to the conquest of the Middle Kingdom, and to dominion over two-thirds of the Old World.

From the Shan-yan-alin range, a little west of its highest peak, the Pek-to-san trends southward, overhanging the Pacific shore in a chain of lofty mountains as far as the Japanese treaty port of Fusan, and giving off numerous spurs from its western slopes, the most considerable of which crosses the country obliquely to the south-western point of the peninsula over against the island of Quelpiart.

Of the two principal rivers we have already mentioned, the Tuman, said to be forty miles wide at its mouth, is frozen over during six months of the year, and the Yalu, the waters of which are described in the "San-koku" as "green and muddy," is equally closed by ice to navi-

* See his *Journey through Manchuria*, a most interesting account of a little-known country, of which Mr. E. D. Morgan has given a translation in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1872.

gation during some months of the winter season. Of the other rivers we know little: the entrance of the Nak-tong forms the excellent harbor of Fusan, and the Hang, which flows westward by the capital, is a rapid stream, encumbered, according to Japanese and Chinese accounts, by ice-blocks in winter.

Corea is emphatically a land of mountain, flood, and forest. "Wherever you place the foot," writes a missionary, quoted by M. Dallet, "you see nothing but mountains . . . naked, or overgrown with pine woods, crowned by forests or clothed with dense shrub. . . . In every direction you gaze upon thousands of sharp-pointed peaks, immense rounded cones, and inaccessible precipices, and, further still, on the confines of the horizon, you see yet higher mountains, and thus it is throughout the land. The only exception is the plain of Nai-po, stretching towards the western shore (south of the capital), where the hills are lower and further apart than elsewhere in the peninsula. The valleys are wider, and give more room for the cultivation of rice. The soil is more fertile, too, and abundantly provided with canals, and Nai-po, from the plentifulness of its produce, is known as the granary of the capital." The climate shows great extremes, both of heat and cold. During a great part of the winter even the southernmost districts, though in the latitude of Algiers, are covered with snow, and most of the rivers are more or less frozen. On the whole, it approximates rather to the climate of eastern Siberia than to that of Japan. On the plains and in the valley bottoms malaria is not uncommon, and here, too, in all probability, that curious Japanese endemic disease *kakke*, said to be identical with the *beriberi* of India, is found to lurk.

Of the flora of the peninsula but little is known. It probably resembles that of the north of Japan; the lower slopes of the hills being covered with conifers, laurels, oaks, elms, camellia, chestnut, and walnut trees; while beech and birch and dwarf pines are found at higher elevations. Various rhododendrons show the passage of Himalayan genera eastwards. The varnish tree (*Rhus vernicifera*) and

the vegetable wax tree (*Rhus succedanea*) are known to exist in the southern and central provinces, while in the north the famous jinseng (*Panax quinquefolium*) is found both wild and cultivated. The mulberry and the cotton-bush flourish in the southern and central circuits, and most of the cereals, vegetables, and fruits, cultivated in Japan — among the latter notably the persimmon (*Diospyros kaki*) — equally repay cultivation in Corea. Hemp is cultivated on a large scale, together with a species of nettle (*Urtica nivea*), from the fibre of which a peculiar cloth is made. The Corean sesame (a variety of *Sesamum orientale*) gives a better oil than the Japanese plant, and the *Dolichos soya*, a kind of bean, the introduction of which into Europe would be a great boon, is a common article of food. The tea-bush, however, appears to be very sparsely cultivated; indeed, tea is a rare luxury of which the enjoyment is confined to the wealthy.

Less fortunate than Japan, Corea is infested by savage carnivora. Tigers, leopards, bears, and wolves abound, and the tigers frequently carry off human victims. A Japanese observer mentions the existence of a pouched animal, an interesting fact if true; for no marsupial, we believe, has hitherto been found north of Melanesia. Their principal domestic animals are oxen, used chiefly as beasts of burden and draught, but whose flesh is also eaten; horses of remarkably small stature, but vigorous and hardy; pigs; dogs, whose flesh is esteemed a delicacy; sheep and goats, a few of which are bred for sacrificial use by the king alone; and fowls, producing minute eggs, like those of Japan.

The first inhabitants of the peninsula were probably detachments from Mongolian tribes, forced by the growth of population or by the pressure of some conquering horde to quit the rolling pastures that stretch south of the Amur from the eastern slopes of the Khiugan Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and to seek a new home beyond the snowy peaks of the Alin range. Possibly, indeed, the earliest occupants of Corean soil were shore-wandering offshoots of a primeval race, now

represented by a few thousand Chukches,* who maintain a difficult and precarious existence on the icy coasts of north-eastern Asia. The tribes inhabiting the continuous Russian territory are known as Churchi, and some Chinese writers mention the Sut-shin or Su-shin as the aborigines of Corea. The very word "Chaosien" is nothing more than a Chinese mispronunciation, or purposely varied rendering, of an original tribal name, the necessity of writing it in characters representing a meaning as well as a sound having compelled an onomatopoeitic explanation. In the "Chôsen Sei-batsu-ki," a popular Japanese account of the wars between Japan and Corea, the first dwellers in the latter country are described as "eastern barbarians (eastern from a Chinese point of view) clothed in grass and living in caves (a Chukch habit), knowing nothing of princedom or eldership, and living on the produce of the chase."

It would be easy but unprofitable to trace, from Chinese writers, the early history of the country. It is sufficient to say that it was governed for many centuries by various races of native kings, more or less independent, but recognizing the suzerainty of China. In the seventh century the celebrated K'i-tan Tartars made their appearance on the stage of Corean history, and established the Ta dynasty, which continued to reign until the tenth century, when a Kaoli chief, named Wang-Kian, united the middle and southern states of the peninsula with the northern tract into one kingdom, which borrowed its name from Chaosien. In 1392 Li-tan or Ni-tan, who seems to have been a sort of Corean Warwick, and is better known as Tai-tso, founded the reigning dynasty, to which the Coreans give the name of Tsi-tsin, or Chi-shin. To him is due the present division of the country into eight *ta*, or circuits, and the actual political and administrative system dates from his reign, in which Seoul was made the capital of the kingdom. During the struggles of the Ming with their Tartar conquerors, Corea adhered to the former, and on the

fall of the native Chinese dynasty the Corean king in 1637 did homage to the Manchu chief who, the previous year, had assumed the title of *ta ts'ing*, or "great pure," by which the reigning dynasty in China is still known.

At this stage it is convenient to pass from the continental history of Corea to a consideration of her relations with the neighboring island-empire. It was rather with the southern and central portions of the peninsula, Sinlo (Shinra) and Pe-tsi (Hyakusai), for obvious geographical reasons, than with Kaoli (Kôrai), that a commercial and political intercourse was maintained by Japan. In the Japanese Encyclopædia, it is mentioned that, as early as the reign of the emperor Sui-nin (A.D. 29-A.D. 70) seven precious things, in imitation doubtless of the Saptarâtna of Buddhism, were offered as tribute at the court of the Mikado. In the third century, according to Japanese authorities, Corea was invaded and conquered by the empress, who bore the remarkable name of Jin gô, but Chinese authors make no mention of this expedition. In the sixth century Buddhism, which had been introduced into Corea some two hundred years before, was carried by Corean apostles to Japan, where the new faith, by an adroit assimilation of the elements of the more or less autochthonous Shinto system of combined sun and ancestor worship, achieved a rapid success. During the following centuries the intercourse between the two countries became closer, but was not always of a friendly character, if, as Japanese authors affirm, fifty treaties of peace were concluded in the course of a few hundred years. At the close of the sixteenth century, we find Japanese settlers allowed to reside within the limits of the port of Fusan (Pu-san) at the mouth of the Nak-tong. They were under the orders of the prince of Tsushima, who received the tribute and transmitted the presents, by which the shôgun acknowledged what was regarded by the Coreans rather as a courtesy than as a symbol of homage: in fact, the gifts of the Japanese seem to have exceeded in value the offerings of their first instructors in the civilized arts. On the pretext

* The only trustworthy description of this people will be found in Nordenskiöld's "Voyage of the Vega."

of a slight offered to the dignity of Japan, but in reality to affirm his power by the not unusual device of a successful foreign war, Taiko invaded Corea in 1592. The Japanese achieved an easy success at the outset, although the Ming emperor sent troops to the aid of the Coreans, but on the death of Taiko, in 1598, the war languished, and the bulk of the Japanese army returned, bringing with them a vast number of Corean books, and a more questionable trophy in the shape of a shipload of Corean noses and ears, which were buried under a mound still shown at Kiyoto, and called the Mimi-dzuka or Ear-barrow.

The Japanese do not appear, however, to have finally withdrawn from the peninsula until about 1627; and a few years afterwards, as we have already related, the Corean king acknowledged the supremacy of the Manchu conquerors of China. The suzerainty of the new dynasty, though it never became entirely nominal, soon dwindled into a mere exchange of diplomatic courtesies, and for more than two centuries Corea has been practically autonomous, and untroubled by foreign relations of any kind, until missionary zeal brought it into contact with the West in 1866, and the new-born activity of Japan involved the Corean government in more serious troubles in 1875. A momentous change in her fortunes is now impending, the seclusion of centuries is broken through, and a remote and untutored race, that has remained stationary for hundreds of years, finds itself suddenly confronted with the restless progressiveness of the West. Let us see what manner of people it is over whom impend the painful experiences that are involved in the transition from Oriental to Occidental forms of civilization.

In person the Coreans are taller and stronger than the Japanese. "One Corean," says the author of the "San-koku," "will eat twice as much as a Japanese." They are better formed, too, presenting a softened Mongolian type of countenance, narrower between the cheek-bones, and less heavy in the jaw. The great bulk are black-haired, but some ten in a hundred, according to a recent Japanese observer, have hair of a chestnut color, often of quite a light shade. Several distinct races are probably mingled in the population; descendants of Chinese colonists, of Japanese settlers, and of a variety of Tartar and Tunguissic tribes. Possibly the Malay element is not wholly absent. Very commonly, especially

among the nobles, high aquiline noses and delicately-cut features give a refined and distinguished look to the face. A similar type of countenance is not rare in Japan, where indeed it is obvious, even to a casual observer, that two, if not three, distinct races must have been the progenitors of the present inhabitants. M. Dallet estimates the population at ten millions, but on the whole, after collating the various accounts of Japanese travellers, and taking into consideration the fact, that three-fourths of the eighty million square miles of Corean territory consist of mountain, forest, and prairie, much of which, for many months of the year, is under snow, we are inclined to doubt whether the peninsula supports more than from six to seven millions of souls. A Chinese author, cited in the Japanese Encyclopædia, tells us that "among barbarian countries none can compare with Cambodia in wealth, in generosity of disposition with Liukiu, in geniality with Japan, in bravery with K'itan (the original home of the present Chinese dynasty), in fertility with Cochin-China, and in propriety with Chaosien (Corea)." In the "San-koku" the Coreans are described as of a mild and humane disposition, averse to killing animals, obedient to the law of Buddha, believers in spirits, and opposed to the Chinese doctrine of the male and female principles (*in-yang*). A Chinese envoy, who visited the Corean court in 1866,* praises the people as simple in their manners and cleanly in their habits, but reproaches them with being destitute of "all love for art." The character given of them by Western observers tallies pretty well with the above description. The Dutchman Hamel, who passed several years in the country, on the coast of which he was wrecked in 1653, found the people good-natured and even generous. According to M. Dallet they are hospitable, singularly helpful in their intercourse with each other, and possessed of plenty of natural courage, but licentious in their lives, dirty in their habits, gluttonous, fond of gain, vengeful and suspicious — in a word, infected with the vices of a poor and oppressed people.

The government is an Oriental despotism of the ordinary type, but no halo of divinity surrounds the Corean monarch, resembling that of which a dim vestige still lingers about the throne of the Mikado. He may not, however, be touched

* Translated by M. Scherzer, *Publications de l'École des Langues orientales vivantes*, 1878.

and ought not to be seen. His council consists of a prime minister (*séy-ei tseng*), with a right and left vice-minister and six secretaries of state (*pan-tso*) presiding over the six public departments, and assisted each by a deputy and an under-secretary. The country is divided into eight circuits or to; in the north Ham-kiang and Piang-an, in the west Hwang-hai, Kiang-kei and Tsiang-tsieng, in the east Kang-wan, and in the south Kiang-sang and Tsién-la. These names are Chinese, as are apparently almost all the names of rivers, mountains, and towns, throughout the kingdom. The circuits of the south and west are the most fertile and the most populous. Over each province is placed a *kam-tsa*, or governor, assisted by a host of minor functionaries. In theory all public employments, with a few exceptions, are open to every Korean who passes the proper examinations, as in China, but in practice they are monopolized by the nobles. The army consists — on paper — of every able-bodied man, but does not in reality number more than ten thousand trained soldiers, whose training, again, is of a very perfunctory kind. They are armed with matchlocks, but still trust chiefly to bows and arrows. The officers are always nobles, but have an inferior position to civil functionaries, as in China. The resemblance of the Korean polity to that of China is, however, more superficial than real: it may be said to approximate more closely to that of old Japan, but modified by a restricted infusion of the competitive element. The examinations, as in China, test nothing — so far as they are a test at all — but the candidate's knowledge of Chinese classical literature, his command of elegant phraseology, and — not the least important of his qualifications — his calligraphy.

Slavery has always existed among the Tatar tribes, and in a mild form it exists in Corea. Oriental slavery has never degenerated into the commercial employment of man, under which form alone the abominable system has been known to the civilized nations of the West. Among the people the necessity of self-defence has led to a singular development of the principle of fraternity. According to M. Dallet, whose description of the social condition of the masses is extremely valuable and interesting, every trade has its guild, the members of which are bound to afford each other mutual protection. The guild of porters — human backs are the principal means of transport — is es-

pecially well organized; they know each other by conventional signs, and use a conventional language of their own. Every village is a sort of guild, the inhabitants subscribing to a common fund, out of which arrears of taxes, expenses of marriages, funerals, etc., may in proper cases be defrayed, and losses by fire made good. The position of women is in some respects superior to that which is commonly accorded to the sex in the East. Still, woman has hardly any rights, her own person even, if M. Dallet is correct, being "*la propriété du premier venant*." Our author supports his assertion by actual instances. But in public, women are treated with politeness, and are invariably addressed in honorific phraseology. Their apartments are secured from male intrusion; even officials dare not enter them save to arrest a rebel. They are not required to prostrate themselves on the passage of a noble. Of crime they are supposed to be incapable, save the crime of treason, their male relatives answering for their misdeeds. To many of the regulations affecting men they are not subject; thus, in the capital, they may freely roam the streets at all hours, while a man caught abroad between 9 P.M. and 2 A.M. would be severely punished. They have no right to any surname, and the pretty home-names of Japanese girls, Flower, Snow, Gold, Pine, Crane, and the like, are never bestowed upon them. Sometimes they are called after the place of their birth, but on marriage even that is lost, and they become simply So-and-so "*Kek*" — *madame un tel*.

The nobles form a numerous class, and possess important privileges. They are for the most part descendants of the warriors who, five centuries ago, placed the founder of the present dynasty upon the throne, having thus an analogous origin to that of the *fudai* of the Tokugawa Shôguns. The king, however, has the power, which seems to be rarely exercised, of creating new nobles at his pleasure. Although in theory the public service, like that of China, is open to all freemen, with a few exceptions, in practice it is monopolized by the nobles, to many of whom, indeed, it affords the sole means of livelihood. The mansion of a noble, as well as his person, is inviolable. They wear a distinctive sort of cap made of horsehair, and are further known by the color of their dress, which is often of silk, and by the fashion and hue of their girdle. They do not carry weapons, and the military nobles are held in as slight

esteem as in China. In addressing nobles the highest honorific form must be used, and on their passage plebeians are obliged to prostrate themselves. A noble is usually accompanied by a band of retainers, numerous in proportion to his rank and wealth, and no check save the imperfect one of public opinion seems to exist upon the pride, insolence, and tyranny of the order. The Catholic missionaries agree in a hearty condemnation of the Corean aristocracy, in the ranks of which their preaching and example have made but few converts.

Marriages are always negotiated by the aid of go-betweens. The principal ceremony consists in the fastening up of the hair of both parties on the eve of the wedding day. The unmarried youth of both sexes wear their hair in a long tress, which hangs down the back. On marriage, the bridegroom, who up to that event is considered a minor, causes this tress to be rolled up in a ball by his best man, and knotted firmly with silk cord a little in front of the crown of the head. It is the fashion to make the topknot as small as possible, and for that purpose the head is often partially shaved or the hair cut short, though the practice is forbidden by law. A Corean, who was given a passage from Nagasaki in H.M.S. "Kestrel," was discovered on landing to be wearing his hair short, and without more ado was thrown down on the ground by the officials and treated to a severe flogging. The bride, on the other hand, stuffs her tress with false hair, and this being divided is rolled up into a *chignon*, held together by a silver pin thrust horizontally through it, and allowed to hang down over the neck. The peasant women simply bring the two halves of the tress coronet-wise round the head to be fastened in a knot on the brow. The marriage feast is provided by the bridegroom, and the actual espousal consists in the mutual salutation of the pair in the presence of the assembled guests. A curious custom which prevails among the better classes compels the newly married husband to desert his bride shortly after the marriage, and to show his good breeding by keeping away from her as long as possible. M. Dallet regards this singular usage as nothing but an exhibition of male contempt for the sex, but there doubtless is or was a meaning in it less trivial and ungenerous. Polygamy is illegal, but concubinage is freely practised by those who can afford it. Divorce is common and easy, and, of course, exclusively a male

privilege. Widows of good position should not remarry, and ought to pass their lives in mourning for their dead husbands. The widower, on the other hand, goes into half-mourning only, and that for not more than a few months. Excessive grief for the loss of a wife is considered *mauvais ton*.

The most pleasing trait of Corean domestic life is the mutual affection of parents and children, which all accounts agree in describing as exceedingly marked. Throughout life the son treats his father with the utmost respect, and prominent instances of filial piety are rewarded by exemptions and dignities. Memorial columns and even temples are sometimes erected in honor of filial self-sacrifice. The national regard for family affection is further displayed in the rigorous mourning prescribed by law and custom upon the death of a parent or near relative. The corpse is placed in a stout coffin, which is laid in a special mortuary chamber, and there kept for several months. Here the dead must be mourned four times a day. The mourner dons a garb suited to the occasion, a long gown of coarse hempen cloth, soiled, patched, and torn, and confined round the waist by a thick rope of mingled strands of straw and hemp. A similar but more slender cord encircles the head, tied on either side so as to allow an end to hang down over each temple. In the hand a knotted staff is borne. Thus accoutred, the mourner places the proper offerings, chiefly articles of food, upon a kind of altar, and for an hour or more wails over the corpse. At each new and full moon the relatives and friends of the deceased join in the ceremony. These observances are continued long after interment, for at least two years, and often for three or more, and among the higher classes any neglect of them would be visited with the severest censure. The mourner should be clad in white, even the long stem of his pipe must be white. His features are hidden under a huge extinguisher of straw, which reaches down nearly to his shoulders. He avoids all intercourse; it is not proper even for an official to address him. As much as possible he makes himself civilly dead, and the self-inflicted isolation is universally respected. Naively enough the Catholic missionaries regard these usages as "invented by Providence to afford them an easy and effectual disguise, without which their entry into Corea and their visits among the faithful would have been almost impossible."

The Korean dress cannot be called picturesque. The present writer well remembers the singular appearance presented by the first Korean mission to Japan on their landing at Yokohama in May, 1876. The ambassador was dressed in violet crape, and sat cross-legged on tiger-skins spread over a sort of litter borne by nine men. A pair of immense horn spectacles, under a prodigious steeple-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of horsehair finely plaited over strips of bamboo, gave him the look of a Laputan philosopher. His garments seemed a world too big for him, and were ample enough to have enfolded a second envoy. Behind him marched in irregular procession a number of sturdy bannermen, tomtom-drummers, conch-blowers, and other musicians, in long, bright-colored, loose gowns over immensely wide trousers, confined below the knee by a sort of gaiters. Amid the ill-mannered jeers of the spectators, which the meagre, wizened, old-boy-looking policemen* made no attempt to repress, the motley embassy, which the events of 1875 had compelled the Korean government, sorely against its will, to despatch to the Mikado's court, shuffled past to the railway station.

The dress of the women differs from that of the men chiefly in being longer, but less ample and of gayer hue—rose and yellow being affected by women under thirty, and violet by ladies of maturer years.

The food of the people is very poor. For the higher classes rice is the staple element; but the mass of the population, as in Japan, live upon millet and beans. They are fond of oil, especially of the oil of sesame and of castor oil, and make great use of peppermint and garlic as condiments. The fronds of certain ferns are eaten as vegetables. They are not averse to flesh food, and seem to have a special liking for the flesh of the dog, which is also a common food in mountain villages in Japan. The missionaries accuse them of gluttony, but probably they are guilty of nothing worse than the voracity of habitual hunger. To people who are rarely satisfied, the sense of repletion must be among the greatest of pleasures. They are extremely addicted to the use of tobacco, and Hamel noticed their fondness for the weed only some fifty years after its introduction from Japan. They rarely stir abroad without

* These policemen have replaced the dignified two-sworded *yakuin* of Tokugawa days in their flowing capes and trousers of fine silk.

the pipe, of the long Chinese, not the short Japanese make, and in a wallet depending from the girdle they carry a store of tobacco and a tinder-box. A Japanese correspondent of the *Chōya Shimbun* (Morning and Evening News), who was a member of Kuroda's mission to the country in 1876, gives an interesting relation of his Korean experiences, with a brief summary of which we may fitly close this account of the habits and social condition of the people:—

The junks here have stem and stern alike. Their sails are of plaited straw stiffened by transverse bars of bamboo, allowing thus of easy reefing. There is but one mast, but the boats sail well, within three points of the wind. The officials wear light green or red upper garments, confined by a narrow girdle, and by the fashion of this, and the color of his clothes, the rank of the wearer is known. A "Kundo," who boarded a Japanese man-of-war, was assisted at each step by his attendants, according to the custom of the country. The ship's crew were put through various novel exercises, and a broadside fired to divert him, but he blanched with terror, and begged that a stop should be put to the manœuvres. Not long before, great riots had taken place in various parts of the country, caused by the oppressive conduct of the officials, who had trebled the taxes upon specious prettexts. But the "*Yam-pu*" league was at the bottom of these disturbances; the "*Yam-pu*" are men who, like the "*Komosō*" of the middle ages (Shōgunate period), abandon the world from disappointment or *ennui*, and travel about mendicant-wise and owning no jurisdiction. Near Seoul a rising took place, headed by a descendant of a farmer king. The Japanese, who landed at a spot not far from Seoul, were fairly received by the people who crowded about them, glad to pick up any tobacco or food that was thrown to them—a very dirty and stenchy lot. Each Korean carries about his person a wooden ticket, with his name, circuit, address, and description, inscribed upon it. The Koreans could not understand how the Japanese came to be dressed in the foreign style. "Our emperor," it was explained to them, "by his transcendent genius noted the conditions of the world, and introduced necessary reforms." The dwellings of the Koreans are for the most part from ten to twelve feet square, and are little better than dog-kennels. The walls are of stone and mud, the roofs of thatch, tiled roofs are rare even in the towns. The floors are of hardened earth, over which oiled paper is spread, and on this the inhabitants squat down. Under the floor runs a sort of tunnel or flue, at one end of which a fire is lighted, and thus the house is warmed. There are no mats. The people do not squat as the Japanese do, with the calves and backs of the thighs in opposition, but with the legs out (cross-

legge l?). All woodwork is poor and scanty. But the Chinese characters with which interiors are decorated were beautifully written, for the Coreans are superb calligraphists. Silk was worn by officials, and in the better houses leopard skins were common. The walls of Kanghwa-fu have a circuit of about five miles, and are built of stone and brick, with four gates in the Chinese style, within which the houses, mostly thatched, are scattered irregularly, not arranged in streets. The people drink infusions of ginseng, ginger, or dried orange-peel, or water sweetened with honey, tea very rarely. There are no wine-shops, geishas (singing-women), or the like. At a Corean feast the following dishes were served: various confectioneries of sugar, flour, and oil, boiled eggs, pudding of flour, oil, and honey, persimmons, pine-seeds, macaroni soup, and fowl, boiled leg of pork, and wine. The Japanese settlement at Fusan is very costly to the Coreans, who are an exceedingly poor people. Its maintenance requires the revenue of a whole circuit. No rent was paid by the Japanese, all the buildings, etc., were maintained by the Coreans, and the barter-trade was a loss to them. The Japanese visitors were often asked with great earnestness, if they still venerated Confucius and the sages, whose works and the commentaries form almost the whole literature of the country. At Seoul the castle enclosure is imposing, with cut-stone walls, and gates embellished with handsome towers. Within, the houses are tiled, and many of them plastered as well. The market was full of beef, pork, vegetables, etc. Gold-dust seemed plentiful in the interiors of the better sort of dwellings. Metals abound, but are not worked because of the Chinese superstition of "fêng-shui," which the Coreans have adopted. There is coal in Ham-kiang and Kiang-san, and silver is obtained in Chenta. The people are stupid, ignorant, sly, and fraudulent, but they are very polite, very fond of literature, and take an especial delight in a kind of pen-and-ink conversation, in which the interlocutors exchange written sentences in high-flown Chinese. The people are fond of drink too, and among the documents looted at Kang-hwa was a royal proclamation against drunkenness.*

Of the Corean language our space compels us to give a very brief outline. It has no kinship with Chinese, though like

* An Englishman, who accompanied the expedition sent to rescue the crew of a French whaler, the "Narwal," wrecked on Quelpiart, in 1851, gives a more attractive account of the Coreans. He found them simple and obliging, and characterized the officials as a "decent, grave, and reverend body." Some of the natives wished to accompany him back to China, and "ramble over the world." Their houses were small but not uncomfortable, each surrounded by a stone wall, making a kind of courtyard in front. For very trifling offences, such as making a noise, a severe flogging was usually administered, and was looked upon by the spectators, and even by the sufferer, as quite in the natural order of things. See Chinese Repository, vol. xx.

Japanese it has incorporated a great number of Chinese expressions. The grammar of Corean shows it to be a member of the Mongolian group, and to possess many analogies with Japanese; in particular, the rigid structure of the Japanese sentence is reproduced in Corean, and the conjugation of the verb in both tongues is upon an almost identical model. The etymological affinities, likewise, seem to be dimly Japanese, though until a Turanian Grimm's law shall have been discovered, no etymological comparison of the languages of north-eastern Asia can be of any value. Corean is destitute of gender, number, person, and case. There are, however, postpositional particles which, like the Japanese *teniwoka*, agglutinate themselves to nouns, verbs, or even sentences. Thus *saram* (man) becomes *saram-i* (a or the man), *saram-el* (man, objective), *saram-oi* (of a man), etc. The great peculiarity of the language, however, consists in its possession of a series of particles, the exact analogues of which do not seem to exist in any other tongue. These particles are more or less worn forms of the verbs "do" and "be," and in the Corean phrase play exactly the part which is filled in our own language by marks of interrogation, emphasis, admiration, and punctuation. The punctuative particles are the most curious; they are numerous, and are necessary to the sense, giving in words the force of the comma, the colon, and the period. Similar particles, but of very much less refinement of definition, exist, to a limited extent, in Chinese and Japanese. If, as some philologists maintain, the development of a language is to be estimated by the proportion it shows of "symbolic" as opposed to "presentive" words, Corean must be allowed to rank very high indeed. There are three forms of the verb, one for addressing superiors, one for addressing equals, and a third for impersonal use and for addressing inferiors. The verbal forms are numerous and expressive, yet of extreme simplicity. The Chinese character is used in Corean, but there is a native alphabet as well, perhaps the most perfect in existence. Of each class of sounds, dental, palatal, etc., the alphabetical characters possess a common element, so that the whole alphabet may easily be mastered in half an hour.

Of the national literature of Corean nothing is known. The Chinese classics have been assiduously studied from very ancient times, and innumerable reprints of Chinese editions of them exist. The

Buddhistic literature of the country too is very extensive, but wholly of Chinese origin. It is curious that the Coreans, so closely connected with two such drama-loving peoples as the Japanese and Chinese, should be utterly destitute of any dramatic literature of their own. The nearest approach to it is a sort of recitative, resembling perhaps the Japanese *nô*, which are said and sung at festivals, and are very probably of Corean invention.*

It was not until the close of the sixteenth century, that Europeans became acquainted with Corea. To supply the spiritual needs of the Christian soldiers who accompanied the expedition of Taiko (see p. 774), a Jesuit father, Gregorio de Cespedes, was sent over from Japan, and landed in the country, the first European who ever trod its soil, in 1594. His conduct, justly or not, aroused suspicion, and the year that saw his arrival witnessed his departure. Whether he made any converts among the Coreans is doubtful; what is certain is, that no trace of Christianity remained in the country after its evacuation by the Japanese troops. Some thirty years later a Dutchman, Jan Jansson Weltervree, and two others, who had been sent ashore from the "Jacht Oudekerke" to procure water and provisions, were detained by the Coreans; and the three were forced to assist their captors in the struggle then being maintained with the Manchu Tatars in aid of the last of the Ming emperors. In 1653 the "Jacht Sperber" (Sparrowhawk), on her voyage from Batavia to Japan, was driven out of her course by contrary winds and wrecked upon Quelpiart Island. The crew, among whom was a Scotchman named John Bosquet, were all saved but one. The survivors were detained like their predecessors, and kept under a strict but on the whole not harsh surveillance. Hendrik Hamel, of Gorcum, supercargo of the "Sperber," evidently a man of courage and ability, has left a lively narrative of their captivity, in which a vivid and singularly accurate picture is drawn of the country and its civilization. Five of them attempted to escape, but were recaptured and cruelly punished. A sort

of cangue was fastened round the neck, and on this one hand was nailed down while in addition a terrible flogging was inflicted with a kind of wooden bat. Finally, however, Hamel with eight of his companions managed to escape after thirteen years' captivity. His picturesque, naïve, and unbiting narrative should be read as a pendant to Golownin's admirable and touching account of his captivity among the Japanese in the years 1810-13. The Dutch captives were of course regarded with great curiosity by the natives, especially by the women, who believed them to be monsters with huge noses (like the *tengu* of Japan) which they tucked behind their ears when they took food. But they were uniformly well treated by the people, and above all by the Buddhist priests, whom Hamel particularly praises for their generosity in almsgiving.

For some centuries Japan was allowed to carry on a trifling trade at Fusan, on terms little advantageous to Corea, and up to 1790 the accession of each new king was notified to the Shôgun, to whom tribute was paid every tenth year. But after that date the Corean envoys did not proceed beyond the island of Tsushima, and the tribute became — perhaps it always was — rather an exchange of presents than a recognition of overlordship. The suzerainty of China was of a more real character, and in official documents the king of Corea constantly styled himself the slave of the court of Peking. Nevertheless, the Chinese were excluded from Corean territory as effectually as the Japanese; and through carelessness, or as a matter of policy, China never attempted to give substance to her shadowy supremacy. An occasional interchange of civilities took place between the frontier towns of Pian-man and Ei-chu, and from time to time a Chinese embassy arrived at the capital to invest a new king with the insignia of his rank, while envoys from Corea presented themselves yearly at the Tatar court to receive the calendar (their most important function) and exchange gifts — in Chinese parlance, pay tribute. Every second year a great fair was held at Kien-wan, near the Manchurian border, at which "a crowd of Chinese who came from very distant parts met for traffic. They sold to the Coreans dogs, cats, pipes, leather, deer-horns, copper, horses, mules, asses; and bought baskets, kitchen utensils, rice, corn, pigs, oxen, paper, mats, skins, and small horses esteemed for their speed. The fair only lasted half

* A Corean-French dictionary has been published by the Catholic missionaries. In the *China Review* for 1878 and 1879, will be found a tolerably exhaustive grammar of the Corean language, by the Rev. J. Macintyre, of Newchwang, and the materials for a grammar are said to have been left by the late lamented Chinese secretary, Mr. Mayers. An account of the language, by Mr. R. N. Cust, will be found in the *Philological Journal*.

a day, and if at nightfall the Chinese had not regained the frontier they were driven across it by Corean soldiers at the point of the sword."*

For two centuries Corea thus enjoyed freedom from external troubles. But within her borders the intrigues of the nobles, poor, proud, and idle, bore fruit in a constant succession of conspiracies and rebellions. A sort of Bigendian and Little-endian controversy, that arose between certain powerful families towards the close of the sixteenth century, resulted in the ultimate formation of four factions, the Syo-ron, the No-ron, the Nam-in, and the Syo-puk, which still exist; the No-ron, or eastern party, and the Nam-in, or southern party, supposed to be adverse to foreign intercourse, being by far the most influential.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the revival of Christianity in Corea brought the peninsula, for the first time, into direct relations with the West. In the year 1784 a Corean military noble, named Piek-i, came across some Catholic treatises in Chinese, on the doctrines of Christianity, among the books brought back by the annual embassy on its return from China. Delighted with the contents, he procured others, and entered into communication with the Catholic fathers at Peking, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity once more to plant the Church in Corea. The native messenger was baptized at Peking, and carried the sacrament to Piek-i. From this small beginning the Church grew, with a rapidity which M. Dallet explains by reference to the sociable character and innate mildness of disposition of the Corean people; and in the second year of its existence it was able to boast of its first martyr. The faith continued to spread, and in 1791 a Portuguese missionary was charged with the spiritual direction of the Corean Church. But he was unable to get beyond the frontier, and a few years afterwards his place was taken by a Chinese priest known by the Portuguese name of Vellozo, who, by the aid of a disguise, penetrated into the country and visited the Christian districts. His work was greatly facilitated by the courageous piety of a woman, known as Colombe Kang, wife of one of the inferior nobles. Meanwhile a persecution had broken out, and a number of converts suffered martyrdom with the usual constancy and fervor of devotion. The counts of

the indictment brought against them by the officials reproduced, almost textually, the accusations formulated against their Japanese predecessors in martyrdom during the Shôgunate of Iyeyasu. Among many others, Vellozo and Colombe Kang both suffered torture and death. In 1801, Alexander Hwang, a zealous convert, wrote to the bishop at Peking, advising the despatch of European troops to put an end to the persecutions and establish and defend the faith — the beginning of the too frequent association of missionary and gunboat in the East. The letter is given in full by M. Dallet, and a very remarkable document it is, going far, notwithstanding M. Dallet's pious defence of its author, towards justifying the policy pursued by the Corean government against their Christian subjects. Hwang and his associates were executed for "having sent a letter to foreigners, asking them to bring great ships and put the country in danger."

Shortly afterwards the Corean government despatched a long letter (given by M. Dallet *in extenso*) to the Chinese court, in which the spread of Christianity was mentioned and deplored, the history of the movement succinctly described from the Corean point of view, the secret acts, methods, and disguises employed by the Christians complained of, and the advice of the emperor implored. The answer was somewhat vague, but in effect recommended severity. For the next thirty years a sort of intermittent persecution restricted, but did not prevent, the growth of Christianity. A constant correspondence was kept up with Peking, from which M. Dallet cites copious extracts, which give a high idea of the fervent piety and power of literary expression of these remote peninsulars, whose sole mental food consisted of a few tracts in Chinese and the Confucian classics. In 1827, it may be here mentioned parenthetically, a Protestant missionary vessel appeared off the coast, and the well-known Dr. Gutzlaff managed to distribute a few Chinese Bibles. In 1831 Mgr. Bruguières, in answer to the request of the native Christians, who begged that a mission might be sent to them, advising its despatch by an *armed* vessel, was named vicar apostolic of Corea, but never got beyond the frontier; chiefly, according to M. Dallet, through the jealous opposition of a Chinese priest called Pacifique Yu, who afterwards brought great disgrace upon the Church, but in part through the ill-will of the Portuguese missionaries. He died in

* From the letter of a Corean convert, given by M. Dallet. The convert was Kim, baptized André, and martyred in 1847. (See p. 781.)

1835, worn out by fatigue and disappointment, on the Liaotung border.

M. Dallet never forgets that he is a Frenchman, and has not a good word to say for missionaries of other than French nationality; while to the influence or arms of his own country he trusts entirely for the eventual spiritual conquest of Corea. In 1836 M. Maubant, Mgr. Bruguières's successor, by feigning illness, contrived to penetrate into the country, nearly two centuries and a half having elapsed since the feet of an European missionary had pressed Corean soil. In 1837 the first Bishop of Corea, Mgr. Imbert, got across the frontier. For a year or two the missionaries prosecuted their task in comparative peace, but in 1839 a large assemblage of Christians at Seoul aroused the slumbering hostility of the authorities, and persecution was once more resorted to. The Christians met the storm with unshaken faith, and not a few, including women and girls, welcomed or sought, with an ardor rivalling that which characterized the early ages of Christianity in the West, the terrible crown of martyrdom. In the hope of mitigating the sufferings of his flock, Bishop Imbert gave himself into the hands of the officials, and recommended the same course to his two coadjutors. His conduct, of which the propriety has been much debated, has since received the formal approbation of Rome. The three martyrs were offered the choice of returning to their own country, but they unhesitatingly refused, and, on the 21st of September, were decapitated on the banks of the river that flows by the capital. According to native Christian report, they were first tortured. The self-sacrifice of the martyrs bore no fruit. The persecution increased in virulence; a proclamation was issued reproducing the accusations of 1801, charging the Christians, as their prototypes in the West had been charged sixteen centuries before, with celibacy and virginity as unnatural, with community of goods and women (based, no doubt, upon the habit of both sexes meeting in secret together for purposes of worship), with the practice of secret and disgusting rites, with spreading vain and lying tales, and with inculcating precepts subversive of the relations between parent and child, and subject and prince. The proclamation closed with a string of fervent reproaches addressed by the king to himself, attributing to his own sinful and neglectful conduct the invasion of his realm by these pernicious doctrines. The victims of this

second persecution numbered seventy, and were for the most part members of the poorest classes of the population. The persecution is said to have been the unprompted work of the government, differing in this respect from that of 1801, which was begun at the earnest solicitation of the nobles and dignitaries of the kingdom. Our space compels only a brief presentment of the further annals of the Corean mission. In 1845 Mgr. Ferréol, accompanied by M. Daveluy, a man of singular ability and great learning, and André Kim, a native convert, took up the task of the three martyrs. André Kim was the first Corean ordained as a priest, whose sweetness of disposition, nobility of character, and wonderful powers of mind, are shown in his correspondence, which is full of interesting information, and reveals besides a most touching and pathetic story of trials and sufferings. He was arrested, and while he lay in prison Admiral Cécile, under orders of the French government, presented a letter demanding satisfaction for the murder of Mgr. Imbert and his faithful coadjutors. The French ships had hardly left, when Kim was executed. In 1847 Admiral Cécile returned with two men-of-war, "La Gloire" and "La Victorieuse," both of which were wrecked on the Island of Kokun, off the west coast. The crews were well treated by the Corean government, until they were fetched off by an English vessel despatched from Shanghai. Shortly afterwards the Corean government replied to the French note. The document, which is given in full by M. Dallet, merits perusal as a calm and able statement of the Corean case. No action was taken upon it, beyond the despatch of a short answer containing some vague threats. The visit of the French ships was altogether unfortunate in its results. The fears of the people were awakened anew, and numerous petitions were addressed to the government calling for the extermination of the Christians, whose numbers nevertheless continued to increase, and in 1859 were estimated at seventeen thousand.

The news of the entry of the French and English forces into Peking, on the 13th of October, 1860, caused great excitement at Seoul. A European invasion was regarded as imminent, but a high official pointed out that the barbarians were to be dreaded on the sea and not on the land, and were probably masters of "at least ten ships of war." What a favorable moment, exclaims M. Dallet regretfully,

was this for the appearance of a French gunboat! In 1864 the king died. A series of intrigues, of which a very curious account is quoted by M. Dallet from the letter of a missionary, M. Pourthié, ended in the regency of Queen Cho, widow of a former king, the new monarch, Mong-Pok-i, being a child of twelve. The prime minister was the father of the king, and his first act was to ask the missionaries to aid him against the Russians in exchange for religious liberty. In this policy he was encouraged by the native Christians, who counselled him to seek an alliance with the French and English to keep out the Russians, who had demanded the right of settlement in the country. The demand, however, was not insisted upon; and, relieved from immediate danger, the government listened to the anti-Christian party, and a fresh persecution was the result. Mgr. Berneux and eight of the missionaries were arrested and requested to return to their own country. They refused, and after having been tortured were all executed in March, 1866. Among them was M. Daveluy, who had prepared a Korean dictionary and translated several native histories and chronologies, all of which have unfortunately perished. Three of the missionaries only survived, of whom one carried the dreadful news of the fate of his companions to the commandant of the French squadron in Chinese waters. The result was the capture of Kang-hwa by the French, followed by an attack upon a pagoda, where the Koreans made a determined resistance and forced the invaders to retire. The subsequent departure of the squadron without further operations was taken by the Koreans as an acknowledgment of defeat, and completed the ruin of the Church. The persecution raged more fiercely than ever; the native Christians, according to M. Dallet, who does not however vouch for the accuracy of his informants, were tumbled by crowds into huge graves and buried alive, and by the year 1870 eight thousand of them had perished. With the story of this last and most terrible persecution M. Dallet terminates his work, mournfully, yet in the full persuasion that the Church will "again issue forth from the tomb which her enemies imagine to be forever closed upon her."

M. Dallet's book is written in the most evident good faith; but his relation of the sufferings of the martyrs is based entirely on native Christian reports, which form indeed the great bulk of his materials.

These are not free from some suspicion of exaggeration, not lessened by the miracles which sanctify the narrative. But a large measure of truth remains, and the history of Korean Christianity is a singularly close reproduction of the early history of Christianity in Japan, of which M. Pagès's interesting book* is the fullest presentment we possess. The same ready acceptance of the new faith, the same fervor, the same constancy under persecution, rising almost into joy at the prospect of martyrdom, characterized the introduction of the religion of Christ in both countries.

At the time of the French attack in 1866, the Koreans asked the aid and advice of Japan; but no notice was taken of their request. This was remembered in 1868, when the Korean court declined to receive a communication from Japan announcing the change of government. The Samurai party were enraged; in 1873 an attempt was made upon the life of Iwakura, who had set his face steadily against the idea of punishing Corea for her temerity, followed by a rebellion in Saga. It was with a view of appeasing the military party that the Cabinet of Tokio undertook, though reluctantly, the Formosan expedition of the same year. In September, 1875, a Japanese man-of-war, the "Unyōkan," while taking soundings off the island of Kang-hwa, the stronghold and historic refuge of Korean royalty at the mouth of the river on which the capital is situated, was fired on by the forts, in consequence of which the forts were attacked and taken, with the loss of some thirty Korean lives. The next year a treaty was pressed upon Corea, which in spirit, and to a great extent in language, was identical with the treaties then and still existing between Japan and the Western powers, against the alleged injustice and tyranny of which Japan at that very moment was loudly protesting. The government organ was brutally frank upon the matter, and declared that Japan intended to deal with Corea entirely and solely from the point of view of her own interests. A supplementary treaty was negotiated in October. The Korean policy of the Japanese government did not, however, satisfy a large and influential section of the military class, and was one of the main causes of the great Satsuma rebellion of 1877, of which the story has been so well told by the late Mr. Mounsey. Meanwhile, the ill-treatment of the crews of some American vessels, which

* Histoire de la Chrétienté au Japon.

had been wrecked on the Korean coast, brought about the bombardment of Kang-hwa in 1871. In 1880 Italy endeavored, through the good offices of Japan, to negotiate a treaty; but so detested were the Japanese that the attempt proved altogether fruitless.

In 1881 a second Korean embassy arrived at Tokio. The circumstances of its despatch are only obscurely known; on its return the Liberal party seems to have been in the ascendant under the patronage of that Chinese Bismarck, as he has been termed, Li-hung-chang. China, indeed, had determined upon taking an active part in Korean politics, and four Chinese gunboats accompanied Commodore Shufeldt, when in May, 1882, that officer, in obedience to the instructions of the American Foreign Office, proceeded to Seoul in the U.S. corvette "Swatara." The Chinese diplomatic agent, Ma-chien-chung,* was a personage of Taotai rank, and had previously been employed on a mission to Calcutta in connection with the opium question. Commodore Shufeldt was well received, under Chinese advice or pressure, and a treaty was almost immediately negotiated, the first ever concluded between Corea and a Western power. It is said that the first Chinese draft of the treaty contained a clause recognizing the suzerainty of China. The export duties fixed by the treaty were on necessaries eleven per cent., on luxuries thirty per cent., and on raw materials five per cent. The treaty has not been ratified; Commodore Shufeldt's diplomacy, indeed, has not been such as to merit approval at Washington. In July a treaty, upon lines similar to those on which the American negotiations were conducted, was made through Admiral Wiles with Great Britain, but neither has this been ratified. It should be remembered that the present is not the first attempt to conclude a British treaty. Lord Russell, in 1862, endeavored to procure for British merchants similar advantages to what were then conceded to Japanese traders. A treaty with the German Empire followed, by which, it is alleged, more favorable terms are granted than either to America or ourselves. By France or by French missionaries the liberty of building chapels for the native Christians and of preaching to the natives has been demanded, but hitherto the Korean government has refused to make

* Recently appointed Chinese minister to the French Republic.

any such concession in respect of its own subjects.

Meanwhile the king, who had headed the Liberal party, died. In accordance with custom he had named his successor, an adopted son, who was a minor. The regency passed to the eldest of the surviving queens, but Ni-hsia-yin, the Tai-on-kun, father of the royal minor, and a bitter enemy of foreigners — especially, it would seem, of the Japanese — seized the reins of power. On the 23d of July a mob, consisting in great part of soldiers, attacked the Japanese legation at Seoul.* Several members of the legation were killed, and the minister Hanabusa, formerly envoy to Russia, narrowly escaped with his life. Together with the survivors of his suite, he made his way to the coast, where the party picked up a boat, and trusted themselves to the waves. They were fortunate enough, after drifting about for several days, to fall in with H.M.S. "Flying Fish," which conveyed them to Nagasaki. The Japanese government displayed great energy and promptitude. In less than fourteen days a Japanese squadron was at anchor off the river of Seoul, with five thousand men on board, and on the 12th of August Hanabusa reentered the capital, accompanied by a guard of six hundred Japanese soldiers. The Japanese demands were at once laid before the government, and under the advice or pressure of the Chinese commissioner conceded, apparently without the slightest modification. It was agreed that fifty thousand yen (Japanese dollars) should be paid by way of compensation to the families of the Japanese victims of the 23d of July, that a further sum of five hundred thousand yen should be paid in five annual instalments by way of damages,† that a Japanese guard should be maintained for the protection of the legation, as long as the minister should judge it necessary, at the expense of Corea, and in addition that the limits of the treaty ports should be greatly extended, a special envoy despatched to Tokio to tender due apology for the outrage, and the leaders of the rioters visited with condign punishment. A Japanese, who witnessed the execution of some of them, has given the following account of the scene, quoted

* The queen, two of her children, and thirteen high dignitaries, were also reported to have been murdered, but more recent news seems to contradict this rumor. She is, however, reported to have died of grief and anxiety.

† China is said to have paid up the whole in full, rather than endure a continued occupation of any part of the peninsula by Japanese troops.

in the *London and China Telegraph*, from the *Mainichi Shimbun* (Daily News):

At six A.M. they (the Japanese officials) arrived at the Bokwakan, where the execution was to take place. The outside of the building was decorated with draperies. The commander-in-chief of the Corean army was seated inside on a seat in the centre, surrounded by a number of Corean officers in full dress, who were armed with bows and arrows. Outside was a large number of Corean soldiers . . . dressed in various colors; blue and red, however, were most conspicuous. . . . Next to the commander-in-chief was a general, who conveyed his orders to the men. When he approached the commander to receive his orders he knelt down. . . . At first the Corean band played, but ceased when a bell rung. Three guns then fired. . . . Next came the executioner, who bowed down to the ground and then lifted up his staff. . . . The most imposing quiet prevailed until it was disturbed by the appearance of the criminals. They were tied with ropes and carried in sedan chairs. The jailors then caught them by the hair of the head and dragged them before the commander-in-chief. When the time for execution had arrived, one of them loudly cried that he did not participate in the outrage, and that he knew nothing about it. Another burst into tears, saying he had a son at home, and he was much grieved to think how his son would grow up without paternal care. It was a most sorrowful scene. The executioners then placed two arrows on the heads of the criminals (probably through their ears), and after pouring a quantity of water over their faces, scattered some white powder. This was the signal for cutting off their heads. The executioners cut off the heads of the criminals after thirteen blows with blunt swords. The heads were then placed on a table and shown to the commander-in-chief. After that they were thrown into pits with their bodies. It was a most cruel and pitiful sight.

Pitiful indeed, the more so in that, in all probability, the sufferers were perfectly innocent men. The arch-criminal, the Tai-on-kun, like his fellow misoxene of a nearer East, got off with the mild punishment of exile to the Chinese town of Pao-ting-fu, in Chihli. His son, the present king, in a piteous letter, has implored the emperor to allow him to return, pleading his father's innocence of all share in the outrage, his great age (he is seventy-six), and the fact that "owing to the extreme swiftness of the gunboat that quickly steamed away (with the Tai-on-kun on board) upon the trackless sea, far and farther out of sight," he (the king) had not been able "to find an opportunity of bidding farewell." The Chinese government, while refusing the request, rec-

ognized the filial piety that dictated it, and have allowed the king to make an annual visit to his father.

The older Chinese and Japanese writers speak of the civilization of Corea with respect. She was familiar with the arts and philosophy of China long before Japan. It was from Corea, as we have already pointed out, that Buddhism passed over into the adjacent island empire; and up to a few centuries ago Corea was probably the superior in that peculiar civilization, which China has originated, and spread over most far Eastern lands. To Corea Japan owes the art of pottery—the gift of less than three centuries ago—which the Satsuma and Hizen craftsmen have carried to so exquisite a perfection. Of Corean pictorial and decorative art we know little, but the objects taken by the French after their attack on Kang-hwa show that the Coreans are by no means destitute of artistic power. It is only during the last two hundred years, under the peaceful sway of the Tokugawa dynasty, that the artistic faculty of the Japanese craftsman has ripened into a genius which, finding its highest expression in the earlier years of the present century, exhibits a penetrative intuition, a fluent force and ease, and a richness, if not variety, of composition, that the world will never cease to wonder at and admire.

But the principal title of Corean civilization to fame is undoubtedly the invention of movable metallic types, in which Mr. Satow has recently shown Corea to have preceded Europe by at least a century and a half. Printing from tablets was practised in China towards the close of the second century, and block-printed editions of the classics and Sutras were common in the sixth century. In the eighth century the art was introduced into Japan, doubtless through Corea. Movable clay types are believed to have been used in China under the Sung dynasty in the eleventh century. But Mr. Satow gives irrefragable proof that types were first cast in copper by the Coreans at least as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century. The evidence indeed is very strong, that metal types were in use in the early years of the fourteenth century, and a Corean movable type reprint of the *K'ung-tss-kia-yü* (Confucian Table-talk), in the possession of Mr. Satow, announcing itself as printed "at the Discrimination Unity bookshop" in 1317, is probably one of the oldest type-printed books now extant. Thus in the fourteenth century, Corea, which had long

possessed an alphabet of admirable simplicity (and the Chinese are still without one), was acquainted with the art of printing from metal types, and fully equipped for a start in civilization, which nothing but the blighting influence of barren Confucian and Buddhistic systems prevented from taking place. Up to the sixteenth century, there is strong reason to believe that Japan was indebted to Corea for most of her literature; a vast quantity of books was brought back by the survivors of Taiko's expedition, and an immense impetus to letters thus given, which was sedulously maintained by the princes of the Tokugawa house. On the whole, Japanese civilization, up to the time of Taiko, was not greatly in advance of that to which she principally owed it, and even at the present day it is superior mainly in a material aspect, and in the Europeanized form of government and administration that dates, after all, only from 1869.

Little attractive as the externals of Corean life seem to be, Miss Bird's delightful volumes have revealed an almost equal wretchedness in the life of the remoter parts of much-trumpeted Japan. The tyranny of the Corean nobles is probably not more oppressive than was that of the *bushi* of "unenlightened" Nippon; while the Corean laws are believed to be free from the barbarous cruelty of the old Japanese code, the horrors of which are familiar to all who remember the Shinagawa execution ground of less than twenty years ago. The shortcomings of Corea are those of a poor, unfruitful country of mountain, forest, and morass, overpoweringly hot in summer and icy cold in winter, where rice and tea are luxuries, and the flesh of dogs is reckoned an epicurean diet.

No one who has studied Corean history will wonder that dislike of the foreigner became a traditional element in the policy of the government. Whether any formal edict was ever promulgated against foreigners, as was the case in Japan, is uncertain; but, in practice, the country has been closed to the stranger since the establishment of the reigning dynasty in 1392. The recent reversal of this policy, forced upon the Corean government in the first instance by Japanese insolence and Western missionary zeal, has been productive, so far, of nothing but disaster to the country.

Of the causes of the outbreak of the 23rd of July we are not sufficiently informed. At bottom, probably, it was the result of a dislike of the foreigner, born

of dread rather than of antipathy. A number of men-of-war of various nationalities, at least eight or ten, had appeared simultaneously in Corean waters just previously, and the people panic-struck had rushed to the hills for safety and shelter. Since the treaty of 1875 the Japanese traders and officials, according to their own press, had treated the natives with a roughness approaching brutality; and the suddenness with which a whole batch of treaties was sprung, so to speak, upon the nation, probably drove the more patriotic spirits wild with mingled fear and wrath. In all these causes of discontent some palace intriguers doubtless saw their opportunity, and availed themselves of it, in the childlike Oriental fashion, without stopping to count the cost or attempting to guard against the event.

It is to be hoped that full consideration will be given to the difficulties which beset the emergence of a country, situated as Corea is, from the isolation of centuries. We cannot doubt the ultimate benefit, both to the Coreans and to the rest of the world, of her entry into the community of civilized nations. But the inevitable wrench should be given as gently as possible. Diplomats are not the true apostles of civilization, but merchants. The foreign merchant and native trader soon meet on equal terms; the grogshop keepers and frequenters, who follow in the wake of the merchant, may be dealt with by the consuls, if armed with sufficient powers under international agreement; and the speculators who prey upon the government should be left unaided by foreign law. In addition, our experience leads to the conviction that the remedy for breach of contract should be sought, not in the court of the defendant's nationality, which, when the plaintiff is a native, amounts to a denial of justice to him, seeing the impossibility of his having the slightest notion of the laws and procedures of half-a-dozen different countries, but in a court of arbitrators composed of natives and foreigners, under a president chosen from time to time by the court itself, administering natural equity, and giving no costs save costs of court. Our principal error in dealing with Oriental nations has been the indirect enforcement of a system of law in more or less just accordance with our own habits, traditions, and needs, upon a people to all whose usages, wants, and preconceived notions of right and wrong, a foreign code is utterly unsuited and opposed. The "magic of patience," to quote for the

hundredth time — it cannot be quoted too often — Lord Beaconsfield's fine expression, will work wonders in diplomacy as in the ordinary business of life. The trade of Corea is by no means without value to us, but it is not, nor is it likely to become, so valuable, that we cannot afford to wait for its gradual development. The total value of the import and export trade with Japan has risen in three years (1876-9) from 32,000*l.* to nearly 300,000*l.* The mineral wealth of the peninsula is probably considerable; gold, there can be no doubt, is fairly abundant; the Coreans are strong and tolerably diligent workers; and cattle, skins, timber, coal, seaweed, and haliotis, are plentiful enough to allow of the creation of a very respectable export trade with China and Japan.

The political future of Corea, however, is thick with troubles. The power of the nobles must be brought within proper limits — a result not to be accomplished, it is to be feared, without considerable internal friction. Russia has of late displayed great activity in eastern Asia. Since 1863 a considerable Corean emigration has been attracted into the Amur provinces. In 1874 thirteen colonies had established themselves in Russian territory, numbering four thousand souls. The Coreans are well received by the Russian authorities. Vladivostock is close to the Corean frontier, and the progression Corea-wards, physical and moral, of Russia during the last decade or so has been constant and by no means slow — a fact of which the government of Seoul is well aware and not a little apprehensive.* China, again, evidently intends to give a more substantial reality to her historical suzerainty than she has ever aimed at in the past; while Japan is restless and angry under the recent check to her diplomacy caused by the astute action of the court of Peking. Amid these warring and powerful interests the independence of Corea runs no small risk. The Mikado's government does not at present entertain the fatal ambition of making Japan a continental power, but the notion is popular with the bureaucracy under the exclusive rule of which Japan is fast falling. China

* Mr. Aston, who lately visited Corea as interpreter on the staff of Admiral Wiles, estimated the number of Coreans in Russian Tartary at ten thousand, two thousand of whom are employed at Vladivostock, where they earn about a rouble a day. He found the officials and people most friendly, and was surprised at the well-informed interest displayed by a *gouernor* (governor) in such subjects as the Panama Canal, the recent war in Egypt, and the importance to England of the Suez Canal. The desire of the natives for information he describes as boundless.

may at any moment sacrifice her outlying vassal to purchase Russian abstention from interference with her border disputes, or from connivance with internal Mohammedan outbreaks; while Russia would gladly acquire a territory that would carry with it the supremacy of the Eastern seas. Nevertheless, in view of our own interests as of the welfare of Corea, the only policy open to us involves the tacit recognition of some mild form of suzerainty exercised by China; should that be in peril of failure, France and America, together with Japan and China, would perhaps join with us in an attempt to convert the peninsula into a sort of Belgium in the far East.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHILIP FINDS OUT ALL ABOUT IT.

THANKS to the good offices of Signora Tommasini, Philip found Florence a very delightful place of residence. There, as in all other European cities to which her avocations led her from time to time, the signora had a large acquaintance, and there, as elsewhere, she led a merry and a busy life. She only sang three times a week, and on the alternate nights she either received her friends in an easy, informal manner, or, with that strange hankering after the familiar scene which is common to all who make their livelihood upon the stage, she went to the opera, and listened to the performances of her colleagues. Either method of passing the time was equally agreeable to Philip, who loved society in any shape, and was greatly pleased with the reception accorded to him by the incongruous assemblage of young Italian nobles, and actors, and professors of music, and wandering Englishmen who frequented the signora's ever-open *salons*, or jostled one another in her dingy little box at the theatre. His voice was extravagantly praised; and as he was generally understood to be a wealthy amateur, the manager of the opera and others felt no hesitation in assuring him that he was capable of outshining Mario. He did not, of course, take any steps for securing the services of the professors who were so civil to him. Under existing circumstances, it did not seem likely that he would ever be called upon to spend weary hours in practising scales

again, and the delight of absolute idleness, which had always been very dear to him, was doubly so in the land which is proverbially the best fitted for its enjoyment.

One or two disagreeable emotions prevented his happiness, during the ten days which intervened between his arrival and that of Signor Cavestri, from being quite complete. Margaret's telegram gave him a shock and an uneasy afternoon. The brief episode of his married life had dropped so far back into the mists of memory that he had long since ceased to think of it as a possible source of trouble, and it may be supposed that his feelings towards Hugh Kenyon, when he heard of that officious person's behavior, were not of the most charitable kind. Again, he could not shake off a haunting dread of what Margaret might say or do upon hearing the true nature of his business in Italy, and if he could have recalled his confession five minutes after he had committed it to the charge of the post-office, it is certain that he would have done so. But in due time a very kind and affectionate letter from Longbourne set his mind at ease upon both of these points; and he had the justice to thank Signora Tommasini for the good advice that she had given him. "I shall always come to you in future when I am in any difficulty," said he; and she answered, "Upon my word, I think you might apply to a worse person."

In writing to Signor Cavestri Philip had found it unavoidable to acknowledge his identity, and from this it resulted that, as he was breakfasting one morning, the Signora Bonera rushed into his room like a whirlwind, enveloped him in a highly perfumed embrace, kissed him on both cheeks, and reproached him shrilly for having concealed the fact of their relationship. Signora Bonera, when arrayed in her best clothes, was not a cousin to be received enthusiastically by persons of fastidious tastes. Her hair, which was liberally oiled, was arranged in a towering curly mass above her forehead; upon the top of this was perched a yellow bonnet adorned with large red roses; she wore a silk gown of a tartan quite unknown to the Highlands of Scotland; and she diffused for many yards around her person an odor of patchouli powerful enough to have sickened a fox.

Her heart, she said, had spoken the moment Philip had entered her door. She had felt that this was no stranger. She had experienced an irresistible impulse — Here she started to her feet, and Philip, fearing lest the impulse might be

coming on again, rose hastily, and placed the table between himself and his visitor, as a measure of precaution.

"My dear Signora Bonera" — he began.

"Don't say Signora Bonera; say Lucia."

"Well, my dear and warm-hearted Lucia, let me implore you not to give way to impulse. You must remember that I am an Englishman, and in England we do not give way to impulse; we dislike it very much. Perhaps you would not mind my mentioning another of our peculiarities. We never kiss our cousins."

"Is it possible?"

"Never, I assure you. In fact, we consider it quite a scandalous thing to do. We are not," continued Philip, speaking slowly, and watching the effect of his words upon the lady, "we are not in any way a demonstrative people. When we like our cousins very much, we do not embrace them, but we endeavor to improve their circumstances."

Signora Bonera nodded, as though to imply that that form of acknowledging the ties of consanguinity struck her favorably.

"But then," Philip went on, "our cousins must not be troublesome or intrusive people. Indeed, such is our eccentricity that, in a general way, the less we see of them, the more likely we are to be liberal towards them. I myself have been thinking that if I should succeed in establishing my claim to the Brune estate — a very poor estate you will be sorry to hear — it would be one of my proudest privileges to increase your annual income, my dear Lucia. After what I have said, you will understand that I could only do so subject to the restriction I have hinted at. In point of fact, if I ever saw or heard of you again, I am afraid you would lose your allowance. Now, what should you say to 2,500 *lire* a year?"

Signora Bonera, who had shown no signs of taking offence at this plain-spoken offer, shrugged her shoulders, spread out her hands, and made a hideous face. Philip rightly interpreted this pantomime to mean that the sum was paltry, but that she would accept, if she could not get more.

"Lucia," said he, "I fear that you are greedy. And that is a pity because it lessens my interest in you. You see, there really is no reason at all why I should increase your income."

"When one is ashamed of one's relations, one must pay to get rid of them,"

remarked Signora Bonera quite good-humoredly.

"Just so; but as you will not come to England, and as I can very well exist without visiting Florence again, I can virtually get rid of you gratis. There is the post, you will say. Well, I offer you 2,500 *lire* a year not to write me letters; and I consider that a very fair price. Think it over, my dear Lucia, and I am sure you will consider it so too."

Philip would hardly have dared to be so impertinent if he had not seen by the woman's manner that impertinence was not likely to affront her. She answered him by another shrug and another grimace, and then held out her hand to him frankly.

"It shall be a bargain," said she; "only you must say nothing about it to *lo zio*, or —"

"Or he will want it all for himself. Do not alarm yourself, he shall be kept in ignorance. And, by the way, when is that estimable uncle going to make his appearance? He has already kept me waiting a week."

"Eh! he is an old man; and what was the hurry? I had a letter from him this morning, saying that we might expect him to-morrow. I was going to ask you to come in the evening and meet him; but since you are so proud —"

"I assure you I am not in the least proud, and I shall be delighted to spend the evening with you some other time; but perhaps *lo zio* and I could hold our first conference more comfortably if he would do me the honor to dine with me here to-morrow."

"As you please," answered the accommodating Lucia. And when she was gone Philip began to think that she had got her promise of a hundred a year upon tolerably easy terms. "I would have promised her more, though, if she had stuck out for it," he said to himself laughing: "I shouldn't much care about introducing these noble Italian relatives to Nellie. What will the old man be like, I wonder? I hope *he* won't kiss me."

But when Signor Cavestri was announced, the next evening, Philip perceived at once that there was no fear of his doing anything of that kind. He was a dapper, consequential little gentleman, with grey hair, a dyed moustache, carefully brushed, threadbare clothes, and a snuff-box. He paused at the door, drew himself up to his full height of five-foot-six, and bowed. Then he advanced a few steps, and bowed again. Finally he held

out his hand in a somewhat patronizing manner, and said it gave him infinite pleasure to find himself in the presence of his sister's son. He was so dignified, so affable, and declined with such inexorable suavity to speak a word upon matters of business until he should have eaten his dinner, that Philip was charmed with him, and thought to himself that, if this relative wanted to be pensioned off, he was playing his cards unskillfully.

"He would pass muster anywhere. 'My uncle, the Marchese Cavestri'—it sounds very well, and I don't know why he shouldn't be a marchese; he looks like one, and he is pompous enough to be a grand-duke. I dare say he manufactures Bologna sausages though, when he's at home." Philip, to whom any new type of humanity was a godsend, was so well entertained, during dinner, by studying his uncle, drawing him out, and taking mental notes of his peculiarities, that he felt no impatience to begin questioning him upon the subject which he had been brought thither to discuss, and it was Signor Cavestri himself who first introduced it.

"You wish, as I understand," said he, "to have proof of the legitimacy of your birth. It gives me much satisfaction to be in a position to furnish you with that proof. In my presence, on the 25th of April, 1853, Signor Bruno was married to my sister, the late Lucia Cavestri, at the church of Sant' Onofrio, in the city of Florence." And, having delivered himself of this announcement with the air of one who challenged contradiction, Signor Cavestri crossed his legs, threw back his head, and took snuff.

"You said Signor Bruno, I think," observed Philip, his heart beating a little more quickly.

"Signor Bruno; or, as you would say in English, Meestare Braoun. He afterwards, as you are aware, assumed the title of Count Marescalchi."

"The difference of Bruno and Brown is of some importance. I presume there is a register kept at the church."

"At Sant' Onofrio? Certainly there is; and with your permission we will examine it together to-morrow morning. Sincerely rejoiced shall I be, my dear nephew, if I can be the means of restoring to you your family estates. That I have a disinterested wish for your welfare I have, I think, already shown," continued Signor Cavestri grandiloquently. "I resigned you — not without a pang, believe me — to that wealthy English lady

whose name is so extraordinary a one that I will not attempt to grapple with it — I resigned you, I say, to her, feeling that I was best consulting your happiness in so doing. My own means, alas! suffice barely to provide me with the necessaries of life; and for myself, when I am powerless to offer assistance, I withdraw — I do not intrude upon those whom I cannot serve. Thus I saw but little of your lamented mother during the last years of her life; and for the same reason I have refrained from even writing to inform myself of your health and prosperity throughout this long period of separation."

He did not mention that he and his brother had received handsome sums of money from Margaret in acknowledgment of their written promise that they would at no future time attempt to exercise control over their nephew's education or liberty.

Philip said he fully appreciated this delicacy, and Signor Cavestri resumed: "It is at the cost of some personal sacrifice that I am here at this moment; but it is painful to speak of such matters. Poverty is an evil to be borne with fortitude. To conceal it is impossible; to parade it is unworthy."

"Shall I?" thought Philip, "or shan't I? Really, I think I will." He produced a bank-note, and began hesitatingly: "It should be a matter of course that any expenses incurred on my behalf — I hope you will allow me to —"

In another moment the note was in Signor Cavestri's pocket.

The old gentleman took it with an air of such kind condescension that Philip could not help thanking him. "I am sure I am very much indebted to you —"

"My dear nephew, do not distress me by mentioning it. I am entirely at your orders. Early to-morrow morning I will give the necessary notice, and at eleven o'clock the register of Sant' Onofrio shall be ready for your inspection."

Shortly after this Signor Cavestri retired, wishing his entertainer good-night with a happily blended mixture of respect and avuncular affection. The next morning, punctually at the appointed hour, he reappeared; and after a short drive, which seemed rather a long one to Philip, the pair were admitted into the sacristy of the church of Sant' Onofrio by a black-browed priest, who was awaiting them.

All at once it flashed across Philip that he had reached the crowning and decisive moment of his life. In one word of the open volume there on the old oak

table lay all his future, inexorably predestined and waiting for him. "Either I am somebody, or I am less than nobody," he thought. "I am a Brune, or I am only a doubtful sort of a Brown. I am to have a fresh start and a fair fortune, or I am to drop back into the old life of obscurity and drudgery and debt, and to be laughed at for having made a fool of myself into the bargain. Two wretched little letters of the alphabet to settle it all, one way or the other!" He positively did not dare to look; his heart stood still. The dim sacristy, with its old carved-oak presses, the vault-like chill of the air, the faint, musty smell of dust and stale incense, the old man and the priest gazing at him curiously — all these, for one bewildering instant, seemed part of a nightmare which he would have given the world to be able to shake off.

Then he held his breath, and looked — and broke out into an irrepressible exclamation of joy. There, on the page before him, in a large, distinct handwriting, was the signature of "George Brune," surmounting that of "Lucia Cavestri." "And it's all right, by Jupiter!" shouted Philip, unable to control himself; "and I can pay every penny I owe, and Meg shall live with me, if she will, and the stage may go to the devil! Hurrah! The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!"

The priest, who naturally had not understood a word of this excited declamation, looked slightly scandalized, and crossed himself, while Signor Cavestri took snuff, and laughed a short, dry laugh.

"Allow me, my dear nephew," said he, "to congratulate you in advance upon coming into your fortune, and myself upon having been the humble means of leading you towards it."

Philip shook hands warmly with the old gentleman; he shook hands also with the priest; he emptied his pockets of all the money that was in them, and poured it into the various boxes which the church contained, so that the poor of the parish received an unusually large donation that week, and his Holiness the pope benefited to the extent of five napoleons in the form of Peter's pence.

"Eh, eh!" exclaimed Signor Cavestri, who had watched this prodigality with raised eyebrows; "it seems, then, that your estate is a large one, my nephew."

"No; it is not large," answered Philip, laughing a little at himself. "I shall not be a rich man. I suppose that, strictly speaking, arrears will be due to me; but I should never think of claiming them."

Signor Cavestri smiled half benevolently, half compassionately. "Such generous sentiments do you immense credit," said he; "but justice, we must remember, is justice. Might I venture to suggest that the half only of these arrears should be claimed?"

"You don't understand," replied Philip. "Mr. Neville Brune is a great friend of mine—a very particular friend. It would be out of the question for me to make such a demand upon him. Besides, he couldn't pay."

"Ah!" said Signor Cavestri, with an expressive dropping of his head and hoist of his shoulders.

"And now," Philip resumed, "let us take a copy of this entry in the register, and be off. I must write to England immediately."

He took leave of his uncle at the church door, and hurried back to his hotel, treading upon air. He had never known how much he had desired this thing until it had come into his possession. He had never known what a weight those five thousand pounds that he owed to Signora Tommasini had been upon his mind until he saw a near prospect of his being able to return them to her. For he had never dared to think much about it before, and, as we know, he had a remarkable power of putting away from him all reflections that were disturbing to his peace.

"Dearest Meg," he wrote, "I have been to the Church of Sant' Onofrio, and there it is in black and white—'George Brune' and 'Lucia Cavestri.' I know you will give me joy. You don't need me to tell you that Longbourne will be your home as long as ever you like to make it so, and I am quite sure that Nellie will say the same. Isn't it just like the end of a fairy-tale?—Longbourne in the hands of the old family again; you with all your dreams about to be fulfilled; nobody a penny the worse (for of course I shall not let Mr. Brune suffer any loss, beyond what can't be helped); and your unworthy correspondent an independent man! I can hardly believe it all, and have to keep looking at the copy of the register which lies beside me to convince myself that I am awake. Now that it is all over, I may tell you in strict confidence that I never half liked the idea of exhibiting myself upon the stage; and you, I know, always hated it. However, all's well that ends well," etc., etc.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to quote the letter at full length. Philip scribbled

on for the best part of an hour, and it was with a thrill of pleasure and exultation that he signed himself, for the first time, "Philip Brune."

On returning from her drive that afternoon, Signora Tommasini found Mr. Marescalchi extended upon one of the arm-chairs in her gaudy *salon*; and as soon as she saw his face, "Ah!" she cried, "I know what is the news you have brought me."

"I have brought you good news," said Philip. "At least, I hope you will think it so."

"You know I do not think it so," returned the signora pettishly; "I am disappointed and disgusted, and I don't mind telling you as much. I wish that meddling old housekeeper had been hung before she did all this mischief! Don't expect any congratulations from me; I never was more sorry for anything in my life. Your career is spoilt, and I have lost my friend."

"Do you know, I am not so certain that I had a career to spoil, and as for your friend, since you are good enough to call me your friend, I promise you that you will never lose him, if you care to keep him."

"You couldn't very well say less than that; but it doesn't alter the fact, unfortunately. Will you ask me to go and stay with you at Longbourne? I should like to see you attempt such a thing! No; the day will come when you will think that you have done a great deal if you shake hands with me after a concert. I know what English society is. I might be invited to stay with dukes and duchesses, and grandees of that sort; but to a house such as yours will be—never in the world! The people amongst whom you are going to live never heard of the Tommasini; or, if they did, it was only as a woman who sings at the opera, a person whom they would rank a little above their upper servants and decidedly below the village doctor. You would not be allowed to know me, if you wished it; but you will not wish it. You will always be what those about you are; and you will become a caricature of a country squire, whereas you might have been a famous singer. It is a thousand pities. Well, what are you going to do next?"

"I suppose," said Philip, smiling, "that the next thing for me to do will be to go back to England, bearing my sheaves with me."

"Your sheaves? You haven't got your sheaves yet; and I shouldn't wonder if

you had to wait some little time before you did get them. I don't know what Mr. Brune and Mrs. Stanniforth and the rest of them may be inclined to do; but it strikes me that, if I were in possession of a nice property, you wouldn't get me to drop a curtsy and hand it over to you by flourishing the copy of a register before my eyes. I wonder, by the way, whether there could be any hope of that precious old uncle of yours having played tricks with the register?"

"How disagreeable you are!" exclaimed Philip, laughing outright. "My venerable uncle may be capable of committing forgery — indeed, I should not imagine him to be the man to stick at a trifle — but no one but an Englishman ever wrote that 'George Brune.' Besides which, the ink was quite faded, and there was no trace of an erasure. Melancholy as it may be, I am afraid there is no disputing the genuineness of the entry."

"You will have to prove it, though, and a good deal more besides, I suspect, before you can enter upon your inheritance. Were I in your place, I should go and see the English consul, and ask him what is the proper course to pursue. If you ask me my candid opinion, I should say you were in for a long lawsuit."

The signora was so put out that she would predict nothing but unpleasant things; and although her prophecies were evidently inspired rather by annoyance than conviction, Philip's exuberant spirits were a little damped by what she said, and he willingly left her when she exclaimed, after looking at her watch, that she had only just time to dress.

"Are you coming to hear me sing to-night?" she called after him, as he was leaving the room; and Philip answered, "Yes, of course." He did not, however, keep his promise. Upon thinking things over, he decided that it would be just as well to follow the signora's advice, and see the British consul before starting for England; and accordingly he wrote to that official, stating the circumstances of his case, and inquiring whether there were any formalities which might be gone through while he was on the spot. He would call on the following afternoon, he added, for his answer. It took him some little time to compose this missive, and when he had finished it and despatched it by a messenger, it was almost too late to go to the theatre; so, feeling an urgent need to talk to somebody about the subject which was uppermost in his mind, he strolled off to the Via San Giorgio, and

spent the remainder of the evening with his relatives there.

They, at all events, did not discourage him. Signora Bonera was amiable and respectful, her husband was subserviency itself, and Signor Cavestri beguiled the time by relating anecdotes of the late Mr. Brune, whose oddity appeared to have been equalled only by his arrogance, and who, as the old gentleman very candidly admitted, had never allowed his wife's relations to come near him after his marriage.

"Once," said he, "I was in the neighborhood of Naples, and I thought I would go and see my sister, who was living at that time in the villa that her husband had purchased there. I have never been one of those heroes who adore danger for its own sake; so I refrained from entering the house. But I had not been five minutes in the garden when out came Signor Bruno, and caught me. 'What the devil do you want here?' says he; and before I could answer a word, he had gripped me by the collar, and was pushing me before him towards the gate. 'Now, let me see your ugly face here again,' he called out, 'and' — I give you his very words, I assure you — 'and I will break every bone in your skin!' He would have done it, too; for though he was a small man, he had the strength of a horse and the temper of a fiend. *Eh! che animale!* Pardon me, my dear nephew, for speaking so of your father; but you will allow that I had provocation."

"You shall not be treated in that way when you come to see me at Longbourne," said Philip.

But Signor Cavestri declared that he was much too old to think of leaving Italy now; and so the evening passed away pleasantly enough.

The foreign custom of making a light breakfast off coffee and rolls immediately after rising was a very congenial one to Philip's tastes. By means of it, and of taking a long time over dressing, he managed to dawdle away the morning with little more exertion than if it had been a part of the night. At half past twelve he partook of a more solid repast, which occupied him agreeably for another hour and a half; and so it happened that, towards three o'clock, he strolled leisurely away to the Consulate.

He was at once shown into the presence of her Britannic Majesty's representative, who looked up from his writing, and said, "Oh, Mr. — er! — Brune?"

Philip bowed.

"I have been looking through the papers relating to the year 1853, and I am sorry to say that I can find no record of the marriage which you mention in your note."

"I have already got a copy of the marriage certificate," answered Philip, holding out the document in question. "The marriage took place at the Church of Sant' Onofrio, in the month of April."

"Oh, that," said the consul, tossing the paper carelessly on one side — "that is of no use whatever."

"How do you mean, of no use?" asked Philip, rather startled.

"Why, a marriage of that kind is no marriage at all, legally speaking. Of course I don't say that the parties may not have acted in perfect good faith; I know nothing about that. But in the eyes of the law such a ceremony could not make them man and wife."

"But, my good sir, they were married in church."

"Exactly so. They were married in church, when they ought to have been married at the Consulate or the Embassy. This is by no means the first case of the kind that has come under my notice. It seems hard, no doubt, that such a severe penalty should attach to ignorance; but if people will not take the trouble to inform themselves of the law, they must suffer for it; and the law is that, when a British subject wishes to be married abroad, he must be married under the British flag."

Philip dropped into the nearest chair, and sat speechless. He could hardly believe in the possibility of such a grievous stroke of bad luck as this having befallen him. It would not have surprised him to have learnt that his father had gone through a mock marriage, or that he had never been married at all; but that the man should have intended to act fairly, and should have failed to do so through mere carelessness and stupidity, was simply heartrending.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "they may have been married at the Consulate before or after the religious ceremony took place."

"Yes; I thought of that, and I have already made a thorough search. I am sorry to tell you that no person of the name of Brune has ever been married here."

"Well, I shall not give it up," said Philip, rising, and addressing his informant as defiantly as if that obliging gentleman had been a personal enemy. "If they were not married here, they may have

been married somewhere else; and I suppose time and place are not of much importance."

"Well, no. A marriage contracted within a certain period of time would serve your purpose, no doubt. Of course you are aware that subsequent marriage does not legitimize children born out of wedlock."

With that parting word of caution ringing in his ears, Philip stumbled down the staircase and out into the sunny street. The game was not up, he kept repeating to himself, as he made his way back to the Lung' Arno; there was Naples, and there was Rome, and there were many other places to be visited before he would abandon all hope. In the sequel he did institute investigations in all these cities; and, indeed, he has not yet given up a habit of searching the archives of any Consulate within reach of which he may happen to find himself; but never to this day has any record been discovered of a marriage between George Brune and Lucia Cavestri.

Probably, if Philip had felt any real hope at the time, he would not have found it necessary to buoy himself up with so many inward asseverations that there was no reason to despair. When he reached the hotel, he shut himself up in his bedroom, and gave way utterly. It was too bad — it really was too bad — he thought, to be shipwrecked in this way within sight of port. And he had meant to make such an excellent use of his money, too, and to turn over a new leaf, and to promote everybody's happiness! It was almost a question now whether the human race deserved that any trouble should be taken to promote its happiness. A world in which there could exist such criminals as men who would not be at the pains of ascertaining whether they were married or not, and such laws as to render a *bond fide* marriage no marriage at all, was indeed a miserable sort of contrivance to call a world. "Good heavens! how I wish I hadn't written that idiotic letter to Meg last night!" he exclaimed. "Of course she will tell everybody; and a precious fool I shall look when the truth comes out! I can see that old harridan of a Winnington grinning from ear to ear at me. I won't go back and face them all — hanged if I will! I'll go and drown myself in the Arno."

Instead of adopting that extreme measure, Philip went down stairs, after a time, and poured forth his sorrows into the ear of Signora Tommasini, from whom, as

might have been expected, he received but scant commiseration.

"The very best thing that could possibly have happened to you!" cried the hard-hearted signora. "Sant' Onofrio shall have a pound or two of the biggest wax candles that money can buy for this. Now there is some chance of your enjoying life and making it enjoyable for others, instead of being an utterly useless and miserable member of society, as you were in a fair way towards becoming."

"Oh, go on!" said Philip; "if anybody wants to kick me, now is his time. I shan't resent it; I am far too crushed to resent anything. I haven't a grain of spirit left in me."

"You ought to be ashamed to say so!" cried Signora Tommasini warmly. "Crushed indeed! Crushed because you turn out to be yourself, and not somebody else!—crushed because you have to make your own way in the world, instead of finding it made for you!—crushed because your talents will not be wasted, and because a brilliant career is open to you, in the place of a wretched, torpid existence among English rustics! Don't try to make me believe that you are such a poor creature as that."

The signora strode up and down the room while she declaimed, and adorned her discourse with appropriate gesticulation. Even in that moment of deep dejection, Philip could not help watching her with some slight amusement. "What scolding powers you possess!" said he. "You are a positive virago."

The signora went on scolding for some time; but very likely she did not mean the half of what she said, and was only scolding with a view to rousing her friend from his state of moral collapse. If so, she was unsuccessful. Philip sat in a lump on his chair, his arms falling, his head sunk on his breast, and only smiled faintly, every now and then, when the speaker struck a specially dramatic attitude, or indulged in some particularly lofty flight of eloquence. Had she known him better, she would have left him alone, in perfect assurance that another twenty-four hours or so would see the mercury of his spirits rising again. She did, however, know him well enough to be aware that, when scolding would not do, petting might be employed with advantage; and so, after a time, she changed her tone, sat down beside him, told him how very sorry she was for his disappointment, agreed with him that his case was in many respects a very hard one, and comforted

him after much the same fashion as a nurse comforts a baby. And then some casual visitors dropped in; and in the course of about five minutes Philip was laughing and talking with them quite as usual.

From that day forth Signora Tommasini began to exercise an influence and authority over him to which he submitted half willingly, half apprehensively. It was very pleasant, and saved a deal of trouble, to have things settled for him, to be told good-humoredly—but peremptorily—what he was to do, to be provided with a singing-master, and with occupations as well as amusements; and it was a great blessing to have a resolute friend, able and willing to deal with the incensed Cavestri clan in a more or less summary style; but Philip had an uncomfortable and increasing feeling of doubt as to what might be the true meaning and nature of all this affection. He was very much afraid indeed that it was not of a maternal character. Never a word had he breathed to the signora of his engagement to Nellie Brune. He had abstained from telling her at first because, as he said to himself, one's women friends never do like to hear of such things: he kept silence now because he really dared not speak. Had his circumstances been other than they were, he might have laughed at the notion of this fat woman's being in love with him, and might even—such is the pitilessness of youth—have amused himself by leading her on to make herself ridiculous; but the thought of the five thousand pounds that he owed her made him feel that this might be no laughing matter. The memory of that horrid debt rose up before him in the silent watches of the night, and caused him to groan in spirit. There were moments when he felt almost ready to sacrifice everything—Nellie, Margaret, Longbourne, and all the past—to marry the signora, and start afresh in the world under those novel conditions. He had made an egregious failure of the old life, and it seemed to him as if nothing but worse failure was likely to come of a return to it. It was more in accordance with his system of philosophy to cast aside failures than to attempt to convert them into successes.

But it was only at night that such gloomy self-communings forced themselves upon him. During the day he was merry enough, and had little difficulty in ridding himself of dull care. After his triumphant letter to Margaret, he found it impossible at once to confess the extent

of the fiasco; but he wrote to her evasively, saying that he had been too hasty; there was a slight hitch; the necessary proofs were not so easy to get at as he had supposed they would be; he must exercise a little patience, etc., etc. And he considered himself justified in so writing, since he had not yet received answers from the consuls at Leghorn, Naples, and other places, with whom he had put himself in communication.

In this state of enjoyment, tempered by anxiety, Philip spent several weeks, during which time other persons, who have dropped out of sight for so long that it is to be feared that the reader may have forgotten all about them, were working out their several destinies under circumstances which must now be recorded.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
LE MARQUIS DE GRIGNAN.

AMONG the points which give to the reign of Louis XIV. a special and lasting interest, is the circumstance that then was formed and developed that high and charming ideal of social intercourse and manners which, through many changes and vicissitudes, remains as the permanent characteristic of the French. Its roots were struck in a time of great prosperity, when the triumphs of a splendid reign had made the supremacy of France unquestioned in Europe: it has outlived the institutions which fostered it. Of the stately court of legitimate royalty not a vestige has survived; of the brilliant and chivalrous aristocracy of France little more than the tradition remains; yet even her bitterest enemies do not dispute her right to rank as the most civilized of nations. From Madame de Rémusat's memoirs, and many other sources, we know that this lofty and refined ideal was all but crushed under the *cuirassier régime* of the first Napoleon. It has run in our own times the perhaps greater danger of being "Hausmannized" by the third; but, with some limitation of sphere and action, the winning, softening tradition still is handed on as one of the glories of France. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the names of the representative spirits of the period which produced it have become household words in their own tongue, and that concerning many of them there has sprung up, in process of time, a distinct literature. With Madame de Sévigné, whose pic-

tures of a France that no longer exists have been the delight of many generations, this is specially the case; the wand of that wise and witty enchantress conferred immortality on whatever it touched, and even her grandson, the Marquis de Grignan, though he died comparatively young, leaving no other reputation than that of a brave and honorable gentleman — courteous, agreeable, and kindly — has been made the subject of memoirs which, from the glimpses they give of a society whose unwritten laws have survived the Revolution, may be rated at something more than their intrinsic value.

In the autumn of 1668, Madame de Sévigné wrote to her cousin, Bussy de Rabutin: "I must tell you something that will give you pleasure. The prettiest girl in France" (for so Madame de Sévigné's friends used to call her daughter) "is going to marry, not the handsomest, but one of the best and most honorable men in the kingdom, M. de Grignan, whom you already know. And a few months later the marriage of Mademoiselle Françoise Marguerite de Sévigné was celebrated in the presence of a brilliant company, and the marriage contract signed by a long array of historical names; for, modestly as Madame de Sévigné introduces her son-in-law, her readers are made aware that he was the head of one of the noblest families of France. It is said that out of respect for the Bourbons, the Grignans were wont to pass lightly over the tradition which traces their origin back to the sixth century; but there was no question that in the twelfth they were independent suzerains of Monteil and Castellane, appointing judges and coining money with their effigies, and that, after they had succumbed before the rapidly advancing power of the kings of France, their names frequently recur in lists of Crusaders, ambassadors, knights of the Holy Ghost, and governors of Provence. But the long line had thrown out no collateral branches; so that it was a matter of condolence rather than of congratulation, when, in November, 1670, Madame de Grignan gave birth to a daughter, instead of the son so eagerly looked for. However, in the year following all was made right — the Marquis de Grignan "se donna la peine de naître" — and that precisely at the moment when the States of the Province were assembled at Lambesc. The happy event was announced to them by M. de Grignan in person; whereupon it was voted that the expenses of the christening should be

borne by the States, who stood collectively as godfather to the boy, who was named "Louis Provence."

It had been a great day for Madame de Sévigné when the courier brought to "les Rochers" the news that her daughter had her *dauphin* at last; and as years roll on, amid the piquant anecdotes, the sparkling epigrams, with which her letters are filled, her grandson is seldom forgotten; her eager questionings make him as well known to her readers as we are told he was to her friends. Especially after a long visit to Grignan, her interest in him redoubles; she gives advice as to his education, and, with her usual energy, loses no time in turning precept into practice. Friends are consulted, and (it is somewhat a surprise to find) they decide that the little marquis is to begin his education by learning German; for, notwithstanding the king's frequent wars with his German neighbors, the relations between the two countries were far more cordial than they have become in recent times. It was in Germany that the king selected his sister-in-law and his son's wife, while the court was filled with Germans who had come in their suites. So "le Pichon" is to have a German tutor; but he must on no account be a Swabian or a Swiss; he must teach the purest Hoch-Deutsch, such as is spoken by princesses. A little later we hear of another tutor who, without prejudice to the German, is installed at Grignan; and when he had reached his tenth year Louis Provence was able to send his first letter to his grandmother. Pleased though she was, his writing did not quite satisfy her. The boy's pride was roused; he worked diligently until he had acquired the firm, clear, oval hand, the letters somewhat upright, always perfectly formed, by which, whether at court or in camp, his letters are always distinguished. It is, in fact, the typical writing of the *ancien régime*, of which royalty set the fashion (that he wrote beautifully is about the only good thing recorded of Louis XV.). But on one point Madame de Sévigné was thoroughly satisfied. At the age of twelve her grandson already danced to perfection, "keeping his mouth shut," she writes, "turning out his toes, making his *petits sauts*; then, as he raises his head, throwing back his wig. Be assured the little man will make a figure in the world: I fancy I read his horoscope." Then, as if conscious the occasion hardly justifies such enthusiasm, Madame de Sévigné apologetically adds: "For, after all, to be bold and self-reliant at the right moment,

to do what is expected in whatever post one has to fill, is the secret of success, both on the field of battle and elsewhere."

In 1680 Madame de Grignan came to Paris, and remained at her mother's house two years, chiefly in order to watch over her children's education; so that a break occurs in the hitherto active correspondence. But a letter written during some temporary separation mentions incidentally that Louis Provence is in the rhetoric class at his college, and before very long the serious business of life began for the little marquis. When he had reached his fifteenth year, he was commanded to appear at court and be presented to the king; and on his demeanor at that critical moment much depended. Any want of self-possession or awkwardness of gesture might create a prejudice not easily removed. It was a severe ordeal, for no monarch ever inspired more awe in those who approached him than did Louis XIV. Calm and cynical as St.-Simon affects to be, every page of his memoirs shows that even as he criticised he trembled; even the haughty Madame de Grignan herself, in Provence almost a queen, when once unexpectedly summoned to play at the king's table, so lost her self-possession as to overturn with her hanging sleeve the pile of gold placed before the king. So it is a relief to find that on this important occasion our little friend bore himself simply and well. His grandmother's intimates came trooping in with the joyful news, "He pleased."

The next few years passed without much incident, but in 1688, just as young De Grignan was about to begin in earnest the life of a courtier, warlike sounds were heard on the Flemish frontier. "I have a son of seventeen," writes Madame de Grignan, "and am told it is just the right age to begin campaigning. For my part, I wish either he were a little older, and so better fitted to bear the hardships of war, or else younger, that I might keep him at home. But it is an ill for which there is no remedy." Remedy there certainly was not without loss of honor; of the youthful courtiers of Versailles not one was absent from the *rendez-vous* at Philippsbourg. Monseigneur, the heir to the throne, was there, awaiting his baptism of fire; the Dukes de Maine, de Luynes, de Valentinois, and Soyecourt, and Bezencourt-Brienne, Chateaurenaud, Broglio, Novion, and the rest; for in those days every gentleman as a matter of course was a soldier. There was no drawing of lots, no seeking

a substitute; others might pay their taxes in money, theirs were to be paid in blood. And the discipline was strict; the king's orders were that each gentleman volunteer should choose a regiment to which to attach himself, and then follow the routine of duty without exemption or indulgence. That attendance on the princes might not be pleaded as an excuse, the dauphin was to hold no court, and to be escorted only by the soldiers of the royal guard. But, to do the volunteers justice, the chief difficulty seems to have lain in preventing them, whenever a skirmish took place, from rushing into the thick of it; till at last, the penalty of imprisonment in a fortress until the close of the campaign had to be imposed. De Grignan attached himself to the famous "Régiment de Champagne" formerly commanded by his father. Meanwhile, his mother, in her distant Provence home, was going through agonies of suspense and fear, while Madame de Sévigné remained in Paris in order to get the latest news and despatch it without delay to Grignan. She strove to lighten the anguish she herself felt almost as keenly, congratulating her daughter that their child is sharing with his future king the dangers and the glories of a first campaign, "saluant peut-être les mêmes boulets, quelle date!" However, she is soon able to give more substantial consolation: good news came from the camp, the child is bearing himself well; he is brave, serious, and self-possessed. His uncle, himself a distinguished soldier, speaks of him as a comrade. Then comes a letter, *toute radotante de joie*. "Philippsbourg is taken. Your son is safe!" It was hoped the army would now be moved into winter quarters, but instead Monseigneur pushes on to Mannheim and all their anxiety is renewed. Nor was it without cause, for on November 14 the Chevalier de Grignan, on his way to Versailles, was met by the Abbé de la Rochefoucauld, who stopped him to say that he had just heard from the king himself that the little Marquis de Grignan had been wounded; but not to signify, he was in the saddle next day. The wound can be fairly counted as a piece of good luck; every one crowded round the chevalier to compliment and congratulate him, and when, in speaking of it to Madame de Maintenon he treated it as a mere nothing, she answered with an admirable air and tone, "Monsieur, cela vaut mieux que rien." It certainly was not the marquis's fault that the ball had only grazed him; no wonder that when he arrived in

Paris a fortnight later his grandmother made much of him. "He came in looking so gay, so handsome," she writes to her daughter; "he wanted to kiss my hands, and I to kiss his cheeks, so we had a dispute which ended in my taking his head between both my hands and kissing him as I pleased, all of which he took with the best grace possible." There was pleasant news too awaiting him. He was already captain of a company of *cheval-légers*, which his mother, assisted by the Marquis de la Garde, an old friend of the Sévigné, had raised for him; she had herself designed the uniform, selected the horses, and taken care that the men should be even in height, all so successfully that Valcroisant, who had been sent by Louvois to inspect the cavalry recruits, pronounced M. de Grignan's company to be the finest. Madame de Sévigné, delighted at her daughter displaying a new talent, is eloquent in her praises; and the young hero himself, who has brought back from the wars a cavalier air which suits him to perfection, sits down to add a postscript to his grandmother's letter.

I have arrived, madame, and have already been on my own account to see Madame de Coulanges; I have chatted with M. de Lamoignon at his chimney-corner, and taken coffee with Madame de Bagnoles. Is not that conduct worthy of a man who has just been through three sieges? You cannot think how delighted I am at having so fine a troop; and I owe it all to you! When it is at Chalons I shall go to see it. Already a good troop, a good lieutenant, and a good *maréchal de logis*! As for the captain, he is young, but I can answer for him. Adieu, madame; permit me most respectfully to kiss both your hands.

That winter, which her grandson spent with her, was a very bright one for Madame de Sévigné; both she and the Chevalier de Grignan, who occupied the ground floor of the Hôtel de Carnavalet, threw themselves into all his interests and amusements with that intense sympathy which, while strictly insisting on the observance of certain rules of *convenance* and barriers of etiquette, elderly French people so often have with the young. And then, the boy is only seventeen, there are many things in which he needs to be instructed and counselled. Madame de Sévigné impresses on him the necessity of listening attentively to what others say, so as to be able to reply pertinently and quickly, not yielding to the natural inclination to speak without thinking. Then he must study the humors of those with whom he converses; when he calls on M.

de Lamoignon, for instance, who hates silent people and is accustomed to the chatter of little Broglio, he must bring plenty to say. It is not sufficient to observe certain conventional forms, he must habituate himself to move freely within them while still keeping his own individuality. But even with an instructress so skilled as Madame de Sévigné, it was no easy matter to acquire the art of talking as it was understood in the society of which Talleyrand used to say, "Those who have not lived before '89, and did not take part in the conversation of those times, will never know the highest enjoyment allowed to mankind." Then on more serious matters, on points which concern reputation and honor, it is his uncle's turn to advise him; he preaches economy and order, and has to warn him against the *nonchalance de grand seigneur*, the *laissez-faire* which leads to all kinds of injustice and evil, and finally to ruin. Both grandmother and uncle are a little sorry he has no inclination to continue his studies; but so much wisdom could hardly be expected from a young head that had already enough to occupy, perhaps to turn it, and that his days were pretty well filled, a letter to his mother giving an account of his visit to Versailles, shows.

I have just returned from Versailles, Madame, having gone there on Sunday last. I went first to M. le Maréchal de Lorges, to ask him to present me to the King; he promised to do it, and told me to wait at Madame de Maintenon's door for his Majesty to pass out. As I made my bow, the King stopped, and nodded to me smiling. The next day I made my obeisances to Monseigneur, to Madame la Dauphine, Monsieur, and the Princes of the Blood, and was well received by all. I dined with Madame d'Armagnac, who said a thousand kind things, and desired me to send you her compliments. From thence I went to M. de Montausier, where I stayed till the play began. It was *Andromaque*, which was quite new to me, so you may guess how much I enjoyed it. In the evening I attended *les Soupers et les Couchers*; the day following, which was yesterday, I went to the *Levers*, then I passed the rest of the day at the bureau with M. Charpentier; dined with M. de Montausier, went after dinner to see Madame d'Armagnac, and thence to *Sertorius*. This morning I was at the *Levers*; after that M. de la Trousse took me to M. de Louvois, who asked about my company; I replied it was already raised. M. de la Trousse added it was "bellissime." And now, madame, you have a precise account of all that passed at Versailles. I am looking at your picture; permit me to complain that I cannot throw myself at the feet of the original, kiss her two hands, and aspire to her cheeks.

In Paris, now lacking the sunshine of royalty, society was less ceremonious than at Versailles, but seems to have enjoyed itself more. We hear of visits without end and pleasant little suppers; balls are improvised at Madame de Castelnau's. The marquis brings his hautbois, and they all dance till midnight. On January 11 he attends Monseigneur at the first representation of Colasso's opera of "*Thétis et Pelée*;" then he goes again to Versailles, where, the Duchesse de Chaulnes writes, *le petit compère* amused himself well.

But his success, for unquestionably he is the fashion, has not turned his head; he is still so truthful and frank that his grandmother has christened him "Monsieur le pied de la lettre," and well as he can amuse himself at Versailles, his heart is in his profession; once February was come, all his thoughts turned on joining his regiment. "I do not understand the young men of the present day," Madame de Sévigné writes; "they think of nothing but their camp equipage." However, an officer's equipage was in those days no trifling matter. Macaulay has told us that the Duc de St-Simon (who, a little younger than De Grignan, afterwards became one of his dearest friends), when he joined the king's army in Flanders as a stripling of seventeen, brought with him thirty-five horses and sumpter-mules, though his family were at the time very hard pressed for money. At last the final purchase of horses was made one Tuesday morning in the market of the Faubourg St. Victor, a farewell supper was given by the little La Martillière, who is extravagant and spares no expense, and early in the morning of March 5 Louis de Grignan rode away from the Hôtel Carnavalet, leaving its inmates in floods of tears, to join his regiment at Philippeville. The campaign opened late that year; so for two months he remained quietly learning his business. However, in July fighting began in earnest, and the "Régiment de Grignan" was sent to join the army of the Moselle under Boufflers. When the news came of the taking of Kockheim, Madame de Sévigné wrote in much excitement to announce it to her daughter. "To think of that child entering the castle sword in hand, and killing or taking prisoners eleven or twelve hundred men! Can you fancy him a warrior, a burner of houses!" The little marquis certainly did not, as his grandmother's words might imply, take Kockheim single-handed, but Boufflers seems to have

treated him with marked favor, giving him opportunities of distinction which he was quick in turning to account; and before the campaign had ended, unlooked for, almost unwelcome promotion, came to him. In October, 1689, an order was issued requiring all colonels of regiments who were unable to command them in person, to retire on receiving the regulation price of twenty-two thousand livres, and the Chevalier de Grignan, once a distinguished soldier, but now completely crippled by rheumatism, was one of the first to be affected by it. The loss of the regiment, the raising of which had cost a large expenditure of money and of credit, would have been a terrible blow to the not too prosperous fortunes of the Grignans, so every effort was made to secure the succession from the uncle to the nephew. After a period of anxious suspense the favor was granted, and thus, before he was quite nineteen, Louis de Grignan became colonel of one of the finest regiments in the service of France. It numbered twenty companies, who, in their almost white uniforms, with scarlet facings, red and black galleons, broad-brimmed black hats, and blue saddle-cloths; with their standard of rich crimson silk, with long, flowing fringes, on which was embroidered the motto chosen twenty years before by Madame de Sévigné for the then brilliant Chevalier de Grignan, "*Che pera purche m' innalzi*" must have made a goodly show. But the favor was a costly one; though the chevalier, with characteristic generosity, sacrificed his own claim to compensation, the outfit of the new colonel and other expenses were exceedingly heavy; money had to be provided to pay the regiment; to keep up a suitable establishment; to receive the officers; to raise recruits and keep everything in proper order, besides the young colonel's personal expenses. Not that there was a moment's hesitation as to accepting the burden; to spend and to be spent in the service of the State, was, to a family with the traditions of the Grignans, a matter of course. Nor was Madame de Grignan a woman likely ever to tell her son of the sacrifices she was making for his advancement; only to her mother did she confide them; the marquis was to see only the sunny side of things. And to be at nineteen colonel of a regiment was certainly a very brilliant bit of sunshine, yet not without its drawbacks, as the more prudent uncle, Charles de Sévigné, pointed out clearly enough.

If he is easy-going he will be thought weak, and advantage taken of his inexperience. He will do well to be strict and somewhat haughty, but then he must also take care never to be in the wrong. Should he ever be obliged to act with severity, it will be a dangerous matter with those old *chamois* and *mustachois*. I am sorry his promotion has come so early.

And it appears some difficulties did arise, in consequence of which it was thought better the young colonel should not remain with his regiment during the first winter. In the following spring of 1690 he rejoined it at Landau. When the brilliant victory of Fleurus had practically closed the campaign in Flanders, the Régiment de Grignan was sent by quick marches across France to join the army of Catinat, then occupied in reducing Savoy and Piedmont. Nice was besieged March 27, 1691. "What fascines!" writes Madame de Sévigné; "bundles of orange and pomegranate branches; their perfume is almost oppressive." The siege was not a bloody one; after ten days the citadel surrendered, and the colonel was able to spend a month at Grignan. But he had no sooner arrived than he was prostrated by a fever which had attacked him for the first time at Grenoble, and it was not until June that he was able to join his regiment again. However, he had not missed any action of importance; the Régiment de Grignan had the good fortune not to have taken part in the siege of Coni, where the French troops, under M. de Balande, seized by a sudden panic, had retreated precipitately. The summer campaign ended without further incident; owing to the scarcity of forage the cavalry were sent unusually early into winter quarters, and De Grignan having obtained leave to spend the winter in Paris, took up his quarters once more at the Hôtel de Carnavalet, and set himself to regain the ground he had lost by two years' absence from that lively and critical society. Madame d'Uxelles, to whom he made his first visit, pronounced him to be handsome, agreeable, and extremely witty, so it was doubtless not very uphill work.

Meanwhile he had reached his twenty-third year, and as very early marriages were then the rule among people of quality, the world was beginning to wonder why the Grignans, who had hitherto been so active in seeking honors and promotion for their son, who had made him a soldier before he was seventeen, were now dilatory in providing him with a wife.

It was for them to take the initiative in the matter, for although the excessive and arbitrary power which French fathers and mothers now have over their children could not be legally enforced until the comparatively recent date of the *Code Napoléon*, yet it has never been the custom in France to look on marriage merely as a personal arrangement concerning two only; in so serious a matter, not alone the parents, but also all the elder and more important members and connections of of the family were consulted. All possibilities and probabilities had to be pondered over, the advantages and disadvantages of each weighed and measured, until as many elements of success as human foresight could collect were secured. And in De Grignan's case there were special difficulties. The historic lineage of his family, his father's high position as governor of Provence, a dignity which there was reason to hope he would inherit; his personal qualities, and the favor with which he had been distinguished at court, made him an equal match for the daughters of the greatest houses. But on the other hand, the financial position of the Grignans was a terrible drawback. Even at the time of M. de Grignan's marriage with Mademoiselle de Sévigné, more than half her dowry went to pay his most pressing debts, and large as was the official income of the governor of Provence, it was very far from defraying his semiregal state. No wonder that M. de Lardière, when overtures were made for his daughter's hand, replied that his son-in-law must be free from debt; or that the Lamoignons made much the same answer. Mademoiselle d'Ormesson was thought of, but she had an odious father; charming as was Mademoiselle de Castelnau, her fortune would not suffice, so the marquis was forbidden even to think of her; Madame de Nogaret refused to marry again; in short, all the families who by rank and position were equals of the Grignans asked to be excused. At last, M. de Montmor, a devoted friend of the family, proposed a young and charming girl, daughter of a rich M. de St.-Amans, possessing every qualification save that of birth. The impediment was not a trifling one, for the escutcheon of the Grignans, with its ducal crown and its countless quarterings, could not be tarnished with impunity. By a single intermarriage with the *noblesse de finance*, the honor of occupying a seat in the royal carriages would be forfeited for generations, the head of the house would be shut

out from the more illustrious orders of knighthood, the younger sons and daughters lose all claim on the great chapters. It cost the haughty Madame de Grignan, whose enemies used to call her *l'orgueil fait femme* a severe struggle to give up these privileges for her posterity, but the arguments and entreaties of her mother and of the friends of the family at length prevailed, and it was arranged that Mademoiselle de St.-Amans should spend a few weeks at Grignan. The ordeal was rather trying for a girl of eighteen unused to the world, but she passed through it well, and the numerous letters crossing to and fro in the family unite in describing her as pretty, amiable, well-educated, and well-bred. Between her and the young daughter of the house, Pauline, afterwards Madame de Simiane, a friendship which lasted all their lives sprang up at once. Still the bridegroom does not appear on the scene. Until all doubts and all impediments have been removed and the serious difficulty of drawing up the settlements got over, he has to content himself with the vivid description of the most brilliant of letter-writers, his eagerly interested grandmother. And the difficulties were unquestionably very serious. Of Mademoiselle de St.-Amans's dowry of four hundred thousand livres, three hundred thousand had to go to the payment of pressing liabilities. However, M. de St.-Amans took care that the money was all secured on the Grignan estates, and that, in the event of the bridegroom dying without issue, it would return to the St.-Amans, although, when Mademoiselle de Sévigné, with her ancient lineage and her triumphant beauty, brought her three hundred thousand livres of dowry to M. de Grignan, there had been no such saving clause. However, as regarded his daughter's trousseau, M. de St.-Amans was lavish in his generosity, expending fifty thousand livres on lace, dresses, and jewelry without a murmur. All preliminaries being now concluded, the Marquis de Grignan was sent for to Montpellier, where Madame de St.-Amans was staying with her daughter, and a month given to the young people to become acquainted, after which the marriage was celebrated in the chapel at Grignan — if the magnificent edifice, a hundred feet in height, which terminated the façade of the château, could be called by so modest a name. From the church the bridal party walked in procession to the house. There a sumptuous repast was served on tables laid in the great gallery — its vast fire-

places piled up with blazing logs; music played during the banquet, and afterwards the long suite of apartments was thrown open to the company; all with a stately dignity which Madame de Sévigné wrote was the prettiest thing she had ever seen. When the summer campaign opened, the bridegroom had to return to his regiment, leaving his wife at Grignan until the autumn, when her father was to bring her to Paris. Some misunderstanding about money matters caused, meanwhile, a coolness between the heads of the families, but they did not interfere with domestic harmony, and when all was made right, M. de St.-Amans came to Grignan to fetch his daughter. "We did not," writes Madame de Sévigné, "let her go without tears, and she on her part, wept so bitterly when bidding us farewell, that no one would have guessed she was about to enter on a life of pleasure, surrounded with every luxury."

In the month of November following, De Grignan rejoined his wife and father-in-law in Paris, when it was decided that the young couple should make their home with the St.-Amans, keeping their servants and equipages in another house taken for the purpose. Their establishment was not a small one, and the young Marquise de Grignan might undoubtedly have taken a brilliant position in society. But she seems to have been of a quiet, retiring disposition, preferring to keep within her own family circle more than pleased Madame de Sévigné's friends and correspondents. Very soon, however, the bride had sufficient excuse for her retired life in deep mourning. Madame de Sévigné, who had been spending the winter at Grignan, nursing her daughter through a long and trying illness, fell sick herself, and in a few days small-pox carried her off. With her, most of the brightness of the family circle seems to have passed away; there is no longer the crowd of eager, interested friends, coming to hear and to recount every little incident with genial sympathy, but what remains to be told is from the pen of St.-Simon, who, though he speaks of the marquis as his dearest friend, never leaves a bitter word unwritten. He describes Madame de Grignan, the winter following, as having much trouble to regain her position at court after years of absence, and bringing forward her daughter-in-law with many shrugs of her shoulders while whispering confidentially to her friends, "Il faut quelquefois engraisser ses terres." But St.-Simon was, probably, not exempt from

the common failing of wits — of giving his friends credit for many smart things they might have said but did not say, and it must be allowed that the famous *mot*, which has become almost a proverb, is far more in his own style than in that of Madame de Sévigné's stately daughter. At any rate, it is pleasanter to trust to Madame de Grignan's own account, written to her daughter, Madame de Simiane.

My daughter-in-law has had great success. You know her noble, dignified manner, her modest, self-possessed way of never allowing any novelty to disconcert her: she appeared in that character, and has been much praised.

And a letter from Gabrielle de Martillac, Madame de Grignan's devoted *sui-vante*, describes a dinner given by the St.-Amans to the Duc de Chaulnes, where the fare was costly and exquisite, the honors done in perfection — "M. de St.-Amans and Madame la Marquise were enchanted to see Madame de Grignan, who on her part was most charming to all" — showing the relations were cordial.

The long series of summer campaigns was brought to a close in 1697 by the Peace of Ryswick, but the breathing-time thus secured was occupied chiefly in preparing for the fresh wars which would inevitably break out on the death of the king of Spain; and the court was entertained by one of the most magnificent military spectacles that had then ever been witnessed. From August 31 to September 21, the flower of the French army was encamped at Compiègne. What those ten days cost the country and all those who by their official position were obliged to entertain, would be difficult to calculate. "M. de Grignan held his own," writes Madame d'Uxelles, "and his regiment was particularly admired." He arrived at the camp on September 4, and nothing could have been more effective than his entry, drums beating and trumpets sounding; the drummers and the trumpeters wore the colonel's livery of blue and buff, while the soldiers were clad in stout grey cloth, relieved by the red and blue facings and saddle-cloths. The ground the regiment was to occupy had been previously railed off; on reaching it the men were drawn up in order of battle, the standards planted ten feet in front of the line; then the tents rose up rapidly, forming regular streets.

With the breaking up of the camp at Compiègne, all prospect of gaining military honors ended for the time. The Marquis de Grignan was therefore doubly

gratified at receiving, in the month of February following, an invitation to Marly. The guests were mostly princes of the blood: Monseigneur, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duke and Duchess of Bourbon, the Dukes of Anjou, Berri, Chartres, the Comte de Toulouse, the Lorraines; to these were added the king and queen of England, and a few of the highest nobility. The king had pointedly expressed the wish that the Duchess of Bourgogne should be amused; so to this end all the energies of the courtiers were directed; and the lively, bustling little princess, nothing loth, inaugurated at once a series of ballets and masquerades in which most of the guests took part. We read of a Venetian masquerade, then a Basque ballet, followed by the happy thought of some more inventive mind — a Siamese dance, and finally a *chasse de loup*, the prettiest thing possible; in all of which the Marquis de Grignan, an admirable dancer, much distinguished himself. But invitations to Marly were not extended to the less illustrious guests merely in order for them to show their skill in dancing and masquerading, but also to enable the king's quick, searching eye to discern other qualities likely to do him service. In his military capacity the Marquis de Grignan had sustained his part well; his regiment had proved efficient in the field, brilliant and well-disciplined in camp. But a young man of position was expected to serve the State with his brains as well as with his sword. Short as might have been the period of his education, it was taken for granted that he had learned, not only to dance and fence, but also to speak with clearness and think with precision, and that in the atmosphere of Versailles, where the highest interests were habitually and familiarly treated, he had imbibed considerable knowledge of contemporary history and policy. The king's service included statecraft as well as warfare — one merged into the other; and a diplomatic mission, no matter how trifling, was considered a practical test of a young man's ability, of his perception and tact, of the degree to which his fidelity to the instructions he received could be relied on. So that when De Grignan was named envoy extraordinary to convey to the Duke of Lorraine the king's condolences on the death of his infant son, the appointment was looked on as a probable stepping-stone to higher things. The memoir of instruction, which still exists in the French archives, is, considering the slight importance of Lorraine

as an independent state, singularly minute as to the ceremonial to be observed by and towards the envoy, who is desired to give his Majesty a full and precise account of the way in which the audience is conducted. De Grignan's report, which still exists in the archives, bears no trace of his grandmother's brilliant, picturesque style, which would, however, have been out of place; but it is well worded and clear. The mission was purely one of etiquette, and to this he restricts himself. A note in the king's writing, ordering a gratification of three thousand livres to be paid to the Marquis de Grignan for his services on this occasion, shows that he gave satisfaction.

In December, 1700, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri accompanied their brother Philip, king of Spain, to the Spanish frontier. It was thought a good opportunity for making the heirs to the throne known to the people of the southern provinces; and a progress was arranged through Bayonne, Carcassonne, and Montpellier to Marseilles. From the time they crossed the boundary of Provence, M. de Grignan became their host; and on March 3 he went, accompanied by his son, the Marquis de Grignan, and by two hundred gentlemen of the province, to await his royal guests at Beaucaire and conduct them to Tarascon, where began a series of fêtes and ovations which lasted several weeks. At Aix the reception was *grandiose*. Five triumphal arches were erected on their passage; a guard of honor of the citizens, "lestement vêtus en habit uniforme," lined the streets leading to the archbishop's palace, where their lodging was prepared; there were illuminations, fireworks, acclamations, and all that can express the joy of a people. The first night M. de Grignan gave a ball; the next day he offered the princes the diversion of a *combat d'oranges* which they witnessed from a balcony in the Cours, followed by a ceremonious collation. On the 7th they left Aix for Marseilles, where the governor, having preceded them, came out to receive them at a place called "La Pinade," where the vast Bay of Marseilles lay beneath their feet, and the city, the harbor, with the forts and batteries constructed by M. de Grignan in 1696, could be seen at a glance. All the batteries saluted the princes three times; at the gate of the city the nobles and principal citizens received them, and the gay procession passed on under triumphal arches, one of which is described as a specially grand and imposing structure.

The burghers were under arms, the streets hung with tapestry, salvoes of artillery repeatedly discharged scarcely drowned the rapturous acclamations which rent the air; for here again we are told, "nothing could exceed the transports of joy of the people, which M. les Princes seemed to witness with pleasure." One wonders if there was really no discordant sound, no stifled murmur to warn the sons of France that, before the century closed, there would rise from those same Mediterranean shores the first strains of that terrible hymn in which seems to be condensed the hatred of centuries; how the waves of sound, as they rolled up the valley of the Rhone, would gather in their onward course strength and volume far greater than that of the descending waters, till, breaking at last against their palace walls, would flood its courts with blood. But if any such warning note was heard, the chroniclers of the province did not record it; they only tell of an uninterrupted series of festivities and rejoicings, lasting till March 22, when M. de Grignan escorted his guests back to the frontier of Provence.

In the October following there came another royal progress. The young queen of Spain, Gabrielle de Savoie, accompanied by the Princesse des Ursins, passed through France; and, as if to give the Grignans their *coup de grâce*, they had to receive, in the spring following, the Comte de Toulouse, and in October, the king of Spain, who, in order that the people might have the joy of seeing him, made a public entry into Marseilles. Chamillart, writing privately to M. de Grignan, said it was hoped that more even than the king could ask would be done to make the reception of his Catholic Majesty worthy of Provence; a hope which was so lavishly fulfilled that even Paris was astonished by the accounts of the fêtes. It would be hard to say what all these receptions must have cost the Grignans, especially as some of these illustrious persons, out of consideration for the provinces through which they passed, travelled *incognito*, the result being that the whole expense had to be borne by the governors.

Early in 1702 it was plain that the hollow truce following the treaty of Ryswick would not last much longer, and preparations for the war of the Spanish Succession began on all sides. The armies of France were placed on a war footing, and a batch of brigadier-generals created, among whom De Grignan ranked as

fourth. The promotion, acknowledged in terms of the deepest gratitude, was, however, fairly earned. De Grignan had served for more than fifteen years; from 1688 to 1698 he had not missed a campaign, and had proved himself a brave and gallant soldier. The position of general officer obliged him to renew his camp equipage; a couple of years later, the great leather trunks which held it were brought to Paris, and their contents, carefully listed in an inventory which still exists, show something of the wearer's habits and tastes. The list begins with articles of apparel; among which was a red cloth surtout with gold buttons, a suit of brown camlet with silver flagree buttons, a linen coat with gold buttons, a damask dressing-gown with gold flowers, a *just-au-corps* with silver buttons, and a silver-hilted sword. Then comes an ample complement of *lingerie*, table linen, and plate; in a little casket by themselves were eight books of devotion, bound some in calf, some in morocco. These seem to have been the only books he took about with him; notwithstanding all his grandmother's hopes and efforts, the love of reading had not come to him.

But to return to the camp, De Grignan, at the opening of the campaign of 1702, was placed under the orders of the Marquis de Bedmar, who commanded a Franco-Spanish corps destined to keep the lines and fortified places of Brabant, and to support the main army, which was commanded by M. de Boufflers, under the Duke of Burgundy, generalissimo of the army of Flanders. M. de Bedmar's corps was composed of fifteen battalions and twenty squadrons; the brigade of Grignan, formed of the regiments of Grignan and of Pelleport, was intended, in conjunction with another cavalry brigade, to form the left wing. De Grignan was soon after sent with a detachment of two cavalry regiments and six battalions of infantry to protect a convoy of eight hundred wagons sent from Malines to Diest on July 10. He brought it safely, and had rejoined M. de Bedmar by the 20th, but only for a few days, as on the 31st the Duke of Burgundy ordered all the troops disposable to join the main army at once. A great battle was hoped for, but did not come off; the month of August was spent in marches and counter-marches which had no effect but that of wasting the strength of the army. In September the Régiment de Grignan had lost, since the opening of the campaign, twenty-two men and thirty-seven horses, and was now

reduced to two hundred and eleven men and horses. All hope of a decisive battle was now over for that year, and on September 6 the Duke of Burgundy left for Paris. The campaign of 1703 was hardly more eventful, save for the brilliant victory of Eckeren, where De Grignan's brigade formed the reserve guard.

In May, 1704, the army of Flanders reassembled at the camp of Neer-Heshen. But when it became known that the allies were in greatest force on the German frontier, it was decided that Villeroy should move at once to join Tallard, leaving in Flanders only a corps of observation. During the march an order came direct from the king that a detachment of five regiments, among which was that of Grignan, should push forward to support Tallard. They arrived just in time to take part in the disastrous battle of Hochstedt; De Grignan's brigade of eight squadrons covering Tallard's right wing. An anonymous writer, quoted by M. Masson, says that after M. de Tallard was taken prisoner the cavalry retreated hurriedly, and one portion (with characteristic ignorance of the country) got on to an island of the Danube, and would have been made prisoners but for the Brigade de Grignan, which was retreating in another direction, but came at once to help them, driving the enemy from the ford and keeping the heights of Hochstedt, till all, even including the wounded, were able to get away. The incident is not mentioned in the despatches, but in those days they were far less detailed than now, and both Chamillart and St-Simon speak of De Grignan as having distinguished himself at Hochstedt.

After this defeat the only course remaining to the French was the immediate evacuation of Germany; this Marsin effected quickly and skilfully; Villeroy, coming up with fresh troops, was able to cover what remained of Tallard's army, and to oppose a firm front to the enemy. At Hochfeld, near Strasbourg, the cavalry re-formed, and it was found that besides the losses in battle, the mortality among the horses had been so great that what remained of four regiments and ten squadrons barely sufficed to make up four squadrons of the Brigade de Grignan; while the Régiment de Grignan was reduced to a single squadron of one hundred and four men. Nor was the mortality confined to horses. Small-pox raged among the troops; M. de Coigny, who had been sent by the king to form a new army of the Moselle, reviewed the troops

on October 4, and was dead on the 10th. The courier who brought the news announced likewise that M. de Grignan was also attacked by small-pox. His wife started at once in a postchaise for Thionville, where he was said to be. Four days later, M. de Saint-Aulais writes, "M. le Marquis de Grignan died yesterday of small-pox at Thionville;" and this brief notice is the only record left of the close of a life of which the opening years had been so minutely chronicled.

However, of the esteem in which the Marquis de Grignan, short and uneventful as his life had been, was held by those who had come in contact with him, some testimony yet remains. Chamillart, writing to assure the bereaved father of his deep sympathy, alludes to the marquis's brilliant conduct at the unfortunate battle of Hochstedt, adding that it may be a consolation to his family to know that the king had heard of it with particular satisfaction, and it had been his Majesty's gracious intention to raise the marquis at once to the rank of *maréchal-de-camp*. Donneau de Visé, writing of him in the *Mercur*, says that "he possessed all the good qualities of his profession and of his rank. Nothing had been omitted or neglected in his education, and few men of his age and quality have been so faithful to their principles." St-Simon, usually so chary of words of praise, when alluding to the disastrous campaign, says, "Je perdis un ami avec qui j'avais été élevé, le Marquis de Grignan, qui était un très galant homme et promettait fort."

But the chief mourner was the heart-broken mother. Madame de Grignan is usually described as a somewhat cold-blooded person, who accepted the wealth of love lavished on her by her adoring mother with provoking calmness; yet the care with which, during more than thirty years, she cherished every note and letter in that mother's writing, proves that her feelings, if not demonstrative, were deep and lasting; and it was on her son that her strongest affections had centred. Writing some months later to Madame de Guiteau, she says: "Religious considerations are the only ones which can give support in these cruel trials, but how far am I from finding in my own mind the help I so much need! I can only think and feel very humanly, weeping and regretting what I have lost." Death, however, cut her mourning short. One is not surprised to hear that when, within the year of her son's death, the terrible malady which had already carried off two

generations of her family attacked her, the poor woman had not the strength, nor perhaps the wish, to resist it, and passed quickly away.

The younger Madame de Grignan, the marquis's widow, survived him many years. Quiet and silent by nature, she had not, even in her married life, seemed to care much for the world, and now she passed at once into the ranks of those who are widows indeed. St.-Simon wrote of her: "She was a saint, the saddest and most silent saint I have ever known. She shut herself up in her own house, where she remained for the rest of her life, perhaps twenty years, without ever leaving it save to go to church, and without receiving any one." There is probably some exaggeration in this; at any rate, despite her silent sanctity, the Marquis de Grignan cherished one mundane taste of her day, that which the Comtesse de Paris has lately done so much to revive in the Faubourg St. Germain, the love of rare and exquisitely bound books. At her death she left to her husband's sister, Madame de Simiane, her library, which was even then valuable, and would now doubtless be priceless. A great writer, lately passed away, has taught us that the tastes and caprices of individuals struggle vainly against the stronger instincts of race; and so, notwithstanding his preference for the pleasures of court and camp to those of literature, it came to pass that the armorial bearings of Madame de Sévigné's grandson are to be looked for, not on graven steel or sculptured stone, but in delicate tooling of calf and morocco, among the literary treasures of the *grand siècle*.

M. F. DOMVILLE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IT is a strange experience for a man whose personal freedom has never been restrained to find himself in prison. The excitement and amazement of the first day made it something so exceptional and extraordinary, that out of very strangeness it was supportable; and Erskine felt it possible to wind himself up to the necessity of endurance for one night. But the dead stillness of the long, long morning that followed, was at once insupportable and incomprehensible to him. What did it mean? He saw the light brighten in

his barred window, and persuaded himself, as long as he could, that it was as yet too early for anything to be done; but when he heard all the sounds of life outside, and felt the long moments roll on, and listened in vain for any deliverance, a cold mist of amazement and horror began to wrap John's soul. Was he to be left there? to lie in jail like any felon, nobody believing him, abandoned by all? He could not do anything violent to relieve his feelings; but it was within him to have dashed everything wildly about the room, to have flung at the window and broken it to pieces, to have torn linen and everything else to shreds. He stood aghast at himself as this wild fury of impatience and misery swept over him. He could have beaten his head against the wall. To sit still as a man, a gentleman, is compelled to do, restraining himself, was more hard than any struggles of Hercules. And those slow, sunny moments stole by, each one of them as long as an hour. The sun seemed to be stationary in the sky: the forenoon was a century. When he heard some one at last approaching, he drew a long breath of satisfaction, saying to himself that now at last the suspense would be over. But when it proved to be Miss Barbara with her arms full of provisions for his comfort, her maid coming after, bearing a large basket, it is impossible to describe the disappointment, the rage that filled him. The effort to meet her with a smile was almost more than he was capable of. He did it, of course, and concealed his real feelings, and accepted the butter and eggs with such thanks as he could give utterance to; but the effort seemed almost greater than any he had ever made before. Miss Barbara, for her part, considered it her duty to her nephew to maintain an easy aspect, and ignore the misery of the situation. She exerted herself to amuse him, to talk as if nothing was amiss. She told him of Tinto's grand funeral, with which the whole country-side was taken up. "Everybody is there," Miss Barbara said with some indignation, — "great and small, gentle and simple, as if auld Torrance's son was one of the nobles of the land."

"They care more for the dead than the living," John said with a laugh. It was well to laugh, for his lip quivered. No doubt this was the reason why no one had leisure to think of him. And his heart was too full of his own miseries to be capable of even a momentary compassion for the fate of Torrance — a man not very

much older than himself, prosperous and rich and important — snatched in a moment from all his enjoyments. He had been deeply awed and impressed when he heard of it first; but by this time the honors paid to the dead man seemed to John an insult to his own superior claims — he who was living and suffering unjustly. To think that those who called themselves his friends should have deserted him to show a respect which they could not feel for the memory of a man whom they had none of them respected while he lived! He was no cynic, nor fond of attributing every evil to the baseness of humanity, but he could not help saying now, between his closed teeth, that it was the way of the world.

He had another visitor in the afternoon, some time after Miss Barbara took her departure, but not one of those he expected. To his great surprise, it was the white, erect head of old Sir James which was the next he saw. The veteran came in with a grave and troubled countenance. He gave a shudder when he heard the key turn in the door. "I have come to see if there was — anything I could do for you?" Sir James said.

John laughed again. To laugh seemed the only possible way of expressing himself. It is permissible for a man to laugh when a woman would cry, and the meaning is much the same. This expressed indignation, incredulity, some contempt, yet was softened by a gentler sentiment, at sight of the old soldier's kind and benign but puzzled and troubled face. "I don't know what any one can do for me but take me out of this," he said, "and no one seems disposed to do that."

"John Erskine," said the old general solemnly, "the circumstances are very serious. If you had seen, as I have seen, a young, strong man laid in his grave this day, with a little toddling bairn, chief mourner;" — his voice broke a little as he spoke; he waved his hand as if to put this recollection away. "And your story was not satisfactory. It did not commend itself to my mind. Have patience and hear me out. I came away from you in displeasure, and I've done nothing but turn it over and over in my thoughts ever since. It's very far from satisfactory; but I cannot find it in my heart to disbelieve you," the old man cried, with a quiver of emotion in his face. He held out his large, soft, old hand suddenly as he spoke. John, who had been winding himself up to indignant resistance, was taken entirely by surprise. He grasped

that kind hand, and his composure altogether failed him.

"I am a fool," he cried, dashing the tears from his eyes, "to think that one day's confinement should break me down. God bless you, Sir James! I can't speak. If that's so, I'll make shift to bear the rest."

"Ay, my lad, that's just so. I cannot disbelieve you. You're a gentleman, John Erskine. You might do an act of violence, — any man might be left to himself; but you would not be base, and lie. I have tried to think so, but I cannot. You would never deceive an old friend."

"If I had murdered poor Torrance in cold blood, and meaning it," said John, "there is no telling, I might have lied too."

"No, no, no," said Sir James, putting out his hand — "at the worst it was never thought to be that; but you have no look of falsehood in you. Though it's a strange story, and little like the truth, I cannot disbelieve you. So now you will tell me, my poor lad, what I can do for you. We're friends again, thank God! I could not bide to be unfriends — and my old wife was at me night and day."

"If Lady Montgomery believes in me too —"

"Believes in you! she would give me no rest, I tell you — her and my own spirit. She would not hear a word. All she said was, 'Hoots, nonsense, Sir James!' I declare to you that was all. She's not what you call a clever woman, but she would not listen to a word. 'Hoots, nonsense!' that was all. We could not find it in our hearts."

He was a little disposed, now that he had made his avowal, to dwell upon it, to the exclusion of more important matters; but when at last he permitted John to tell him what his expectations had been, and what his disappointment, as the long, slow morning stole over unbroken, Sir James was deeply moved. "Why did not Monypenny come to me?" he said. "He was taken up, no doubt, with what was going on to-day. But I would have been your bail in a moment. An old friend like me — the friend not only of your father, but of your grandfather before him!" But when he had said so much he paused, and employed a little simple sophistry to veil the position. "The sheriff will be round in the end of the week. I would not trouble him, if I were you, before that. What's three or four days? You will then come out with every gentleman in the county at your back.

It's not that I think it would be refused. People say so, but I will not believe it, for one; only I would not stir if I were you. A day or two, what does that matter? *My* pride would be to bide the law, and stand and answer to my country. That is what I would do. Of course I'll be your caution, and any other half-dozen men in the county; but I'll tell you what I would do myself, — I would stand it out if I were you."

"You never were shut up in a jail, Sir James?"

"Not exactly in a jail," said the old soldier; "but I've been in prison, and far worse quarters than this. To be sure, there's an excitement about it when you're in the hands of an enemy —"

"In the hands of an enemy," cried John — "a thing to be proud of; but laid by the heels in a wretched hole, like a poacher or a thief!"

"I would put up with it if I were you. There is nothing disgraceful in it. It is just a mistake that will be put right. I will come and see you, man, every day, and Lady Montgomery will send you books. I hope they will not be too good books, John. That's her foible, honest woman. You seem to be victualled for a siege," Sir James added, looking round the room. "That is Miss Barbara Erskine, I will be bound."

"I felt disposed to pitch them all out of the window," said John.

"Nothing of the sort; though they're too good to fall into the hands of the turnkeys. Keep up your heart, my fine lad. I'll see Monypenny to-night before I dine, and if we cannot bring you out with flying colors, between us, it will be a strange thing to me. Just you keep up your heart," said Sir James, patting John kindly on the back as he went away. "The sheriff will be round here again on the 25th, and we'll be prepared for the examination, and bring you clear off. It's not so very long to wait."

With this John was forced to be content. The 25th was four days off, and to remain in confinement for four days more was an appalling anticipation: but Sir James's visit gave him real cheer. Perhaps Mr. Monypenny, too, on thinking it over, might turn to a conviction of his client's truth.

While Sir James rode home, pleased with himself that he had obeyed his own generous impulse, and pleased with John, who had been so unfeignedly consoled by it, Lord Lindores and his son were driving back from Tinto together in the early

twilight. There was not a word exchanged between them as they drove down the long avenue in the shadow of the woods; but as they turned into the lighter road, Lord Lindores returned to the subjects which occupied his mind habitually. "That is a business well over," he said with a sigh of satisfaction. "It is always a relief when the last ceremonies are accomplished; and though Carry chose to meet me with heroics, it is very satisfactory to know that her position is so good. One could never be sure with a man of Torrance's temper. He was as likely as not to have surrounded his widow with annoyances and restraints. He has erred just a little on the other side now, poor fellow! Still he meant it, no doubt, for the best." Lord Lindores spoke to his son with an ease and confidence which he could not feel with the other members of his family. Rintoul himself, indeed, had been somewhat incomprehensible for a little time past; but indigestion, or any other trifling reason, might account for that. "And now that all is over, we must think of other matters," he continued. "This business about Edith must be settled. Millefleurs must have his answer. He has been very patient; but a young fellow like that knows his own importance, and Edith must hear reason. She will never have another such chance."

Rintoul made a little movement in his corner, which was all that stood for a reply on his part; and his father could not even see the expression of his face.

"I can only hope that she will be more amenable to his influence than to mine," said Lord Lindores, with a sigh. "It is strange that she, the youngest of my children, should be the one to give me the most trouble. Rintoul, it is also time that I should speak to you about yourself. It would give your mother and me great satisfaction to see you settled. I married early myself, and I have never had any reason to repent it. Provided that you make a wise choice. The two families will no doubt see a great deal of each other when things are settled between Edith and Millefleurs; and I hear on all hands that his sister, Lady Reseda — you met her several times in town —"

"Yes — I met her," said Rintoul reluctantly. He turned once more in his corner, as if he would fain have worked his way through and escaped; but he was secured for the moment, and in his father's power.

"And you admired her, I suppose, as everybody does? She is something like

her brother; but what may perhaps be thought a little — well, comical — in Millefeurs, is delightful in a girl. She is a merry little thing, the very person I should have chosen for you, Rintoul: she would keep us all cheerful. We want a little light-heartedness in the family. And though your father is only a Scotch peer, your position is unimpeachable; and I will say this for you, that you have behaved very well; few young men would have conducted themselves so irreproachably in such a sudden change of circumstances. I feel almost certain that though a daughter of the duke's might do better, you would not be looked upon with unfavorable eyes."

"I — don't know them. I have only met them — two or three times —"

"What more is necessary? You will be Millefeurs's brother-in-law —"

"Are you so sure of that?" asked Rintoul. There was something in his tone which sounded like nascent rebellion. Lord Lindores pricked up his ears.

"I do not willingly entertain the idea that Edith would disobey me," he said with dignity. "She has highflown notions. They are in the air nowadays, and will ruin the tempers of girls if they are not checked. She makes a fight to have her own way, but I cannot believe that she would go the length of downright disobedience. I have met with nothing of the kind yet —"

"I think you are likely to meet with it now," said Rintoul; and then he added, hastily, "Carry has not been an encouraging example."

"Carry!" said Lord Lindores, opening his eyes. "I confess that I do not understand. Carry! why what woman could have a nobler position? Perfect control over a very large fortune, a situation of entire independence — too much for any woman. That Carry's unexampled good fortune should be quoted against me is extraordinary indeed."

"But," cried Rintoul, taken by surprise, "you could not hold up to Edith the hope of what might happen if — Millefeurs were to —"

"Break his neck over a scaur," said Lord Lindores, almost with a sneer. He felt his son shrink from him with an inarticulate cry, and, with instant perception remedied his error in taste, as he thought it. "I ought not to speak so after a tragedy; you are right, Rintoul. No: Millefeurs is a very different person; but of course it is always a consolation to know that, whatever happens, one's child

will be abundantly and honorably provided for. My boy, let us look at the other matter. It is time you thought of marrying, as I say."

Rintoul flung himself against the side of the carriage with a muttered curse. "Marrying! — hanging is more what I feel like!" he cried.

"Rintoul!"

"Don't torture me, father. There is not a more wretched fellow on the face of the earth. Link an innocent woman's name with mine? Ask a girl to — For heaven's sake let me alone — let me be!"

"What is the meaning of this?" Lord Lindores cried. "Are you mad, Rintoul? I am altogether unprepared for heroics in you."

The young man made no reply. He put his head out to the rushing of the night air and the soft darkness, through which the trees and distant hills and rare passengers were all like shadows. He had looked stolidly enough upon all the shows of the external world all his life, and thought no more of them than as he saw them.

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him.

There had been no images or similitudes in light or darkness; but now another world had opened around him. He had a secret with the silence — the speechless, inanimate things about knew something of him which nobody else knew; and who could tell when they might find a voice and proclaim it to the world? He uncovered his head to the air which blew upon him and cooled his fever. The touch of that cool, fresh wind seemed the only thing in earth or heaven in which there was any consolation. As for Lord Lindores, he sat back in his corner, more angry than concerned, and more contemptuous than either. A woman has perhaps some excuse for nerves; but that his son, upon whose plain understanding he could always rely, and whose common sense was always alive to the importance of substantial arguments, should thus relapse into tragedy like his sisters, was more than he could tolerate. He would not even contemplate the idea that there was any cause for it. Rintoul had always been well-behaved. He was in no fear of any secrets that his son might have to reveal.

"Rintoul," he said, after a pause, "if you have got into any scrape, you should know well enough that I am not the sort

of man to take it tragically. I have no faith in making molehills into mountains. I don't suppose you have done anything disgraceful. You must be off your head, I think. What is it? You have been out of sorts for some time past."

These words came like beatings of a drum to Rintoul's ears, as he leant out into the rushing and sweep of the night air. There was a composure in them which brought him to himself. Anything disgraceful meant cheating at cards, or shirking debts of honor, or cowardice. Practically, these were about the only things disgraceful that a young man could do. An "entanglement," a heavy loss at cards or on the turf, any other minor vice, could be compounded for. Lord Lindores was not alarmed by the prospect of an explanation with his son. But that Rintoul should become melodramatic, and appeal to earth and heaven, was contemptible to his father. This cool and common-sense tone had its natural effect, Lord Lindores thought. Rintoul drew in his head, sat back in his corner, and was restored to himself.

"I have been out of sorts," he said — "I suppose that's what it is. I see everything *en noir*. All this business — seeing to things — the black, the house shut up —"

"Let me warn you, Rintoul, don't cultivate your susceptibilities," said his father. "What is black more than blue or any other color? This sort of thing is all very well for a woman; but I know what it is. It's stomach — that is really at the bottom of all tragedy. You had better speak to the doctor. And now, thank heaven, this Tinto business is over; we can get back to the affairs of life."

The rest of the drive passed in complete silence. And all the time they were together Rintoul said not a word to his father about John Erskine. His situation was altogether ignored between them. It was not that it was forgotten. If these two men could have opened Dunnottar jail — nay, could they have swept John Erskine away into some happy island where he would have been too blessed to think anything more about them — they would have done it, — the one with joyous alacrity, the other with satisfaction at least. This gloomy incident was over, and Lord Lindores had no desire to hear any more of it. It was just the end that anybody might have expected Torrance to come to. Why could not the officious blockheads of the country-side let the matter alone? But he did not feel that

desire to help and right John Erskine which his warm adoption of the young man to his friendship would have warranted. For why? such an incident, however it ended, would certainly spoil young Erskine's influence in the county. He would be of no more advantage to any one. A quarrel was nothing; but to escape from the consequences of that quarrel, to let a man die at the foot of a precipice without sending help to him, that was a thing which all the country-side turned against. It was this that had roused so strong a feeling against John, and Lord Lindores made up his mind philosophically, that though Erskine would probably be cleared of all imputation of blood-guiltiness, yet, innocent or guilty, he would never get over it, and, consequently, would be of no further use in any public projects. At the same time, his own views had changed in respect to the means of carrying these projects out. Lord Millefleurs was a better instrument than country eminence. A seat gained was of course always an appreciable advantage. But it was not certain even that the seat could have been gained; and a son-in-law in hand is better than many boroughs in the bush. The duke could not ignore Lord Lindores's claims if Edith was a member of the family. This was far more important than anything that could concern John Erskine, though Lord Lindores would have been heartily thankful — now that he was good for nothing but to excite foolish sympathies — if he could have got John Erskine happily out of the way.

Millefleurs had reached Lindores some time before: he had returned direct from the funeral along with Beaufort, who, much marvelling at himself, had stood among the crowd, and seen Carry's husband laid in his grave. The sensation was too extraordinary to be communicated to any one. It had seemed to him that the whole was a dream, himself a spectre of the past, watching bewildered, while the other, whom he had never seen, who was nothing but a coffin, was removed away and deposited among the unseen. He had not been bold enough to go into the house to see Carry, even from the midst of the crowd. Whether she was sorrowing for her husband, or feeling some such thrills of excitement as were in his own bosom at the thought that she was free, Beaufort could not tell; but when he found himself seated at table that evening with her father and brother, he could not but feel that his dream was

going on, and that there was no telling in what new scene it might unfold fresh wonders. The four gentlemen dined alone, and they were not a lively party. After dinner they gathered about the fireplace, not making any move towards the forsaken drawing-room. "This is a sad sort of amusement to provide for you," Lord Lindores said. "We hoped to have shown you the more cheerful side of Scotch life."

"I have had a very good time; what you might call a lovely time," said Millefleurs. Then he made a pause, and drawing closer, laid his plump finger on Lord Lindores's arm. "I don't want to make myself a nuisance now; but — not to be troublesome — if I am not likely soon to have an opportunity of addressing myself to Lady Edith, don't you think I had better go away?"

"You may well be tired of us; a house of mourning," said Lord Lindores, with a smile of benevolent meaning. "It was not for this you came into these wilds."

"They are far from being wilds: I have enjoyed myself very much," said little Millefleurs. "All has been new; and to see a new country, don't you know, is always the height of my ambition. But such a thing might happen as that I wasn't wanted. When a lady means to have anything to say to a fellow, I have always heard she lets him know. To say nothing is, perhaps, as good a way of saying no as any. It may be supposed to save a man's feelings —"

"Am I to understand that you have spoken to my daughter, Millefleurs?"

"I have never had the chance, Lord Lindores. On the very evening, you will remember, when I hoped to have an explanation, this unfortunate accident happened. I am very sorry for the gentleman whom, in the best of circumstances, I can never now hope to call my brother-in-law; but the position is perhaps a little awkward. Lady Edith is acquainted with my aspirations, but I — know nothing, don't you know?" said the little marquis. He had his hand upon his plump bosom, and raised himself a little on one foot as he spoke. "It makes a fellow feel rather small — and, in my case, that isn't wanted," he added cheerfully. Nothing less like a despairing lover could be imagined; but though he resembled a robin red-breast, he was a man quite conscious of the dignities of his position, and not to be played with. A cold chill of alarm came over Lord Lindores.

"Edith will return to-morrow, or next

day," he said; "or if you choose to go to Tinto, her mother regards you so much as a friend and favorite, that she will receive you gladly, I am sure. Go, then —"

"No," said Millefleurs, shaking his head, "no, that would be too strong. I never saw the poor fellow but once or twice, and the last time I had the misfortune to disagree with him; no, I can't convey myself to his house to learn if I'm to be taken or not. It is a droll sort of experience. I feel rather like a bale of goods, don't you know, on approval," he said with a laugh. He took it with great good-humor; but it was possible that even Millefleurs's good-humor might be exhausted.

"I undertake for it that you shall not have to wait much longer," said Lord Lindores.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RINTOUL had bad nights, and could not sleep. He had been in such constant movement that day that he was fatigued, and had hoped for rest; but after tossing on his uneasy bed, he got up again, as for several nights past he had been in the habit of doing, and began to pace up and down his room. The house was all buried in repose and silence — the woods rustling round, the river flowing, the silence outside tingling with the never altogether hushed movements of nature; but indoors nothing stirring — all dark; nothing but the heavy breath of sleep within the thick old walls. The fire was dying out on the hearth; the candles, which he lighted hastily, did not half light the room, but rather cleared a little spot in the darkness, and left all else in gloom. A nervous tremor was upon the young man, — he to whom nerves had been all folly, who had scoffed at them as affectation or weakness; but he had no longer that command of himself of which he had once been proud. His mind strayed involuntarily into thoughts which he would fain have shut out. They dwelt upon one subject and one scene, which he had shut his mind to a hundred times, only to feel it the next moment once more absorbing every faculty. His shadow upon the window paced up and down, up and down. He could not keep quiet. He did not care to have the door of his room behind him, but kept it in sight as if he feared being taken at a disadvantage. What did he fear? he could not tell. Imagination had seized hold upon him — he who had never known what imagination was. He could not rest for it. The quiet was

full of noises. He heard the furniture creaking, as it does at night, the walls giving out strange echoes; and never having kept any vigil before, thought that these strange voices of the night had to do with himself, and in his soul trembled as if he had been surrounded by enemies or spies searching his inmost thoughts.

Thus he walked up and down the room, keeping his face to the door. Did he expect any one, anything to come in? No, no; nothing of the kind. But it is certain that sometimes along the long passage he heard sounds as of a horse's hoofs. He knew it was nonsense. It was the sound of the river, to which he was perfectly accustomed; but yet it sounded somehow like a horse's hoofs. He never would have been surprised at any moment to see the door pushed open and something come in. He knew it was ridiculous, but still he could not help the feeling. And the silence of the house was a pain to him beyond telling. One of these nights one of the servants had been ill, and Rintoul was glad. The sense that some one was waking, moving about, was a relief. It seemed somehow to give him a sort of security, — to deliver him from himself. But while he thus felt the advantage of waking humanity near him, he was thankful beyond description that the society of the house was diminished — that his mother and Edith were away. He knew that they must have found him out — if not what was in his mind, at least that there was something on his mind. During the last twenty-four hours particularly they would have been worse spies than the trees and the winds. How could he have kept himself to himself in their presence, especially as they would have besieged him with questions, with incitements to do something. They would have assumed that they knew all about it in their ignorance. They! They were always assuming that they knew. There was a fierce momentary satisfaction in Rintoul's mind to think how completely out they would be, how incapable of understanding the real state of the case. They thought they knew everything! But he felt that there was a possibility that he might have betrayed himself in the very pleasure he would have had in showing them that they knew nothing. And it was better, far better, that they should be out of the way.

He did not, however, yield to this fever of the mind without doing what he could manfully to subdue it. He made a great

effort now to fix his mind upon what his father had said to him — but the names of Milleseurs and Lady Reseda only swept confusedly through his brain like straws upon the surface of the stream. Sometimes he found himself repeating one of them vaguely, like a sort of idiotical chorus, while the real current of his thoughts ran on. Lady Reseda, Lady Reseda: what had she to do with it? — or Milleseurs, Milleseurs! — they were straws upon the surface, showing how rapidly the torrent ran, not anything he could catch hold of. There was one name, however, round which that dark current of his thoughts eddied and swirled as in a whirlpool — the name of John Erskine. There could not be any doubt that *he* had something to do with it. He had thrust himself into a matter that did not concern him, and he was paid for his folly. It was not *his* place to stand up for Carry, to resent her husband's rudeness — what had he to do with it? He was an intrusive, officious fool, thrusting himself into other people's business. If he brought himself into trouble by it, was that Rintoul's fault? Was he bound to lay himself open to a great deal of annoyance and embarrassment in order to save John Erskine from the consequences of his own folly? This was the question that would not let him rest. Nothing Rintoul had been a party to had compromised John Erskine. It was all his own doing. Why did he, for his pleasure, take the Scaur road at all? Why did he stop and quarrel, seeing the other was excited? Why rush down in that silly way with his coat torn to make an exhibition of himself? All these things were folly, — folly beyond extenuation. He ought to have known better; and whatever followed, was it not his own fault?

Along with this, however, there were other thoughts that flashed at Rintoul, and would not let him carry on steadily to the conclusion he desired. There are some things that are permissible and some that are not permissible. A gentleman need not betray himself: it is not indispensable that he should take the world into his confidence, if any accident happens to him, and he gets himself into trouble; but he must not let another get into trouble for him, — that comes into the category of the "anything disgraceful" which Lord Lindores was assured his son had never been guilty of. No! he had never done anything disgraceful. How was he to escape it now? And then, looking back upon all the circum-

stances, Rintoul sadly perceived what a fool he had been not to put everything on a straightforward footing at once. He reflected that he could have given almost any account of the occurrence he pleased. There was nobody to contradict him; and all would have been over without complication, without any addition from the popular fancy. It seemed to him now, reflecting upon everything, all the details that had filled him with an unreflecting panic then, that nothing could have been easier than to explain the whole matter. But he had lost that good moment, and if he made the confession now, every false conception which he had feared would be realized. People would say, If this was all, why make any mystery about it? Why expose another to disgrace and suffering? Rintoul had not intelligence enough, though he had always plumed himself on his common sense, to thread his way among those conflicting reasonings. He grew sick as the harpies of recollection and thought rushed upon him from all quarters. He had no power to stand against them, — to silence her who cried, "Why did you not do this?" while he held at bay the other, who swooped down upon him, screaming, "How could you do that?" When it grew more than he could bear, he retreated to his bed, and flung himself exhausted upon it, throwing out his arms with the unconscious histrionic instinct of excitement, appealing to he knew not what. How could he do this thing? How could he leave it undone? Rintoul in his despair got up again and found an opiate which had been given him when he had toothache, long ago, in days when toothache was the worst torture he knew. He swallowed it, scarcely taking the trouble to mark how much he was taking, though the moment after he took a panic, and got up and examined the bottle to assure himself that all was right. It was nearly daybreak by the time that this dose sent him to sleep, — and he scarcely knew he had been asleep, so harassing were his dreams, till he came to himself at last, to find that it was eleven o'clock in a dull forenoon, his shutters all open, and the dim light pouring in. The horrors of waking when the mind is possessed by great misery is a well-worn subject, — everybody knows what it is to have Care seated by his bedside, ready to pounce upon him when he opens his eyes; but Rintoul had scarcely escaped from that dark companion. She had been with him in his dreams: he felt her grip him now,

with no surprise, if with a redoublement of pain.

It was nearly midday when he got down-stairs, and he found nobody. His father was out. Milleseurs was out. His breakfast was arranged upon a little table near the fire, his letters laid ready, the county newspaper — a little innocent broadsheet — by his plate. But he could not take advantage of any of these luxuries; he swept his letters into his pocket, flung the paper from him, then reflected that there might be something in it, and picked it up again with trembling hands. There was something in it. There was an account of the private examination before the sheriff of Mr. John Erskine of Dalrulzian on suspicion of being concerned in the death of the late lamented Mr. Torrance of Tinto. "From circumstances which transpired," the sheriff, the newspaper regretted to say, had thought it right to relegate Mr. Erskine to Dunnottar jail, there to await the result of a more formal inquiry, to be held on the 25th at Dunearn. "We have little fear that a gentleman so respected will easily be able to clear himself," it was added; and "a tribute of respect to the late Patrick Torrance, — a name which, for genial *bonhomie* and sterling qualities, will long be remembered in this county," wound up the paragraph. The greater portion of its readers, already acquainted with the news by report, read it with exclamations of concern, or cynical rustic doubt whether John Erskine was so much respected, or Pat Torrance as sure of a place in the county's memory, as the *Dunearn Sentinel* said; but all Rintoul's blood seemed to rush to his head and roar like a torrent in his ears as he read the paragraph. He could hear nothing but that rushing of excitement and the bewildered, half-maddened thoughts which seemed to accompany it. What was he to do? What was he to do?

There was a little interval, during which Rintoul literally did not know what he was doing. His mind was not prepared for such an emergency. He tossed about like a cork upon the boiling stream of his own thoughts — helpless, bewildered, driven hither and thither. He only came to himself when he felt the damp air in his face, and found himself setting out on foot on the road to Dunearn: the irregular lines of the housetops in front of him, the tall tower of the Town House pointing up to the dull skies, standing out from the rest of the buildings like a landmark to indicate what route he was to

take. When he caught sight of that he came violently to himself, and began at once to recover some conscious control over his actions. The operations of his mind became clear to him; his panic subsided. After all, who could harm John Erskine? He had been very foolish; he had exposed himself to suspicion; but no doubt a gentleman so respected would be able to clear himself—a gentleman so respected. Rintoul repeated the words to himself, as he had repeated the names of Millefleurs and Lady Reseda the night before. And what would it matter to John Erskine to put off till the 25th his emancipation and the full recognition of his innocence? If he had a bad cold, it would have the same result—confinement to the house, perhaps to his room. What was that? Nothing: a trifling inconvenience, that any man might be subject to. And there could be no doubt that a gentleman so respected— There would be evidence that would clear him: it was not possible that any proof could be produced of a thing that never happened; and the whole county, if need be, would bear witness to John Erskine's character—that he was not quarrelsome or a brawler; that there was no motive for any quarrel between him and—

Rintoul's feet, which had been going rapidly towards Dunearn, went on slower and slower. He came to a pause altogether about a mile from the town. Was it necessary to go any farther? What could he do to-day? Certainly there would be no advantage to Erskine in anything he did to-day. He turned round slowly, and went back towards Lindores. Walking that way, there was nothing but the long sweep of the landscape between him and Tinto, to which his eyes could not but turn as he walked slowly on. The flag was up again—a spot of red against the dull sky—and the house stood out upon its platform with that air of ostentation which fretted the souls of the surrounding gentry. Rintoul could not bear the sight of it: it smote him with a fierce impatience. Scarcely conscious that his movement of hot and hasty temper was absurd, he turned round again to escape it, and set his face towards the emblem of severe justice and the law, the tower of the Town House of Dunearn. When this second monitor made itself visible, a kind of dull despair took possession of him. His steps were hemmed in on every side, and there was no escape.

It was while he was moving on thus reluctantly, by a sort of vague compulsion,

that he recognized, with amazement, Nora Barrington coming towards him. It was a piece of good fortune to which he had no right. She was the only creature in the world whose society could have been welcome to him. They met as they might have met in a fairy-tale: fairy-tales are not over, so long as people do meet in this way on the commonplace road. They had neither of them thought of any such encounter—he, because his mind was too dolorous and preoccupied for any such relief; she, because Rintoul seldom came into Dunearn, and never walked, so that no idea of his presence occurred to her. She was going to fulfil a commission of Miss Barbara's, and anxious if possible to see Edith, which was far more likely than Edith's brother. They were both surprised, almost beyond speech; they scarcely uttered any greeting. It did not seem strange, somehow, that Rintoul should turn and walk with her the way she was going, though it was not his way. And now a wonderful thing happened to Rintoul. His ferment of thought subsided all at once,—he seemed to have sailed into quiet seas after the excitement of the headlong current which had almost dashed him to pieces. He did not know what it meant. The storm ended, and there stole over him "a sound as of a hidden brook, in the leafy month of June." And Nora felt a softening of sympathetic feeling, she did not know why. She was sorry for him. Why should she have been sorry for Lord Rintoul? He was infinitely better off than she was. She could not account for the feeling, but she felt it all the same. She asked him first how Lady Caroline was—poor Lady Caroline!—and then faltered a little, turning to her own affairs.

"I hope I shall see Edith before I go away. Do you know when they are coming back? I am going home—very soon now," Nora said. She felt almost apologetic—reluctant to say it,—and yet it seemed necessary to say it. There were many people whom she might have met on the road to whom she would not have mentioned the fact, but it seemed incumbent upon her now.

"Going away! No, that you must not do—you must not do it! Why should you go away?" he cried.

"There are many reasons." Nora felt that she ought to laugh at his vehemence, or that, perhaps, she should be angry; but she was neither the one nor the other—only apologetic, and so sorry for him. "Of course I always knew I should have

to go; though I shall always think it home here, yet it is not home any longer. It is a great pity, don't you think, to live so long in a place which, after all, is not your home?"

"I cannot think it a great pity that you should have lived here," he said. "The thing is, that you must not go. For God's sake, Nora, do not go! I never thought of that; it is the last drop. If you knew how near I am to the end of my strength, you would not speak of such a thing to me."

"Lord Rintoul! I—don't understand. What can it matter?" cried Nora, in her confusion. She felt that she should have taken a different tone. He had no right to call her Nora, or to speak as if he had anything to do with her coming or going. But the hurried tone of passion and terror in his voice overwhelmed her. It was as if he had heard of the last misfortune that could overwhelm a man.

"Matter! Do you mean to me? It may not matter to any one else; to me it is everything," he said wildly. "I shall give in altogether. I shall not care what I do if you go away."

"Now, Lord Rintoul," said Nora, her heart beating, but trying to laugh as she best could, "this, you must know, is nonsense. You cannot mean to make fun of me, I am sure; but—I don't know what you mean. We had better say no more about it." Then she melted again. She remembered their last interview, which had gone to her heart. "I know," she said, "that you have been in a great deal of trouble."

"You know," said Rintoul, "because you feel for me. Nobody else knows. Then think what it will be for me if you go away—the only creature whom I dare to speak to. Nora, you know very well I was always fond of you—from the first—as soon as we met—"

"Don't, don't, Lord Rintoul! I cannot get away from you on this public road. Have some respect for me. You ought not to say such things, nor I to hear."

He looked at her, wondering. "Is it any want of respect to tell you that you are the girl I have always wanted to marry? You may not feel the same; it may be only your kindness; you may refuse me, Nora; but I have always meant it. I have thought it was our duty to do the best we could for the girls, but I never gave in to that for myself. My father has spoken of this one and that one, but I have always been faithful to you. That is

no want of respect, though it is a public road. From the time I first knew you, I have only thought of you."

What an ease it gave him to say this! All the other points that had so occupied him before seemed to have melted away in her presence. If he had but some one to stand by him, if he had but Nora, who felt for him always, it seemed that everything else would arrange itself, and become less difficult to bear.

As for Nora, she had known very well that Rintoul was, as he said, fond of her. It is so difficult to conceal that. But she thought he would "get over it." She had said to herself, with some little scorn, that he never would have the courage to woo a poor girl like herself,—a girl without anything. He had a worldly mind though he was young, and Nora had never allowed herself to be deluded, she thought.

"Don't you believe me?" he said, after a moment's pause, looking at her wistfully, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I believe you, Lord Rintoul," said Nora; but she took no notice of his outstretched hand, though it cost her something to be, as she said to herself, "so unkind." "I do believe you; but it would never be permitted, you know. You yourself would not approve of it when you had time to think; for you are worldly-minded, Lord Rintoul: and you know you ought to marry—an heiress—some one with money."

"You have a very good right to say so," he replied. "I have always maintained that for the girls: but if you had ever taken any notice of me, you would have found out that I never allowed it for myself. Yes, it is quite true I am worldly-minded; but I never meant to marry money. I never thought of marrying any one but you."

And now there was a pause again. He did not seem to have asked her any question that Nora could answer. He had only made a statement to her that she was the only girl he had ever wished to marry. It roused a great commotion in her breast. She had always liked Rintoul, even when his sisters called him a Philistine; and now when he was in trouble, under some mysterious shadow, she knew not why, appealing to her sympathy as to his salvation, it was not possible that the girl should shut her heart against him. They walked on together for a few yards in silence, and then she said, faltering, "I had better go back now—I did not expect to—meet any one."

"Don't go back without saying some-

thing to me. Promise me, Nora, that you will not go away. I want you! I want you! Without you I should go all wrong. If you saw me sinking in the water, wouldn't you put out your hand to help me?—and that is nothing to what may happen. Nora, have you the heart to go back without saying anything to me?" cried Rintoul, once more holding out his hand.

There was nobody visible on the road, up or down. The turrets of Lindores peeped over the trees in the distance, like spectators deeply interested, holding their breath; at the other end the long, thin tower of the Town House seemed to pale away into the distance. He looked anxiously into her face, as if life and death hung on the decision. They had come to a standstill in the emotion of the moment, and stood facing each other, trembling with the same sentiment. Nora held back still, but there was an instinctive drawing closer of the two figures—irresistible, involuntary.

"Your father will never consent," she said, with an unsteady voice; "and my father will never allow it against his will. But, Lord Rintoul——"

"Not lord, nor Rintoul," he said.

"You never liked to be called Robin," Nora said, with a half-malicious glance into his face. But poor Rintoul was not in the humor for jest. He took her hand, her arm, and drew it through his.

"I cannot wait to think about our fathers. I have such need of you, Nora. I have something to tell you that I can tell to no one in the world but you. I want my other self to help me. I want my wife, to whom I can speak——"

His arm was quivering with anxiety and emotion. Though Nora was bewildered, she did not hesitate—what girl would?—from the responsibility thus thrust upon her. To be so urgently wanted is the strongest claim that can be put forth upon any human creature. Instinctively she gave his arm a little pressure, supporting rather than supported, and said, "Tell me," turning upon him freely, without blush or faltering, the grave, sweet face of sustaining love.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE VULGAR TONGUE.

"REFINING influence" is a phrase not seldom used in attempts to determine and appreciate the effects of civilization upon

language, as well as the direct and indirect action of many causes upon civilization itself. What is "refining influence"? Nobody can tell. Refinement is an effluence, a drawing away; not an influence or accretion. To speak, therefore, of a "refining influence," is as absurd as it would be to talk about "a desperate hope," which expression of confused ideas is also not unknown to modern speech. Vulgarity, of a sort, our late English tongue can hardly be said to lack: though it has lost much that, in a better signification, we might be proud rather than ashamed to call vulgar. The frequent use by persons of rank or pretension, by coalheavers, and by other useful and useless members of society, of foolish and unmeaning expletives, will supply the readiest examples of one species of vulgarity, both in its dregs and in its froth or scum. In another and far different kind of vulgarity, the poetical, the practical, the homelier, terser, honest, earnest kind, our holdings are less than they were, by many an ingot of pure metal.

Ten thousand terms, made to accommodate technical necessity or physical investigation and experiment, could not add a doit to the wealth of a language. In no sense are they new words: in no measure or degree are they ours. Raked from antiquity, pieced and patched with greater or less cunning, they now serve, not one nation, with a language of its own, but all nations pursuing science and scientific invention with a terminology in common among them. The truth is, we can add little, and should be jealous of adding much, if anything, to a language that is once formed. But it behoves us to keep what we have; to regain, if possible, what we had; and always to put our possession to the best uses in our power, resisting habits of careless makeshift in the choice of indifferent words to express our thought. Patient inquiry might force us to the conviction that fermentations instead of influences, impoverishment without refinement, have changed the language of Englishmen. We might even be driven to suspect that those good agencies on which our forefathers relied are beginning to fail us now, and are even turning traitors: that printing, which forced writing more than once to the point of absolute perfection, has afterwards hastened its decay; that writing, which erewhile made an exact man, now maketh at best a self-satisfied and over-confident man; that the theatre,

which modelled orthoepy in a past age, has destroyed it in the present. We have a glibber productiveness in authorship than was ever prayed for; but it often suggests the difference between the two famous orators, one of whom never paused or wanted a word, while the other, pausing at times, never wanted *the* word. Journalism, in its hot haste, its indifference to all but the business of the hour, and its contemptuous dismissal of the day's work so soon as it has lapsed into the work of yesterday, has much to answer for. Mischief of another kind has been done by the ill-advised meddling of the "purist." Whoever first committed to the legibility of black and white that vicious noun-substantive has, it may be hoped, lived to repent a deed that offends forever against verbal purity. What other English noun *quod exit in ist* has been tinkered out of an adjective? A *purilist* we might understand as a being somewhat differentiated from a puritan; but "purist," among all blundering conceits of modern phraseology, stands distinguished from its misshapen fellows by an unapproachable singularity of malformation.

It is the "purist" who has led the cry against a few verbal favorites of his aversion, such as "talented," "reliable," and similar small game. Let us deal first with the case of "reliable." Verbs that need an intervening preposition before the object — verbs not transitive, but mostly used in application to some person or thing, as transitive verbs are always — yield no adjective-participles. Hence, the word "reliable," proceeding by bend sinister from one of those intransitive verbs, is condemned as an adjective-participle that has no legitimate position. This is lawful judgment, no doubt; and "reliable" must down on his knees and sue for mercy. He should have been "rely-*on*-able," if anything. But why does "reliable" stand at the bar alone? Where are his companions, "indispensable," "laughable," and "unaccountable," whose aliases should be "indispense-*with* able," "laugh-*at*-able," and "unaccount-*for*-able?" A word used by Coleridge is "inappealable;" if he did not coin it, he must have taken it advisedly from some approved source. This word stands on a level with "reliable" and the rest; and wants the preposition "from" between the parent verb and the adjectival termination; viz., "inappeal-*from*-able." Like Captain Macheath, rogue "reliable" might wonder to find

himself without better company beneath hangman "purist's" gibbet.

Now for "talented." This is a cant word, scarcely used by any but the lowest class of writers; but to condemn it on the ground of its irregular formation, there being no verb "to talent," is to betray ignorance or thoughtlessness such as would at once disable the criticism. There is no verb "to neat-hand;" but "kind, neat-handed Phillis," our pastoral acquaintance of good old time, is well understood to be a young person gifted with neat hands. So, we have "skilled," though there is no verb "to skill," except a verb that is not to our purpose, and has hardly been used since the poet of "The Faërie Queene" employed it in its ancient sense, "to be of importance," or "to signify." Unless we are prepared to quarrel, then, with "skilled," "neat-handed," "blue-eyed," "web-footed," "bandy-legged," "broad-shouldered," "fair-haired," and the like, because there are no corresponding verbs "to skill," etc., the objection to the word "talented," on that score, is untenable. All verbs were nouns originally, and every day that a horse is saddled, or its rider is booted and spurred, saddle, boot, and spur, though plain substantives that all may see and handle, are verbs for the nonce, and good verbs too. As, in condemning a few words which are not a jot worse than a great many that escape condemnation, persons deficient of original reflection or judgment follow in a dusty track of pseudo-criticism, so, on the opposite hand, the adoption of other words as favorites is likewise a matter of imitation. Poor authors will wear the second-hand thoughts and phrases which come in their way, or will furtively assume the garb of their betters, as Jane the housemaid "tries on" her mistress's new bonnet. Of such scribbling folk it may be said, as of Autolycus tricked out with the courtier's robes, their garments are rich but they wear them not handsomely.

In the vocabulary of the modern Quicklys and Malaprops are the words "fain," "greet," "circumstance," "incident," "effluvium," "sumptuary," "decimate," "holocaust," "allege," "wholesale," "conflagration," "immense," "preposterous," "phenomenon," "culminate," "assiduous," "partake," and "ovation." It is your "Saxon" Malaprop who mostly affects "fain" and "greet." He misuses both the adjective and the verb very strangely. If any man has grievously failed in an effort to do or to get some-

thing, and is driven to put up with something else instead, the Saxon Malaprop says that the discomfited person was "fain" to accept the disagreeable alternative. Now "fain" signifies "joyful" or "glad," in which true sense good English scholars, like Mr. William Morris and Mr. Swinburne, are now using the old word, perhaps a little too lavishly. A greeting is a salutation; to talk, therefore, of "greeting" a man should awaken no idea of pelting him with mud, material or metaphorical. But it is no uncommon thing to read, in the Parliamentary reports, some such statement as that the honorable member for Clare was "greeted" with Ministerial groans; or, in the record of a party meeting, that a rash dissident from popular opinions was "greeted" with cries of "turn him out." No malapropisms are commoner than the often misused words "circumstance" and "incident," both being written indifferently as signifying mere matters-of-fact. Whether "a circumstance" is, in any case, an allowable expression may be doubted. Circumstances stand around; and any one thing that stands around, unless it be a ring-fence, or a fog, is hardly conceivable as a possibility. But the gravity of the error lies in a distinction less captious. A quarrel or accident in the street is not a "circumstance;" but it may be explained, or excused, or accounted for by circumstances. A fire breaks out in a building, and burns it to the ground. This is not an "incident;" it is a fact. If anybody were to jump out of window, while the fire was raging, that would be properly described as an incident. And again, if the supply of water were to fail, if the turncock were slow or quick in coming, if the engines were early or late, any of these things would be circumstances, for they would surround the fact and modify its results. "Effluvium," with its plural, is a noun often misapplied, and yet more frequently restricted to one of its many applications. By "effluvia" is vulgarly meant evil odors; and of course an effluvium may be an outflow of foul air. But it may just as well be a stream of pure water. Many writers employ the adjective "sumptuary," as if it belonged exclusively to dress; whereas it may relate to all matters of luxurious living; and if the old sumptuary laws should be revived they might reach the epicures who waste their patrimony on *patés de foie gras*, operabuses, horses, carriages, jewels, and rare wine, as well as the extravagant wearers

of costly attire. "Decimate" is a verb which, with its adjective-participle, "decimated," is ludicrously mistaken. Its original significance was grave and often terrible; for it meant no less than taking the tenth of a man's substance, or shooting every tenth man in a mutinous regiment, the victims being called out by lot. This appalling character of decimation lay in the likelihood that innocent persons, slain in cold blood, might suffer for the guilty. But the peculiar horror vanishes when we alter the conditions; and a regiment which has taken part in a hard-fought battle, and comes off the field only decimated, that is to say with nine living and unscathed for each man left on the field, might be accounted rather fortunate than the reverse. We come now to "holocaust," the use of which noun often betrays ignorance quite as gross. Thus, the dreadful loss of life by the sinking of an excursion steambot on the Thames was recently spoken of as a "holocaust," by which remarkable misprision of etymology the Thames was set on fire indeed.

Few words are commoner in the language of the newspapers than the word "alleged." To allege anything, if the old meaning be good, is to affirm it with the exactness of a despatch. But the participle of this verb has found new service. Wherever any doubt is felt that a murder is a murder, the deed is softened to an "alleged" murder. Whenever a man loses his watch and his senses, and cannot tell exactly how they went, the lamentable occurrence is chronicled as an "alleged" robbery. According to these new linguistic lights, an allegation means a guess. "Phenomenon" applied to something wonderful and abnormal, is a common instance of high-flown vulgarity, much in the mouths and on the pens of persons who can hardly have compassed the truth that a shower of rain is just as positively a phenomenon as is a shower of frogs, a calf with six legs, Miss Crumles, or an enormous gooseberry. "Immense" is an adjective seldom used but in such a manner as to confute its own meaning. Thus in an account of some discovery beneath an ancient ruin, it was said that skeletons of great size were found, one of them being of "the immense length of seven feet ten inches." If the length of this skeleton was really seven feet ten inches, or ten feet seven inches, how could it have been "immense"? So, too, we read of walls of "immense" thickness, and pumpkins of

"immense" girth. Are there, then, no foot-rules or measuring-tapes to reduce these immensities? A "conflagration" is not the burning of one house; it is the meeting of flames, as when a street, town, or village is fired in several places. "Culminate" is a verb incorrectly used, unless in respect of something which has reached the limit of its possible height. When, therefore, the career of a wrongdoer is said to "culminate" in the lowest depths of degradation, the term is misapplied, even to being turned upside down. So is the term "assiduous," when employed to strengthen the idea of perseverance, if the particular kind of perseverance intimated be locomotive and not sedentary. So, too, is "preposterous," unless clearly denoting the figure which homely rhetoric describes as "putting the cart before the horse."

The word "ovation," from which many timid writers appear to have been frightened by a persistent course of ridicule, not always, or often, justly bestowed, was used with propriety whenever it signified a minor triumph, or anything that could, by a reasonable feat of imagination, be so designated. It is true that we do not sacrifice a sheep when we applaud a victorious general, a fine fiddler, or a favorite singing-woman; but the spirit of historic words survives their literal matter-of-fact signification, or language would be dry and colorless indeed. When this noun, "ovation," is uttered in any connection with imperial progress — when a sovereign, at some rare climax of popular enthusiasm, receives the homage of the nation in its one undivided voice — then, indeed, the word is out of time and tune with the event. It is precisely an emperor, empress, or head of a state, who cannot be said to receive an "ovation," this being an award of praise distinctively reserved for meritorious subjects of the empire. Over and over again, after his Italian battles, Napoleon III. was said, in print, to have received "ovations;" and the solecism was repeated, years after, when the emperor William entered Berlin, in such triumph as surely precluded the idea of any minor sacrifice. Had pagan rites been revived at that time, no simple, silly sheep, but Jove's own chosen shape and symbol, the majestic bull, would have bled on the laurel-wreathed altar. It was a triumph with a capital T. We have seen how the dabbler in what he is pleased to call, very loosely, "Anglo-Saxon," boggles with "fain" and "greet." One of his kind, not long ago, gravely

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condemned, as a vulgar phrase, "I would as lief;" and, in pronouncing his mighty fiat, disclosed the sum and substance of his knowledge concerning "lief," by spelling it "leave." Not only is "lief" (Saxon *leof*, German *lieb*) a most comely and warrantable word, and the especial favorite of English poets, not only is it good and sound in itself, but its comparative, "liever," for "rather," as "I would liever have had," is, though unfamiliar, yet by no means vulgar; vulgar, that is to say, in the evil sense, which applies as much to the slang of the drawing-room as to the slang of the slums. "Very" is a word that has fallen upon evil days. Blind leaders of the blind have denounced the practice, as old as Chaucer, of placing this word before an adjective in the superlative degree, sapiently remarking that to do this is to qualify a superlative with a superlative. This astounding nonsense, manifest in the condemnation of phrases like "the very wisest man," calls for few words of exposure. "Very" is indicative of the man who is wisest; and it is here equivalent to the Latin *idem*. Is *idem sapientissimus* a qualifying of the superlative? Of all stupid men, we might say, this very man is stupidest — *idem stultissimus*, that same stupidest man, or truly the stupidest of all. For "very" and "truly" are the same word, and the "very perfect, gentle knight" was he who truly was perfect. You do not "qualify" perfection by thus emphasizing the superlative attribute of embodied chivalry.

Is it yet too late in the decline of our language to appeal against such tricks as the substitution of "numerous" for "many;" of "witness" for "behold" or "see;" of "the whole of" for "all," when numbers are implied; of "starvation" for "hunger," "want," "famine," "privation," or "inanition;" and of "commence" for "begin"? It should be remembered that "numerous" is an adjective properly qualifying such nouns as "crowd," "family," "class," "crew," "assembly," "troop," "herd," "flock," etc. If we speak of our numerous friends we may suggest to a precisian the awkward idea that each friend is numerous.*

* Four or five years ago, in protesting against the use of the word "numerous" in lieu of "many," I wrote certain comments which I may now be allowed to repeat. "It has been a favorite custom with the poets to apply the adjective 'numerous' to objects of magnitude, vastness, grandeur, or depth, even though the terms of such object were not nouns of multitude; and this very connection of the word with nouns, each in the singular number, sufficiently demonstrates the im-

"To witness" does not properly mean "to see." It means "to testify," an act which does not of absolute necessity imply seeing. Day after day we glean the interesting news that certain exalted personages have honored one of the theatres with their presence to "witness" the representation of a new burlesque, or other dramatic composition. To "witness" the thing is to tell us all about it; and it is needless to say that their royal Highnesses have something better to do. They did not, in fact, go to witness the burlesque at all. They went to see it. That any decently informed person should be guilty of such spoken and written abominations as "the whole of the pictures," "the whole of the singers," "the whole of the guests," "the whole of the servants," instead of "all the pictures," "all the guests," "all the servants," "all the singers," would be wonderful if it were not so common and frequent a fact as unhappily it is. There are men who go far about to pick up ungainly phrases when the best that can be had lie within easy reach; who prefer to write "two and a half hours," "one and three quarter miles," when their very servants and the common folk who do their bidding would, speaking the natural vulgar tongue, say "two hours and a half," "a mile and three quarters." They run gravely riot in such heavy exuberances as "that of," in a sentence like this, clipped from a necrological memoir: "He chose for a profession that of arms." Here we have a collocation profoundly characteristic of a large and dull class of biography-mongers. He chose for a profession the profession of arms! That is, he chose a profession for a profession. Why could not the good man say, "He chose arms for a profession"? Oh, that would have been vulgar

propriety of substituting it for 'many,' which always belongs to the plural. Waller supplies an illustration, which I take at second hand from Latham's dictionary.

'Thy heart, no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my *numerous moan*,
Melt to compassion.'

"The many-voiced, or multitudinously murmuring quality, which a much older poet than Waller ascribes to the sea, is here very elegantly suggested, in a line through which we seem to hear the breathings of an Æolian harp. In the 'numerous moan' especially one feels the pulsating sweep over the strings. But to my purpose, which is very practical, being simply to establish the grammatical distinction of 'numerous' and 'many.' Perhaps I have done this, and I hope I have; but if enforcement be yet needed, let us just suppose that Waller had spoken of many moans instead of only one moan, and had chosen to qualify them all in the same manner. His phrase would then have been 'many numerous moans.' To this I must now add that Waller's contemporary, Milton, employs "numerous;" in its modern application; but he does so only once or twice, giving the preference to "many."

English. Had we been merely speaking of a common, everyday occurrence, it might have been different. We should of course say, "He ordered eggs for breakfast," and not "He ordered for breakfast that of eggs." But we must suit our words to the occasion; and when we are speaking or writing of a military hero deceased, who, in the whole course of his honorable life, never penned a despatch without at least one extraneous "that of," it befits us and our language to be stupid, solemn, and dull. Redundant "ands" and "buts" sprout everywhere in those academic hedges which inclose the strait plots tilled by hack erudition. "He was a well-known author, and who had written several successful works;" "He was a notorious criminal, but who had managed to escape conviction." I think we have seen sentences like those, now and again, in current literature. When the spurious word "starvation" was first heard in the House of Commons, which at that time was a tolerably well-educated assembly, a contemptuous outburst of laughter ran round St. Stephen's Chapel; and he who had needlessly fabricated this motley and sinister noun was dubbed "Starvation Dundas," thenceforth and forever. So poor a crotchet of pranked and conceited word-coining was long resisted by the lexicographers; and one modern philological dictionary omits it even to this day. Johnson and Bailey, of course, knew it not. There was never a shadow of justification for its acceptance. But the many, not being nice, overruled the few; and accordingly "starvation" holds an established place in the vulgar tongue. After this, of course, "cablegram" cannot be refused admission to our language; and the cant of the Stock Exchange, "backwardation," may lay claim to credit and respectability. In lax days it is to the basest that we owe all the defilements of speech. I by no means ascribe to the author of "Childe Harold" such habitual distortion of grammar as "to slowly draw." Indeed the single occurrence of such a phrase in the entire collection of his poems may supply me with an exception which fairly proves that, as a rule, Byron did not write words in any such twisted sequence. That he once, and once only, employed the device for lengthening the sound of a line intended to express the idea of prolonged pain is true; but this was long before the trick became a vulgarism; long before the vulgar had stumbled upon it; and I do not suppose they caught it from reading Byron. One may be sure he did not get

it from hearing them.* It has worked its muddy way upward, however; and I am ashamed to think of the one or two honored names that have latterly lent it some approval. Observe, that this form of the infinitive mood, "to write," "to speak," etc., is peculiar to the English tongue. No other language has it. And the simple fact that it is translatable from English into *one* word of any other language should suffice to remind the Englishman that, having but a single meaning, it is essentially one word with us. The very modern custom of dividing it by an adverb, or by a phrase adverbially used, is one of those innovations on which foreigners, studying our language, must come with a feeling of doubt and perplexity. They do not find the deformity in any English book written more than half a century ago; they find it very sparsely scattered in somewhat later literature; and they must take the writings of little more than one decade, counting back from to-day, to see multiplied examples of this wanton habit of dislocation. The "purist," who, as a general stickler for what suits his taste, frequently finds himself called upon to defend impurities, may be imagined pleading in his feeble way for this treatment of the infinitive mood. It would be quite in harmony with his usual conceptions of grammar were he heard saying: "There might be a doubt whether the adverb belonged to one verb or another; so, by wedging it into the midriff of the verb for which we intend it, there cannot possibly be a mistake of possession." He would then cite a sentence like "Their lordships refused judicially to believe the evidence;" and he would submit that, by turning about the words "judicially to believe," and causing them to stand in this rickety position, "to judicially believe," we should make it clear that "judicially" applies to the verb "believe," and not to the verb "refused." In the endless plurality of such cases it really does not matter a straw how the adverb goes; as in this instance of their lordships' refusal; for it was exactly the same thing whether they judicially refused to believe, or refused to believe judicially. Supposing it really signified which way the adverb should go, common sense would instantly settle the question. Take, for

example, the following, from the speech of a minister: "We shall endeavor sedulously to guard the interests of the country." Here it is manifest that "sedulously" refers to the preceding verb; and equally plain, had the statesman said "We shall endeavor effectually to guard those interests," would it have been that "effectually" applies to the verb "to guard" which follows; because nobody can undertake that his act of *endeavoring* shall be effectual, though he may promise that it shall be directed towards effectual guardianship. No need is there then to maim the verb by that torturing locution, "to effectually guard," merely that the service of the adverb may be secured, so as to keep it from slipping away to the unrequired and inappropriate support of "endeavor."

A clumsy trick of speech common among speakers and writers who think thereby to be impressively accurate, is the reduplication of past tenses, in some such instance as, "I had intended to have gone thither." This is nonsense; but nine times out of ten it is substituted for the plain, intelligible assertion, "I had intended to go thither." Some confused idea of concord no doubt leads the well-intending grammarian into error. Having started with a proposition laid in the past, and having got so far as "It was my purpose to," he cannot persuade himself to finish in the present tense, and say "It was my purpose to *do*" such or such a thing, but feels constrained to say, "It was my purpose to *have done*" so and so. But a very little reflection will show that it could never have been any person's intention, or forward impulse, to have already performed the act of which he speaks. Many speakers are exceedingly fond of "only too." When it is said of a prodigal that he knows "only too well" the sight of a bill-stamp or a bailiff, there is good sense in the expression. When a friend says he shall be "only too" happy to serve you, the meaning is not so clear. If it be told us that disease has been spreading rapidly, no force is added by saying "only too" rapidly; but there is a real significance in the proposition that coffinmaking is "only too" active a business. There should be something in reserve to justify the phrase, "only too;" something behind the statement as it stands; something implicative, as when, by saying that the gin-merchant is "only too" wealthy a citizen, we speak to the poverty and the generally debased condition of the neighborhood in which his

* Nor would Byron's authority, in any case, have availed to settle a point of grammar. Few poets have been so careless as he of such matters, and he would probably have laughed at the suggestion that his example might give lasting effect to what, in his day, was veritably a new departure in syntax.

wealth is amassed. To assert of the inhabitants that they are in the main "only too" poor, would be a statement, on the other hand, destitute of prompt implication, and therefore of wit.

I have used the word "vulgar" in two senses. It is difficult to avoid this in an argument such as I have attempted. But I think it will have been understood that whenever "vulgar," "vulgarity," or "vulgarism," has been written in a derogatory spirit, the class of speakers aimed at has not been the class which, in olden times, was called "simple." Those, the mere vulgar, never have been the most vulgar. Their language, so long as it is true to its source in common things, must always be purer than the language of the class just above them in condition—a class that has picked up a fashion of speech flowing from what few among them comprehend. "Hence," as Landor demonstrates, "the profusion of broken and ill-assorted metaphors, which we find in the conversation of almost all who stand in the intermediate space between the lettered and the lowest." He goes further than this, in his assertion that most of the expressions in daily use among persons of high education are ambiguous and vague. Your servant, he observes, would say, "A man told me so;" the most learned and elegant of your acquaintance would be more likely to say, on the same occasion, "A certain person informed me." Here the person is not a *certain* but an *uncertain* one; and the thing told may have nothing in it of information. Year by year our language loses something of its propriety and force. It is doubtful whether, in the no longer unlettered, but still ignorant, ranks of the English people, a sound and honest vulgarity exists as it did when Landor wrote. A footman, nowadays, would be more likely to say that he had been "informed" than that he had been "told." The plain yeoman, who, at that period, might have said it had cost him a deal of money to build a house, would now tell us that he had expended a considerable sum in erecting a residence. We no longer eat and drink: we "partake of refreshment;" and we contrive by some miracle to "partake" even when we dine alone. Affected rusticity of speech is as much to be shunned as affected anything else. The true vulgar were never guilty of it. Those whose vulgarity has been named "Philistinism"—and the term is terribly significant—are guilty of all affectations that a plain man's mind can conceive and detest. But

if we need not be rustic we need not be round-about. The simplest words are always best; and so unerringly does their habitual use indicate a clear mind, an earnest meaning, and a sincere intent, that he will always be better worth listening to who never says "arrive" when he should say "come," nor "proceed" when he might say "go."

GODFREY TURNER.

From The St. James's Magazine.
FRANCIS LIEBER.*

THE writings of Francis Lieber are not well known in this country, but they secured for him a permanent position among the serious writers of America; while in Germany they still command the attention of students of political science. He combined many of the good qualities of German and American scholars, being at once thorough, independent, and lucid. His mastery of the English language was scarcely inferior to that of his countryman, Mr. Max Müller; and he had much of the enthusiasm which enables Mr. Müller to lend a certain charm even to subjects usually considered "dry." In one respect the task of Lieber's biographer was not very difficult; for Lieber was fond of writing letters, and his letters were so remarkable that most of them seem to have been preserved. He left, too, a copious diary, in which he not only recorded the events of his life, but gave free expression to many of his best thoughts. The selection from what Mr. Perry calls this "vast mass of material" has been made with tact and judgment; and it is so arranged as to produce the effect of an autobiography, Mr. Perry interposing only to supply in brief paragraphs a few necessary links in the narrative. The work is one of great interest, and every reader will lay it down with high respect for Lieber's manly and genial character.

He was born in Berlin on the 18th of March, 1800—the tenth child of a family of twelve. His father (who was an iron-monger) gave his children as good an education as his circumstances permitted; and at the time that meant much more in Prussia than it would have meant in England or America. The years of Lieber's childhood and boyhood were years of in-

* The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber. Edited by T. S. Perry. With Portrait. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

tense political excitement; and he was brought up to share the patriotic enthusiasm which was evoked in Germany by the triumphs of the French. "One of his early memories," says Mr. Perry, "was that when Schill was defending Colberg he was taught to pray that God would cure his grandmother's cough, bless the king, and let Schill be victorious." When Napoleon escaped from Elba schoolboys were welcomed in the Prussian army; and Lieber, although only fifteen years of age, served as a volunteer in the Waterloo campaign. Long afterwards he wrote a full account of his experiences during this stirring period; and the story is one of the most vivid and fascinating to be found in recent biographical literature. It is told in perfectly plain language, yet with such graphic force that we appear almost to see the incidents it depicts. He was present at the Battle of Ligny, and tells how he fired his first shot in the heat of conflict. In a village which his column was directed to take he stepped round a corner, and a French grenadier stood about fifteen paces from him. "He aimed at me; I levelled my rifle at him. 'Aim well, my boy,' said the sergeant-major, who saw me. My antagonist's ball grazed my hair on the right side. I fired, and he fell. I found that I had shot through his face; he was dying." Every detail impressed itself on his memory. "I observed a hog and a child," he asserts, "both equally bewildered; they must have soon been killed; and, as I never can omit observing contrasts, I noticed a bird flying about its young ones and striving to protect them in this tremendous uproar and carnage." When, a day or two afterwards, they were marching to the field of Namur, the poor boy, overwhelmed by thirst and fatigue, lagged behind his comrades; but no sooner did he hear "the first guns" than his strength was "suddenly restored." He says:—

I ran across a field, in which the balls of the enemy were mowing down the high wheat, toward the commander of our brigade, whom I espied on an elevation. I asked him, "Where is my regiment?" He very angrily turned round: "Who disturbs me here during the engagement? Go to the devil!" But as soon as he began to observe me more narrowly—my exhausted appearance, my youth—and particularly when I quickly said, "Sir, I ask because I want to fight," he bent down from his horse, stroked my face, and said, in a mild tone, "What do you want, my rifleman?" I repeated my question. He showed me where I had to go, gave me to drink, and called after me: "Come and see me after the battle; do

you understand?" "I do," said I. Two minutes after, he fell.

In this battle Lieber was shot twice; and Defoe himself could scarcely have presented a more simple and impressive account of his sufferings and of a dream he had, "which was as lively and as like reality as it was strange." As he lay in the wood where he was wounded, apparently in "a deep swoon," he dreamed that he had died and had offered his billet to St. Peter at the gates of Heaven:—

St. Peter looked at me, and I was admitted into a wide saloon where an immense table was spread out, covered with the choicest fruits and with crystal vessels filled with the most cooling beverages. I was transported with joy; yet I asked, "Do people here eat and drink?" St. Peter answered that those who wished to enjoy those refreshments, as was probably my case, were at liberty to do so, but that those who were unwilling to partake of them felt no evil effects in consequence; life was possible there without food. I went to one of the crystal bowls and drank in deep draughts the refreshing liquid. I awoke, and found a soldier bending over me and giving me out of his canteen what I long believed to be wine, so deliciously and vivifyingly did it course through every vein; but at a later period I happened to meet the same soldier, and learned that this reviving liquid was simply water.

In 1821 Lieber's passion for adventure induced him to join the band of enthusiasts who went to aid in the liberation of Greece. He soon returned, full of contempt for the Greeks, and cured forever of some extravagant notions which, before his departure, had led to his detention for several months in a Prussian prison. At Rome, where he arrived from Greece in much perplexity as to his future, and without means for providing for his immediate wants, he received great kindness from Niebuhr, who was then Prussian minister at the Papal court. Thanks to Niebuhr, he escaped from many serious perils in Prussia; but even a minister's influence could not prevent him from being again imprisoned for a time at Köpenick. Convinced that the suspicions of the government would render it impossible for him to secure a satisfactory position in his native country, Lieber at last resolved to seek his fortune elsewhere, and in 1826 started for England. In England he met the lady who ultimately became his wife: but he found that he could not hope to succeed here; and in 1827 he went to America, where he spent the rest of his life, returning to Europe only for an occasional holiday.

His career in America was a highly honorable one. He began by taking charge of a gymnasium and swimming-school in Boston, but soon devoted himself to literature, in which he obtained a good place by editing the "Encyclopædia Americana." Among his later and more important works may be named his "Legal and Political Hermeneutics," "Political Ethics," "Laws of Property," and "Civil Liberty and Self-Government," each of which is marked by extensive learning and vigorous thought. For more than twenty years he was a professor of history and political economy at the University of South Carolina; and in 1857 he became professor of history and political science at Columbia College, New York. He had fewer disappointments than fall to the lot of most men; but one disaster caused him much bitter suffering. During the American Civil War his eldest son was killed in battle, fighting on the side of the South; while two other sons were soldiers in the Federal army. He himself sympathized wholly with the North. Lieber knew almost all the most eminent men of his day in America; and his letters to those of them who were his intimate friends, although often dealing with serious and difficult questions, are written very brightly and gracefully. They have not a touch of sentimentalism, a quality for which Lieber had a deep dislike. "I no longer understand the Germans," he declares, "when they speak as they do of infinite love. It becomes often sickening, and is always unmanly. There is no correspondence of distinguished men I love so much to read as that of Englishmen. How manly and full of character! How *civic* and full of literature!" He became a thorough American, proud of his adopted country, and with an ardent faith in her progress. He even persuaded himself that "a German becomes much better-looking in America, more manly and intellectual" — an observation which he once made to a friend, who, he says, replied that "a German artist in London had made the same remark with regard to the Germans in England." With all his love for America, however, Lieber did not exaggerate the virtues of Americans, and he was sometimes amused by their foibles. "I start for Columbia," he writes in his diary, "with Reverend Mr. Fowler, eighty-two years old, who goes to Aiken to preach. Tells me he raised eleven congregations in New York, and here I forget how many. 'I lately raised one in St. Augustine.' It sounds

very trade-like." Referring to Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," he exclaims, "Oh, what snobbery we might write of in America!" And he counsels a friend not to "conclude that the European race is enervated because great faults have been committed," nor to fall into "the common error according to which we measure the molehill close before our eyes by retrospective lines of the Alps at a distance." To the end Lieber retained a keen interest in the Old World; and his comments on contemporary European history are those of a penetrating observer who never allows himself to be misled by pretentious phrases. The general tendency of his judgments is indicated by the fact that he considered it "a great misfortune," although "natural according to the antecedent circumstances," that "an overwhelming majority of the Continental people look infinitely more toward France than England."

To persons who dread a lingering illness Lieber will seem to have been as fortunate in his death as in the circumstances of his life. At the age of seventy-two, having been slightly unwell for a few days, "he was sitting quietly, listening to his wife, who was reading aloud to him, as was her custom, when he gave one cry and immediately died."

From The Spectator.

SPOILING THE LAKES.

ON Tuesday, Lord Mount Temple gave notice that he would oppose the second reading of the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway Bill. Ordinarily speaking, this is not a course which it is expedient to take with private bills. There are few proposals so absolutely and hopelessly vicious, that to hear what can be said in their favor by their promoters is a sheer waste of time. The proposed line from Braithwaite to Buttermere is an exception to this, as to a good many other rules. It will run from the Braithwaite Station, on the Keswick and Cockermouth Railway, across the Vale of Newlands, and then, after skirting the western shore of Derwentwater, will be carried up Borrowdale to the Honister Slate Quarries. To all who are familiar with the district, these are names to conjure with. No more beautiful drive, and no finer walk, can be found among the English Lakes than that which leads from Keswick by Lodore and over the Honister

Pass to Buttermere, and thence back to Keswick, by what is known as the "Derwentwater Round." The line from the slate quarries would be carried just above the last-named road, besides crossing it at three places. There are some kinds of scenery to which a railway, apart from its stations and sidings, does little harm. It may be carried to a great extent through deep cuttings or almost continuous tunnels, and be scarcely visible for the larger part of its course. But when a railway is taken along the side of a lake and up a narrow pass the case is different. It is always full in view, and being in view, it changes the whole character of the landscape. In the great Alpine passes, the mischief done is bad enough, but it becomes infinitely worse when the scenery it injures is on so small a scale as that of the English Lakes. In Switzerland, nature is too vast to be easily vulgarized. The avalanche and the landslip are always at hand, to assert her ultimate supremacy; and as one view after another is spoiled by human agency, the lover of solitude, though he has to go further afield in search of the distinctive enjoyment which mountain scenery affords, is still certain of finding it. In the English Lakes, this resource is in a great measure denied him. The vulgarization of a lake or a pass may be a wholly irreparable loss. If the particular scenery injured has no fellow, its destruction means that the pleasure which it once imparted is no longer within reach. Fortunately, the motive which has carried railways through the Alps is no longer operative in the English Lakes. It cannot be pleaded that the necessities of through communication demand the construction of a line which ends in a slate quarry. The existing provision in that way is large enough for the wants of the country. The traveller has an ample choice of routes between England and Scotland, and he can be set down at any point he likes on the edge of the Lake district, if he wishes to visit it. Nor can it be said that railways are wanted to bring a large number of people to the scenery. The most commonplace or the most indolent of tourists does not want a railway to take him round a lake or up a pass. If he is too lazy or too weak to walk or ride, he has no difficulty in finding carriages on those frequented roads to which those who neither walk nor ride naturally and wisely confine themselves. Consequently, the reason which is ordinarily alleged in favor of the destruction of natural beauty

does not apply here. Whatever else the Buttermere and Braithwaite Railway may be wanted to do, it is not needed to introduce visitors to Borrowdale.

The real reason is a remarkably simple one. The proprietors of the slate quarries at the upper end of the Honister Pass want to send their slates to market more easily and quickly than they can send them at present. Braithwaite is the nearest point at which they can place them on a railway, and Braithwaite is some eight miles distant. The slates are now taken to the station in carts, and the object of making the proposed line is to enable the slates to be put into the railway trucks as soon as they are out of the quarry. In itself, of course, this is a perfectly legitimate object. Rapidity of carriage is one element of cheapness, and if the Honister slates can be carried from the quarry to their destination at a smaller cost than heretofore, those who want to use them will get them for less money than they now have to pay. But this object is only legitimate in the sense that it would be legitimate for a man living on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, to wish that he could get across to the south side without having to go all round the cathedral. A desire which is innocent enough, so long as the impropriety of gratifying it is admitted, ceases to be innocent from the moment that it is seriously proposed to take means to give effect to it. The proprietors of the Honister Slate Quarries are now in the position of a dweller in St. Paul's Churchyard who should ask leave to run a street through the cathedral, in order to pass from one side to the other more quickly. They propose to spoil the finest pass in the English Lakes, in order to save themselves eight miles of carriage by road. The loss is altogether out of proportion to the gain; and what is more, the loss is sustained by the whole nation, while the gain is appropriated by a few quarry-owners. Without the aid of Parliament, the line cannot be made, and it rests, in the first instance, with the House of Lords to say whether a transaction in which the community makes the sacrifice and the individual reaps the benefit, is of a kind to deserve legislative sanction.

In this matter, the local public have been neither silent nor idle. In Manchester, which contributes probably the largest number of visitors to the Lakes, there is a strong feeling against the project, which has found vigorous expression in the newspapers of the city; while at Ambleside a "Derwentwater and Borrow-

dale Defence Fund" has been formed, as well as a committee to direct the determined opposition which it is intended to offer to the bill. The points upon which the address of the committee dwells happily admit of being stated with great terseness. The bill "is promoted solely in the interests of the proprietors and lessees of the slate quarry above Buttermere;" it is "for mineral traffic only, and is not projected to serve any public end;" and it will "permanently injure the scenery of the finest lake and valley in England — at once the least spoiled and most visited portion of the Lake district." There are some parts of the country which it is of great local importance to keep uninjured; there are others which cannot be injured without far more than a local loss being incurred. The wild country of Surrey is an instance of the first kind. Its destruction would be a disaster of the first magnitude to Londoners and to the dweller in the tamer districts of south-eastern England; but it would not affect the people of the northern towns in the slightest degree. A Manchester or a Sheffield man does not come into Surrey for the refreshment of mind and body; he goes to the Lakes or to the Yorkshire moors. But the Lakes belong pre-eminently to the second kind of scenery. They are the property, not of the north only, but of all England; and it is for all England to resist every attempt to destroy the seclusion, without which their characteristic charm cannot be maintained. In the present case, there is not, as there was in the Thirlmere project, an object of real public importance

to be gained by consenting to the bill. Even that proposal was objectionable, because the corporation of Manchester had not shown that the water supply of the city might not be provided from some other source. But supposing that Manchester had not been able to get pure water in any other way, the gain would have been so great, that it might have been considered by some worth the sacrifice even of Thirlmere. Nor is the injury inflicted by the Thirlmere project worthy to be named in the same day with that which would be inflicted by the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway. The former scheme left the solitude of the district undisturbed, the latter carries a railway right up a pass. The former made a single embankment at the lower end of the lake, the latter furnishes eight miles of embankment and viaduct. In the interest of every one who hopes to visit the English Lakes again, or has any wish that his children may have them to visit, when their turn comes, this mischievous bill should be resisted. Even if the Lords should read it a second time, there will be no need to be disheartened, for the stages of the committee and of the third reading will remain; and when these are passed, there will still be the House of Commons to appeal to. But it would be far more satisfactory to have a second reading denied it in the Lords, because the defeat would be more conspicuous, and might consequently deter the future authors of similar proposals from endeavoring to foist them on the country.

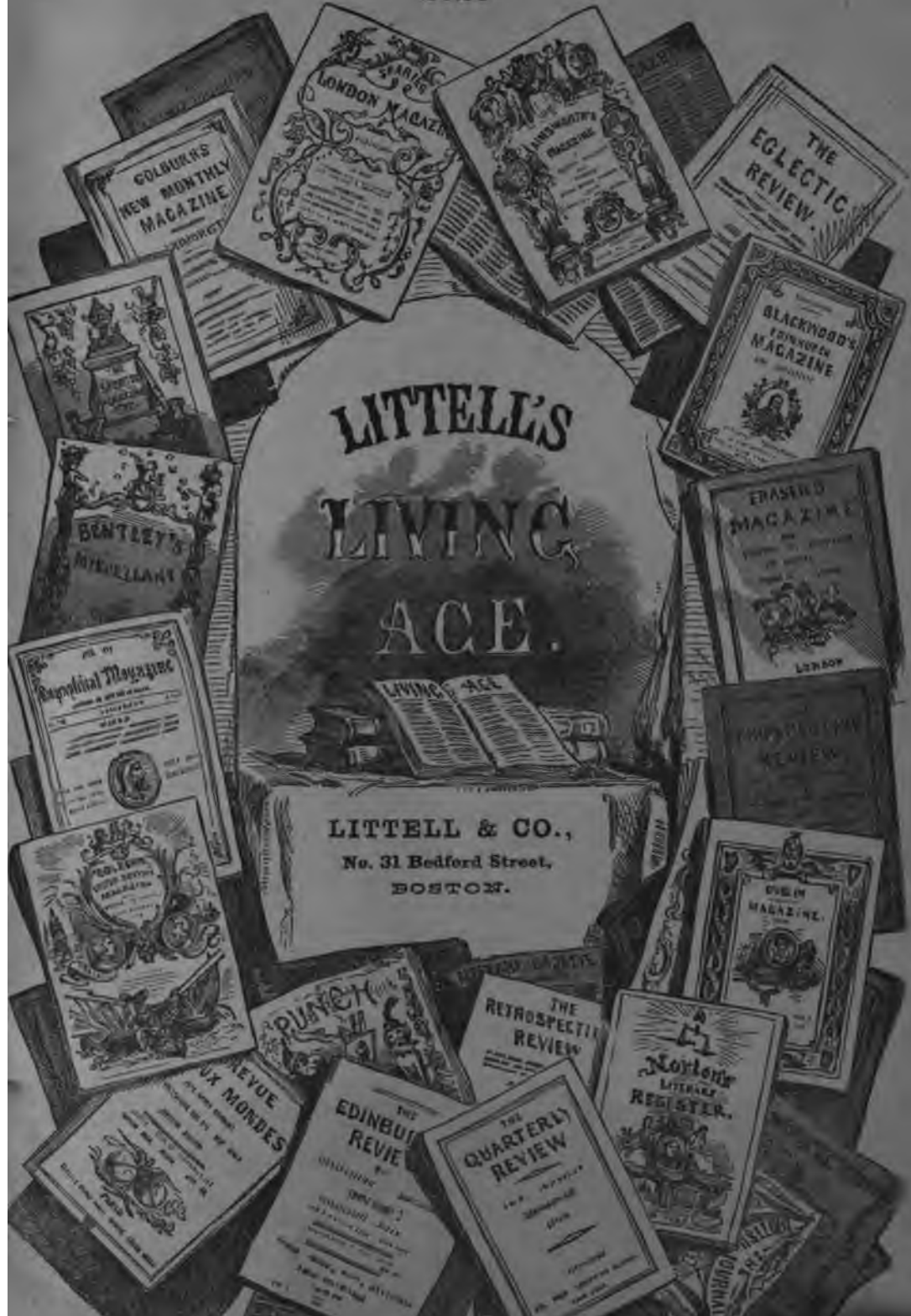
GREAT WORKS IN OLDEN TIMES. — Wendell Phillips thinks the ancients attained perfection in some arts, the knowledge of which has been lost in our time. It is certain that those most familiar with steam-power and modern machinery are puzzled to explain how the grand structures of the ancient world were erected. Builders say that no modern contractor could erect the great pyramid in Egypt, and lift the gigantic stones at the summit to the height of four hundred and fifty feet. A recent visitor to Baalbec, and the ruins of the great temple of Baal, doubts if any modern architect could rebuild the temple in its ancient grandeur. Three huge stones, sixty-four feet

long, thirteen high, and thirteen wide, stand in the wall at the height of twenty feet. Nine other stones, thirty feet long, ten high, and ten wide, are joined together with such nicety that a trained eye cannot discover the line of structure. A column still stands in the quarry, a mile distant, which is complete, with the exception that it is not detached at the bottom. It is sixty-nine feet long, seventeen high, and fourteen broad, and one cannot understand how it can be separated at the bottom from the quarry without breaking. The ruins of this vast temple inspire respect for the genius of former years.

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April 2023



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